Twilight of the Idols
or
How to Philosophize with a Hammer

By

Friedrich Nietzsche

Translation by Daniel Fidel Ferrer

Daniel Fidel Ferrer
Photo: at cabin in the Schwarzwald, Deutschland.

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Twilight of the Idols is Nietzsche's **polemic** tract attacking: writers, philosophers, views, worldviews, schools, position, arguments, idols, truths, nations, rationalism, -ismologies, causality, improvers, morality, religions, artists, modern ideas, believers, etc. Nietzsche also puts forth his own ideas – read slowly.

Translation of letters and notes are included in the Appendixes after the text.

Twilight of the Idols or How to Philosophize with a Hammer

By
Friedrich Nietzsche

Preface.

In the midst of a gloomy and beyond measure responsible thing to maintain your serenity is no small piece of art: and yet, what would be necessary than cheerfulness? Not a thing falls, where the person has not the arrogance in their share. The excess of force is the only evidence of force. - A revaluation of all values, this question mark so black, so tremendous that it casts shadows on them who it is - a fate of task forces at any moment, to walk in the sun, shake a heavy, too hard who have become serious by itself. Every means is this right, each "case" is a godsend. Above all the war. The war has always been the great wisdom of all too inward, too profound spirits who have become, even in a wound is still healing. A maxim whose origin I withhold the learned curiosity had long been my motto:

increscunt animi, virescit volner virtus.

[Translator note: “Mental growth, strong power wound.” Or, “spirits increase, vigor grows through a wound.”
By Aulus Furius Antias (lived 100 BC), *Noctes Atticae*, #32]

Another recovery, possibly more desirable to me, is sounding out idols... There are more idols than realities in the world: that is my "evil eye" for this world, which is also my "evil ear”... here once with a hammer questions provide and, perhaps, hear as a reply that famous hollow sound which speaks of bloated entrails - what a delight for one who has ears even behind his ears, has - for me, an old psychologist and pied piper before whom just that which would remain silent, according must be...

This essay - the title betrays it - is above all a recreation, a spot of sunshine, a leap sideways into the idleness of a psychologist. Perhaps a new war? And are new idols sounded out?... This little essay is a great declaration of war (grosse Kriegserklärung), and regarding the sounding out of idols, it is time not just idols, but eternal idols, which are here touched with a hammer as with a tuning fork - there are altogether no older, no convincing lower, no puffed-up (aufgeblaseneren) idols... Also, no more hollow... That does not mean they are the most believed, also said to be especially the case in chief, not quite idol...

Turin, on 30 September 1888,
on the day when the first book* came to completion the revaluation of all values (Umwerthung aller Werthe).

[*Reference by Nietzsche is to his ‘book’ *Der Antichrist* in English the title could be translated as *The Anti-Christian* or *The Antichrist* or *The Anti-Christ*,
final subtitle: *Curse on Christianity (Fluch auf das Christenthum)*.Written
in September 3 to 30, 1888; but first published end of November 1894].

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

Maxims and Arrows.

1.

Idleness is the beginning of all psychology. How? psychology would be one-truck?

2.

Even the most courageous of us has the courage rarely to what he actually knows...

3.

To live alone, must be a beast or a God - says Aristotle. Missing the third case: one must be both - Philosopher...

4

"All truth is simple." - Is that not doubly a lie? -

5.

I want to know one and for all, not much. - The wisdom of knowledge also draws boundaries.

6.

One recovers in his wild nature at its best unnaturalness of his spirituality...

7.

How? Man is only a mistake of God? Or God merely a mistake of man? -

8.

From the military school (Kriegsschule) of life. - What does not kill me makes me stronger.

(Aus der Kriegsschule des Lebens. — Was mich nicht umbringt, macht mich stärker).

[Translator note. This maxim (#8) is one of the most famous quotes from Nietzsche. See the concept Kriegsschule' in Nietzsche's notebook of Spring 1888 18 [1]. A slightly different versions of this section is in one of the Nietzsche's notebook and has this version of the maxim #8: "What does not kill us — that bring us to that makes us stronger. Il faut le tuer Wagnerisme." English translation from French of the last sentence might be: "He must be killed, Wagnerism". Spring 1888 15 [118]. Complete text in German and French for the other version: ["Was uns nicht umbringt — das bringen wir um, das macht uns stärker. Il faut tuer le Wagnerisme"]. Notebook: Spring 1888 15 [118].

9.

Help yourself: will you still helps everyone. Principle of charity.

10.

That one's own acts committed against cowardice! that they can not afterwards be in stitches! - The bite of conscience is indecent.

11.

Can an ass be tragic? - That one to perish under a burden that you bear, nor can throw?... The case of the philosopher.

12.

One has to be why? of life, compatible with almost any how you look? - Man does not strive for happiness, only the Englishman does.

13.

The man who created the woman - resulting in yet? From a rib of his God, - his "ideal"...

14.

What? Looking for? You want to increase you a hundredfold? you are looking for followers? - Find zeros! -

15.

Posthumous people - I for example - are understood worse than contemporary, but heard better. Strict: we will never understand - and therefore our authority...

16.

Among women. - "The truth? Oh you do not know the truth! Is it not an attack on all our pudeur (modesty)" ? -

17.

This is an artist, how I love artists, modest in his needs: he really wants only two things, his bread and his art, - panem et Circen... [bread and Circen]

18.

Whose will not to put things in white, who puts more into it, at least one sense: that is, he believes that a will is already in it (principle of "faith").

19.

How? you chose virtue and upscale Breast askance at the same time and see the advantages to the unscrupulous? - But with the renouncing (virtue waiver, Tugendverzichtet,) you click on "advantages"... (an anti-Semite at the front door.)

[German: Wie? ihr wähltet die Tugend und den gehobenen Busen und seht zugleich scheel nach den Vortheilen der Unbedenklichen? — Aber mit der Tugend verzichtet man auf „Vortheile"… (einem Antisemiten an die Hausthür.)].

20.

The perfect woman commits literature as it commits a small sin to attempt in passing, looking around, if someone notices, and assured someone noticed them...

21.

Go in noisy situations in which one may have no apparent virtues, but where, like the tightrope walker on his rope, either stands or falls - or is it...

22.

"Evil men have no songs." - How is it that the Russians have songs?

23.

"German spirit" for eighteen years, a contradiction in terms.

24.

So that one looks for the beginnings, it is cancer (Krebs). The historian looks back at last, he also believes backward.

25.

Satisfaction protects itself from colds. Who ever knew to a woman who dressed well, cold? - I put the case that it was hardly dressed.

26.

I'm suspicious of all systematizers and go out of their way. The will to system is a lack of righteousness (probity, Rechtschaffenheit). [German: Ich misstraue allen

Systematikern und gehe ihnen aus dem Weg. Der Wille zum System ist ein Mangel an Rechtschaffenheit].

[Translator note. Early version from notebook 1888, 15 [118]. “We distrust all systematizers, we go out of their way. The will to a system is, at least for us thinkers, something that compromised, a form of immorality.” (“Wir mißtrauen allen Systematikern, wir gehen ihnen aus dem Weg. Der Wille zum System ist, für uns Denker wenigstens, etwas, das compromittirt, eine Form der Unmoralität)”].

27.

You hold the woman for deep - why? because you never when it comes to the bottom. The woman is not even flat.

28.

If the woman has manly virtues, it is to run away, and if it has no male virtues, it will run it themselves.

29.

"How much formerly had the conscience to bite? which it had good teeth? - And now? what is missing "- question of a dentist.

30.

One commits a rare haste alone. In the first one always does too much haste. Precisely for this reason we usually commits a second - and now it does too little...

31.

The worm, which came curves. So it is wise. It thus reduces the probability of being replaced by new. In the language of morality: humility. -

32.

There is a hatred of falsehood and deception from an irritable sense of honor, there is just such a hatred of cowardice, inasmuch as the lie that is forbidden by a divine commandment. Too cowardly to lie...

33.

How little is to happiness! The sound of a bagpipe. - Without music, life would be a mistake. The German imagines even God singing songs.

34.

On ne peut penser et écrire qu'assis [One cannot think and write except when seated]. (G. Flaubert). - So I got you, nihilist! The staying power is precisely the sin against the Holy Spirit. Issued only thoughts have value.

35.

It gives cases where we are like horses, we fall psychologists, and anxiety: we see our own shadow in front of us down and fluctuate. The psychologist must gaze beyond himself in order to see at all.

36.

Whether we do immoralists virtue of damage? - Just as little, as the anarchists of the princes. It was only when they are wounded they are sitting firmly on her throne. Moral: you have to shoot the morale.

37.

You're running ahead? - You are like as the shepherd? or as an exception? A third case would be the runaway... First question of conscience (Gewissensfrage.)

38.

Are you real? or just an actor? A representative? or the self-represented? - Finally, you're even just a fake actor... Second question of conscience.

39.

The disappointed speaks. - I was looking for great people, I always found only the apes of their ideal.

40.

Are you one who is watching? or creates the hand? - Or abstinence, is at page?... Third question of conscience.

41.

Will you go with? or go ahead? or go for you?... You have to know what you want and that you want. Fourth question of conscience.

42.

Those were steps for me, I climbed over them, - that I had over them. But they thought I wanted to sit on them to rest...

43.

What does it matter that I am right! I have too much law. - And who laughs - laughs best today, and last.

44.

Formula of my happiness: a Yes, No, a straight line, a goal... (Formel meines Glücks: ein Ja, ein Nein, eine gerade Linie, ein Ziel…)

The Problem of Socrates.

1.

About life in all ages the wisest have judged same: it is no good... Always and everywhere one has heard from their lips the same sound - a sound full of doubt, full of melancholy, full of weariness of life, full of resistance to life. Even Socrates said, when he died: "To live - that is a long time to be sick: I'm guilty of the savior to Asclepius, a rooster." Even Socrates was tired of it. - What does this prove? What has it? - Formerly one would have said (- oh, it has said it loud enough and progress and our pessimists): "This must be at least somewhat true! The consensus of the sages proves the truth."- Will we still talk like that? shall we? "There must be at least somewhat sick" - we give the answer: these wisest men of all time, should you handsomely just to close up! Were they all perhaps shaky on their legs more tightly? late? shaky? decadents? That wisdom appears on earth as a raven, inspired by a little whiff of carrion?...

2.

Myself is this irreverence that the great sages are decay-type, first occurred to me, especially in a case where it is most strongly opposed by both scholarly and illiterate prejudice: I recognized Socrates and Plato as symptoms of degeneration, tools of the Greek dissolution, pseudo-Greek, anti-Greek ("*Birth of Tragedy*" 1872). That consensus of the sages - that I understood better and better - proves at least that they were right in what they agreed on: it shows rather that they themselves, these wisest men, some agree physiological corresponded to a negative stand on the same way to life, - need to stand. Judgments, value judgments about life, for or against it, can never finally be true: they have value only as symptoms, they come only as symptoms into consideration - in themselves such judgments are stupidities. You have to stretch out one's fingers and make an attempt to grasp this amazing finesse, that the value of life cannot be estimated. Not by the living, because such a party, even a bone of contention and not judges, not by a dead, others for a reason. - For a philosopher to see the value of life remains a problem even in such an objection to him, a question mark on his wisdom, an unwisdom. - How? and all these great wise men - they were not only decadents, they were not wise? - But I return to the problem of Socrates.

3.

Socrates was, after his origin, the lowest class: Socrates was rabble. We know you see it yourself, how ugly he was. But ugliness, in itself an objection, is among the Greeks almost a refutation. Was Socrates a Greek at all? Ugliness is often enough the expression of a crossed, thwarted by crossing development. In or it appears as declining development. The criminalist anthropologists among us say that the typical criminal is ugly: monstrum in facade *monstrum in animo* [Translator note: “monster in the mind.” Or, “monster in face, monster in soul]. But the criminal is a decadent. Was Socrates a typical criminal? - At least, that would not contradict the famous physiognomist sentence that sounded so offensive to the friends of Socrates. A foreigner, who knew about faces, said as he passed through Athens, told Socrates to his face, a monster – that he harbored any bad vices and appetites themselves. And Socrates merely answered: "You know me, sir!" -

4.

On decadence in Socrates suggests not only the admitted desolation and anarchy of his instincts: but also indicated that the logical and superfetation (Superfötation) and those rickety-malice (Rhachitiker-Bosheit) which distinguishes him. Nor should we forget those auditory hallucinations, which, as "daimonion of Socrates," have been interpreted into religiously. Everything is exaggerated, buffo, a caricature of him, everything is also concealed, ulterior, subterranean. - Seeking to comprehend what idiosyncrasy begot that Socratic comes from equation of reason = virtue = happiness: that most bizarre equation, which gives it special and has to all the instincts of the older Hellenics against it.

5.

With Socrates, Greek taste changes in favor of the dialectic: what really happened there? Above all, a will contractor forwards tastes defeat, and the mob comes on top of the dialectic. Before Socrates repudiated in good society dialectic manners: they were considered bad manners, they were compromising. The young were warned against them. Also present were distrusted all such motives of his reasons. Honest things, like honest men, their reasons are not in your hand. It is indecent to show all five fingers. What must first be proved is worth little. Wherever authority still forms part of good where you do not "justified", but commands, the dialectician is a kind of buffoon: one laughs at him, one does not take him seriously. - Socrates was the buffoon who got himself taken seriously: what really happened there? -

6.

One chooses dialectic only when one has no other means. One knows that one arouses mistrust with it, that it is not very persuasive. Nothing is easier to wipe than a dialectical effect: the experience of every meeting, where it speaks, is proof of that it can only be self-defense, in the hands of such as no longer have other weapons. You have to enforce one's right: but rather it makes no use of it. The Jews were therefore dialectician; Reynard the fox was: how? and Socrates was? [‘Reynard the fox’ most likely Nietzsche was thinking of the story of *Reineke Fuchs* by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, 1794. See *Sämmtliche Werke*, book V, p. 121-300].

7.

- Is the irony of Socrates an expression of revolt? of mob resentment? he enjoys as one oppressed his own ferocity in the knife-thrusts of the syllogism? He avenges himself on the noble, whom he fascinates? - Man has, as a dialectician, a merciless tool in hand, you can become a tyrant, it is only by wins. The dialectician leaves it to his opponent to prove that no idiot: he makes furious, he makes at the same time helpless. The dialectician renders the intellect of his opponent. - How? The revenge dialectic is only one form in Socrates?

8.

I have given to understand, Socrates could repel: it remains to explain the more so that he fascinates. - That he discovered a new *agon* [Greek: solemn contest] that he make the first fencing master for the circles of Athens is one thing. He fascinates by appealing to the agonistic instinct of the Greeks - he introduced a variation into the wrestling match between young men and youths. Socrates was also a great erotic (ein grosser Erotiker).

9.

But Socrates guessed even more. He looked through his noble Athenians; he realized that his case, his idiosyncrasy, was no longer exceptional. The same kind of degeneration was everywhere present in the breast: old Athens was coming to an end. - And Socrates understood that all the world needed him - his agent, his cure, his personal artifice of self-preservation... Everywhere the instincts were in anarchy, and everyone could put five steps of excess: the *monstrum in animo* [“monster in the mind.” Or, ‘monster in face, monster in soul’] was the general danger. "The impulses want to play the tyrant; against a tyrant must be reveals invent who is stronger "... When the physiognomist had Socrates, who he was, a cave of bad appetites, the great ironist still another word, which gives the key to him. “This is true, he said, but I mastered them all." As Socrates becomes master over himself? - His case was basically just the extreme case, only the most striking instance of what was then beginning to be the universal distress: that no one was more about the masters that the instincts turned against each other. He fascinates as this extreme case - his fearsome ugliness proclaimed him for each eye: he fascinates, as a matter of course, still more as an answer, a solution, an apparent cure of this case. -

10.

If one finds it necessary to make sense of a tyrant, as Socrates did, not that the danger must be small, that something else makes the tyrant. The reasonableness guess at that time was the savior, neither Socrates nor his "patients", be reasonable - it was *de rigueur* [rigor], it was their last resort. The fanaticism with which all Greek reflection throws itself upon rationality betrays a desperate situation they were in danger, they had only one choice: to either die or go - to be absurdly rational... The moralism of the Greek philosopher Plato is pathologically conditioned; as their estimation of dialectics. Reason = virtue = happiness means merely that one must imitate Socrates and counter the dark appetites with a permanent daylight - the daylight of reason. One must be clever, clear, bright at any price: any concession to the instincts, leads down to the unconscious...

11.

I have given to understand, which Socrates fascinated: he seemed to be a physician, a savior. Is it necessary to demonstrate the error that lay in his belief in "rationality at any price"? - It is a self-deception on the part of philosophers and moralists, so extricating themselves from decadence that they make war against it. Extrication (Heraustreten) lies beyond their strength, what they choose as a means, as salvation is itself just another expression of decadence - they change their expression, they cannot do it away themselves. Socrates was a misunderstanding, and the entire correctional morality, the Christian, was a misunderstanding... The most glaring daylight, rationality at any price, the lives of bright, cold, cautious, conscious, without instinct, in opposition to the instincts was itself only a disease, another disease - and no means a return to "virtue," must fight for 'health', thankfully... The instincts - that is the formula for decadence: as long as life is ascending, happiness equals instinct is. -

12.

- Did he himself understand yet, the wisest of all self-out-smarter [outwitters, Selbst-Überlister]? He said the last, to the wisdom of his courage in death?... Socrates wanted to die - not Athens, he gave himself the poisoned chalice, he forced Athens to the cup of poison... "Socrates is no physician, he spoke softly to himself: death alone is a doctor here... Socrates himself was only ill for a long..."

The "reason" in Philosophy.

1.

You ask me what is all idiosyncrasy among philosophers?... For example, their lack of historical sense, their hatred of the idea itself of becoming, theirs Egypticism (Ägypticismus). Do you think of a thing to be honored if they dehistoricize same, *sub specie aeterni* [under the aspect of eternity] - if they turn it into a mummy. All that philosophers have handled for millennia, were conceptual mummies (Begriffs-Mumien); there was nothing real to life from their hands. They kill, they fill out that these gentlemen term, idolaters, when they worship - they are all dangerous when they worship. The death of change, the age as well as procreation and growth, they are objections - even refutations. What is not, is what is not... Now they all believe, even with despair at beings (Seiende). But since it's not captured, they are looking for reasons why it denies it to them. "There must be a sham, an imposture it be that we do not perceive the being (Seiende): where is the deceiver" – “We have it, they scream happily, the sensuality of it is! These senses, which are also otherwise immoral, they deceive us about the real world. Moral: get rid of the delusion, from becoming, from history, from the lie - History is nothing but faith in the senses, faith in the lie. Moral: saying no to everything, what gives faith to the senses, to all the rest of humanity: that is all "people". Be a philosopher, his mummy, which represents the monotono-theism by a gravedigger-mimicry (Todtengräber-Mimik)! - And away from all the body, this wretched **idée fixe** of the senses! they carry all the errors of logic that there is refuted, even impossible, if it is already bold enough to behave as truly!"... (Und weg vor Allem mit dem Leibe, dieser erbarmungswürdigen idée fixe der Sinne! behaftet mit allen Fehlern der Logik, die es giebt, widerlegt, unmöglich sogar, ob er schon frech genug ist, sich als wirklich zu gebärden!“…)

2.

I suppose with a high reverence for the name of Heraclitus's side. If the other philosopher-folk rejected the testimony of the senses, because they showed multiplicity and change, he rejected their testimony because they showed things as if they were permanent and unity. Heraclitus too did the senses injustice. The same lie neither in the way the Eleatics believed it, even as they believed it - they do not lie at all. What are we made of their testimony to make the sets only inside the lie, for example, the lie of unity, the lie of materiality, the substance of life... "Reason" is the cause for us to falsify the testimony of the senses. Insofar as the senses are, passing away, showing the change, they do not lie... But that will forever be right Heraclitus, that Being is an empty fiction (dass das Sein eine leere Fiktion ist). The "apparent" (“scheinbare”) world is the only one: the "true (wahre) world" is only now been a lie (nur hinzugelogen)...

3.

- And what fine tools of observation, we have to our senses! This nose for example, has spoken of the philosopher with no reverence and gratitude, even for the time being the most delicate instrument, which we are entitled to bid: it can even minimal differences of motion detect which is not even ascertained the spectroscope. We have today just as much science as we have decided the testimony of the senses to assume - as we sharpen them yet, arm, and learned to think over. The rest is miscarriage and not-yet-science: to say metaphysics, theology, psychology, and epistemology. Or formal science, theory of signs: how the logic and that logic applied to mathematics. In comes the reality not before them, not even a problem, any more than the question of the value of any such sign convention (Zeichen-Convention), as is the logic-

4.

The other idiosyncrasy of the philosophers is no less dangerous: it is the last and the first to be confused. The set, which comes at the end - unfortunately! because it should not come! - The "highest concepts", that is the most general, the emptiest concepts, the last smoke of evaporating reality at the beginning than the beginning. It is this worship again only the expression of their kind: the higher may not grow out of the lower, not allowed to be grown... Moral: everything is first class, must be *causa sui* [self-caused]. The origin of something else regarded as an objection, as a value-questioning (Werth-Anzweifelung). All values are top of the first rank, all the highest terms, the everlasting, the unconditioned, the good, the true, the more perfect - all this can not be made, must therefore be *causa sui* [self-caused]. All this can also not dissimilar, may not be in conflict with itself... So they have their stupendous concept 'God'... The last, thinnest, emptiest is put first, as a cause in itself, as *ens realissimum* [most real being]... That humanity the suffering of sick brain spider weaver had to take it seriously! - And they have paid dearly for it!...

5.

- Imagine, finally, however, on which various species, we (- I say we politely...) the problem of error and the mere appearance put into the eye. Formerly they took the change, the change, becoming even as evidence of illusory, as a sign that something had to be there, which would lead us astray. Today, conversely, we see just as far as the rational prejudice compels us to unity, identity, permanence, substance, cause, thinghood, Being (Sein), to put it to ourselves to a certain extent involved in the error, necessity to error, so we certainly due to a rigorous recalculation with us about the fact that the error here. It is no different than with the movements of the great orb: with these, the error has our eyes; here he has proof to our language lawyer. The language belongs to their origin at the time of the most rudimentary form of psychology: we come into a rough fetish essence, if we look at the basic prerequisites (Grundvoraussetzungen), of language metaphysics, in German, of reason, to bring awareness. This looks everywhere doer and doing believes in will as cause in general, believe that ego is "I", in the ego as being, in the ego as substance, and projected the belief in the ego-substance upon all things - it only creates that the term "thing"... Being is everywhere into thought as a cause, foisted; from the conception "I" is followed only when derived, the term "being" is... At the beginning of the great calamity of error that the will is something that affects - that will is a fortune... Today we know that he only has one word... Much later, in a thousand times more enlightened world came to safety, the subjective confidence in the handling of the categories of reason philosophers with surprise to consciousness: they concluded that the same could not be derived from the empirical world - indeed the whole empirical stand in contradiction to them. So where do they originate? - And in India as in Greece has made the same mistake: "We must ever be in a higher world been at home (- instead of a lower very much what would have been the truth!). We must have been divine, for we have the reason!"... In fact, nothing has so far had a more naive than the persuasion of his mistake, as it was formulated, for example, from the Eleatics: every word he has for himself, each set for themselves, we are talking about! - Even the opponents of the Eleatics still succumbed to the seduction of their Being-concept (Seins-Begriffs): Democritus, among others, when he invented his atom... "Reason" in language: oh what a deceitful old wenches! I fear we are not going on God, because we still believe (faith, glauben) in grammar...

6.

You will thank me when I crowding so essential, so new insight into four theses: I so would facilitate the understanding, I call out to the opposition (contradiction, Widerspruch).

First sentence (Satz). The reasons pointed out "this" world has been described as apparently rather justify their reality - a different kind of reality is completely undetectable.

Second sentence. The signs, which have been given the "true Being (wahre Sein)" of things are the hallmarks of non-Being (Nicht-Seins), of nothingness, - one the "true world" is made up of the opposition to the true world: indeed an apparent (scheinbare) world, insofar they merely a moral-optical illusion (moralisch-optische Täuschung).

Third sentence. Tales from an "other" than this world has no meaning, provided that an instinct of slander, diminution, suspicion of life is made perfect in us: in the latter case, we avenge ourselves alive with the phantasmagoria of "another" a "better" life.

Fourth sentence. The world differ in a "true" and an "apparent (scheinbare)", whether in the nature of Christianity, whether in the nature of Kant (a cunning Christians last but not least) is only a suggestion of decadence, - a symptom of declining life... That the artist the appearance of higher estimates than the reality, is no objection against this sentence. Because "appearances" here means the reality once again, only in a select, gain, proofs… The tragic artist is no pessimist - he just says yes to everything questionable and terrible itself, he is Dionysian...

As the "true world" finally became a fable.
(Wie die „wahre Welt“ endlich zur Fabel wurde).

History of an Error.

(Geschichte eines Irrthums).

1). The true world (wahre Welt) attainable for the sage, the pious, the virtuous man - he lives in it, he is it. (Oldest form of the idea, relatively clever, simple and persuasive. Paraphrase of the sentence "I, Plato, am the truth".)

2). The true world, unattainable for now, but promised for the sage, the pious, the virtuous man ("for the sinner who repents").
(Progress of the idea: it is subtle, insidious, incomprehensible - it is woman, it becomes Christian...)

3). The true world unattainable, unprovable, unpromisable, but the very thought of a consolation, an obligation, an imperative.
(Basically the old sun, but seen through mist and skepticism throughout, the idea has become sublime, pale, Nordic, Konigsbergian.)

4). The true world - unattainable? In any case, none. And as well as unmatched, unknown. Consequently, not consoling, redeeming, or obligating: what could something unknown obligate us?...
(Gray morning. The first yawn of reason. The cockcrow of positivism.)

5). The "true world" - an idea that is good for nothing, not even obligating - an unnecessary, one idea, which has become superfluous, consequently a refuted idea: we make it off!
(Bright day, breakfast, return of good sense and cheerfulness; Plato's blushes; pandemonium of all free spirits.)

We have abolished the true world: what world has remained? The apparent (scheinbare) one perhaps?... But no! *With the true world we have also abolished the apparent!*

6). (Noon; moment of the shortest shadow; end of the longest error; high point of humanity; INCIPIT ZARATHUSTRA.)

[It begins Zarathustra]. [Note: *The Gay Science: la gaya scienza*, 1886, end of 4th book, #342, *Incipit tragoedia* all references go back to Nietzsche's image of Zarathustra.]

Morality as anti-nature.

1.

All passions have a time when they are merely disastrous, when they pull down with the severity of the stupidity of their victims - and a later, much later, where they marry with the mind to "spiritualize". Formerly it was because of the stupidity in the passion, the passion of the war itself: they conspired for their destruction - all the old moral monsters are unanimous about it, "il faut les tuer passions." [one must kill the passions]. The most famous formula that is what the *New Testament*, in that Sermon on the Mount, where, incidentally, things are not quite seen from a height. It is there, for example with practical application to the said sex "if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out": fortunately no Christian acts in accordance with this provision. The passions and desires destroy, merely to prevent their stupidity and the unpleasant consequences of their stupidity, now seems itself merely as an acute form of stupidity. We do not admire more,
which tear the teeth so they do not hurt anymore... going with some equity on the other hand admitted that on the ground, has grown from Christianity, the term "spiritualization of passion" could not be conceives by the dentists. The first church was fighting, as you know, against the "intelligent" in favor of the "poor in spirit" as one might expect from it an intelligent war against passion? - The church fights passion with excision in every sense: its practice, its "cure" is the castratism. It never asks: "how spiritualized, beautified, deify a craving you?" - It has laid the emphasis at all times of discipline on extirpation (of sensuality, of pride, lust,

avarice, of vengefulness). - Means to attack, but the passions at the root of the attack at the root of life: the practice of the church is hostile to life...

2.

The same agent, intersection, extermination, is instinctively chosen in the struggle with a desire by those who are too weak-willed, too degenerate, to replace the one measure in it can, from those natures, the La Trappe have need of, spoken in parable (and without a parable -), any hostility final statement, a gap between itself and a passion. Radical means are indispensable only the degenerates, and the weakness of will, some talk, the inability not to react to a stimulus, is itself merely another form of degeneration. The radical hostility, the deadly hostility against sensuality is a thoughtful symptom: it is therefore entitled to make conjectures about produce the total state of such excessive. - Those hostility, this hatred is only incidentally to its tip, even when such natures for radical cure, the cancellation of their "devil" no longer have enough strength. One of watching the whole story of the priest and philosopher, the artist added taken: the poisonous against the senses is not said of the impotent, nor by ascetics, but by the impossible ascetics, by those who would have been necessary, ascetics to be...

3.

The spiritualization of sensuality is called love (Die Vergeistigung der Sinnlichkeit heisst Liebe): it is a great triumph over Christianity. Another man triumph is our spiritualization of hostility (Feindschaft). It is that we deeply understand the value that it has to have enemies: in short, that one does, and vice versa as they formerly did, and closes shut. The church was at all times, the destruction of their enemies: we, and we immoralists and antichrist, see our advantage is that the church is... In politics, the hostility now become more spiritual - much wiser, more thoughtful, more gentle. Almost every party understands their self-interest of conservation is that the other party does not come by force, as does that of the great policy. Especially as a new creation, as the new Reich [kingdom], needful enemies than friends: in opposition until it feels necessary, in contrast, it is only necessary... no different we act against the "enemy within": even as we have spiritualized hostility, also because we have understood its value. It is only fruitful to be rich at the cost of opposites, it only remains young, under the condition that the soul can not be enforced, not desire for peace... There is nothing we become stranger than those desirability of yore, by the "peace of soul," the Christian desirability, nothing makes us envy less than the moral and the joys of fat cow good conscience. One has to great life dispensed with if one renounces war... In many cases, of course, the "peace of mind" is merely a misunderstanding - about another that not only knows how to nominate honest. Without further ado or prejudice of a few cases. "Peace of mind", for example, the gentle radiance of a rich animality into the moral (or religious) being. Or the beginning of the fatigue, the first shadow cast by the evening, any evening. Or a sign that the air is humid, that south winds are approaching. Or contradict the gratitude for a happy digestive knowledge ("human love" is sometimes called). Or the silence of the genes are ends, the taste of all things new and waiting... Or the state, following a strong satisfaction of our ruling passion, the feeling of a rare good satiety. Or infirmity of our will, our cravings, our vices. Or laziness, persuaded by vanity to morally frills (aufzuputzen). Or the occurrence of a certainty, even dreadful certainty, after a long tension and torment by the uncertainty. Or the expression of maturity and mastery in the middle of doing (Thun), creativity, knitting, wool, calm breathing, attained the "freedom of the will"... *Twilight of the Idols*: who knows? perhaps even a kind of "peace of the soul"... (*Götzen-Dämmerung*: wer weiss? vielleicht auch nur eine Art „Frieden der Seele“…)

4.

- I bring a principle in the formula. Every naturalism in morality, that is all healthy morality, is dominated by an instinct of life, - any one commandment of life is "not set" with a particular canon of "shall" and met some resistance and hostility in the way of life is made so that one side. Their moral was unnatural, that is, almost every morality which previously taught, preached and venerated, is aimed precisely reversed against the instincts of life, - it is a secret soon, soon loud and bold this condemnation (Verurtheilungdieser) instincts. By saying, "God sees the heart," God says No to the lowest and highest desires of life and God takes enemy (Feind) of life... He is Holy, in whom God is well pleased, the ideal castrato... Life is too late, where the "kingdom of God" begins...

5.

Suppose that one has understood the wicked such a revolt against life as it is in Christian morality become almost sacrosanct, so you have it, fortunately, also somewhat Andres understood: the useless, apparent, absurd, mendacious such a rebellion. A condemnation of life on the part of the last survivors is only a symptom of a certain kind of life: the question of whether law, whether with injustice, is not even raised it. You'd have a position outside of life have, and know the other, it as good as one, as many as all who have lived to touch the problem of the value of life in at all: reasons enough to realize that the problem for us an unapproachable problem (unzugängliches Problem). When we speak of values, we speak under the inspiration, under the perspective of life: life itself forces us to value to be set, life itself posit values by us, if we estimate values ... It follows that even those contradictory nature of morality, which God counter-concept and condemnation of life holds only one value-judgment of life - what life? What kind of life? - But I gave the answer: of declining, the weak, the tired, the condemned life. Morality, as has been previously understood - even as it was last formulated by Schopenhauer as "negation of the will to live" - is the décadence instinct itself, which makes itself out of an imperative: "go to bottom" it says - it is the judgment convicts...(sie ist das Urtheil Verurtheilter…)

6.

Let us finally consider what it is naivety at all to say "so and so should the man be!" Reality shows us an enchanting wealth of types, the opulence of a lavish play and change of form: and any poor loafer of a moralist comments: "No! Man ought to be different"? He even knows how it should be, these eaters and hypocrites, he paints himself against the wall and says, "Ecce homo!"... [Translator. ‘Behold the man’. From John 19:5, *New Testament*, title from

Nietzsche’s autobiography that he was soon to write in the next month, October 1888]. But even when the moralist addresses himself only to the individual and says to him: "so and so should you be!" He listens not to make fools of themselves. The individual is a piece of fate - is from the front and rear, one law more, one necessity more for everything that is and will be. Say to him, "you change" means demand that everything changes, even backwards yet... And really, it was consistently moralists, they wanted people differently, namely, virtuous, they wanted him in their own image, namely as a bigot: this they denied the world! No small madness! No modest kind of immodesty!... The moral, insofar as it condemns, in itself, not of respects, considerations, plans of life, is a specific error, which you should have no sympathy, one degenerates, idiosyncrasy, which has caused untold amount of damage!... We others, we have immoralists, conversely made our hearts for all kind of understand, approve of understand. Not easily denied us, we seek our honor to be answered in the affirmative. More and more we are risen, the eye for that economy (Ökonomie), which all need the still and take advantage of white, which rejects the sacred madness of the priest, the diseased reason in the priesthood for those economics in the law of life, even from the obnoxious species of the muckers, the priest, takes advantage of their virtuous,-what advantage? - But we ourselves, we are here immoralists the answer... (Aber wir selbst, wir Immoralisten sind hier die Antwort…)

The four big mistakes.

1.

Error of confusing cause and consequence. - There is no more dangerous error than the result to be confused with the cause: I call him the real corruption of reason. Nevertheless, this error is one of the oldest and most recent habits of mankind: it is even hallowed among us, it bears the name "religion" and "morality". Every sentence formulates the religion and morality contains it; priests and moral legislators are the originators of this corruption of reason. - I take an example: everyone knows the book by the famous Cornaro in which he his slender diet as a recipe to a long and happy life - even virtuous – correctly (anräth). Few books have been read so much, even now it is in England each year many thousands of copies in print. I do not doubt that scarcely any book (the Bible, such as cheaply except) donated so much harm, has shortened as many lives as is so well-intentioned curiosity. Reason is the confusion of the effect for the cause. The honest Italians saw in their diet, the cause of their long life: whereas the precondition for long life, the extraordinary slowness of metabolism, low consumption, the cause of their slender diet was. He was not free to eat little or much, his frugality was not a "free will": he was sick when he ate more. Who is not a carp but does, not only good but necessary to properly eat. A scholar of our time, with his rapid consumption of nervous energy would be directed to the régime of Cornaro's bases. Crede experto. — [believe him who has tried]. -

2.

The most general formula of every religion and morality lies at the bottom is: "Do this and that, let this and that - so will you happy! In the other case..." Every morality, every religion is this imperative, - I call it the great original sin of reason, the immortal unreason. In my mouth is this formula is transformed into its inverse - the first example of my "revaluation of all values (Umwerthung aller Werthe)" do a well more prudent man, a "Happy", must perform certain actions and shrinks instinctively from other actions, he carries the order, which he represents physiologically, into his relations with people and things. In a formula: his virtue is the result of his good fortune... Long's life, many descendants is not the reward of virtue, virtue is but even that slowing of metabolism, which, among other things, a long life, many descendants, briefly Cornarism has as its consequence. - Say, the church and morality: "a race, a nation is judged by vice and luxury to reason." My recovered reason says: when a nation goes to ruin, degenerates physiologically, then license and luxury follow from it (i.e. the need of ever stronger and more frequent stimuli, such as every exhausted nature knows it). This young man will soon pale and withered. His friends say: the fact and the disease is to blame. I say that he was sick that he could not resist the disease, had been the result of an impoverished life of a hereditary exhaustion. The newspaper reader says: this party is directed with such a mistake as a basis. My higher politics says: a party who makes such mistakes is at the end - it has it’s instinct-certainly not more. Any mistake in any sense the result of degeneration of instinct, of disintegration of the will: it defined (definirt) so that almost bad (Schlechte). All good is instinct - and, consequently, easy, necessarily, freely. The hardship is an objection, the God is typically different from the hero (in my language: light feet the first attribute of divinity (Göttlichkeit)).

3.

Error of a false causality. - It was believed at all times, to know what a cause: but where we took our knowledge, more precisely, our faith to know here? From the realm of the famous "inner facts" of which it has so far not proved in fact. We believed ourselves in the act of the will of the cause, because at least we thought the causality to catch in the act. They had no similarly, the fact that all the antecedents of an action, its causes, to look at conscious are, and it again would find when they search - as "motives": else one would not go to it free, not for them was responsible. Finally, who would deny that a thought is caused? that the ego causes the thought?... Of the three "inner facts", which vouch for seemed to be the causation, is the first and most convincing of the will as cause, the conception of a consciousness ("spirit") as the cause, and later that of the ego (the "subject ") are the caused afterbirths only after the causality of the will as if it was established as an empirical... Meanwhile, we have thought better of it. We now believe a word more of all this. The "inner world" is full of phantoms and wisps: the will is one of them. The will no longer moves anything, hence does not explain anything - it merely accompanies events; it can also be absent. The so-called "motive": another error. Merely a surface phenomenon of consciousness, something alongside the deed, the more likely to cover up the antecedents of an act than to represent them. And as for the ego! This has become a fable, a fiction, a play on words: it has ceased entirely to think, feel and want!... What does this mean? There are no mental causes! All the allegedly empirical evidence went to the devil (zum Teufel)! This follows from! - And we had one of those with abuse like "empiricism" driven, we had the world on created (geschaffen) as a cause-world, a world of will, as a ghost-world. The most ancient and enduring psychology was at work, it has nothing else done: all that happened was a deed, all action effect of a will, the world it was a multiplicity of doers, a doer (a "subject") is pushed all done under. Man has three "inner facts (inneren Thatsachen)." That what one believed most firmly, the will, the spirit, ego, here from the prospects, - one took the concept of Being (Sein) from the concept from out of ego, one has the "things (Dinge)" as being set in one's own image, in accordance with one's concept of ego as a cause. What wonder that later in the things one always found again what it had put into them? - The thing itself, I repeat, the concept of thing, a reflection merely of faith in the ego as cause... And even your atom, my dear mechanists and physicists, as much error, how much rudimentary psychology is still residual in your atom! - Not to mention the "thing in itself", the *horrendum pudendum* [a terrible shame] of the metaphysicians! The error of the spirit as cause mistaken for reality! And made the measure of reality! And God called! – (Der Irrthum vom Geist als Ursache mit der Realität verwechselt! Und zum Maass der Realität gemacht! Und Gott genannt! —)

4.

Error of imaginary causes. - From assumed [begin, auszugehn] dream: a particular sensation, for example as a result of a distant cannon shot that is subsequently foisted a cause (often a whole little novel in which the dreamer is just the main character). The sensation endures meanwhile in a kind of resonance: it waits to speak until the cause drive allows one to come to the fore, - now no more than coincidence, but as a "sense". The cannon shot appears in a causal manner, in an apparent reversal of time. The later, the motiving is first seen, often with a hundred details, pass by like the flash, the shot follows... What happened? The ideas that a certain condition produced have been misinterpreted as the cause of it. - In fact, we do it at the guards as well. Our most general feelings - any inhibition, pressure, tension, explosion in the play and counterplay of the organs, as in its particularity, the state of the sympathetic nerve - arouse our cause engine: we want a reason, are to us so and so, - we from badly or there are good too. There never is enough for us, just the mere fact that we are so and so, determine: we leave this fact at first - be aware of them - if we have given it a kind motivating - The memory that occurs in such a case, without our knowledge into action leads up earlier states of the same type and the overgrown causal interpretations - not their causation. The belief, however, that were the ideas that accompany the processes of consciousness-causes is brought up by the memory also. This creates a familiarity with a particular interpretation of causes, which in fact inhibits research (Erforschung) into the causes and excludes itself.

5.

Psychological explanation. - Something unknown back to something familiar, easy, calm, satisfied, also gives a sense of power. With the unknown, danger, anxiety, is given the concern - the first instinct is towards these painful conditions carry away. First principle: any explanation (Erklärung) is better than none. Because it's basically just a want to get rid of (Loswerdenwollen) oppressive ideas, does it not just strictly with the means to get rid of them: the first performance, with the declared itself the unknown as known does so well that they are "holds true for ". Proof by pleasure ("the force") as a criterion of truth. - The causes of engine is therefore conditioned and excited by the feeling of fear. The "why?" should whenever possible, be not so much the cause for its own sake, but rather a kind of cause - a soothing, liberating, relieving the cause. Something that already well-known, experienced, is set in the memory enrolled as a cause, is the first result of this need. The new thing that strange (unauthorized, Unerlebte) the alien is excluded as a cause. - It is not only a kind of explanation is sought as a cause, but a selected and preferred kind of explanations that is, where was the fastest, most often taken away the feeling of the stranger, the new, strange (Unerlebten) – commonest (gewöhnlichsten) explanations. - Consequence: a kind of cause-reduction predominates more and more concentrated into the system and finally emerges dominant, which means simply exclusive other causes and explanations. - The banker immediately thinks of "business" of Christ to the "sin", the girl of his love. (Der Banquier denkt sofort an’s „Geschäft“, der Christ an die „Sünde“, das Mädchen an seine Liebe).

6.

The whole realm of morality and religion belongs under this concept of imaginary causes. - "Explanation" of disagreeable general feelings. They are produced by beings who are hostile to us (evil spirits: the most famous case - the misunderstanding hysterical as witches). They are produced by actions that are not cheap (the feeling of "sin", the "sinfulness" under a physiological discomfort pushed - you can always find reasons to be dissatisfied with it). They are produced as punishments, as a repayment deal for something that we did not have, we would not have been meant to be (generalized impudent form of Schopenhauer into a principle in which morality appears as that which it is, as the real poisoner and slanderer of life: "Every great pain, whether physically, mentally, he had said from what we deserve, because he could not come to us if we do not deserve it." *World as Will and Representation*, 2, 666). They are produced as consequences of ill-considered, badly leaking acts (- the emotions, the senses as the cause, as "guilty" set; physiological calamities with the help of other calamities as "deserved" designed). - "Explanation" of agreeable general feelings. They are produced by faith in God. They are produced by the consciousness of good deeds (the so-called "good conscience", a physiological condition which sometimes sees a happy digestive confusingly similar). They are produced by the fortunate outcome of enterprises (- naive fallacy: the happy ending to a company creates a hypochondriac or a Pascal agreeable general feelings of not quite). They are produced by faith, love, and hope - the Christian virtues. - In truth, all these supposed explanations sequelae and, as translations of pleasurable or unpleasurable feelings in the wrong dialect are: one is to hope in a state, because the basic physiological feeling is strong and rich again; you trust God because the feeling of fullness and gives strength to a rest. - The morality and religion belongs entirely to the psychology of error: in each case is confused cause and effect, or the truth confused with the effect of what is believed to be true, or a confused state of consciousness with the causation of this condition.

7.

Error of free will. - Today we have no more pity the term "free will": we know only too well what it is - the disreputable theologian-art piece that there are, for the purpose of humanity in its sense "responsible" to make the means they depend on themselves to make... I give here only the psychology of all blame. - Wherever responsibilities are sought, it maintains the instinct of wanting to align penalties and to be looking there. If one has the stripped of its innocence when any so-and-so-Being (Sein) is reduced to will, to intentions, to acts of responsibility: the doctrine of the will is essentially invented for the purpose of punishment, i.e. the found guilty-willing (Schuldig-finden-wollens). The entire old psychology, the psychology of will has its premise is that to their owners, the priests at the head of old communities, wanted to create a right to impose penalties - or God wanted to create a right... The people were "free" thought to be directed to be punished, can - in order to be able to guilty: consequently, every act had as intended, the origin of each plot are conceived in the minds lying (- bringing the most basic counterfeiting was psychological made a principle of psychology itself...). Now that we have entered into the reverse movement, where we immoralists especially with all the concepts of guilt and the penalty term from the world take out again and psychology, history, nature, social institutions and sanctions seek to clean them, there is in our eyes no more radical opposition than that of the theologians, who continue, through you to the concept of “moral world order," the innocence of becoming by "punishment" and "guilt". Christianity is a metaphysics of the hangman... (Das Christenthum ist eine Metaphysik des Henkers…)

8.

What alone can be our doctrine? - Because no one gives man his qualities, neither God, nor society, nor his parents and ancestors, nor he himself (- the absurdity of this last idea has been rejected as "intelligible freedom" by Kant, perhaps even taught by Plato). No one is responsible for ensuring that he's there, so and so constituted that he is that he is under these circumstances in this environment. The fatality of his nature is not disentangled from the fatality of all that was and what will be. It is not the result of an intention, a will, a purpose, not with him, an attempt is made to achieve an "ideal of man" or an "ideal of happiness" or an "ideal of morality," - it is absurd his Being (Sein) in any way trying to pass a purpose. We have used the term "purpose" invented in the real world... lack of purpose it is necessary, it is a piece of calamity, one belongs to the whole, it is on the whole, - there is nothing that addressed our being, measure, compare, could condemn, because that would mean the whole set, measure, condemn, compare... But there is nothing out of the whole! - That will make no one more responsible, that the nature of existence can not be attributed primarily to a cause, that the world is neither as sensorium nor as 'spirit' is a unity, this is only the great liberation - thus only the innocence of becoming (Unschuld des Werdens) restored... The term "God" has been the greatest objection to existence (Dasein)... We deny God, we deny the responsibility in God: we only deliver to the world. – (Wir leugnen Gott, wir leugnen die Verantwortlichkeit in Gott: damit erst erlösen wir die Welt).

The "improvers (Verbesserer)" of mankind.

1.

One knows my demand to the philosopher, to stand beyond good and evil (jenseits von Gut und Böse), - the illusion of a moral proposition to have among themselves. This demand follows from an insight that has been formulated by me for the first time: that there are no moral facts. The sentence has the moral with the religious public that it believes in realities, which are not. Morality is only an interpretation of certain phenomena, certain spoken, a misreading. The moral judgments is how the religious one stage to the ignorance, the lack of even the concept of the real, the distinction between the real and imaginary, still, so that "truth" refers to such degree only things that we see today "imaginations” call. The moral verdict so far is to never take literally: as such it contains only absurdity. But it remains invaluable as semiotics (Semiotik): it reveals, at least for those who know, the most valuable realities of cultures and interiors, knew not enough to be able to "understand" themselves. Moral character is just talk, mere (bloss) symptomatology (Symptomatologie): one must know already what it is to draw benefits from it.

2.

A first example and very preliminary. At all times you have to "improve" the people want: this was called before all morality. But among the most diverse of the same word tendency is hidden. Both the taming of the beast as a man growing a particular species is human "improvement" has been called: first pressing realities of this zoological termini - Realities of course, from those of the typical "improver," the priest who knows nothing - nothing wants to know... The taming an animal its "improvement" is mentioned in our ears almost a joke. Who knows what goes on in menageries doubts that the beast "improved" there is. It is weakened, it is rendered less harmful, it is the depressive affect of fear, through pain (Schmerz), through wounds, hunger for morbid beast. - It is no different with the tamed man whom has "improved" the priest. In the early Middle Ages, when the church was, in fact, above all, a menagerie, made it everywhere on the finest specimens of the "blond beast' (blonden Bestie) hunt, - one “improved" as the Germans do. But what was behind him from such an "improved" Germanic seduced into the convent? Like a caricature of man as a freak: he was a "sinner" has become, he was stuck in a cage, they had him trapped between a loud horrible terms... There he lay, sick, miserable, malevolent against himself, full of hatred against drives to life, full of suspicion against all that was still strong and happy. In short, a "Christian"... Physiologically speaking: in the battle with the beast may be the only means of making health, making them weak. The church understood: it ruined man, it weakened him - but they took advantage of him to have "improved”...

3.

Take the other case, the so-called morality, the case of growing a particular race, and his most imposing example of this kind gives the Indian morality, sanctioned as a "Law of Manu” to religion. Here the task is made no less than four races at a time to grow: one priestly, one warlike, one dealer and agriculturalist (ackerbauerische), finally a race of servants, the Sudras. Obviously we are no longer under tamer: a hundred times milder and more rational kind of person is a prerequisite to conceiving even the idea of such breeding. It breathes on, enter from the Christian hospitals and prisons in the air healthier, higher, wider world. How pathetic is the "new testament" to Manu, how bad it smells! - But this organization was necessary to be terrible, - this time not in combat with the beast, but with it’s opposite term, the non-breeding man, the mishmash man, the Chandala. And again they had no other means, it safe to make him weak as to make him sick - it was the struggle with the "large number". Perhaps there is nothing more contradictory than our feelings these protective measures of the Indian morality. The third edict, for example (*Avadana-Sastra* I), that "from the impure vegetables," orders that the only food the Chandala is allowed to be garlic and onions, in view that the Bible forbids them grain or fruits that bear seeds, or to give water or fire. The same decree stipulates that the water, which they have need, either from rivers or from the sources, should be removed from the ponds, but only from the approaches to swamps and from holes, which resulted from, the footprints of animals. Ditto is forbidden for them to wash to wash their laundry and washing yourself, as the water that they will be granted by grace, may only be used to quench the thirst. Assist (Beizustehn) finally a ban on the Sudra women, the Chandala women at birth similarly, nor one for the latter, assist (beizustehn) each other here... - The success of such sanitary police was inevitable: murderous epidemics, hideous venereal diseases, and suggests again "the law of the knife," the circumcision for the male, order the removal of the labia minora of the female children. - Manu himself says, "the Chandala are the fruit of adultery, incest and crime (- this is the necessary consequence of the concept of breeding). They should be only the rags of clothes corpses have to dish and broken (zerbrochne) pots, jewelry to old iron, only to worship the evil spirits, let them wander without rest from one place to another. It is forbidden for them to write from left to right and the right hand to use for writing: the use of the right hand and left to right is only reserved for the virtuous, the people of race "-.

4.

These rulings are instructive enough: in them we have the once Aryan humanity, quite pure, quite originally, - we learn that the term "pure blood" the opposite of a harmless concept. On the other hand it is clear which nation has perpetuated the hatred of the Chandala, hatred against this "humaneness", where he was religion, where he became a genius... From this point of the Gospels are an instrument of the first rank, even more, the Book of Enoch. -

Christianity, from Jewish roots and comprehensible only as a plant of this soil, represents the countermovement (Gegenbewegung) is against any morality of breeding, of race, privilege - it is the anti-Aryan religion par excellence: Christianity the revaluation of all Aryan values, the victory of Chandala values of the gospel to the poor, the lowly preaching of the community-rising all the downtrodden, poor, the wayward (Missrathenen), underprivileged against the "race" - the undying Chandala revenge as the religion of love...

5.

The moral of the morality of taming and breeding are the means to assert themselves, entirely worthy of each other: we must stand up as the supreme principle that in order to make morality, you have the absolute will to the contrary must. This is the big, uncanny (unheimliche) problem, which I have followed the longest: the psychology of the "improvers" of mankind. A small and basically modest fact that the so-called *pia fraus* [pious fraud], gave me the first approach to this problem: the *pia fraus* [pious fraud], the genetic material of all the philosophers and priests, the humanity "improved". Neither Manu nor Plato nor Confucius nor the Jewish and Christian teachers have at each their right (ihrem Recht) to lie doubted. You probably have not doubted in quite other rights... In terms of formula you say all the means by which humankind should now be made morally, were out of immoral reason. - (In Formel ausgedrückt dürfte man sagen: alle Mittel, wodurch bisher die Menschheit moralisch gemacht werden sollte, waren von Grund aus unmoralisch. —)

What's Germans lacking.
(Was den Deutschen abgeht)

1.

Among Germans today it is not enough to have spirit: one must still take them to remove spirit...

Maybe I know the Germans, perhaps I may even tell you some truths. The new Germany is a large quantity of inherited and acquired shoulder-drive, so that it can spend the accumulated wealth of power for a time even extravagant. It is not a high culture, the masters made with him, much less a delicate taste, a noble "beauty" of the instincts; can virile (manliness, abermännlichere) virtues, than any other country in Europe have. Much courage and self-respect, a lot of safety in transport, the reciprocity of duties, much industriousness, much perseverance - and an inherited moderation which needs the spur rather than the brake. I would add that here is still obeyed without the humble obedience... And nobody despises his opponent...

You see, it is my desire to be fair to the Germans: I would not like to be unfaithful - I must consider them also my objection. It pays heavily for coming to power: the power stupid... The Germans - they were once called the people of thinkers: they think at all today? – (Die Deutschen — man hiess sie einst das Volk der Denker: denken sie heute überhaupt noch? —) The Germans are now bored with the spirit, the Germans wary now of the spirit, politics swallows up all serious concern for really spiritual matters - "Germany, Germany above all" [‘Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles’. Note: phrase used in song of 1841], I am afraid that was the end of German philosophy... "Is there, German philosopher? Are there German poets? Are good German books? ", I am asked abroad (Asuland). I blush, but with the courage with which I am also in desperate cases of his own, I answer: "Yes, Bismarck "- May I confess even what books you read today? Instinct of mediocrity... and forever! - („Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles“, ich fürchte, das war das Ende der deutschen Philosophie… „Giebt es deutsche Philosophen? giebt es deutsche Dichter? giebt es gute deutsche Bücher?“ fragt man mich im Ausland. Ich erröthe, aber mit der Tapferkeit, die mir auch in verzweifelten Fällen zu eigen ist, antworte ich: „Ja, Bismarck!“ — Dürfte ich auch nur eingestehn, welche Bücher man heute liest?… Vermaledeiter Instinkt der Mittelmässigkeit! —)

2.

- What could be the German spirit, who has not already had his melancholy ideas about it! But this people has been dumbed down arbitrarily, since nearly a millennium: nowhere are the two great European narcotics, alcohol and Christianity, been abused vicious. Recently got even added a third, all alone with the fine and bold movement of the spirit of an end to be made, the music, clogging our stuffy German music. - How much weight peevish, lameness, dampness, and dressing gown, how much beer is in German intelligence! How is it possible that young men who dedicate their lives to spiritual goals, not the first instinct of spirituality, the self-preservation instinct of the mind in feeling - and drink beer?... The alcoholism of young scholars is perhaps no question mark in their learning intentions - you may even be a great scholar without the spirit - but in every other consideration, it remains a problem. - Where they would find not the gentle degeneration which beer produces in the spirit! I once placed in a near-famous who have become case the finger at such a degeneration - the degeneration of our first German free spirit, the wise David Strauss, the author of a beer bank's gospel (Bierbank-Evangeliums) and the "new faith"... not for nothing that he had to be the "sweet chestnut" vow made in verse - loyalty to the death...

3.

- I spoke of the German spirit: that it is coarser, that it flattens out. Is that enough? - Basically, it's something else that scares me: as more and more with German seriousness, German depth, German passion in spiritual things downhill. The pathos has changed, not merely the intellect. - I touch here and there German universities: what rules for air under their scholars, what desolate spirituality that historically developed contented and lukewarm! It would be a profound misunderstanding of me here if you wanted to argue that German science - and also a proof that you have not read a word from me. I have not tired for seventeen years, the influence of our present despiritualization (entgeistigenden) of scientific operations to light. The hard helotism (Helotenthum) to which condemned the tremendous range of sciences today every one is a main reason for fuller, richer, deeper natures do not find them, according to teacher education and more. Our culture suffers from nothing more than to the abundance arrogant loafer and fragments of humanity; our universities are, against their will, the real hothouses for this kind of instinct-atrophy of the mind. And Europe has been a notion of it - the big policy deceives nobody... Germany is increasingly seen as Europe's flat plains (Flachland). – I seek after yet another German with whom I could be seriously in my own way - how much more for one with whom I might be cheerful! *Twilight of the Idols*: ah whoever concepts today, of what kind of serious here recovered a hermit (Einsiedler)! - The serenity is most incomprehensible (Unverständlichste) to us...

4.

You do a rollover: it is not only obvious that German culture goes down, it does not lack the sufficient reason for it. No one can finally spend more than he has - that is true of individuals, is true of nations. Admitting themselves out of power for big policy, economy, international commerce, parliamentarism, military interests, - gives you the quantum mind, seriousness, will, self-control, that's one way to this page, so it is missing on the other side. Culture and the State - it is not about cheating here - are antagonists: "civilized state" is merely a modern idea. One lives on the other, the one thrives at the expense of others. All the great periods of culture are periods of political decline: what is great in the sense of culture was apolitical, even anti-political. - Goethe went to the heart at the phenomenon of Napoleon, - he went on with the "freedom wars"... At the very moment when Germany comes up as a great power, France gains importance as cultural power altered. Even today much new seriousness, a lot of new passion of the mind is moved to Paris, and the question of pessimism, for example, the question of Wagner, almost all psychological and artistic issues considered there are incomparably finer and more thoroughly than in Germany - the Germans themselves are unable to this kind of seriousness. - In the history of European civilization means the rise of "empire" thing above all: to relocate the heavy weight. You already know it everywhere: on the merits - and that is the culture - the Germans are no longer considered. One wonders: did you even exhibit a spirit that is counted for Europe? as your Goethe, your Hegel, your

Heinrich Heine, your Schopenhauer counted for? - That there is not a single German philosopher any more, it is no end of astonishment. (Dass es nicht einen einzigen deutschen Philosophen mehr giebt, darüber ist des Erstaunens kein Ende.) —

5.

The whole higher education system in Germany has been the main thing missing: the purpose both as a means to an end. That education, education is itself an end - and not "the empire" - the need for this purpose, the educator - and not the high school teachers and university scholars - you do forgot the... educators needful, which are themselves educated, superior, distinguished spirits, proved at every moment proved by word and silence, ripe, sweet cultures has become - not the learned louts, which high school and university youth of today towards bringing as "higher wet nurses." The educators are missing, the exceptions to the exceptions, the first condition of education: hence the decline of German culture. - One of those rarest of exceptions is my venerable friend Jacob Burckhardt in Basel: Basel owes him his first rank of humanity. - What the "higher schools" actually reach Germany, it's a brutal training in order, with as little loss of time, a myriad of young men for government service available to make exploitable. "Higher education" and innumerable - that is contradictory from the outset. Each higher education is the only exception: it must be chartered to a right to have such a high privilege. All great, all beautiful things can never be common: *pulchrum est paucorum hominum* [beauty is for the few]. – What caused the decline of German culture? That "higher education" is no more privilege - the democracy of the "general", who have become the public education"... Not to mention that military privileges to the frequent visit of the higher schools, that is their downfall, literally force. - There is no one freer to give their children in Germany present a noble education: our "higher" schools are shaky on the most ambiguous mediocrity furnished, with teachers, with curriculum, with teaching goals. And everywhere there is an indecent haste, such as whether something would be missed if the young man with 23 years still not "finished" is not white answer to the "main question": what job? - A higher type of man, say so, does not like "professionals," precisely because it knows... you rely has time, they takes their time, they did not think to "ready" to be, - with thirty years one is, in the sense of high culture, a beginner, a child. - Our overcrowded schools, our cluttered, stupid school teachers have made a scandal in order to take these states to protect, as it has recently done the professors at Heidelberg, this one has perhaps causes - are reasons for it.

6.

- I am not to fall out of my way, is yes-men and with the opposition and criticism only indirectly to do only involuntarily, immediately, the three tasks in respect of which we need educators. One has to learn to see, you have to learn to think, one must learn to speak and write: the goal in all three is a noble culture. Learning to see - the eye of the calm, the patience to get used to the approaching-to-be-; postpone the sentence, include around the individual case from all sides and learn. This is the first preliminary for spirituality: not immediately react to a stimulus, but the inhibiting; the final instincts get in the hand. Learning to see, as I understand it, is nearly that which is called the unphilosophical manner of speaking the strong will: the essential thing is just not "want", may suspend the decision. All mindlessness, all vulgarity is based on the inability to afford a stimulus to resistance - one follows must react, one each stimulus. In many cases, such a need is already pathology, decline, a symptom of exhaustion - almost everything that unphilosophical crudity designates the name with the "vice" is just that physiological inability not to react. - Look-learned from the practical application: one will have become a learner ever slowly, warily, reluctantly. It will be strange, new, first of all kinds approaching with hostile silence, - they will draw back his hand from it. The open stand with all the doors, the submissive-on-the-belly (Auf-dem-Bauch-Liegen) are there any little fact, the jump-ready at all times self-into-setting, self-into-fall short in others and other things, the famous modern "objectivity" is bad taste, is ignoble par excellence [by excellence]. -

7.

Learning to think: you have no concept of it in our schools more. Even in the universities, even among the real scholars of philosophy, logic begins as a theory than practice, as craft of extinction. Just read German books: no longer the remotest recollection that thinking to a technique, a curriculum that requires a will to mastery, - thinking that needs to be learned, like dancing to be learned, as a kind of dance... Who knows among Germans those subtle thrill of your experience or that the light feet in spiritual in all muscles overflow! - The stiff awkwardness of spiritual gesture, the clumsy hand while grasping - that is German to the extent that it abroad with the German character at all confused. The German has no fingers for nuances have... The fact that the Germans held out their philosophers only, before all those most awake (verwachsensten) conceptual cripple, has there ever been, the great Kant, no piece of the German term gives grace. - One fact can not dance in any form of education to make the bill, can dance with the feet, with concepts, with the words, I have to say that it can be with the pen, - that you must learn to write? - But at this point I would totally be for German readers riddle... (Aber an dieser Stelle würde ich deutschen Lesern vollkommen zum Räthsel werden…)

Wandering of untimely ones
(Streifzüge eines Unzeitgemässen)

1.

My impossible. - Seneca, or the toreador of virtue. - Rousseau, or the return to nature *in impuris naturalibus* [impurities in the physical world]. Schiller: or the moral trumpeter of Säckingen. - Dante, or the hyena, which poetry in graves. - Kant: or cant as an intelligible character. - Victor Hugo, or Pharos, the sea of nonsense. - Liszt: or the School of Velocity - for women. - George Sand: or *lactea ubertas* [milky fertility], in German: the dairy cow with "nice" style. - Michelet: or the excitement that takes off the skirt... Carlyle: or pessimism as the poorly digested lunch. - John Stuart Mill: or insulting clarity. - Les Frères de Goncourt: Ajax or the two in the fight with Homer. Music by Offenbach. - Zola: or "the joy of stink." -

2.

Renan. - Theology, or the corruption of reason by the "original sin" (Christianity). Testimony of Renan: whom, once he even a yes or no, scores general nature, engages with embarrassing wrong regularity. He would like to join as *la science* and *la noblesse* in one: but *la science* belongs to democracy, but the grabs with both hands. He wants to present with no small ambition, an aristocracy of the mind: but while he is in front of the counter-doctrine, the Evangel of humbles to the knees, not just on your knees... What helps all free-thinking, modernity, mockery and turning neck suppleness, if Christ is with his bowels, and even Catholic priests has remained! Renan has his ingenuity, much like a Jesuit priest and confessor, in the seduction, his spirituality does not lacks the wide-priests smile (Geschmunzel) - he is, like all priests, dangerous only when he loves. No one does it like to worship in a dangerous way to live... This spirit of Renan, a spirit which is enervated, one more calamity for the poor, sick, ill-willed France. -

3.

Sainte-Beuve. - Nothing of man, full of a little wrath against every man spirits. Wanders around, fine, bored, curious, listening (aushorcherisch) - a wenches basically, with a wife-revenge and female sensuality. As a psychologist, a genius of slander, inexhaustibly rich in means this: no one knows better how to mix poison with praise. Plebeian of the lowest instincts, and with the resentment of Rousseau used: hence romantics - because romanticism and is hungry all the grunts in Rousseau's instinct for revenge. Revolutionary, but the fear still kept reasonably in check. Without freedom from everything which has power (public opinion, Academy, Court, even Port Royal). Embittered against everything great in person and thing, against all that believes in itself. Poet and half-female (Halbweib) enough to still feel like a big power; resistant curved, like that famous worm because he feels kicked-resistant. As a critic, is without the standard, grip and backbone, with the tongue of the cosmopolitan libertine for many things, but without the courage even to the confession of libertinage. As a historian, without philosophy, without the power of philosophical gaze, - therefore reject the task of judging in all essential things, the "objectivity" as a mask suspensions. It behaves differently to all things, where a fine, uses up taste is the highest authority: because he really has the courage to be who want to be, - because he is a master. - After a few pages a precursor of Baudelaire's. -

4.

The imitation of Christ is one of the books that I do not think without a physiological resistance in their hands: they breathed a fragrance out of the eternal feminine, to the Frenchman must have been one - or Wagnerian... This saint has a kind of love for talk that even the Parisian women are curious. - I am told that those wisest Jesuit, Auguste Comte, who wanted to lead his French by way of science to Rome, had inspired this book. I believe it: "the religion of the heart"...

5.

G. Eliot. - You are going to the Christian God and believe now hold the more the need for Christian morality: this is an English consistency, we want to blame not the moral little woman à la Eliot. In England, one for every little emancipation from theology in a fearsome way to bring back morality-fanatics in its honor. This is where the penance, which you pay for. - For us it is different from others. If one gives up the Christian faith, pulls you away to the right to Christian morality under their feet. This is understood not a bad thing saying: you have to this point, the English flat heads in defiance, always ask to light. Christianity is a system, together and thought the whole view of things. If you break one of its main idea, a belief in God out, so you break even so the whole thing: it is not necessary anymore between the fingers. Christianity presupposes that man does not know, could not know what is good for him, what evil: he believes in God, who alone knows. Christian morality is a command, its origin is transcendent; it is beyond all criticism, all right to criticism it has truth only if God is the truth - it stands or falls with faith in God. - When the English actually believe that they knew of himself, "intuitively" what is good and evil when they imagine;

therefore, Christianity as a guarantee of morality is no longer necessary to have, it is itself merely the consequence of the rule of Christian value judgments and an expression of dominion (Herrschaft) strength (Stärke) and depth of this rule: so that the origin of English morality has been forgotten, so that is not felt for very-conditional (Sehr-Bedingte) their right to existence. For the English morality is not a problem...

6.

George Sand. - I read the first *Lettres d'un voyageur* [1869]: like everything that comes from Rousseau, false, made bellows exaggerated. I consider this colorful wallpaper-style is not, any more than the mob's ambition to generous feelings. The worst of course, remains with the female coquetry (Weibskoketterie) with masculinities, naughty boys with manners. - How cold she must have been at it all, this insufferable artist! She pulled up like a clock - and wrote... cold, like Hugo, like Balzac, like all romantics, if they wrote! And how smug (selbstgefällig) they may have laid here, this fruitful writing-cow, which had something German in the bad sense in itself, like Rousseau himself, her master, and in any case only in the decline of French taste was possible! - But Renan admired...

7.

Ethics for psychologists. - No backstairs psychology drive! Never watch to watch! That gives a false appearance, a squint, something forced and exaggerated. Experience as experience wanting - not the device. You may not experience himself gazing after, every look is because the "evil eye". A born psychologist guards against his instincts, to see, to see, as does that of the born painter. He never works "from nature", - he leaves it to his instincts, his camera obscura, the sifting and expressions of "if", the "nature" of the "experienced"... The general comes before him to consciousness, the end, the result: he knows not that arbitrary abstract from the individual case. - What will happen if you make it differently? For example, the type of Parisian novelists, big and small drives backstairs psychology? Lurking speak to the reality that brings every evening a handful of curiosities with home... But you only see what comes last - a heap of splotches, a mosaic at best, in any case something co-added together, restless, colors screaming. The worst thing to reach the Goncourt: they do not put together three sentences, not the eye, the psychologists simply eye-ache. - Nature, estimated artistically, is not a model. It exaggerates, it distorts, and it leaves gaps. Nature is the accident (Zufall). The study "from nature" seems to me a bad sign: it betrays submission, weakness, fatalism - this is in-dust before *petits faits* [little things] -- lying is unworthy of a complete artist. See is what - that belongs to another class of spirits, the anti-artistic, the actual facts. You have to know who you are... (Man muss wissen, wer man ist…)

8.

On the psychology of the artist. - So there is art, so it gives some doing and an aesthetic look, this is a physiological precondition is indispensable: the noise. The noise has only the excitability of the whole machine have increased: rather, there is no art. All so different types of intoxication are related to the force: above all, the rush of sexual excitement, this oldest and most primitive form of intoxication. Similarly, the noise, in the wake of all the great passions, all strong emotions come, and the noise of the feast of the competition, the bravura piece (Bravourstücks) of victory, all extreme movement; the intoxication of cruelty, the noise in the destruction, of intoxication under certain meteorological influences, such as the spring rush, or under the influence of narcotics, and at last the noise of the will, the ecstasy of a cluttered and swollen will. - The essence of noise on the sense of power and wealth increase. From this feeling gives off about the things they are forced to take from us, they violate (vergewaltigt) - this process is called idealizing. Let us here from a prejudice going on: there is the idealizing not, as commonly believed, in a drawing from (Abziehn) or billing of the little ones of the irrelevant. A tremendous challenge and bustle of the main features is rather decisive, so that the others disappear over it.

9.

It enriches everything in this state from his own wealth: what you see, what you want, you can see it swollen, urged strongly, overloaded with power. The man of this state transforms things until they mirror his power - until they are reflections of his perfection. This must-turn into the more perfect is - art. Everything himself, what he is not, is it still a delight in itself, is very popular in art, the human being as perfection. – It would be allowed to devise an opposite state, a specific anti-artistic (Antikünstlerthum) of instinct – a way of being (sein), all things (Dinge), which impoverished, diluted, and was consumptive. And in fact, the story is rich in such anti-artists, in such starved of life: what to take with the necessity of things yet, they wasting, they need to make leaner. This is the case for example of true Christians, Pascal's, for example: a Christian who would also artist, does not happen... One is not childish, and turn me [into] Raphael, or any homeopathic (homöopathische) Christian of the nineteenth century: Raphael said, Yes, Raphael did Yes, Raphael was therefore not a Christian...

10.

I understood what the Apollonian aesthetic introduced into the contrast-concept (Gegensatz-Begriff) and the Dionysian, as both types of intoxication? -- The Apollonian frenzy (Rausch) stops at all the eye is energized so that it gets the power of vision. The painter, the sculptor, the epic poet are visionaries par excellence. In the Dionysian state, however, is the whole affective system is excited and enhanced: so that it discharges all its means of expression at once and the power of presentation, replication, trans figuring that turn, all kind of facial expressions and acting out while driving. The essence remains the ease of metamorphosis (Metamorphose), the inability not to react (- similar to some hysterical, which also occur on every hint towards in each role). It is impossible for the Dionysian man, any suggestion is not to understand, he sees no sign of emotion, and he has the highest degree of understanding and divining instinct, as it has the highest degree of mid-healing art. He goes into every skin, into any affect: he constantly turns. - Music as we understand it today, is also a total area-excitation and -discharge (Gesammt-Erregung und -Entladung) of the emotions, but only a remnant of a much fuller expression of the emotion-world, a mere residuum of the Dionysian histrionicism (dionysischen Histrionismus). One has to allow the music as a special art, a number of senses made, still with all the muscle sense (relatively at least's talking to a certain extent even all the rhythm of our own to muscles) so that the person is no longer all that he feels immediate bodily imitates and represents. Nevertheless, the Dionysian is actually the normal state (Normalzustand), in any case the original state (Urzustand), the music is slowly reaching the same specification at the expense of the most nearest related (die Musik ist die langsam erreichte Spezifikation desselben auf Unkosten der nächstverwandten Vermögen).

11.

The actor, the mime, the dancer, the musician, the poet are fundamentally related to their instincts and to be separated one, but gradually specialized and each other - even up to the opposition. The poet remained the longest united with the musician, the actor with the dancers. - The architect represents is neither a Dionysian nor an Apollonian condition: there is the great act of will, the will that moves mountains, the intoxication of great will to the demands of art. The most powerful people have always inspired the architects; the architect was always under the power of suggestion. The building becomes visible itself is the pride of victory over gravity, the will to power (der Wille zur Macht); architecture is a kind of eloquence in the forms of power, sometimes persuasively, even flattering, sometimes merely commanding. The highest feeling of power and clarity to the expression, which has great style. The power that has no more need of proof, which disdains to please, and the answers difficult, which feels no witnesses around; lives without the awareness that there is opposition to them, which rests in itself, fatalistically, a law under laws: the talk of itself as great style (Das redet als grosser Stil von sich). —

12.

I read Thomas Carlyle's life, without knowing or desiring this farce, this heroic and moral interpretation of dyspeptic states. - Carlyle, a man of strong words and attitudes, rhetoric from necessity, the resistant and lurid (agaçirt) by the desire for a strong faith and a sense of inability to do so (- is a typical romantic). The desire for a strong faith is not evidence of a strong faith, rather the contrary.

Has been made, we may indulge in the beautiful luxury of skepticism: it is safe enough, strong enough bound, enough for them. Carlyle somewhat stunned by the fortissimo of his reverence for people of strong faith and his rage against the less simple-minded: he requires noise. A constant passionate dishonesty against him - that is his *proprium* [property], so he is and remains interesting. - Of course, in England he is admired for just his honesty... Well, that is English, and given that the English are the people of perfect cant, even cheap, and not only understandable... Basically, Carlyle is an English atheist who seeks his glory in it, but it not to be.

13.

Emerson. - Much more enlightened, more roving, much simpler, refined as Carlyle, above all, happier... Such a man, who instinctively nourishes only by ambrosia, who leaves behind the indigestible in things. Carlyle held against a man of taste. - Carlyle, who loved him very much said, but of him: "He gives us enough not to bite": whatever may be said with truth, but not to the detriment of Emerson's. --Emerson has that gracious and clever cheerfulness which discourages all seriousness, he knows absolutely no idea how old he already is, and how young he will be still, - he could say in one word Lope de Vega's "*yo me sucedo a mi mismo*" [am my own successor]. His spirit will always find reasons to be happy and even grateful, and sometimes he wanders the serene transcendence of that good fellow (Biederman), return from amorous rendezvous, *tamquam re bene gesta* [as good successful]. “*Ut desint vires*, he said gratefully, *tamen est laudanda voluptas.“ — [That it may lack the strength*, he said gratefully, *yet it is pleasure to receive your praise]*.

14.

Anti-Darwin. - What the famous “struggle for life" is concerned; it appears to me meanwhile claimed more than proven. It happens, but as an exception, the totality aspect of life is not the desperate situation, the hunger situation, instead of wealth, the richness, even the absurd waste - is being fought where, you are fighting for power... One should not confuse Malthus for nature. - Supposing, however, there is this fight - and in fact, it happens - so it runs unfortunately, vice versa when the school Darwin's wishes, as you might with them should wish (wünschendürfte): namely, to the detriment of the strong, the privileged, the fortunate exceptions. The species do not grow in perfection: the weak are always on the strong masters (Herr), - that is, they are the big numbers, they are also more intelligent... Darwin forgot the spirit (- that is English!), the weak have more Spirit... You have to have spirit necessary to get spirit - you will lose it, if it was no longer finds it necessary. Who has the strength of spirit to suggest (entschlägt) ("let's go there! we think in Germany today - the must we remain rich but"...). I understand by spirit, as you can see, the caution, patience, cunning, dissimulation, the great self-control, and everything that is mimicry (the latter belongs to a large part of the so-called virtue).

15.

Psychologists casuistry. - This is a good judge: what he actually studied the human? He wants to snatch small advantages over them, or even great - he's a politician!... That is because even a good judge: and you say, who wanted nothing for himself so it was a large "impersonal." To look sharper! Allowed to feel superior to people, look down on them, no longer confused with them, maybe he even wants a worse advantage. This "impersonal" is a man-despisers: and that the former is the more humane species, which may also say the evidence. He is at least equal, he is into it...

16.

The psychological measure of the Germans seems to me by a whole series of cases called into question, to present the directory prevents me my modesty. In one case it will not fail me at a big occasion to justify my thesis: I carry (trage) it to the Germans, about Kant and his "philosophy of the back doors (Hinterthüren)," as I call them, to have sold out - that was not the type of intellectual honesty. - The other things, what might not want to hear, is a notorious "and" the Germans say

"Goethe and Schiller," - I'm afraid, they say, "Schiller and Goethe" If one knows... yet this Schiller? - There are worse "and" and I heard with my own ears, but only among university professors, "Schopenhauer and Hartmann”...

17.

The most spiritual people, provided that they are the most courageous experience, by far the most painful tragedies: but just so they honor life, because they opposed his greatest opposition.

18.

The "intellectual conscience". - Nothing seems to me now rarer than the real hypocrisy. My suspicion is great that this fruit of the gentle air of our culture is not conducive. The hypocrisy is in the era of strong faith, where they carry themselves not constrained (necessitation, Nöthigung) to another faith on display, let go of the belief that you had. Today you can release it, or, more commonly, it still puts a second to think - honestly one remains in each case. Without doubt, today is a much larger number of possible beliefs as formerly possible that is allowed, i.e. harmless. This tolerance is created against himself. — The tolerance permitted multiple convictions against itself: this live together even tolerated - they care not how the world today, to compromise himself. Compromised, which is today? If you have consistency. When you walk in a straight line. If you are less than five conflicting (fünfdeutig). If you're really... My fear is great that modern man is just too comfortable for some vices: so that they almost become extinct. Everything evil that is the strong will of reasons - and perhaps there is no evil without strength of will - degenerates, in our balmy air of virtue... The few hypocrites (Heuchler), who got to know that I, made by the hypocrisy: they were, as today nearly every tenth person, an actor. – (Die wenigen Heuchler, die ich kennen lernte, machten die Heuchelei nach: sie waren, wie heutzutage fast jeder zehnte Mensch, Schauspieler. —)

19.

Beautiful and ugly. - Nothing is related; we say limited, as our sense of beauty. Who is divorced from the desire of the people think the people would immediately lose ground under the feet. The "pretty in itself" (Schöne an sich) is only one word, not even a concept. In the beautiful man sets himself up as a measure of perfection, in selected cases he worships himself in it. A genus cannot help but say to yourself alone in such a way yes. Their lowest instinct of self-preservation and self-aggrandizement radiates even in such sublime. The man believes the world itself overwhelmed with beauty - he forgets himself as their cause. He alone has endowed them with beauty, oh! only with a very human, all too human beauty... Basically, the man is reflected in the things he keeps everything nice for what it throws back his image: the sentence "beautiful" for its generic vanity... namely the skeptic may whisper a little suspicion, the question in his ear, so that the world really is embellished, just that it takes for a person beautiful? He has anthropomorphized: that is all. But nothing, absolutely nothing guarantees us that the just man from there (abgäbe) the model of beauty. Who knows how it would look into the eyes of a higher taste judge? Perhaps risky? perhaps even amusing? perhaps a little arbitrary?... "O Dionysus, divine one, why are you dragging me by the ears?" Ariadne once asked at one of those famous dialogues on Naxos, her philosophical lover. "I feel a kind of humor in your ears, Ariadne: why are not any longer?"

20.

Nothing is beautiful, only man is beautiful: on this naiveté rests all aesthetics, it is the first truth. Let us immediately add its second still, nothing is more ugly than the degenerating man - this is the realm of aesthetic judgment bounded. - Recalculated physiologically, everything ugly weakens and afflicted people. It reminds him of decay, danger, helplessness, and he actually loses this one force. One can measure the effect of the ugly with a dynamometer. Where a person is depressed at all, because he senses the proximity of something "ugly". His feeling of power, his will to power (Wille zur Macht), his courage, his pride - that coincides with the ugly, which increases with the beautiful... In the one

case as in others we make a conclusion: the premises to be heaped in immense abundance in instinct. The ugly is understood as a sign and symptom of degeneration: what reminds remotely to degeneration (Degenerescenz) that works in us the sentence "ugly". Any signs of exhaustion, of heaviness, of age, fatigue, any kind of bondage, as a spasm, as paralysis, above all, the smell, the color, the shape of the resolution, the decay, and it is also the symbol of the last dilution - all this evokes the same reaction, the value-judgment (Werthurtheil)
"ugly". A hatred springs out there: who hates when man? But there is no doubt that the decline of his type. He hates because out of the deepest instincts of the species, in which hatred is shudder, caution, depth, distant view, - it is the deepest hatred, there is. For his sake, art is profound...

21.

Schopenhauer. - Schopenhauer, the last German who is eligible (- of a European event like Goethe, like Hegel, like Heinrich Heine, and not merely a local, a "national"), is a psychologist, a case of the first rank, namely as malignant ingenious attempt in favor of a nihilistic overall depreciation (Abwerthung) of life-just the other instances, the great self-affirmations of the "will to live," the exuberance of life-forms to perform in the field. He has, in turn, the art, the heroism, the genius, the beauty, the great compassion, the knowledge, the will to truth, the tragedy as consequences of the "negation" or the negative-neediness of the "will" interpreter - the biggest psychological counterfeiting, which, Christianity settled, gives in the history. More precisely, been watching this he is merely the heir to the Christian interpretation: only that he rejected even by
the Christianity, the great civilization-facts of humanity even in a Christian that is to approve nihilistic sense knew (- namely as a way to "salvation", as forerunners of "salvation", as stimulants of the need for "salvation”...)

22.

I take a particular case. Schopenhauer speaks of beauty, with a melancholy glow - last reason why? Because he sees in it abridge on which we continue to reach, or thirst, gets to go on... It is the salvation of the "will" for a few moments - it attracts to salvation for ever... In particular, he praises it as a savior from the "focal of the will," from sexuality - in the beauty he sees the witness denies driving... Whimsical saint! Somebody contradicts you, I fear it is nature. Why there is even beauty in sound, color, fragrance, rhythmic movement in nature? what is driving out the beauty? - Fortunately, it also contradicts a philosopher. No less an authority than the divine Plato (- as Schopenhauer himself calls him) maintains a different proposition: that all the beauty of incentives for procreation - that those are precisely the *proprium* [property] their effect, from the sensible way up into the most spiritual...

23.

Plato goes on. He says with an innocence to the one Greek must not "Christian," that there would be no Platonic philosophy, if there were not so beautiful youths in Athens: the sight of one was just what the soul of the philosopher one erotic frenzy moving and let them have no rest until they've lowered down the seeds of all things high in such a beautiful earth. Also a strange saint! - You cannot believe his ears, even supposing that you trust Plato. At the very least one guesses that philosophizes in Athens was different, first of all publicly. Nothing is less than the Greek notion of a recluse spider weaving, *amor dei intellectualis* [intellectual love of God] on the nature of Spinoza. Philosophy on the nature of Plato would define it more as an erotic competition as a training and internalization of the ancient agonistic gymnastics and their prerequisites... What finally grew out of this philosophical Plato's erotic? A new art form of the Greek *agon* [Greek: solemn contest], the dialectic. - I still remember, against Schopenhauer and Plato's honor, remember that the whole higher culture and literature of classical France on the ground of sexual interest is raised. One must look at all their gallantry, the senses, the sexual competition, the "woman" - we will never search in vain...

24.

L'art pour l'art [art for art's sake]. - The fight against purpose in art is always the battle against the moralizing tendency in art, against its subordination to morality. L'art pour l'art [art for art's sake]. is called "the devil take morality!" - But even this hostility still betrays the overwhelming power of prejudice. If you have ruled out the purpose of improving human and moral preaching (predigens) of the art, it does not follow for a long time that the art at all pointless, aimless, senseless, short l'art pour l'art [art for art's sake]. - a worm that spreads its tail bites - is. "Dear no use as a moral purpose" - thus speaks the mere passion. A psychologist asks the other hand, what does all art? does not praise them? does not glorify them? They choose not? They pulls out not? By all this strengthens or weakens certain valuations... Is this just the one way? a coincidence? Something where the instinct of the artist would not be implicated? Or else it is not a prerequisite to the fact that the artist can...? Is the lowest instincts of the art or not, rather on the meaning of art, the life? desirability of a life? - Art is the great stimulant to life: how could we understand it as purposeless, as aimless, as l'art pour l'art ? [art for art's sake]. - A question remains: art also brings many ugly, hard, dubious of life to manifestation - seems not to be suffering (entleiden) from life? - And in fact, there were philosophers who attribute (Liehn) this sense, "get away from the will" Schopenhauer taught as a body of art-intent, "vote for resignation," he venerated as the great utility of the tragedy. - But this - I already gave it to understand - pessimists look and "evil eye" is: - you must appeal to the artists themselves. What divides the tragic artist of himself? Is it not just the state without fear of the terrible and questionable, it is pointing? - This state is itself a high desirability, and whoever knows him, honors him with the highest honors. He informs him, he has to communicate, provided that he is an artist, a genius of communication. The bravery and freedom of feeling before a powerful enemy, before a sublime calamity, before a problem that arouses dread - this triumphant state is chosen by the tragic artist, he exalted. Before the tragedy of the warlike (Kriegerische) in our soul celebrates its Saturnalia; who is accustomed to suffering, whoever seeks out suffering, the heroic man extols the tragedy of his existence, - served him alone the tragedian the trunk of sweetest cruelty (süssesten Grausamkeit.). -

25.

To put up (Fürlieb) with people taking to keep his heart an open house, which is liberal, but that is merely liberal. You can see the heart, the noble (dervornehmen) hospitality is capable of the many curtained windows and closed shutters: their best to keep them empty spaces. But why? - Because they expect guests with whom you cannot "put up”...

26.

We do not appreciate enough more, if we communicate to us. Our actual experiences are not at all talkative. They could not communicate themselves if they wanted. That is because they lack the word. What we have words about it, we are already out. In all the talk is a grain of contempt. The language, it seems, is only invented for average, median, communicative. Vulgarization (Vulgarisirtsich) with the language is already the speaker. - From a morality for deaf-mutes and other philosophers (Aus einer Moral für Taubstumme und andere Philosophen).

27.

"This portrait is enchantingly beautiful!"... The literature-woman (Litteratur-Weib), unsatisfied, agitated, desolate heart and guts, with painful curiosity any time listening (hinhorchend) on the imperative which whispers from the depths of it organization "aut liberi aut libri": the literature-woman, educated enough, the voice of to understand nature, even if she speaks Latin and the other vain and goose enough to secretly even to speak French with them, “je me verrai, je me lirai, je m’extasierai et je dirai: Possible, que j’aie eu tant d’esprit?“… [I see, I do, I apologize and I say: maybe, I had so much spirit?”]

28.

The "impersonal" to speak. - "Nothing about us is easier than wise to be patient, superior. We drip with the oil of forbearance and compassion, we are just an absurd way, and we forgive everything. For that very reason we should keep something more severe; why we should give ourselves, from time to time, a little affection, a little vice of affect to breed. It may not concern us mad, and we may laugh at us about the aspect that we give them. But what do you want! We have no other way was left of self-control: this is our asceticism, our penance (Büsserthum)"… Personally be —the virtue of “impersonal"... (Persönlich werden — die Tugend des „Unpersönlichen“…)

29.

From a doctoral promotion. - "What is the mission of all higher education?" - From the people to make a machine. - "What is the remedy to this?" - He must learn to be bored. - "How do you achieve that?" - The term of duty. - "Who is his role model for that?" - The philologist: teaches ooze (ochsen). - "Who is the perfect man?" - The heads of state officials. - "What is the philosophy gives the formula for the highest state officials?" - Kant's: the state officials as a thing in itself the judge of the state-officials as a phenomenon (Erscheinung). -

30.

The right to stupidity. - The tired and slow breathes worker who looks good-natured, lets go of things as they go: this typical figure, the one now in the era of labor (and the "empire" -!) Met in all classes of society, will now straight art (Kunst) claim for themselves, included the book, above all, the journal - how much more the beautiful scenery, Italy... The man of the evening, with "the departed wild instincts," speaking of which Faust is subject to summer, the seaside resort, the glaciers, Bayreuth's has... In those ages the art of a right to pure folly - as a kind of holiday spirit, wit and soul. Wagner understood. The pure folly restores...

31.

Another problem of the diet. - The means by which Julius Caesar defended himself against sickness, and headaches: tremendous marches, simple lifestyle, uninterrupted stay outdoors, resistant strains - that is, into the great expected, the universal rules conservation and protection at all against the extreme vulnerability of those subtle and means under extreme pressure working machine that which is called genius. -

32.

The immoralist speaks. - A philosopher is nothing more repugnant to my taste than the man, if he wants... he sees man only in his actions, he looks lost this bravest, most cunning, even in labyrinthine hardiest animals desperate situation, as it appears admirable man! He still speaks to him... But the philosopher despises the desiring people, even the "desirable" people - and indeed all desirables, all ideals of man. When a philosopher could be a nihilist, he would be there, because he finds the nothingness behind all ideals of man. Or not even the nothing - just the unworthy, the absurd, the sick, the fig, the tired, all kind of dregs (Hefen) in the finished drinking cup of his life... The man who is a reality so venerable, how is it that he deserves no respect, if he wishes? He must atone for it so hard to be a reality? Does he have his doing (Thun), the head and tension will all balance out in doing, with a folding routes in the imaginary and the absurd? - The desirability of its history has been the *partie honteuse* [shameful part] of people: one should take care not to long to read it. What justifies man is his reality - they will justify him eternally. How much more valuable is the real man, compared with some merely desired, dreamed, people pack of lies? with some ideal man?... And the ideal man is the only philosophers against my taste (Und nur der ideale Mensch geht dem Philosophen wider den Geschmack).

33.

Natural value of egoism. - Selfishness is worth as much as the physiologically is worthy of it: it may be worth very much, they may be unworthy and contemptible. Each individual may be considered suggests that it contains is the ascending or the descending line of life. With a decision on it has also a canon of what is worthy of his selfishness. If they ascent of the line is so, in fact, its value is extraordinary - and in order of the whole-life's sake, does that with it one step further, concern for conservation, to establish its optimum of conditions even be extreme. The individual, the "individual", as he understood people, and the philosopher so far is indeed a mistake: he has nothing for himself, not an atom, not a "ring of the chain," not merely of inherited formerly, - it is all one line man up to him there myself yet... He provides the descending development, decay, chronic degeneration, disease represents (- diseases, into the Great reckoned, already consequences of the decline, not its causes), comes to him with little value, and the first equity wants him to take away as little as possible from those turn out well. He is still only the parasite (Parasit)...

34.

Christian and anarchist. - If the anarchist, as the mouthpiece of the declining strata of society, with a fine indignation "right", "justice", "equal rights" demands, it is so only under the pressure of his lack of culture that can not be comprehended know why he actually suffers - what he is poor, to life... A cause-instinct is strong in him: someone must be to blame, that he is... too bad he does the "fine indignation" itself already well, it's a pleasure for all poor wretch, to curse, - there is a small rush of power. Even the action, the notion of mourning, can give life a charm for which power can stand it: a subtle dose revenge (Rache) in any action, throwing his poor condition, possibly even his wickedness those who are different, as an injustice, forbidden (einunerlaubtes) privilege as before. "Am I a canaille, you ought to be there": this logic to make one revolution. - The self-mourning is good in any case something: it comes from weakness. Whether it is bad to others or being attaches itself - does the former socialist, the latter as a Christian - it makes no real difference. What is common to say that we also unworthy of it is that someone should be guilty because you're suffering - in short, that the sufferer is prescribed to be suffering the vengeance of the honey. The objects in this revenge-need as a pleasure-need are occasional causes: the sufferer finds everywhere causes, to cool his little revenge - he is a Christian, I repeat, he finds it in himself... The Christian and the anarchist - Both are decadents. - But if the Christian "world" condemned, slandered, sullied, he does it out of the same instincts, from which condemned the workers' socialist society (socialistische Arbeiter die Gesellschaft), defamed, defiled: the "Last Judgment" itself is still the sweet consolation of revenge - the revolution, as it expects the socialist worker, thought just a little further... This "beyond" themselves - why a beyond, if it were not a means to foul this world?... (Das „Jenseits“ selbst — wozu ein Jenseits, wenn es nicht ein Mittel wäre, das Diesseits zu beschmutzen?…) [translator note: beschmutzen could be translated as “besmirch”]

35.

Critique of the moral decadence. - An "altruistic" morality, a morality in which stunted selfishness - remains under all circumstances, a bad sign. This is true of individuals; this is especially true of nations. It is missing the best when it begins to lack of selfishness. Instinctively choose the self-harmful, be-curly (Gelockt-werden) by "disinterested" motives from almost gives the formula for decadence. "Do not search a benefit" - that is merely the moral fig leaf for an entirely different, namely actual physiological: "I know my value is not found"... Disgregation the instincts! - It's over with him if the man is altruistic. - Instead of naively say, "I agree nothing more valuable," says the moral lie in the mouth of the decadent, "Nothing is worth anything - life is worth nothing”... Such a verdict will last a great danger, it is contagious, - on the whole morbid soil of society it soon proliferates up to the concept of tropical vegetation, as soon as a religion (Christianity), sometimes as a philosophy (Schopenhauerian). Under such circumstances, poisons from decomposition of vegetation growing poison-tree, with its reek widely for thousands of years to your life... (Unter Umständen vergiftet eine solche aus Fäulniss gewachsene Giftbaum-Vegetation mit ihrem Dunste weithin, auf Jahrtausende hin das Leben…)

36.

Morality for physicians. - The patient is a parasite on society. In a certain state it is indecent to live longer. The puny vegetating (Fortvegetiren) in cowardly dependence on physicians and practices, given the meaning of life should have the right to life has been lost; the society is to draw a deep contempt. The doctors in turn would have to be the mediators of this contempt - not prescriptions, but every day a new dose create disgust at their patient... A new responsibility as the doctor, just in case, where the highest interest of life, of ascending life, the most ruthless and low-pressure-aside of degenerating life demands - for example, for the right to procreation, for the right to be born, for the right to live... On a proud way to die, if it is not possible to a proud way of life. The death, voluntarily chosen, death at the right time, with light and joy, accomplished amid children and witnesses: so that a real farewell is still possible, where they are still there, of goodbye similarly, a true estimate of the reached and willed, a summation of life - all in contrast to the miserable and ghastly comedy, which has driven Christianity with the hour of death. One should never forget it for Christianity, that it is the weakness of the dying man to rape conscience that it has abused the nature of death itself to value-judgments about people and the past! - Here it is, make all acts of cowardice in spite of prejudice, and above all the right, i.e. physiological assessment of the so-called natural death: the last, only one "unnatural" is a suicide. One never goes through any one else to reason but by itself is it is the only death among the most contemptible conditions, an unfree death, death at the wrong time, a coward-death. One should, for the love of life - free of the death wish otherwise, consciously, without accident, without decadents attack... Finally, a council for the master and other pessimists. We have not given birth to in their hand, to prevent, to be: but we can make this mistake - because sometimes it is a mistake - to make amends. If you look at abolishes it does the most estimable thing there: one earns nearly so, to live... The society, what I say! life itself has more advantage of it, than by any which "life" in renunciation, anemia, and other virtues - it has freed the rest of their sight, it has freed the life of an objection... Pessimism, pur, vert [pure green] proves precisely, they need Schopenhauer deny first... Pessimism, here are - you have one step further to go in his logic, not merely a negative answer to "*Will and Representation*," as Schopenhauer did, that life is only through the self-refutation of Mr. pessimists so contagious it is still not increasing the morbidity of a time, one race as a whole: it is their expression. He was forfeited, as one falls of cholera: one must be created morbid enough to do already. Pessimism itself does not make one more decadent, I remember the result of the statistics that the years in which the cholera rages, there is no difference in the whole-number of deaths from other year groups.

37.

Whether we have become moral. - Against my concept of "beyond good and evil (jenseits von Gut und Böse)" has stood as one might expect, the dumbing down of whole moral ferocity (Ferocität) which is known in Germany as the morality itself - thrown into the stuff: I would like to tell stories about it. Above all, they gave me the "undeniable superiority" of our time in the moral judgments to rethink our really done here advanced: a Cesare Borgia was, in comparison with us, certainly not as a "higher man" as a kind of human being, as I do, to set up.... A Swiss editor of the "Bund", went so far, not without expressing his respect for the courage for such ventures, "understand" the meaning of my work then that I applied the same for the abolition of all decent feelings. Much obliged! - Allow me, in response, raising the question whether we have become truly moral. That all the world believes is already an objection to it... We modern people, very delicate, very fragile and a hundred considerations giving and taking, we are one, in fact, these gentle humanity that we represent, this unanimity reached in the conservation, in helpfulness (Hülfsbereitschaft), mutual trust is a positive step forward, that we may be far beyond the people of the renaissance. But just think every time they think it must. It is certain that we will not likely put into it in the renaissance-states, not even try to understand: our nerves were not from the reality, not to speak of our muscles. With this failure, but no progress has been proven, but only one other, a condition subsequent, weaker, more tender, more vulnerable, from which necessarily generates a morality rich in consideration. Think away our tenderness and late awareness, our physiological aging, it would also lose our morale of the "humanization" immediately its value - in itself has no moral value -: it would make us self-contempt. Other hand, we doubt not that we moderns, with our thick wadded humanity that wants to come up against quite a stone to his contemporaries, Cesare Borgia's a comedy would make the dead laugh. In fact, we are beyond measure involuntary jokingly, with our modern "virtues"... The decrease in hostility and distrust that awakens instincts - and that would be our "progress" - only represents one of the consequences in the general decrease in vitality: it costs a hundred times more effort to be more careful to enforce such a conditional, so late life. As you help each other because each is to some extent ill and every nurse. This means then that "virtue" -: among people who knew the life or otherwise, full, lavish, overflowing, we would have it otherwise known as "cowardice" perhaps, "wretchedness", "Indian morality"... Our softening of manners - the is my sentence, that is, if you will, my renewal - is a consequence of the decline, the hardness and terribleness of morals can conversely be a consequence of the excess of life: namely may also risked much, much challenged to be much wasted too. What spice of life formerly was, for us it would be poison to be indifferent... - this is a form of strength - this we are also too old, too late: our compassion, morality, as I warned before the first, What one might call l'Impressionism morale is more an expression of physiological hyper-excitability that all that is decadent, is suitable. That movement, which has tried with Schopenhauer's morality of pity, to demonstrate scientifically - a very unfortunate attempt! - Is the actual movement of decadence in morality, as such it is deeply related with Christian morality. The strong making (vornehmen) times, cultures see the compassion in the "charity", the lack of self-contempt and self-esteem thing. -The times are measured by their positive forces - and there results those so wasteful and disastrous busy time of the renaissance as the last great time, and we, we moderns, with our anxious self-care and charity, with our virtues of work, simplicity, the honesty, the scientific method - collecting, economically, machinery - as a weak time... Our virtues are conditional, are challenged by our weakness... The "equality", a certain amount of actual assimilation, which in the theory of "equal rights" only expresses belongs essentially to the decline: the chasm between man and man, stand and stand, the multiplicity of types, the will to be oneself, to stand out, that what I call the pathos of distance, each strong time our own. The clamping force, the span between the extremes is now getting smaller, - blur the extremes themselves finally to the similarity... All our political theories and state constitutions, the "German Reich" not entirely excluded, are consequences, consequential necessities of decline and the unconscious effect of decadence is up to the ideals of individual studies into become master. My objection to the whole sociology in England and France remains that they only knows the structure of decay of the society from experience and completely innocent of taking one's own instincts of decay as the norm of sociological value appeal. The declining life, the acceptance of organizing, i.e. separating, divides clefts, sub and organizing power formulated in the sociology of today to the ideal... Our socialists are decadents, but even Mr. Herbert Spencer is a decadent, - he sees in victory of altruism, something more desirable!...

38.

My conception of freedom. - The value of a thing sometimes lies not in what you achieved with it, but in what you pay for them - what they cost us. I'll give an example. The liberal institutions immediately cease to be liberal as soon as they are reached: there is no worse later and more thorough injuring the freedom than liberal institutions. We know, indeed, what they bring to ways: they undermine (unterminiren) the will to power, they are raised on moral leveling of hills and valleys, they make small, cowardly and pleasure, - triumphs with them every time the herd. Liberalism: in German bring herd's animalization (Heerden-Verthierung)... These same institutions as long as they are still fought for, produce very different effects, then in fact they promote freedom in a powerful way. Specifically looked on, it is war that produces these effects, the war for liberal institutions, which can take more than the war illiberal instincts. And war educates for freedom. For what is freedom! That one has the will to self-responsibility. That the distance that separates us notes. That is to toil, hardship, privation, even to the lives of indifferent. That one is willing to sacrifice its cause not the people charged. Freedom means that the male, the war and the victorious happy instincts have dominion over other instincts, for example of the "happiness". The things that has become (Derfreigewordne) man, how much more the spirit freed (freigewordne) occurs with feet on the contemptible type of well-being of the grocer, dream Christians, cows, women, Englishmen and other democrats. The free man is warrior.- What is the measure of freedom, to individuals, as nations? After the resistance that must be overcome by the effort it cost to stay on top. The highest type of free men had to be sought where the highest resistance is constantly overcome: five steps from tyranny, close to the threshold of the danger of servitude. This is psychologically true, if you here among the "tyrants" relentless and terrible instincts understand that challenge the maximum of authority and discipline against themselves - the most beautiful type of Julius Caesar - and this is politically true, they only do its course through history. The nations that were worth something, were worth, this was never under liberal institutions: great danger made something out of them, deserve the respect, the danger that we know our expedients, our virtues, our military and weapons, our spirit only teaches - which forces us to be strong... First principle: it must necessary have to be strong: it's never been otherwise. - Those large hothouses for the strong, the strongest type of person who has been given, the aristocratic community in the way of Rome and

Venice freedom accurately understood in the sense that I understand the word freedom as something that you have and lacks, that you want, this one conquers...

39.

Critique of modernity. - Our institutions are good for nothing more: it is about one accord. But that is not fault in them, but rather ours. Once we have lost all the instincts of which institutions grow, we are missing at all institutions, because we are not more to them are good. Democracy, every time the decline form the organizing force: I've characterized in "*Human, All Too Human,*" I, 318 modern democracy, together with their half-truths, like "German Reich", as degenerate form of government. So there are institutions, there must be a kind of will, instinct, imperative, anti-liberal to malice: the will to tradition, to authority, to responsibility for centuries to come, the chains of gender solidarity back and forth *ad infinitum*. This will is there, based somewhat like the imperium Rome: or like Russia, the only power that now has duration in the body that can wait for the promise of something still can - Russia opposed the concept of the abject European particularism and nervousness that has occurred with the founding of the German Empire in a critical condition... The entire West has grown those instincts not more, out of which institutions from which the future grows: their "modern spirit" is perhaps nothing so much against the grain. We live for today, one lives very fast - one lives very irresponsibly: precisely this is called "freedom." What institutions from institutions making, is despised, hated rejected: it is believed in the danger of a new slavery (Sklaverei), where the word "authority" is just loud. So far the decadence comes in the value-instincts (Werth-Instinkte) of our politicians, our political parties: they instinctively draw from what dissolves, thus accelerating the end... the testimony of modern marriage. For the modern marriage is seen come all reason lost: but that gives no objection against the marriage, but against modernity. The reason of the marriage - it was the sole legal responsibility of the man: so had the marriage heavyweight, while limping on both legs today. The reason of the marriage - it was in their insolubility principal (principiellen): so they got an accent, which, compared to the chance of feeling, passion and the moment the hearing did create. Similarly, it was the responsibility of families for the choice of husband. It has virtually eliminated with the increasing indulgence in favor of love marriage the foundation of marriage, that which only makes an institution. One establishes an institution never more to an idiosyncrasy, one establishes the marriage, as I said, to "love" - one based it on the sex drive, on the property drive (Eigenthumstrieb) (wife and child as property), to the domination instinct who constantly needs the smallest structures of domination, the family organized, the children and heirs to an accomplished measure of power, influence, wealth and physiologically hold up long tasks to prepare instinctive solidarity between centuries. Marriage as an institution already understands the affirmation of the largest, the most enduring form of organization in itself: also if the society itself cannot vouch for as a whole up to the most distant generations, the marriage has absolutely no sense. - The modern marriage lost its meaning - consequently one abolishes it. – (Die moderne Ehe verlor ihren Sinn, — folglich schafft man sie ab. —)

40.

The Workers' question (Arbeiter-Frage). - The stupidity, basically the degeneration of instinct, which today is the cause of all stupidities, is that there is a workers question (Arbeiter-Frage). About certain things the question is not: first imperative of instinct. After having first made an issue out of it, I cannot see from what you will do with the European workers. He is much too good not to ask more step by step, to ask immodest. He has most recently the large number of its own. The hope is completely over, that there is a modest and self-sufficient type of man, a type of emerging Chinese image to the registry (Stande): and this would have had reason, this really would have been a necessity. What has it done? - All to the requirement [presupposition, Voraussetzung] to destroy it in the bud, - you have the instincts, a worker whose virtue as possible as to itself will be destroyed by the most irresponsible thoughtlessness into the ground. It has made the military-capable workers, one he has the right-coalitions, given the political right to vote, what wonder if the worker's existence (Existenz) today as a state of emergency (Nothstand) (expressed as morally wrong -) feels? But what you want? asked again. Will you have a purpose, you just want the means: will be slaves, you are a fool if one educates them to the masters (Herrn). -

41.

"The freedom that I do not mean…" - be left in such times, as now, their instincts, is a calamity more. Contradict those instincts interfere, to destroy each other, and I already denned as the modern physiological self-contradiction. The reason of education would want to print an iron at least one of these would be paralyzed instinct systems, to allow one another, to gain strength to be strong, to be master. Today would require the individual to make it all possible by the same cuts (dasselbebeschneidet): possible, that is quite... The opposite happens: the claim to independence, to free development, is to *laisser aller* [letting things go] just by those made at the most heated, for which no reins would be too strict - this is true in political affairs, this applies to art. But that is a symptom of decadence (decadence) our modern concept of "freedom" is an evidence of degeneration is more instinctive. -

42.

Where faith needful. - Nothing is rarer among moralists and saints than honesty, maybe they say the opposite, and perhaps they believe it themselves. Indeed, when a belief useful, effective, convincing, as is the deliberate hypocrisy, then, by instinct, the hypocrisy soon to innocence: first principle of understanding the great saint. Even among philosophers, a different kind of saint, it brings the whole trade with them, that they allow only certain truths: namely those on the back has their craft public sanction - talked Kantian truths of practical reason. They know what they have to prove, the fact they are handy - they recognize each other because they have 'the truth' match. - "Thou shalt not lie" - in German (auf Deutsch): beware, my master (Herr) philosopher, to say the truth... ("Du sollst nicht lügen“ — auf deutsch: hüten Sie sich, mein Herr Philosoph, die Wahrheit zu sagen…)

43.

The conservatives whispered in the ear. - What you formerly did not know what we know today could know - a regression, a reversal in some sense and degree is not even possible. We physiologists know this at least. But all the priests and moralists have believed - they wanted to bring back the humanity scale, back to an earlier measure of virtue. Morale was always a Procrustean bed. Even the politicians have to imitate the preachers of virtue: there are still parties to the target than the crabs (Krebsgangaller) imagined. But no one is free to be crab. It does not help: you must forward, to say step-by-step in the decadence (- this is my definition of modern "progress"...). You can inhibit this development and, by inhibiting the degradation jam yourself, pick up, make sudden and vehement: more one cannot do. – (Man kann diese Entwicklung hemmen und, durch Hemmung, die Entartung selber stauen, aufsammeln, vehementer und plötzlicher machen: mehr kann man nicht. —)

44.

My notion [concept, Begriff] of genius. - Great men are such great times explosive substances in which an immense force is accumulated, has been its precondition (Voraussetzung) is always historically and physiologically, that long for them to collect, heaped, saved and preserved - that long held no explosion. If the tension into the crowd too large, it is suffices to most casual charm, the "genius", the "deed" to call the great destiny (Schicksal) in the world. What is then to environment, at the age where "Zeitgeist" to "public opinion"! - Take the case of Napoleon. The France of the Revolution, and still more the pre-revolution would have brought off the opposite type, when Napoleon happens: it also produced him. And because Napoleon was different, heir to a stronger, longer, older civilization than that which went into pieces and steam in France, he was the master here; he alone was master here. The great men are necessary; the period in which they appear is accidental, that they are almost always the same is master (Lord), only that they are stronger, that they are older, that has been collected on them longer out. Between a genius and his time there is a relation as between strong and weak, even as between old and young: the time is still relatively much younger, thinner, immature, insecure, childish. - That one about it in France today is very different thinking (in Germany (Deutschland) too: but it is nothing), that there the theory of the milieu, has become a true neurotic theory, sacrosanct and almost scientific, and to find among the physiologists believe that “does not smell good," which makes one sad thought. - It also knows no different in England, but that will grieve no human being. The English are open only two ways to deal with the genius and the "big man" come to terms, either democratically in the Buckle's style or religious in the manner of Carlyle. --The danger lies in people and great times is extraordinary, and the exhaustion of every kind, sterility follows them on foot. The great man is an end, the big time, the Renaissance, for example, is an end. The genius - in work, in fact - is necessarily a spendthrift that it expends itself, is its size... The instinct of self-preservation as it is posted, about the enormous pressure of the outflowing forces forbids him any such care and caution. It's called "sacrifice"; extol his "heroism" in it, his indifference to personal welfare, his devotion to an idea, a great cause, a fatherland: all misunderstandings... He flows, he flows over, he consumes itself, he spares himself no - with fatality, fatal, involuntary, like a river breaking its banks involuntarily. But because such an explosive owes much, you have given them too much, however, is such a kind of higher morality... yes, the nature of human gratitude: it misunderstands (missverstehtihre) benefactor. -

45.

The criminal and what is related to him. - The criminal type is the type of the strong man under unfavorable conditions, ill-made one strong person. He lacks the wilderness, some freer and more dangerous nature and form of existence in which everything is a weapon in defense and instinct of the strong man, it is justified. His virtues are done by the society in thrall, and his most vivid shoots, which he brought back, once fused with the depressing emotions, with the suspicion, the fear of dishonor. But this is almost a recipe for physiological degeneration. Who, what he does best, best would do, do secretly have that much tension, caution, cunning, is anemic, and because he harvests only danger, persecution, calamity of his instincts since reversed himself and his feelings towards these instincts - he feels fatalistic (fatalistisch). The society is our tame, mediocre, blended society in which a quasi-natural person who comes from the mountains or from the adventures of the sea, necessarily degenerates into a criminal. Or, almost necessarily, for there are cases where such a person proves to be stronger than the society: the Corsican Napoleon is the most famous case. For the problem considered here is the testimony Dostoyevsky’s relevant - Dostoyevsky’s, the only psychologist, incidentally, which I had to learn something: he is among the most fortunate circumstances of my life, more even than the discovery of Stendhal's. This deeply human, the ten time was right to estimate the superficial low Germans, has the Siberian convicts, among whom he lived a long, loud hardened criminals, for whom there was no way back to the society at all, very different feel than he himself expected - about as the best, hardest and most valuable carved wood, which grows on Russian soil at all. We generalize the case of the criminal: let us imagine natures, which is missing for some reason, the public consent, who know that they are not as beneficial, as are felt useful - that Chandala feeling that one is not regarded as equal but as expelled, unworthy, contaminating. All such natures are the color of the underground to freedom of thought and action; any paler than them is wanting those, whose existence rests on the daylight. But almost all forms of existence (Existenzformen), which we characterize today have formerly lived under this half grave air: the scientific nature, the artist, the genius, the free spirit, the actor, the merchant, the great explorers... as long as the priest as was the highest type, every valuable kind of man was devalued (entwerthet)... The time is coming - I promise - where he is regarded as the lowest, as our Chandala, as the most mendacious (verlogenste), as the most indecent kind of person... I direct attention to it, as now, under the Regiment of the mildest manners that has ever existed on earth, to say the least in Europe, any aloofness, every long, too long below, any unusual, obscure form of being that type brings close to finished the criminals. All innovators have the mind for some time the pale and fatalistic character of the Chandala on the forehead: not because they felt this way, but because they themselves feel the awful gulf that separates them from conventional one and all in honor of standing. Almost every genius knows as one of its developments, "Catilinarian existence (catilinarische Existenz)", a -hate, -revenge and -rebellion against all sense of what already is, what is not... Catiline — the form of pre-existence (Präexistenz-Form) of every Caesar. —

46.

Here the view (Aussich) is free. - It may be the soul level, if a philosopher is silent, it may be love, if he contradicts himself, it is a courtesy of the knower is possible, which is lying. You did not say without subtlety: il est de coeur des grands indigne répandre le trouble, qu'il ressentent [it is unworthy of great hearts to pour out the confusion they feel]: only need to add that before the unworthy to fear also can not be the size of the soul. A woman who loves, sacrifices her honor, a knower, who "loves" sacrifices, perhaps, her humanity, a God who loved, was Jew...(Ein Weib, das liebt, opfert seine Ehre; ein Erkennender, welcher „liebt“, opfert vielleicht seine Menschlichkeit; ein Gott, welcher liebte, ward Jude…)

47.

The beauty of a coincidence. - The beauty of a race or family, their grace and kindness in all gestures will be worked out: it is equal to the genius, the final result of accumulated work of generations. You have the good taste great sacrifices have brought, you have done for his sake much, much have left - is the seventeenth-century France admirably in both -, you must have had in it a principle of choice for establishment, location, clothing, sexual satisfaction have preferred to have the advantage of beauty, the habit of mind, of inertia. Primary consideration: they must also own the right to not "let go". - The good things are costly beyond measure: and still the law holds that anyone who has them, some one else's, than he who acquires it. Everything good is inheritance: what is inherited is imperfect, is the beginning... In Athens were at the time of Cicero, who also expressed their surprise, the men and young men far superior to the women of beauty: but how much work and effort in the service of beauty there the male sex had asked for centuries by itself! - One should not lay hands on the methodology that is here: a mere breeding of feelings and thoughts is almost zero (- here lies the great misunderstanding of the German education system that is completely illusory): you must first talk about the body. The strict maintenance of significant and selected gestures, a liability, to live only with people who are "let go" is not itself, is quite enough to be chosen and significant: in two or three generations is already everything internalized. It is critical about the fate of people and humanity, that you start the culture in the right place - not the "soul" (as it was the fateful superstition of the priests and half-priests): the right place is the body which gesture, the diet, physiology, and the rest follows... The Greeks therefore remain the first culture-event history - they knew they were doing, what misery that; Christianity, the body was despised [disdained, verachtete] yet the greatest misfortune of humanity. – (das grösste Unglück der Menschheit)

48.

Progress in my sense. - Also, I'm talking about a "return to nature," although it is not really one to go back (Zurückgehn), a coming back (Hinaufkommen), but rather - up into the high, open, even terrible nature and naturalness, one that plays with great tasks, play may... To put it in parable to say that Napoleon was a piece of "return to nature", as I understand it (for example in marked (rebus) tactics, still more, how do the military, the strategic). - But Rousseau - while actually wanted back? Rousseau, the first modern man, idealist and scoundrel (canaille) in one person, the moral of "dignity" was necessary to sustain his own aspect; sick with unbridled vanity and unbridled self-contempt. Also this monstrosity, which has been stored on the threshold of the new era, wanted to "return to nature" - where, once again wanted to ask Rousseau back? - I still hate Rousseau in the Revolution: it is the world-historical expression of this duality of idealist and scoundrel (canaille). The bloody farce, with the revolution going on this does not concern me much, their "immorality", what I hate is their morality, Rousseau - the so-called "truths" of the Revolution, with which it works and everything is still flat and mediocre to talked with him. The doctrine of equality!... But there is no more poisonous poison: for it seems preached by justice itself, while it is the end of justice... "The same, the same, the unequal unequals" - That would be the true question of justice: and what follows, unequal never be the same make – "modern idea" par excellence [by excellence], a kind of glory and glow that it comes to the doctrine of the equality around so gruesome and bloody events (zugieng), this has given, then the revolution seduced as a drama, the noblest minds. The last is no reason to respect them more. - I see only one man that felt like they must be viewed with disgust (mit Ekel) -- Goethe...

49.

Goethe - not a German event, but a European: a great effort to overcome the eighteenth century by a return to nature, to come up with a naturalness of the Renaissance, a kind of self-denial on the part of this century. - He wore his strongest instincts within himself: the sense of efficacy (Gefühlsamkeit), nature-idolatry, the anti-historical (das Antihistorische), the idealistic, the unreal and revolutionary (- the latter is only one form of the unreal). He took the history, natural science, antiquity, Spinoza, similarly, to help, above all, practical action, he surrounded himself closed with a loud horizons, he broke away not from life, he stationed himself, and he was not discouraged and took as much as possible upon himself, about himself, into himself. What he wanted was totality, he fought against the separation of reason, sensuality, feeling, volition (- with frighteningly scholasticism by Kant preached the antipode of Goethe), he disciplined himself to wholeness, he created himself... Goethe was unreal amidst a minded age, a staunch realist: he said yes to everything that was related to him in this, - he had realism greater experience than that *ens* [existents], called Napoleon. Goethe conceives a strong, highly educated, in all bodily skillful, having himself, respect for himself as someone who dares to treat oneself to the whole range and wealth of naturalness that is strong enough for this freedom, the people of tolerance, not from weakness, but rather from strength, because that which the average nature would perish, nor need to know in his favor, the people, for there is nothing more forbidden, unless the weakness that it names now vice or virtue... Such become free (freigewordner) spirit is with a joyous and trusting fatalism (Fatalismus) in the middle of all, in belief (im Glauben) that only the individual is reprehensible that the whole, everything is redeemed and affirmed - he denies any more... But such a belief is the highest of all possible beliefs: I have him baptized in the name of Dionysus. – (Aber ein solcher Glaube ist der höchste aller möglichen Glauben: ich habe ihn auf den Namen des Dionysos getauft. —)

50.

One could say that in a certain sense the nineteenth century, all this also strives what Goethe sought as a person: a universality understand, in approve an in-itself-come approach--let from any, a daring realism, an especially reverence actual facts. How is it that in the total-result is no Goethe, but a chaos, a nihilistic sigh, a non-know-where-have-one-out (bewilderment, ein Nicht-wissen-wo-aus-noch-ein,) an instinct of fatigue that keeps on driving in practice to the eighteenth century to use? (- Such as emotional romanticism, as altruism and hyper-sentimentalism (Hyper-Sentimentalität), as feminism in taste, as socialism in politics.). Is not the nineteenth century, especially in its issue, only an increased brutalized eighteenth century that is one century of decadence? So that Goethe not only for Germany, but rather (sondern) for Europe only one incident, would have been a pretty vain? - But one misunderstands great human beings, when looked at from the perspective of a poor public benefit. That we draw no benefit from them to know, which belongs perhaps to the greatness...

51.

Goethe was the last German for whom I have respect (Ehrfurcht): he would have felt three things that I feel - well, we see ourselves on the "cross"... I am asked often what I actually wrote in German: nowhere would I be worse read than as in the fatherland (Vaterlande). But who knows least, if I only want to be read today? - Trying to create things in vain on which time their teeth; in form, the substance to be tried by a little immortality - I've never been humble enough to demand less of me. The aphorism, the sentence in which I am the first master among Germans, are the forms of "eternity", and my ambition is to say in ten sentences what everyone else says in a book - what everyone else in a book does not say... (Der Aphorismus, die Sentenz, in denen ich als der Erste unter Deutschen Meister bin, sind die Formen der „Ewigkeit“; mein Ehrgeiz ist, in zehn Sätzen zu sagen, was jeder Andre in einem Buche sagt, — was jeder Andre in einem Buche nicht sagt…).

I have given mankind the deepest book it possesses, my Zarathustra: I give them shortly about the most independent. – (Ich habe der Menschheit das tiefste Buch gegeben, das sie besitzt, meinen Zarathustra: ich gebe ihr über kurzem das unabhängigste. —).

What I Owe to the Ancients.
(Was ich den Alten verdanke)

1.

Finally, a word about that world, to which I sought access to which I may have found a new approach - the ancient world. My taste, which may be the opposite of a tolerant taste, is also far from, say, in the lump -- yes: one does not likes to say yes, dear nor nay, most of all nothing... This is true of all cultures, which is of books, - it is also true of places and landscapes. Basically it's a very small number of ancient books, that count in my life, none the most famous among them. My sense of style awoke for the epigram (Epigramm) as a style almost instantly on contact with Sallust. I have not forgotten the astonishment of my honored teacher Corssen, when he had to give his worst Latin pupil (censure) the very first [best grade] - I had finished in one stroke. Urged to severe, with as much substance as possible on the ground, a cold malice against the "good word", even the "good feeling" - I guessed it myself. Man, even is in my Zarathustra, a very serious ambition to Roman style, to recognize the "*aere perennius*" [more enduring than bronze] in style with me. - I fared no differently from the first contact with Horace. To this day I have had no poet of the same artistic delight that gave me the beginning of a Horatian ode. In some languages is that which is achieved here is not even want. This mosaic of words where each word as a sound and a forum, as a concept, right and left and over the whole thing flows down its power, this minimum in size and number of signs posted so that the maximum energy of the characters - the everything is Roman and, if you will believe me, noble par excellence. The rest of poetry on the other hand to something popular - a mere emotional garrulity... (Der ganze Rest von Poesie wird dagegen etwas zu Populäres, — eine blosse Gefühls-Geschwätzigkeit…)

2.

The Greeks I owe by no means to use strong impressions, and to make it actually remove any satisfaction, they cannot be to us, what are the Romans. One does not learn from the Greeks - their nature is too foreign; it is too fluid to an imperative to act to "classical". Who would have ever learned to write from a Greek! Who would have ever learned without the Romans! You turn to me... not a Plato. In relation to Plato, I am a thorough skeptic and was always unable to join in the admiration of artists - Plato, which is traditionally among scholars. Finally, I have here the most refined taste among the ancients themselves judge on my side. Plato raises, it seems to me, confused all forms of style, so he is a first of the decadent style: he has invented something like that on my conscience, like the Cynics, the satura Menippea. That the Platonic dialogue, this horribly self-satisfied and childish kind of dialectic, could act as a stimulus, one must never have to read good French - Fontenelle, for example. Plato is boring. – In the end, is my mistrust of Plato is deep: I did find so strayed from all basic instincts of the Greeks, so moralistic so preexist-Christian - he's already using the term "good" as the highest concept - that I am of the whole phenomenon of Plato rather the harsh word "higher swindle," or, if one's better heard, idealism - wants to use than any other word. We have paid dearly for it, that these Athenians went to school with the Egyptians (- or the Jews in Egypt?...). In the great fatality of Christianity is Plato that "ideal" ambiguity and called fascination, the nobler natures of antiquity made it possible misunderstanding (misszuverstehn) themselves and to enter the bridge that led to the "cross"... And how much Plato is still the term "church" in construction, system, practice of the Church - My recreation, my preference, my cure from all Platonism was at any time Thucydides. Thucydides and, perhaps, the Principe of Machiavelli, are themselves most closely related unconditional by the will, and is nothing to fool and to see reason in reality - not in the "reason", even less in "morality"... From the miserable embellishment [whitewash] of the Greeks into the ideal, which it carries the "classically educated" youth as a reward for their high school-level dressage (Dressur), in life message (kurirt), not as complete as Thucydides. You must read it line by line and read his ulterior motives as clearly as his words: there are few so behind thoughtful thinker (so hintergedankenreiche Denker). In it is the culture of Sophists, I want to say is civilization-realist, perfect for its expression: this inestimable movement amid the same everywhere breakaway just loose morals and ideals of the swindle of Socratic schools. The Greek philosophy as the decadence of the Greek instinct; large as the sum of Thucydides of the final revelation of that strong, severe, hard matter of fact (Thatsächlichkeit), which were the older Hellenes instincts. Courage (Muth) differs from reality last such natures (Naturen) as Thucydides and Plato: Plato is a coward (Feigling) before reality - consequently he flees into the ideal; Thucydides has himself under control, thus he also keeps things (Dinge) under control... (Thukydides hat sich in der Gewalt, folglich behält er auch die Dinge in der Gewalt…)

3.

To smell (Auszuwittern) in the Greek "beautiful souls", "golden middle" and other perfections, to admire about them to the rest in size, the idealistic viewpoint, and the high simplicity - this is the "high-mindedness", was one *niaiserie anglaise* [English stillness], but not least, I was by the psychologist protected, which I carried within me. I saw their strongest instinct, the will to power (stärksten Instinkt, den Willen zur Macht), I saw it tremble with the violence of this irrepressible instinct, - I saw all of their institutions grow from mass protection rules (Schutzmaassregeln) to protect themselves from each other to oppose their inward explosives safely. The tremendous tension in the interior then erupted into terrible and ruthless hostility to the outside: the city is torn communities together so that the citizens of each individual from himself would find peace. It had been necessary to be strong: danger was near - they lurked everywhere. The magnificently supple corporeality, the daring realism and immorality, which is peculiar to the Greeks, is a necessity, has not been a "natural". They followed until they were not there from the start. And arts festivals and you wanted nothing else than to feel on top, on top of the show: there are means to make themselves to glorify, may fear before him... The Greeks by their philosophers judge of German fashion, such as the Philistine moralism (Biedermännerei) of the Socratic schools to use outcrop of what was basically Hellenic!... The philosophers are the decadents of Hellenism indeed, the backlash against the old, the elegant taste (-against the agonistic instinct, to the polls, against the value of the race, against the authority of tradition). The Socratic virtues were preached because the Greeks were lost: irritable, fearful, fickle comedians all of you, they had a few too many reasons to seek to preach morality. Not, that it would have helped somewhat: but big words and attitudes are decadents so good... (Nicht, dass es Etwas geholfen hätte: aber grosse Worte und Attitüden stehen décadents so gut…)

4.

I was the first who, to the comprehension of the ancients, even the rich and even overflowing Hellenic instinct, that seriously wonderful phenomenon, which bears the name of Dionysus: it is only explained by an excess of power. He who follows the Greeks, like the deepest knowledge of their culture, who now lives, as Jacob Burckhardt in Basel, who knew immediately that something had been done so: Burckhardt said of his "culture of the Greeks" in one section is a suitable phenomenon. If you want the contrast so you can see the almost amusing poverty of instinct, German philologist, when they come into the vicinity of the Dionysian. The famous Lobeck especially of the venerable security of a dried up between books worm in this world of mysterious states crawled inside and talked to so be scientific, that it was frivolous and childish *ad nauseam* [to nausea] - has Lobeck understand with all expenditure of learning given, it really did nothing with all these curiosities to himself. In fact, the priest did not want the participators in such imparted worthy lots, for example, that encourage the joy of wine, that man may live on fruits that blossom forth in the spring, the plants wither in the autumn. As for those so strange wealth of rites, symbols and myths of orgiastic origin of the ancient world is quite literally overgrown, so Lobeck finds in him a reason to be witty or to a degree. "The Greeks, he says *Aglaophamus* I, 672, they had to do nothing else laughed, jumped, raced around them, or because the man sometimes feels like it, they sat down and wept and wailed. Others came later and searched but then added some reason for the striking nature, and thus to explain those traditions arose those countless legends and myths festival. On the other side it was believed that ludicrous and bustle that took place after all belong to the holidays, also necessary for the feast, and held it as an indispensable part of the service." -This is contemptible nonsense; you will not take a Lobeck seriously for a moment. Different it touches us, if we consider the term "Greek" which Winckelmann and Goethe have formed, and he found incompatible with that element from which grows the Dionysian art, - with the orgy (mit dem Orgiasmus). I do not believe in fact that Goethe would have precluded such a thing in principle from the possibilities of the Greek soul. Consequently, Goethe did not understand Greeks. For only in the Dionysian mysteries, in the psychology of the Dionysian state speaks to the fundamental fact of the Hellenic instinct - from "will to live (Wille zum Leben)." What is the Hellene guaranteed with these mysteries? Promised in the past and the future of consecrated; eternal life, the eternal return of life (die ewige Wiederkehr des Lebens); the triumphant Yes to life over death and change out, the real life than in the total survival through procreation, through the mysteries of sexuality. To the Greeks the sexual symbol was therefore the venerable symbol in itself, the real deep profundity within the whole of ancient piety (Frömmigkeit). All individuals in the act of conception, pregnancy, and birth aroused the highest and most solemn feelings. In the mystery teachings of the pain (Mysterienlehre ist der Schmerz, [agony]) is sanctified: the "pangs of child-bearing woman" sacred pain at all, -all development and growth, anything future-vouching caused the pain... So there is the eternal joy of creation, so that the will to live on forever even in the affirmative, it must also be forever the "agony of child-bearing woman"... All this means the word Dionysus: I know of no higher (höhere) symbolism than this Greek symbolism of the Dionysian. In it is the deepest (tiefste) instinct of life, the future of life, the eternity of life, perceived religion, - even the way of life, procreation, as the sacred way... It was Christianity, and its resentment against the life at bottom, has made something unclean of sexuality (Geschlechtlichkeit): it threw mud from the beginning, on the precondition of our lives... (Erst das Christenthum, mit seinem Ressentiment gegen das Leben auf dem Grunde, hat aus der Geschlechtlichkeit etwas Unreines gemacht: es warf Koth auf den Anfang, auf die Voraussetzung unseres Lebens…)

5.

The psychology of the orgiastic (Orgiasmus) as an overflowing feeling of life and power within which even the pain still acts as a stimulant, gave me the key to the concept of tragic feeling, which has been misunderstood both by Aristotle as in particularity of our pessimists. The tragedy is so far from proving something to the pessimism of the Greeks in Schopenhauer's sense that it has to be regarded rather as the ultimate rejection and counter-instance. The affirmation of life even in its strangest and hardest problems, the will to live (Wille zum Leben), in the sacrifice of its highest types rejoicing over its own inexhaustibility (Unerschöpflichkeit) -- I called Dionysian, which I guessed to be the bridge to the psychology of the tragic poet. Not to get rid of terror and pity, not to cleanse himself of a dangerous affect by its vehement discharge - Aristotle understood it -: but rather, through pity and terror beyond, the eternal joy (die Lust) of becoming to be yourself, -- that joy (jene Lust), that even the desire to destroy closes in itself... And so I again touch that point from which I once went forth (ausgieng) - was the "*Birth of Tragedy*," my first revaluation of all values: that I put myself back on the ground, from the my will, my ability grows - me, the last disciple of the philosopher Dionysus - I, the teacher of eternal recurrence... (Und damit berühre ich wieder die Stelle, von der ich einstmals ausgieng — die „Geburt der Tragödie“ war meine erste Umwerthung aller Werthe: damit stelle ich mich wieder auf den Boden zurück, aus dem mein Wollen, mein Können wächst — ich, der letzte Jünger des Philosophen Dionysos, — ich, der Lehrer der ewigen Wiederkunft…)

[Translators note about Nietzsche’s earlier work mentioned here in this section with the main title by Nietzsche, he left out the complete title. The book title: *The Birth of Tragedy from the Spirit of Music* (German: *Die Geburt der Tragödie aus dem Geiste der Musik*) first edition was published in 1872. The second edition was published in 1886 with a new title: *The Birth of Tragedy, Or: Hellenism and Pessimism* (*Die Geburt der Tragödie, Oder: Griechentum und Pessimismus*].

The Hammer Speaks.
(Der Hammer redet)

Thus Spoke Zarathustra. Third Part, #29.

Also sprach Zarathustra. 3, 90).

[Translator: Nietzsche had different numbering in the German: 3,90].

"Why so hard! - Said to the diamond to the charcoal: not because we are near-relatives”?

Why so soft? Oh my brothers, so I ask you: are you not - my brothers?

Why so soft, and yielding? Why is there so much denial and abnegation (weichend und nachgebend) in your hearts? so little fate (Schicksal) in your looks?

And you will not be fates (Schicksale) and inexorable as it might once with me - win?

And if your hardness will not glance and cut and cut, how could you with me once - make it?

All creators are hard. And bliss (Seligkeit) must it seem to you to press your hand upon millenniums as upon wax, -

-- Blessedness, writes upon the will of millenniums as upon brass, - harder than brass, nobler than brass entirely hard is only the noblest.

This new tablet, O my brothers, I place over you: become hard! - -
(Diese neue Tafel, oh meine Brüder, stelle ich über euch: werdet hart! — —)

[End of Nietzsche’s text].

Afterward Notes by Daniel Fidel Ferrer.

Twilight of the Idols or How to Philosophize with a Hammer; the German title: *Götzen-Dämmerung, oder, Wie man mit dem Hammer philosophiert* written in 1888 from end of June and the Preface was finished 30 September 1888 (in Sils-Maria, Upper Engadine, Switzerland, elevation 5915 feet). Nietzsche sent the basic manuscript to the publisher in September 9, 1888; and it was published in January 24, 1889; 1000 copies were made at that time. Second printing of 1000 copies made in May of 1893 (See William H. Schaberg for details). The working title was *The Idleness of a Psychologist (Müssiggang eines Psychologen).* But very late, while the book was being printed Nietzsche actually changed the title after getting a rousing letter from Peter Gast (his amanuensis), in September 20, 1888 ('inspire terror all around' and the text needs a 'more radiant title"). The last two sections were added while the process of printing: What's Germans lacking (September 18, 1888) and Wandering of untimely ones (October 4, 1888). Nietzsche saw the first printing of four copies on November 24, 1888.

First published and printed books had the words "Götzen-Dämmerung" (*Twilight of the Idols*) printed in red on the title page. The subtitle was of lesser importance in the printing. Publisher. Verlag von C. G. Neumann. 1889, in the city of Leipzig, Germany. Nietzsche sometimes uses this as the shorten versions of the title: *Götzen-Hammer* (*Idols Hammer*).

All translations are an interpretation – even mine. Caveats are many: I am not a native speaker of German, I do not know conversational German, I do not teach the German language, I am not a philologist, I cannot read Nietzsche's handwriting; and I am no way a professional translator. If you need to quote any of these present translations, then you must first review the published German text. Martin Luther who did the famous translation of the *Bible* into German, he wrote in a letter, "If anyone does not like my translation, they can ignore it… (September 15, 1530)". The purpose of these translations is the philosophical understanding of Nietzsche. I have tried to make Nietzsche readable for philosophical purposes. From these translations perhaps you will get a bit of a glimpse into his thinking. Plato said he revised the *Republic* seven times, which is dedication. In any case, I am sure if I had re-worked these translations for a few more years, I would have fixed all of the errors. However, at some time these translation projects reach a point of diminishing returns on re-working them. Please forgive the errors. Translation projects are like a fruit ripening. The translation is re-writing, re-editing, re-thinking, re-working on it; and at some point you are 'over-doing it'. I have not re-written Nietzsche to make the text in some better way or tried to make

Nietzsche better, clearer, more understandable or made his arguments or positions enhanced more than what Nietzsche actual wrote. Some translators have actually re-written Nietzsche’s text. I have tried to let the fruit stand greener than to cleanup and polish; or to ripen up Nietzsche. If you do not like my translation, there are many other translations into English available, some standard examples: Thomas Common (1899), Anthony M. Ludovici (1911), Walter Kaufmann (1954), R.J. Hollingdale (1968), Richard Polt (1997), Duncan Large (1998), and Judith Norman (2005). They are foot notes with many of these translations clarifying the text. And of course, there are many books and articles addressing the philosophical import of this book as well.

I tried to keep Nietzsche’s overall punctuations; but I did not reproduce any of the italics, bolding, double spacing of letters in a word, capital letters, and underlining that can be used to emphasis particular words. I am not sure Nietzsche (or Peter Gast, his friend and amanuensis) did these in any important way (some readers will disagree on this point). Nietzsche would: “**shout**” every word; remember Nietzsche’s writings are all **“written in blood**”. I tried to keep some Nietzsche’s other punctuations, for example: “?...” or “! — —“). For text and style questions, I am thinking of “text openness” and ‘text interpretation’ for example, given the questions of the methodology of philosopher like Jacques Derrida and Gilles Deleuze. Again, for any and all philological questions, then please review the German texts and commentaries of the specific texts. A number of the editions in German have plenty of footnotes about the text. Most famous recent editors in German are Giorgio Colli and Mazzino Montinari.

Philosophical note on the content: I do not agree or disagree with everything Nietzsche wrote -- and nor should you. By way, contrary to some philosophers, for example, G.W.F. Hegel (1770-1831) and Edmund Husserl (1859-1938), we can say for certainty Nietzsche was not looking for disciples or followers. He wrote, “One repays a teacher badly if one always remains nothing but a pupil. Now I bid you lose me and find yourselves; and only when you have all denied me will I return to you. Verily, my brothers, with different eyes shall I then seek my lost ones; with a different love shall **I then love you**.” (*Thus Spoke Zarathustra*. 1883-1885, Walter Kaufmann translation. ‘The Portable Nietzsche’, 1972, page 190). Nietzsche published the following remark about the nature of translating, “What is most difficult to translate from one language into another is the tempo of its style, which has its basis in the character of the race, or to speak more physiologically, in the average tempo of its "metabolism." There are honestly meant translations that, as involuntary vulgarizations, are almost falsifications of the original because its bold and merry tempo…could not be translated.” (*Beyond Good and Evil: prelude* *to a philosophy of the future.* (*Jenseits von Gut und Böse. Vorspiel einer Philosophie der Zukunft*), Second Division: The Free Spirit, #28. 1886. Basic translation by Walter Kaufmann). Translation is indeed difficult to do at a high standard. All translations are works in progress. The only question is when they are ripen enough.

Dedication and Acknowledgements

All of us who were introduced to Nietzsche in English language during the 1960s - 1970s; we owe an enormous debt to Walter Kaufmann (1921-1980). Thank you. I would also like to acknowledge the general philosophical encouragement of Professor Dr. Dr. Holger Zaborowski. My long time philosophical questioner: Richard Pulaski. I alone have done this translation. All the errors our mine alone.

Family members. Ernesto B. Ferrer, Louise (born Reavis) Ferrer, Joseph R. Ferrer, Alice Amanda Ferrer, Dolores Juanita Ferrer, Shobha (born Sundar) Ferrer, Vandana Kiran Lata (born Dayal) Young, Scott Young; Kaiden Curtis Young, Maliha Kiran Young, Zoe Ashlynn Young. Ashmita Rita (Marguerita) Ferrer, Marguerita Ruth Ferrer, Ernesto Jo Ferrer, Laurie and Daniel Large. Rafael Ferrer, Loren Fidel Ferrer, and Cory Ferrer. My family in Germany, particularly:
Dr. Jan-Peter Wülbern and Mr. Peer Kuhn. My family is not associated with Nietzsche’s philosophy or views.

Appendix A. The Section about "*Twilight of Idols*" from Nietzsche's autobiography: "*Ecce Homo*".

Ecce Homo: How One Becomes What One Is (German: *Ecce homo: Wie man wird, was man ist*), written 1888 and published in limited edition in April, 1908; and finally, in a much larger printing, published: Leipzig: C. G. Naumann, 1911. Nietzsche started *Ecce Home* on his 44th birthday, October 15, 1888 and finished the manuscript three weeks later on November 4, 1888. Nietzsche's sickness overcame him in early January of 1889 and after writing a few letters he ceased writing (collapsed). But in the mean time, Nietzsche wrote *Ecce Homo*, his famous autobiography and in the book there is a section where Nietzsche discusses and reviews his other and earlier writings. The section is entitled: "Why I write such good books". Here are the short three sections on "*Twilight of Idols*" by Nietzsche in *Ecce Homo,* his own book review less than two month after the completion of the text "*Twilight of Idols*". Here is Nietzsche's entire review, first in English and then the German text.

From Nietzsche's review in *Ecce Homo*:

Götzen-Dämmerung, oder, Wie man mit dem Hammer philosophiert
Twilight of the Idols or How to Philosophize with a Hammer

1).

This work of not 150 pages, serene and ominous in tone, a demon that laughs - the work of so few days that I take decency to call their number, with books at all the exception: there is no substance richer, more independent, subversive (Umwerfenderes), - more evil (Böseres). If you want to give yourself an idea of just how everything was before me standing on the head, so you do the beginning of this document. What an idol (Götze) says on the title page is simply what has been called the truth. *Twilight of the Idols* - in German, it comes to an end with the old truth...

1).

Diese Schrift von noch nicht 150 Seiten, heiter und verhängnissvoll im Ton, ein Dämon, welcher lacht —, das Werk von so wenig Tagen, dass ich Anstand nehme, ihre Zahl zu nennen, ist unter Büchern überhaupt die Ausnahme: es giebt

nichts Substanzenreicheres, Unabhängigeres, Umwerfenderes, — Böseres. Will man sich kurz einen Begriff davon geben, wie vor mir Alles auf dem Kopfe stand, so mache man den Anfang mit dieser Schrift. Das, was Götze auf dem Titelblatt heisst, ist ganz einfach das, was bisher Wahrheit genannt wurde. Götzen-Dämmerung — auf deutsch: es geht zu Ende mit der alten Wahrheit…

2).

There is no reality, no "ideality" that would not be affected in this document (- touch: what a careful euphemism...!). Was not only the eternal idols, even the very youngest age weakest, consequently. The "modern ideas" for example. A big wind blows through the trees, and everywhere fruits fall down - truths. It is the waste of a too rich fall therein: you stumble over truths, occurs even some dead, - there are too many of them... but what you get in your hands, this is nothing more questionable, are the decisions. I have only the yardstick for "truths" in hand, I can only decide. As if in a second I would have increased awareness, as if I would have been in "the will" light a light on the wrong track, on which it has been run down... The slippery slope - it was called the way to the "truth" it's over... with all the "dark urge," the good man was just having the least aware of the right path... And in all seriousness, no one knew before me the right way, the way up: only gives me at it again hopes tasks, to be prescribed by way of culture - I'm glad I am ambassador... Just so I'm also a fate. [destiny] –

2).

Es giebt keine Realität, keine „Idealität“, die in dieser Schrift nicht berührt würde (— berührt: was für ein vorsichtiger Euphemismus!…) Nicht bloss die ewigen Götzen, auch die allerjüngsten, folglich altersschwächsten. Die „modernen Ideen“ zum Beispiel. Ein grosser Wind bläst zwischen den Bäumen, und überall fallen Früchte nieder — Wahrheiten. Es ist die Verschwendung eines allzureichen Herbstes darin: man stolpert über Wahrheiten, man tritt selbst einige todt, — es sind ihrer zu viele… Was man aber in die Hände bekommt, das ist nichts Fragwürdiges mehr, das sind Entscheidungen. Ich erst habe den Maassstab für „Wahrheiten“ in der Hand, ich kann erst entscheiden. Wie als ob in mir ein zweites Bewusstsein gewachsen wäre, wie als ob sich in mir „der Wille“ ein Licht angezündet hätte über die schiefe Bahn, auf der er bisher abwärts lief… Die schiefe Bahn — man nannte sie den Weg zur „Wahrheit“… Es ist zu Ende mit

allem „dunklen Drang“, der gute Mensch gerade war sich am wenigsten des rechten Wegs bewusst… Und allen Ernstes, Niemand wusste vor mir den rechten Weg, den Weg aufwärts: erst von mir an giebt es wieder Hoffnungen, Aufgaben, vorzuschreibende Wege der Cultur — ich bin deren froher Botschafter… Eben damit bin ich auch ein Schicksal. — —

3).

Right after the aforementioned work and without even one day, I attacked the tremendous task of the revaluation, in a sovereign sense of pride, nothing equals, every moment of my immortality certainly and character by character with the security of a destiny digging in bronze tablets. The foreword was on done on 3rd September 1888: I [in the] morning, according to the transcript, stepped outside, I found the most beautiful day in front of me, the Upper Engadine me ever shown - transparent, glowing in the colors, all the contradictions, all the midst of ice and south is closing. - Only on 20 September, I left Sils-Maria, floods detained last by far the only guest of this wonderful place, and the gratitude will bring the gift of an immortal name. After a trip full of incidents, even with danger to life in the flooded Como, which I reached until late at night, I arrived on the afternoon of 21 in Turin, proved my place, my residence from now on. I took the same apartment again, which I had held in the spring, via Carlo Alberto 6, III, opposite the mighty palazzo Carignano, in which Vittore Emanuele is born. With the views of the piazza Carlo Alberto and have additional ones hill country. Without hesitation and without letting me allowing a moment, I went back to work: it was dismissed (abzuthun) with only the last quarter of the work yet to be done. On 30 September great victory; completion of the revaluation; idleness of a God along river Po. On the same day I wrote the foreword to "*Twilight of the Idols*", which was print sheets [proofs] to my recovery was in September. - I have never experienced such a fall, also never thought something of the kind on earth for possible - a Claude Lorrain thought to infinity, every day of the same irrepressible perfection. –

3).

Unmittelbar nach Beendigung des eben genannten Werks und ohne auch nur einen Tag zu verlieren, griff ich die ungeheure Aufgabe der Umwerthung an, in einem souverainen Gefühl von Stolz, dem Nichts gleichkommt, jeden Augenblick meiner Unsterblichkeit gewiss und Zeichen für Zeichen mit der Sicherheit eines

Schicksals in eherne Tafeln grabend. Das Vorwort entstand am 3. September 1888: als ich Morgens, nach dieser Niederschrift, ins Freie trat, fand ich den schönsten Tag vor mir, den das Oberengadin mir je gezeigt hat — durchsichtig, glühend in den Farben, alle Gegensätze, alle Mitten zwischen Eis und Süden in sich schliessend. — Erst am 20. September verliess ich Sils-Maria, durch Überschwemmungen zurückgehalten, zuletzt bei weitem der einzige Gast dieses wunderbaren Orts, dem meine Dankbarkeit das Geschenk eines unsterblichen Namens machen will. Nach einer Reise mit Zwischenfällen, sogar mit einer Lebensgefahr im überschwemmten Como, das ich erst tief in der Nacht erreichte, kam ich am Nachmittag des 21. in Turin an, meinem bewiesenen Ort, meiner Residenz von nun an. Ich nahm die gleiche Wohnung wieder, die ich im Frühjahr innegehabt hatte, via Carlo Alberto 6, III, gegenüber dem mächtigen palazzo Carignano, in dem Vittore Emanuele geboren ist, mit dem Blick auf die piazza Carlo Alberto und drüber hinaus auf’s Hügelland. Ohne Zögern und ohne mich einen Augenblick abziehn zu lassen, gieng ich wieder an die Arbeit: es war nur das letzte Viertel des Werks noch abzuthun. Am 30. September grosser Sieg; Beendigung der Umwerthung; Müssiggang eines Gottes am Po entlang. Am gleichen Tage schrieb ich noch das Vorwort zur „Götzen-Dämmerung“, deren Druckbogen zu corrigiren meine Erholung im September gewesen war. — Ich habe nie einen solchen Herbst erlebt, auch nie Etwas der Art auf Erden für möglich gehalten, — ein Claude Lorrain ins Unendliche gedacht, jeder Tag von gleicher unbändiger Vollkommenheit. —

[End of Nietzsche‘s section and review of *Twilight of Idols* in *Ecce Homo*, from section entitled: “Why I write such good books”. Translation Daniel Fidel Ferrer].

Appendix B. Selections from Nietzsche's Notebooks and Letters concerning *Twilight of Idols.*

Notebook 1888, 22[6] — Nachgelassene Fragmente September–Oktober 1888.

[Here Nietzsche is working out in one of his notebooks, what the title should be for the book that became *Twilight of the Idols or how to Philosophize with a Hammer*; the German title: *Götzen-Dämmerung, oder, Wie man mit dem Hammer philosophiert*].

German and English subtitles:
Götzen-Hammer (Idols Hammer)
Heiterkeiten (frolics or jovialness or jocularness)
wie ein Psycholog Fragen stellt (as a psychologist asking questions)
wie man mit dem Hammer philosophirt (how to philosophy with a hammer)
Müssiggang (Idleness).
eines Psychologen (a psychologist)

"Götzen-Hammer.
oder
Heiterkeiten
eines Psychologen.

Götzen-Hammer.
Oder:
wie ein Psycholog Fragen stellt.
Von
Friedrich Nietzsche.

Götzen-Hammer.
Müssiggang
eines Psychologen.
Von
Friedrich Nietzsche.

Götzen-Hammer.
Oder:
wie ein Psycholog Fragen stellt.
Von
Friedrich Nietzsche
Leipzig,
Verlag von C. G. Naumann
1889.

Götzen-Dämmerung.
Oder:
wie man mit dem Hammer philosophirt.
Von
Friedrich Nietzsche."

Notebook 1888 22 [16].

"Der Fall Wagner. Ein Musikanten-Problem.
Götzen-Dämmerung. Oder: wie man mit dem Hammer philosophirt.
Zarathustra's Versuchung. Oder: an wem Mitleiden "

To Henry Köselitz [Peter Gast] in Buchenwald Sils, 12 Sept. 1888. Wednesday [1105]. Select text.

Dear friend,

I have a few days before Mr. C. G. Naumann again sent a manuscript, which bears the title of "idleness of a psychologist." [Müssiggang eines Psychologen]. Under this innocuous title hides a very bold and Praecis (hingeworfne) summary of my most important philosophical heterodoxies: so that the writing as inaugurating and appetite for making my revaluation of values (the first book in the preparation is almost finished) can be used. There is much in it of propositions about the present, about thinkers, writers, etc. The last section is one Untimely raids, the first maxims and arrows. On the whole, very cheerful, despite very severe judgments (- it seems to me, between us, that I only this year German - want to say French - I learned to write). Chapter, except for those listed: the problem of Socrates, the "reason" in philosophy. As the "real" world was finally a fable. Morality as anti-nature. The four major errors. The "improvers" of mankind.

Treulich und dankbar Ihr Freund Nietzsche.

To Henry Köselitz [Peter Gast] in Buchenwald. Turin, 27 Sept 88. [Letter 1122]. Selected text.

“The new title (of 3 to 4 points very modest changes to stretches) should be:
Twilight of the Idols.
Or:
how philosophized with a hammer.
Von
FN”

To Georg Brandes, Turin, 20 October 1888. [Letter 1134]. Selected text.

“For my next release that will not keep you waiting too long more on themselves (- the title is now: *Twilight of the Idols*. Or: How the hammer philosophized) I would very much like also to you with so honorable words I presented Sweden send a copy. I just do not know where he lives. - This style is my philosophy in a nutshell - radically up to criminal...” (Diese Schrift ist meine Philosophie in nuce — radikal bis zum Verbrechen…)

Of heart and with a right to be thankful, yours Nietzsche

To Franz Overbeck in Basel [Letter 1143]. Selected text.
Torino, via Carlo Alberto 6, III on 13 Nov. 1888th

“The pressure of the "*Twilight of the Idols. Or how philosophized with a hammer*" is terminated and the manuscript of the “*Ecce Homo. How one becomes what one is*” already at the printers. - The latter, of absolute importance, and even gives some psychological biographical about my writings and me: it is me all at once to get see. The tone of the writing and cheerful fatal, like everything else I write. - The end of next year, it appears the first book of the revaluation. It lies there ready.- Nietzsche.”

To Meta von Salis from Marschlins, Turin, day 14. Nov. 88. Selected text. [Letter 1144].

The finished writing while still in the Engadine, perhaps the most radical that there is, now the title:
Twilight of the Idols
Or:
how philosophized with a hammer.
The printing is completed. - I consider what I've done everything between 3 September and 4 November, I fear that there will soon the earth trembles.
With excellent devotion. Your, Nietzsche.

To Paul Deussen in Berlin [Letter 1159]. Selected text.
Torino via Carlo Alberto 6, III on 26 Nov. 88.

Dear friend,

I necessary to talk to in the very first rank of a thing with you. My life is now at its height a few years, and the earth trembles by a tremendous lightning strike. - I swear to you that I have the power to change the calendar. - There is nothing that stands today, which does not fall over, I'm more man than dynamite. - My revaluation of all values, with the general title "**Antichrist**" is finished. Over the next two years, I have to do the steps in order to translate the work into 7 languages, c the first edition in any language. one million copies. --Until then, seems to me:

“1) *Twilight of the Idols . Or how philosophized with a hammer*. The work is done; yesterday I gave the order that you like one of the first copies approaching. Read it, I beg you. With the deepest seriousness, how much it always in proportion to what is coming, a cheerful book

2) *Ecce Homo. How one becomes what one is*. This book is only from me - I go to last on a world-historical mission. It is already in pressure. - In it for the first time light is on my *Zarathustra* made the first book all the millennia, the Bible of the future, the greatest outbreak of human genius, is included in the fate of mankind. - And here is my concern, I write like a desert (dessenthalben). Nietzsche.”

To Helen Zimmern in Florenz [Letter 1197]. Select text.
Turin, via Carlo Alberto 6 III, around day 17, December 1888.

Jetzt eben erscheint von mir etwas extrem Radikales Götzen-Dämmerung. Oder: wie man mit dem Hammer philosophirt.* Ich sende es Ihnen zu — unter Umständen führen Sie dies Stück in England ein. Es ist antideutsch und antichristlich par excellence — sollte es damit nicht stark auf Engländer wirken? Meine Argumente sind ganz andrer Art, als je angewendet worden sind, — ich bin gar kein Mensch, ich bin Dynamit.

Hoffentlich trifft mein Brief Sie in muthiger und kriegsgewohnter Verfassung? —

* Man könnte den Titel vereinfachen: *Götzen-Hammer*

Now just from me as something extremely radical Twilight of the Idols. Or: how to philosophized with a hammer* I will send it to you -- may you introduce a piece of this in England. It is anti-German and anti-Christian par excellence -- so it should not greatly affect the English? My arguments are entirely different kind, than have ever been used -- I'm not entirely a man, I am dynamite.

I hope my letter meets you in brave and usual war condition? –

*One could simplify the title: *Idols-Hammer*

Very devoted Nietzsche.

Translation Daniel Fidel Ferrer.

Part of the discussion of the Nietzsche's change in his book title is because he was against this work by composer Richard Wagner (1813-1883), called in German: *Götterdämmerung* 'Twilight of the Gods'; which is part of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. This was first played and performed: August 7, 1876. Nietzsche's final book title was: *Götzen-Dämmerung (Twilight of Idols).* Nietzsche working title was*: Müssiggang eines Psychologen.* In English*: The Idleness of a Psychologist* or *A Psychologist's Idleness [Leisure]*.

See: *Nietzsche's Last Notebooks 1888*. By Fredrick Nietzsche (1844-1900). Translation by Daniel Fidel Ferrer, June 2012. Notes: 1888 22 [6], 1888 22 [16], 1888 23 [14].

Appendix C. Select chronology of Nietzsche's life.

1844, October 15. Nietzsche is born in Röcken, Germany.

1888. Starts working on six different texts for publication. Nietzsche spent some time trying to get these texts (books) translated into other language to be published at the same time. These translations did not happen.

1888. Winter in Nizza, spring in Turin, summer in Sils Maria, fall in Turin.

Twilight of the Idols or How to Philosophize with a Hammer; the German title: *Götzen-Dämmerung, oder, Wie man mit dem Hammer philosophiert* written in 1888 from August 26th and ending on September 3rd, 1888. This is while he lived in Sils-Maria, Upper Engadine, Switzerland, (elevation 5915 feet). Nietzsche sent the text to his publisher, C. G. Neumann, on September 9, 1888.

"The foreword was on done on 3rd September 1888: I in morning, according to the transcript, stepped outside, I found the most beautiful day in front of me, the Upper Engadine ever shown me - transparent, glowing in the colors, all the contradictions, all the midst of ice and south is closing."

1888, September 3-30. *Der Antichrist* in English the title could be translated as *The Anti-Christian* or *The Antichrist* or *The Anti-Christ*, later subtitle: *Curse on Christianity*. Written in September 3 to 30, 1888; but first published in November of 1894. As mentioned in this Forward to *Twilight of the Idols*, as first book of the revaluation of all values came to an end. Namely, *Der Antichrist.* Dated September 30, 1888.

"Only on 20 September, I left Sils-Maria, floods detained last by far the only guest of this wonderful place, and the gratitude will bring the gift of an immortal name. After a trip full of incidents, even with danger to life in the flooded Como, which I reached until late at night, I arrived on the afternoon of 21 in Turin, proved my place, my residence from now on."

"On 30 September great victory; completion of the revaluation; idleness of a God along river Po. On the same day I wrote the foreword to: "*Twilight of the Idols*", which was print sheets [proofs] to my recovery was in September."

1888, October 15. Nietzsche started *Ecce Home* on his 44th birthday.

1888, November 4. Finished *Ecce homo* manuscript. (updated on December 6, 1888 and other changes made in January 1889. Some of these changes may have been lost forever).

1888, November 25. Nietzsche saw the first printed copies of *Twilight of the Idols.*

1888. December 10 and 11. Letters to friends (Ferdinand Avenarius, Paul Deussen, and Carl Fuchs; letters 1185, 1186, and 1187) and he asks them if his book is in their hand ("Ist mein neues Buch „Götzen-Dämmerung" in Ihren Händen?").

1889, January 3. Nietzsche's mental collapse in Turin. Last letter written January 6, 1889. At that time, he stops all writing forever; but in fact, Nietzsche lives for another 10 years.

1889, January 24. *Götzen-Dämmerung, oder, Wie man mit dem Hammer philosophiert* published. Publisher. Verlag von C. G. Neumann. 1889. Place: Leipzig, Germany. Most likely Nietzsche was unaware of this event.

1892. The first public edition of the Fourth Part of *Thus Spoke Zarathustra: a Book for Everyone and No One* which was written during the winter in Nizza and Mentone. Publication of *Dionysus Dithyrambs.*

1895. *Der Antichrist* and *Nietzsche contra Wagner: Documents of a Psychologist* published after being written or assembled during the year 1888.

1900, August 25. Nietzsche dies in Weimar.

1908. *Ecce Homo: How One Becomes What One Is* (German: *Ecce homo: Wie man wird, was man ist*), written 1888 and published in limited edition in April, 1908 (by Insel-Verlag); and finally, in much larger printing, published: Leipzig: C. G. Naumann, 1911).

1911. *Ecce Homo* published in large printing.

END

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THE WILL TO POWER

Translated by
Walter Kaufmann and R. J. Hollingdale

Edited by Walter Kaufmann

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and

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Edited, with Commentary,

by

WALTER KAUFMANN

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Neither the table of contents nor the headings in the text are Nietzsche's; both were introduced by the German editors to create the impression of a major systematic work. They are retained here with minor modifications to assist those who want to locate notes discussing particular problems.

See also the comprehensive index, made especially for this edition.

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CHRONOLOGY OF NIETZSCHE'S WORKS xxxi

FACSIMILES *from Nietzsche's manuscript*

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A Note on This Edition

For the present volume I enlisted as a collaborator R. J. Hollingdale, author of *Nietzsche: The Man and His Philosophy* (University of Louisiana Press, 1965). I made a new translation of Book I, and he furnished new translations of Books II, III, and IV, which I subsequently corrected and revised very extensively, after comparing them with the original German, sentence for sentence. I am also responsible for the notes and the editorial apparatus—indeed, for the volume as a whole.

W. K.

Editor's Introduction

1

THE WILL TO POWER is a very famous and interesting book, but its stature and its reputation are two very different things. Indeed, the nature and contents of the book are as little known as its title is familiar. In a way this is odd because the book has been so widely cited and discussed; but in the history of ideas one finds perpetually that Hegel was right when he said in the preface to his first book: "What is well-known is not necessarily known merely because it is well-known."

Two false views of *The Will to Power* have had their day, in turn. The first was propagated by Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche, the philosopher's sister, when she first published the book after his death: for a long time, it was widely held to represent Nietzsche's crowning systematic achievement, to which one had to turn for his final views. Alfred Bäumler began his postscript to the handy one-volume edition of the work (Kröner's *Taschenausgabe,*[1] vol. 78, 1930): "*The Will to Power* is Nietzsche's philosophical *magnum opus.* All the fundamental results of his thinking are brought together in this book. The aversion of its author against systematizers must not deter us from calling this work a system." Philosophically, Bäumler was a nobody, but the editions of Nietzsche's works for which he wrote his postscripts were the most convenient and least expensive and read very widely. Being a Nazi, Bäumler was called to Berlin as professor of philosophy after Hitler came to power. His ideas about Nietzsche were accepted not only by large numbers of Germans but also by many of Nietzsche's detractors outside Germany. Ernest Newman, for example, admits in the fourth volume of his *Life of Richard Wagner* (1946) that his account of Nietzsche relies heavily on Bäumler's "masterly epitome of Nietzsche's thinking, *Nietzsche, Der Philosoph und Politiker*"[2] (p. 335).

After World War II this view of *The Will to Power* was discredited along with the Nazis; and in the process the book itself was discredited, too. The gist of the new view was that *The Will to Power* is not worth reading at all. The man who has done more for this new myth than anyone else is Karl Schlechta, whose edition of Nietzsche's works in three thin-paper volumes (*Werke in drei Bänden,* 1954-1956) created something of an international sensation—particularly the third volume with its odd handling of *The Will to Power* and its lengthy "Philological Postscript." A passage from the postscript makes clear what is at stake: "*The Will to Power* contains nothing new, nothing that could surprise anyone who knows everything N published or intended to publish" (p. 1,403).

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[1] Literally, Kröner's pocket edition: an inexpensive hard-cover series of books of scholarly interest.

[2] "The Philosopher and Politician [*sic*]," published in 1931.

This is as untenable as Bäumler's view: the book contains a good deal that has no close parallel in the works Nietzsche finished; for example, but by no means only, much of the material on nihilism in Book I, some of the epistemological reflections in Book III, and the attempts at proofs of the doctrine of the eternal recurrence of the same events—and scores of brilliant formulations. But Schlechta's express view matters much less than what he *did* to *The Will to Power;* and matters are further complicated by the fact that what he did and what he said he did are two different things.

He did away with the systematic arrangement of the older editions and with the title *The Will to Power* and offered the material in his third volume under the heading "*Aus dem Nachlass der Achtzigerjahre,*" that is, "From the unpublished manuscript material of the eighties." And he claimed that his arrangement was faithful to the manuscripts and chronological (*manuskriptgetreu-chronologisch,* p. 1,393), although in fact it is neither.

This question cannot be avoided here because it would be unscholarly and perverse to reproduce the old systematic arrangement in this translation if a far superior arrangement of the material had been made available in 1956. But Schlechta's arrangement is utterly pointless, and indeed explicable only as an over-reaction against the Bäumler view: it represents an attempt to render *The Will to Power* all but unreadable.

Suppose, first of all, Schlechta's arrangement did follow the manuscripts faithfully; even then it could not claim to be chronological. For as Schlechta himself notes in passing in his postscript (p. 1,396), Nietzsche had the habit of using over and over old notebooks that had not yet been completely filled, and of writing in them now from the front toward the back, now from the back toward the front; and sometimes he filled right-hand pages only, at other times left-hand pages only. And Erich Podach claims in *Ein Blick in Notizbücher Nietzsche's* ("A Glance into Nietzsche's Notebooks," 1963) that "Nietzsche as a rule used his notebooks from back to front" (p. 8). Plainly, an arrangement that was really faithful to the manuscripts would not be an arrangement at all, but simply chaotic—and almost literally unreadable.

Moreover, Podach shows in the same book (pp. 202-206) that Schlechta did not always follow the manuscripts (see my notes on sections 2 and 124 below). Nor did Schlechta merely fail to consult the manuscripts, using the printed text of the standard edition instead; he did not even make a point of consulting the twenty-odd pages of notes at the end of the 1911 edition where scores of departures from the manuscripts are registered.

Even if it is granted that by taking these departures into account the present translation is philologically preferable to Schlechta's edition, it may seem odd that the old systematic arrangement has been followed here once again. There are two reasons for this. *First,* for all its faults, this arrangement has the virtue of making it easy for the reader to locate passages and to read straight through a lot of notes dealing with art or religion or the theory of knowledge. Provided one realizes that one is perusing notes and not a carefully wrought systematic work, the advantages of such an arrangement outweigh the disadvantages. But would it not have been possible to improve the systematic arrangement? This brings us to the *second* reason for following the old editions: there is something drastically wrong with scholarly translations that are not based on, do not correspond to, and cannot be easily checked against any original. This translation should be useful to scholars and critics, philosophers and historians, professors and students; it should be possible to cite it and also to find in it passages cited by others; and it should be easy to compare the text with readily available German editions.

2

The question still remains to be answered: what *is* the nature of this strange work? The answer is plain: it offers a selection from Nietzsche's notebooks of the years 1883 through 1888. These notes were not intended for publication in this form, and the arrangement and the numbering are not Nietzsche's. Altogether, this book is not comparable to the works Nietzsche finished and polished, and we do him a disservice if we fudge the distinction between these hasty notes and his often gemlike aphorisms. Superficially they may look alike, and the numbering contributes to this appearance, but in both style and content the difference is considerable.

To remind the reader of the difference, the approximate date of composition is furnished in brackets after the number of each note, and every attempt has been made to preserve the stylistic character of the original. The temptation to complete sentences, spruce up the punctuation, and turn jottings into attractive epigrams has been resisted with a will.[3] And in my notes I have called attention to passages in Nietzsche's late books in which some of these notes have been put to use—sometimes almost literally, but often with an interesting and perhaps unexpected twist. And in some notes I offer cross references to other passages in which Nietzsche takes a different tack.

A generation ago, many readers might have felt that if this book did not offer Nietzsche's final system, it could surely be ignored. But now that people have become used to reading the notebooks of Gide, Kafka, and Camus, for example, without taking them for anything but what they are, there is no need to downgrade Nietzsche's notes because they are mere notes. Of course, the reason he did not use some of them in his later works, although he could have included a lot of them quite easily in a chapter of aphorisms in *Twilight of the Idols,* was that many of them did not altogether satisfy him. Whether he used or did not use them, these notes obviously do not represent his final views: in his last active year, 1888, he completed five books; during the immediately preceding two years, another two. So we clearly need not turn to his notes to find what he really thought in the end. But it is fascinating to look, as it were, into the workshop of a great thinker; and Nietzsche's notes need not fear comparison with the notes of other great writers. On the contrary.

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[3] Nietzsche often employs three or four periods as a punctuation mark to indicate that a train of thought is not concluded. Since this device is so regularly employed in English to indicate omissions, dashes (two if there are a lot of periods) have been substituted in this translation to avoid misunderstanding. And not all of Nietzsche's eccentricities have been retained; e.g., his frequent use of dashes before other punctuation marks. Also, I have sometimes started new paragraphs where the German editors run on.

3

The history of the text can be given briefly. Nietzsche himself had contemplated a book under the title *The Will to Power.* His notebooks contain a great many drafts for title pages for this and other projected works, and some of the drafts for this book suggest as a subtitle: *Attempt at a Revaluation of All Values.* Later on Nietzsche considered writing a book of a somewhat different nature (less aphoristic, more continuous) under the title *Revaluation of all Values,* and for a time he conceived of *The Antichrist,* written in the fall of 1888, as the first of the four books comprising the *Revaluation of All Values.*

In 1901, the year after Nietzsche's death, his sister published her first version of *The Will to Power* in volume 15 of her edition of his collected works, arranging 483 notes under topical headings. In 1904 she included 200 pages of additional notes "from *The Will to Power*" in the last volume of her biography of Nietzsche, to help its sales. And in 1906 another edition of the collected works offered a new version of *The Will to Power* in two volumes: the new material was mixed in with the old, and the total number of notes now came to 1,067. In the so-called Grossoktav edition of Nietzsche's *Werke* the same 1,067 notes appear in volumes 15 and 16, and volume 16 (1911) also features an appendix which contains "uncertain aphorisms and variants," numbered 1,068 through 1,079; "plans, dispositions, drafts" (pp. 413-67); a postscript (pp. 471-80); a list furnishing the numbers of the notebooks in which each of the notes and drafts was found; and notes indicating small departures from the manuscripts. I have made abundant use of these notes in the pages that follow, sometimes citing the volume in which they are found as "1911."[4] For these notes were not reprinted in the otherwise superior Musarion edition of Nietzsche's *Werke,* in which *The Will to Power* comprises volumes 18 and 19. The other material found in 1911 is offered in that edition, too, except that the list of the notebooks is superseded by a list giving the approximate date of composition of each of the 1,067 notes. The dates given in the following pages in brackets, immediately after the number of each note, are taken from that list.

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[4] Where departures from the MSS are indicated in the editorial notes in the following pages and no authority is cited, the information is derived from 1911.

The handiest edition of the work is probably the one-volume edition in Kröner's *Taschen* edition, volume 78, published in 1930 with Alfred Bäumler's postscript (discussed above). Kröner has seen fit to reprint these Nietzsche editions, complete with Bäumler's postscripts. On close examination, however, it appears that some changes have been made in Bäumler's remarks about *The Will to Power,* although this is not indicated anywhere. This edition contains none of the scholarly apparatus.

In 1940 Friedrich Würzbach published his own rearrangement of the notes of *The Will to Power,* under the title "The Legacy of Friedrich Nietzsche: Attempt at a new interpretation of all that happens and a revaluation of all values, from the unpublished manuscript material and arranged in accordance with Nietzsche's intentions."[5] The claim that these notes rather than the books Nietzsche finished represent his legacy is as untenable as the boast that this—or any—arrangement can claim the sanction of Nietzsche's own intentions. The bulk of Würzbach's material was taken from *The Will to Power,* but he also included some other notes (all of them previously published in the Grossoktav edition and the Musarion edition), and he amalgamated notes of all periods, from 1870 to 1888. On pages 683-97 he furnished the dates, but he nowhere indicated the numbers of the notes in the standard edition of *The Will to Power.* This edition was translated into French but has won no acceptance in Germany or among scholars elsewhere.

What needs to be said about the standard arrangement followed in the present translation I said in my *Nietzsche* in 1950: "To arrange the material, Frau Förster-Nietzsche chose a four-line draft left by her brother, and distributed the notes under its four headings. Nietzsche himself had discarded this draft, and there are a dozen later ones, about twenty-five in all; but none of these were briefer than this one which listed only the titles of the four projected parts and thus gave the editor the greatest possible freedom. (It was also the only draft which suggested "Zucht und Züchtung" as the title of Part IV, and Frau Förster-Nietzsche may have been charmed by these words, although her brother, as we shall see, did not consider 'breeding' a function of race.) His own attempt to distribute some of his notes among the four parts of a later and more detailed plan was ignored, as was the fact that Nietzsche had abandoned the entire project of *The Will to Power* in 1888. . . . Moreover, the *Antichrist*, however provocative, represents a more single-minded and sustained inquiry than any of Nietzsche's other books and thus suggests that the major work of which it constitutes Part I [or at least was for a while intended to form Part I] was not meant to consist of that maze of incoherent, if extremely interesting, observations which have since been represented as his crowning achievement. While he intended to use some of this material, he evidently meant to mold it into a coherent and continuous whole; and the manner in which he utilized his notes in his other finished books makes it clear that many notes would have been given an entirely new and unexpected meaning.

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[5] *Das Vermächtnis Friedrich Nietzsches: Versuch einer neuen Auslegung alles Geschehens und einer Umwertung aller Werte, aus dem Nachlass und nach den Intentionen Nietzsche's geordnet,* Verlag Anton Pustet, Salzburg and Leipzig 1940.

"The publication of *The Will to Power* as Nietzsche's final and systematic work blurred the distinction between his works and his notes and created the false impression that the aphorisms in his books are of a kind with these disjointed jottings. Ever since, *The Will to Power*, rather than the *Götzen-Dämmerung* [*Twilight of the Idols*], *Antichrist*, and *Ecce Homo*, has been searched for Nietzsche's final position; and those who find it strangely incoherent are led to conclude that the same must be true *a fortiori* of his *parva opera*.

"The two most common forms of the Nietzsche legend can thus be traced back to his sister. In the manner just indicated, she unwittingly laid the foundation for the myth that Nietzsche's thought is hopelessly incoherent, ambiguous, and self-contradictory; and by bringing to her interpretation of her brother's work the heritage of her late husband [a prominent anti-Semite whose ideology Nietzsche had excoriated on many occasions], she prepared the way for the belief that Nietzsche was a proto-Nazi" (Prologue, section I).

Four years later, in 1954, when I published *The Portable Nietzsche* and presented four complete works as well as selections from Nietzsche's other books, notes, and letters, all arranged in chronological order, I included a few notes from *The Will to Power* under such headings as "NOTES (1887)" with footnotes reading: "Published as part of *The Will to Power* by Nietzsche's executors."

Schlechta's edition of 1956 thus did not require me to change my mind about *The Will to Power*. But it may seem odd that in the light of my own estimate of *The Will to Power* I should have decided to publish a translation. The explanation is simple.

Nietzsche's late works had to be made available first of all. Toward that end I made entirely new translations of *Thus Spoke Zarathustra, Twilight of the Idols, The Antichrist,* and *Nietzsche contra Wagner* (all included in *The Portable Nietzsche*), and more recently of *Beyond Good and Evil* (with commentary, 1966), *The Birth of Tragedy* and *The Case of Wagner* (with commentary, 1967), and *Ecce Homo* (1967). And I collaborated on a new translation of the *Genealogy of Morals* (1967). Beginning with *Zarathustra,* then, all of Nietzsche's later works will be available in new translations. At that point *The Will to Power* should be made accessible, too, for those who cannot read these notes in the original German.

To be sure, there is an old translation, done by Anthony M. Ludovici for *The Complete Works of Friedrich Nietzsche,* edited by Dr. Oscar Levy. Originally published in 1914, the two volumes of *The Will to Power* were "revised afresh by their translator" for the edition of 1924, and reprinted without further revision in 1964. Dr. Levy was probably quite right when in a prefatory note he called Ludovici "the most gifted and conscientious of my collaborators," but unfortunately this does not mean that Ludovici's translations are roughly reliable. Even in the revised version, the heading of section 12, for example, refers to "Cosmopolitan Values" instead of "Cosmological Values." Let us say that Ludovici was not a philosopher, and let it go at that. It would be pointless to multiply editorial notes in order to catalogue his mistranslations. But as long as we shall never mention him in the notes, one other example may be permissible. Section 86 begins: "Your Henrik Ibsen has become very clear to me." Evidently confusing *deutlich* (clear) and *deutsch,* Ludovici renders this: "In my opinion, Henrik Ibsen has become very German."

4

On the surface, Nietzsche seems easy to read, at least by comparison with other philosophers. In fact, however, his style poses unusual difficulties, and anyone who has taken the trouble to compare most of the existing translations with the originals must realize how easy it is to miss Nietzsche's meaning, not merely occasionally but in section upon section. The reasons are not difficult to find.

Nietzsche loved brevity to the point of ellipsis and often attached exceptional weight to the nuances of the words he did put down. Without an ear for the subtlest connotations of his brilliant, sparkling German, one is bound to misunderstand him. Nietzsche is Germany's greatest prose stylist, and his language is a delight at every turn like a poet's—more than that of all but the very greatest poets.

At the same time Nietzsche deals with intricate philosophical questions, especially but not only in *The Will to Power,* and whoever lacks either a feeling for poetry or some knowledge of these problems and their terminology is sure to come to grief in trying to fathom Nietzsche, sentence for sentence, as a translator must.

Yet Nietzsche's writings have an appeal that those of most other philosophers—and of *all* other German philosophers—lack. People turn to him for striking epigrams and brilliant formulations; they remember phrases out of context; indeed, he is more often than not read out of context—casually, carelessly, as if the details did not matter. If one turns to translations—whether the old ones of *The Complete Works* or the more recent paperback versions that flaunt their modernity—one usually falls victim to translators who have read him that way.

In addition to all this, Nietzsche writes as a "good European" (his coinage), alluding freely to Greek and Roman, French, Italian, and German literature and history, and he uses foreign phrases when they have nuances that might easily be lost in German. If we simply rendered all such phrases into English, not only subtle shades of meaning would be lost but—infinitely more important—something of this European flavor. If we simply left them all in the original, most students would be stumped by them; hence I have offered English translations in footnotes, with apologies to those who do not need them. Occasionally, no English equivalents are offered because the meaning seems so obvious, usually because the words are almost the same in English.

Similarly, some of the men referred to are identified in notes. In all such matters compromises seem unavoidable: to identify all would be insufferable, to identify none would leave even some scholars baffled, and no mean could answer every student's needs without at the same time striking some others as superfluous.

Precisely the same consideration applies to all other notes.

Listing all parallel passages at every point would swell the editorial notes beyond all reason: after all, there are many indices to Nietzsche's collected works (three different ones by Richard Oehler—for the Grossoktav edition, the Musarion edition, and Kröner's *Taschen* edition—and one by Karl Schlechta for his edition, as well as one in English for *The Collected Works*[6]), and my recent translations furnish indices for individual works. Moreover, cross references and indices always do harm as well as good, especially in Nietzsche's case: there is no substitute for reading his main works straight through, giving attention to the movement of his thought and to the context in which various things are said. But if no passages were cited in which Nietzsche put to use the notes his sister published posthumously in *The Will to Power,* the following pages would be as misleading as all previous editions, English and German.

As it is, this translation offers a great deal of information not to be found in any German edition, though it owes a great deal to the editorial apparatus of the Grossoktav edition and a little to that of the Musarion edition. It should facilitate a better understanding of Nietzsche, of the nineteenth century, and perhaps also of some of the problems with which he dealt—and therefore of the twentieth century, too.

5

Even in this introduction Nietzsche should have the last word. So I shall conclude by citing one of his drafts for a preface —*not* included in any previous edition of *The Will to Power,* but found in the Musarion edition of the works (volume XIV, pp. 373 *f.*):

Fall of 1885

THE WILL TO POWER

> A book for *thinking,* nothing else: it belongs to those for whom thinking is a *delight,* nothing else—
>
> That it is written in German is untimely, to say the least: I wish I had written it in French so that it might not appear to be a confirmation of the aspirations of the German *Reich.*

---

[6] All five are incomplete even as far as names are concerned and omit some of the most crucial passages in which terms that *are* listed appear.

The Germans of today are no thinkers any longer: something else delights and impresses them.

The will to power as a principle might be intelligible to them.

It is precisely among the Germans today that people think less than anywhere else. But who knows? In two generations one will no longer require the sacrifice involved in any nationalistic squandering of power and in becoming stupid.

(Formerly I wished I had not written my *Zarathustra* in German.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

When Jason Epstein talked me into doing more Nietzsche translations, and I talked him into doing *The Will to Power*, I did not foresee that this volume would present even a fraction of the difficulties that it did raise. At one point I abandoned the project altogether, but Jason Epstein was ever patient and kind, and Berenice Hoffman's innumerable editorial queries were more than patient and, like Jason Epstein's persistence, never annoying. To say that they were helpful would be an understatement. No translator or author could ask for more cooperation from his editors.

Further, I am indebted to Professor Dr. Hahn at the Goethe- and Schiller-Archiv, Nationale Forschungs- und Gedenkstätten der klassischen deutschen Literatur in Weimar, East Germany, for sending me the reproductions of Nietzsche manuscripts that appear at the front of this volume, and for granting me permission to publish them. These pictures have not been published previously and contain passages that have never before appeared in print in any language.

W. K.

On the Editions of
THE WILL TO POWER

THE FIRST EDITION appeared in 1901 in volume XV of Nietzsche's *Werke* (in the so-called Grossoktav edition). The title page read

NACHGELASSENE WERKE.

Der Wille zur Macht.
Versuch einer Umwerthung aller Werthe.
(*Studien und Fragmente.*)

Von
Friedrich Nietzsche.

Leipzig
Druck und Verlag von C. G. Naumann
1901.

In English: "Works Not Published by Nietzsche. The Will to Power. Attempt at a Revaluation of All Values. (Studies and Fragments.) By Friedrich Nietzsche." The facing left page was headed "Nietzsche's Werke" and subtitled "Zweite Abtheilung. Band XV. (Siebenter Band der zweiten Abtheilung.)" The first eight volumes, comprising the first section of the works, contained Nietzsche's books; the second section, of which this was the seventh volume, offered his *Nachlass*.

The editors were Peter Gast, Ernst Horneffer, and August Horneffer. On the last page of her preface, Nietzsche's sister wrote: "But I emphasize expressly that I myself am not the editor of this volume but at most a collaborator in the most modest sense of that word. The only circumstance that permits me to write this preface is that the collected edition of my brother's works is published at my behest, and hence the heaviest part of the responsibility, with all its cares and fights, has been resting on my shoulders for many years now. This 15th volume is to be considered as the culmination of the perennial, troublesome, conscientious labors of the editors: Peter Gast, Ernst and August Horneffer . . ." 483 sections (490 pages) plus 23 pages of Nietzsche's plans, and another 23 pages of editorial notes. The editors did not have time to do the job as they themselves felt it ought to be done, because Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche, as head of the Nietzsche-Archive, insisted that the volume be published in a hurry. There were recriminations between her and the brothers Horneffer, and they left the Archive.

The second edition of 1906, in the so-called Taschen edition of the *Werke* (for the different editions of the works in German see the bibliography at the end of my translation of *The Birth of Tragedy* and *The Case of Wagner* in one volume, Vintage Books, New York 1967), followed roughly the same plan as the first edition but comprised 1,067 sections. Peter Gast checked all the material against Nietzsche's manuscripts, which he is said to have been able to decipher better than anyone else, and he seems to have had a fairly free hand in Books I and III.

The reprint of 1911 (in vols. XV and XVI of the revised edition of the Grossoktav edition) follows the text of 1906, but Dr. Otto Weiss contributed an appendix of invaluable scholarly notes on the manuscripts.

In the so-called Musarion edition (23 vols., 1920-29), published by the Musarion Verlag in Munich, the text of 1906 and 1911, which had been published by Kröner in Leipzig, is reprinted in vols. XVIII and XIX, but the apparatus differs in two important respects from the edition of 1911: on the basis of the information given by Dr. Weiss on p. 480 *ff*, a table is included that furnishes the approximate date of composition for every one of the 1,067 sections; and the editorial notes listing departures from the manuscripts are omitted. Indeed, these notes are found only in the edition of 1911, and the list of dates appears only in the Musarion edition. These two editions are therefore the most scholarly and helpful, that of 1911 being by far the best.

No subsequent edition has made any important scholarly contribution. The editions of Bäumler, Würzbach, and Schlechta are discussed in the Editor's Introduction to the present edition, and the editorial notes contain many examples showing how Schlechta's edition is *less* faithful to the manuscripts than the edition of 1911, notwithstanding his explicit claims which have been widely taken on credit on both sides of the Atlantic.

Finally, it may be noted that Bäumler's first edition of *Der Wille zur Macht,* in volume 78 of Kröners Taschen edition (1930) presented the work as one of Nietzsche's books: the title page mentions no editors. In the reprint in *Sämtliche Werke in zwölf Bänden,* 12 vols., Kröner, Stuttgart 1964-65, the text follows volume 78 with the same pagination, but the title page adds "Ausgewählt und geordnet von Peter Gast unter Mitwirkung von Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche" (selected and arranged by Peter Gast with the aid of Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche); and in a postscript (pp. 711-15) to his editorial afterword (pp. 699-711—a slightly revised version of the earlier afterword, though neither the publisher nor Bäumler calls attention to the fact that some changes have been made) Alfred Bäumler deals briefly with Karl Schlechta's and Erich Podach's criticisms of the editing of Nietzsche's *Nachlass.*

Chronology of Nietzsche's Works

A much more comprehensive bibliography is included in my translation of *The Birth of Tragedy* and *The Case of Wagner,* New York, Vintage Books, 1967.

Selections from the aphoristic books (1878-82) are included in *The Portable Nietzsche,* New York, The Viking Press, 1954, and in my edition of *The Genealogy of Morals* and *Ecce Homo,* New York, Vintage Books, 1967.

THE BIRTH OF TRAGEDY 1872

Slightly revised 2nd edition, 1878; in 1886 a new preface was added to the remaining copies of both editions. Translation with commentary by Walter Kaufmann, 1967.

UNTIMELY MEDITATIONS
David Strauss 1873
On the Use and Disadvantage of History 1873
Schopenhauer as Educator 1874
Richard Wagner in Bayreuth 1876

HUMAN, ALL-TOO-HUMAN 1878
Mixed Opinions and Maxims (1st sequel) 1879
The Wanderer and His Shadow (2nd sequel) 1880
Second editions, with new prefaces, 1886.

THE DAWN 1881
Second edition, with a new preface, 1887.

THE GAY SCIENCE 1882
Second edition, with substantial additions, 1887.

THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA 1883-1892

Parts I and II published separately in 1883, Part III in 1884, forty copies of Part IV printed in 1885 (but only seven distributed among friends); first public ed. of Part IV, dated 1891 and published in 1892. Translation with commentary by Walter Kaufmann, 1954 (originally in *The Portable Nietzsche*).

BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL 1886
Translation with commentary by Walter Kaufmann, 1966.

ON THE GENEALOGY OF MORALS 1887
Translation with commentary by Walter Kaufmann and R. J. Hollingdale, 1967.

THE CASE OF WAGNER
Translation with commentary by Walter Kaufmann, 1967.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE IDOLS (*written 1888*) 1889
Translation with preface and notes by Walter Kaufmann, 1954 (in *The Portable Nietzsche*).

THE ANTICHRIST (*written 1888*) 1895
Translation with preface and notes by Walter Kaufmann, 1954 (in *The Portable Nietzsche*).

ECCE HOMO (*written 1888*) 1908
Translation with commentary by Walter Kaufmann, 1967.

NIETZSCHE CONTRA WAGNER (*written 1888*) 1895
Translation with notes by Walter Kaufmann, 1954.
(in *The Portable Nietzsche*).

THE WILL TO POWER (*Notes written 1883-1888*) 1901
Revised edition, containing twice as much material, 1906, reprinted with considerable scholarly apparatus in 1911. Translated by Walter Kaufmann and R. J. Hollingdale, edited with notes by Walter Kaufmann, 1967.

(80)

daß man den M. der Macht zu einer [illegible] nicht gibt

daß man ihre [illegible] eine [illegible] ([illegible] die M. [illegible] M. als [illegible] ..)

daß man den Gegensätze [illegible] der [illegible], [illegible] hat, daß sie [illegible] haben.

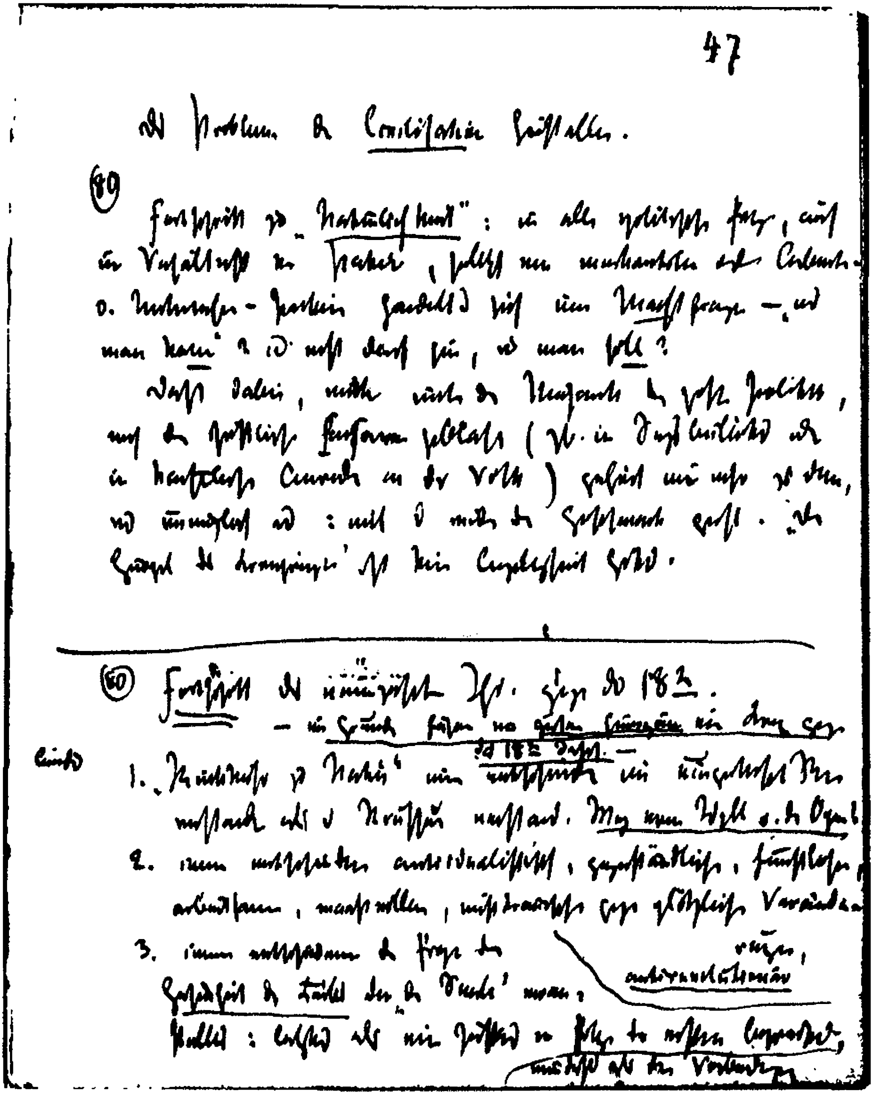
daß man die Gesellschafts-[illegible] [illegible] die Natur [illegible] (Welt, [illegible], [illegible], [illegible], Leben etc.

— die [illegible] der [illegible], welche [illegible] nicht [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] ihr [illegible] [illegible] haben: [illegible] sie [illegible] [illegible] u. [illegible] der [illegible], [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] zu [illegible]. (80a)

Zur Genealogie des Christenthums [illegible] macht [illegible]

— [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] u. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

(79) Man kann in einer [illegible] Welt den Verbrecher nennen, was [illegible] unter dem Fluch u. der Verachtung der Gesellschaft, [illegible] ~~[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]~~ Verbrechen, u. [illegible] [illegible] u. [illegible], daß alle großen M. Verbrecher waren, nur im großen Stile, u. nicht im erbärmlichen; daß das Verbrechen zur Größe gehört (— so nämlich [illegible] [illegible] die [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] die am tiefsten in große Menschen [illegible] [illegible]) die „Vogelfreiheit“ vor den Gesetzen, der Gewohnheit, der Sittlichkeit — jeder große M. kennt dieses Gefühl [illegible] er will sie auch: er will das große Ziel u. damit auch dessen Mittel-



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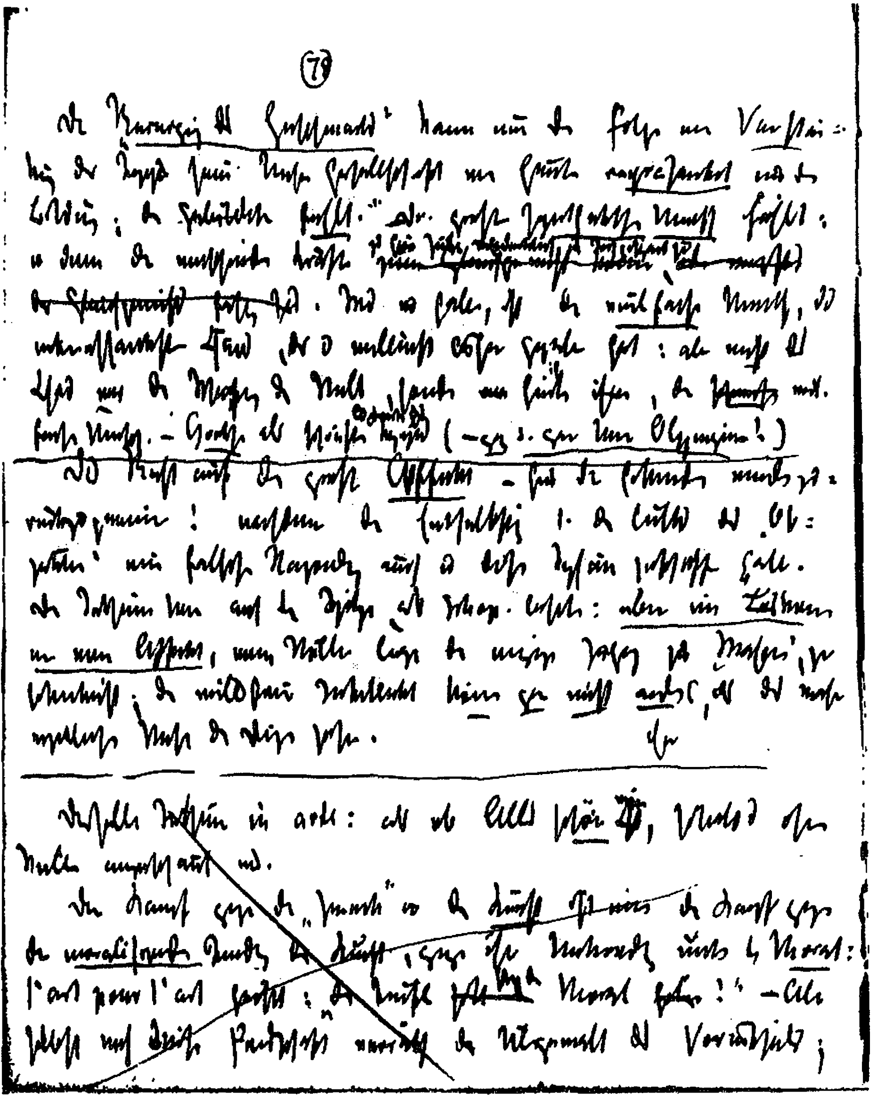
(79)

(80)

1.

2.

3.



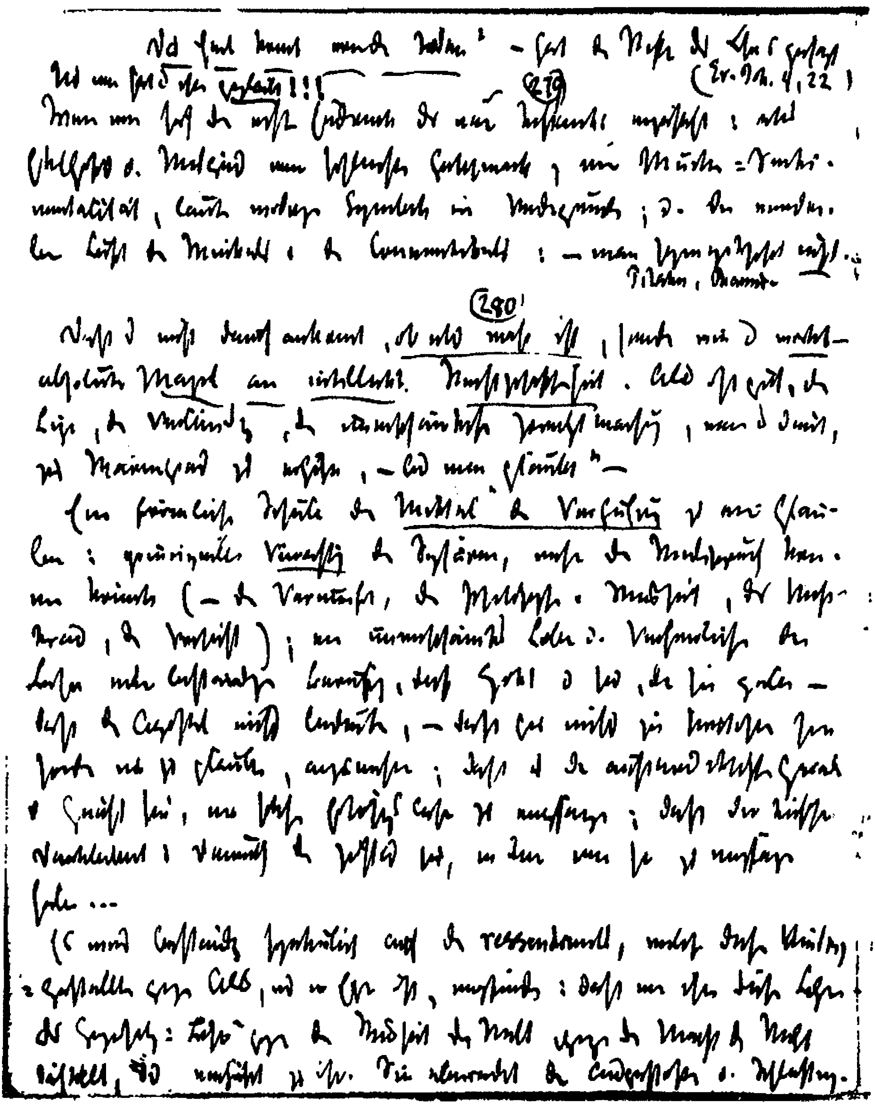
(78)

Die Verwirrung des „Geschmacks" kann nur die Folge einer Verschiebung der Typen sein: unsere Gesellschaft von heute repräsentirt nur die Bildung; der Gebildete fehlt. Der große synthetische Mensch fehlt: in dem die verschiedenen Kräfte [illegible] ~~[illegible]~~ ~~der Staatsmann~~ [illegible]. Was wir haben, ist der vielfache Mensch, das interessanteste Chaos, das es vielleicht bisher gegeben hat: aber nicht das Chaos vor der Schöpfung der Welt, sondern am Ende ihrer, der vielfache Mensch. — Goethe als schönster Ausdruck des Typus (— ganz und gar kein Olympier!)

Die Kritik auf die großen Affekte — hat die schwachen Menschen [illegible] ! nachdem die [illegible] [illegible] des „Objekten" ein falsches [illegible] auf [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Die Intention war auf den Dichter als [illegible]: aber ein Zeitraum in einem Affekt, einem Willen liegt die [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] kein Ja nicht mehr, als [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Dieselbe Intention in arte: als ob alles schön [illegible], Verlust ohne Wahl [illegible] [illegible].

Der Kampf gegen den „Zweck" in der Kunst ~~ist immer~~ der Kampf gegen die moralisirende Tendenz in der Kunst, gegen ihre Unterordnung unter die Moral: l'art pour l'art heißt: „der Teufel hole die Moral!" — Aber selbst noch diese Feindschaft verräth die Übergewalt des Vorurtheils;



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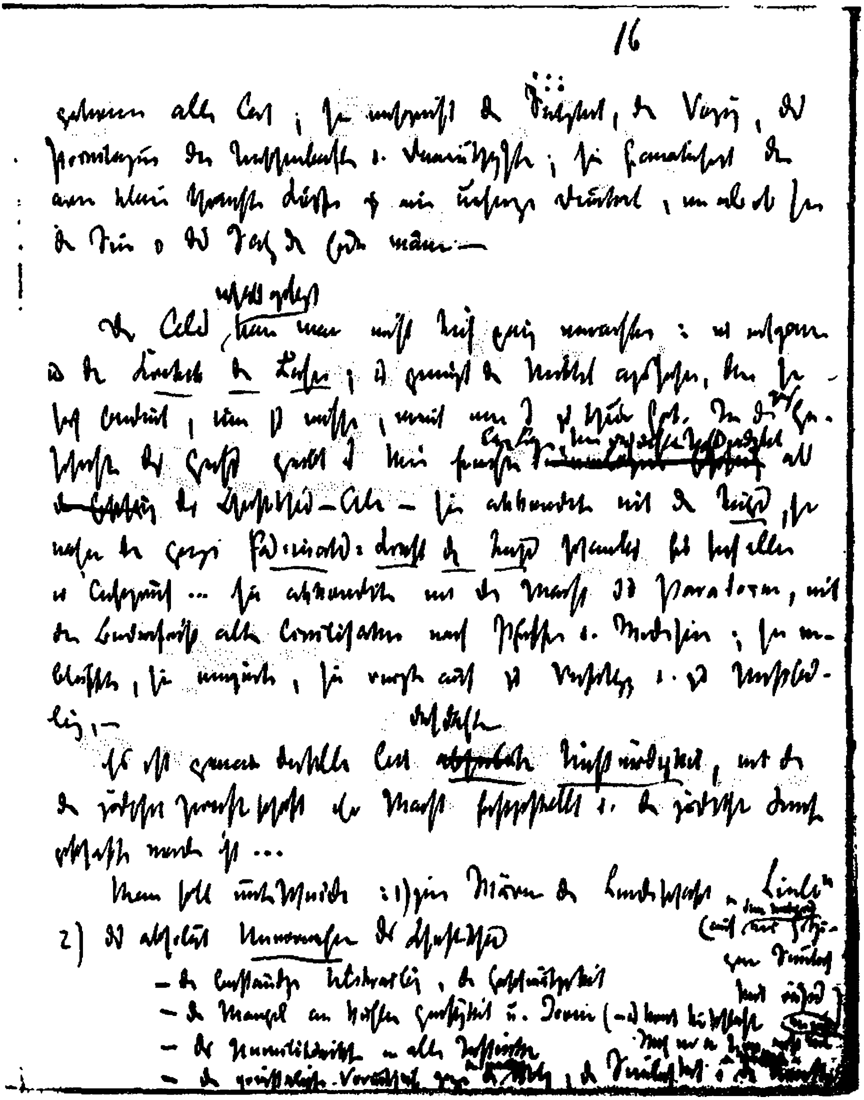

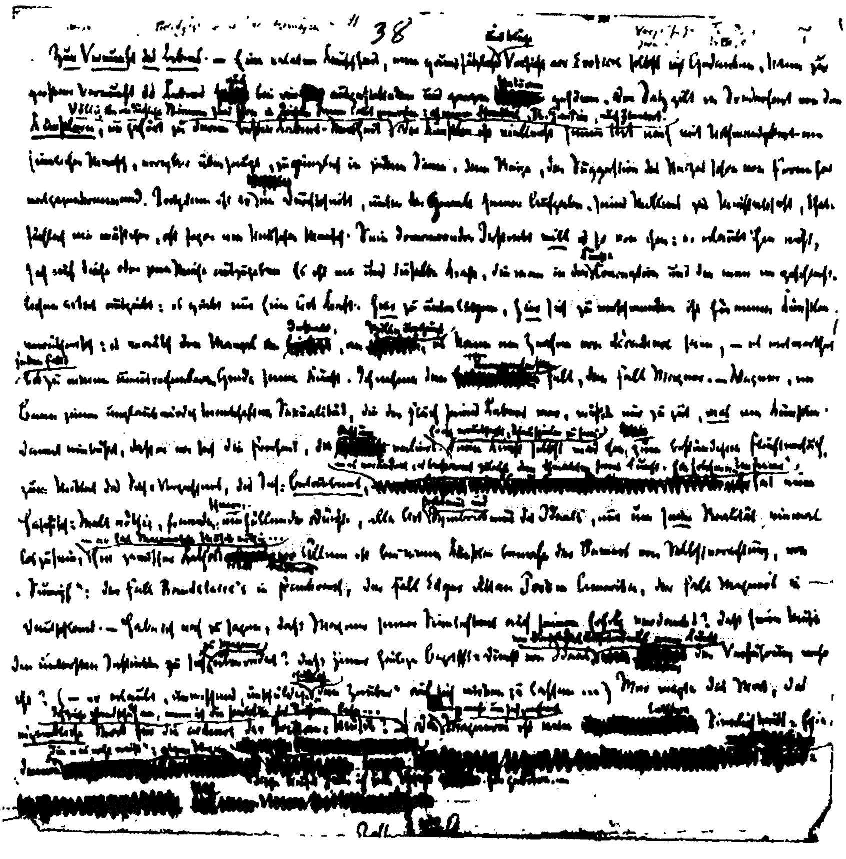

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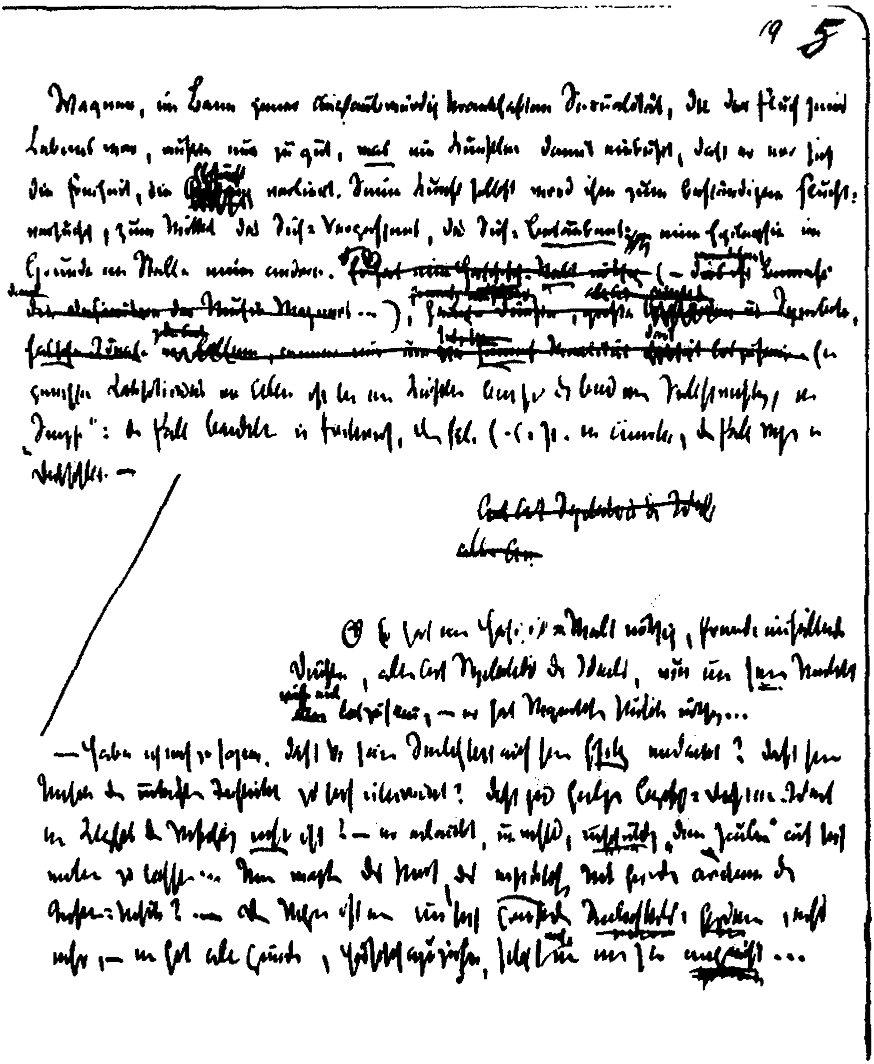

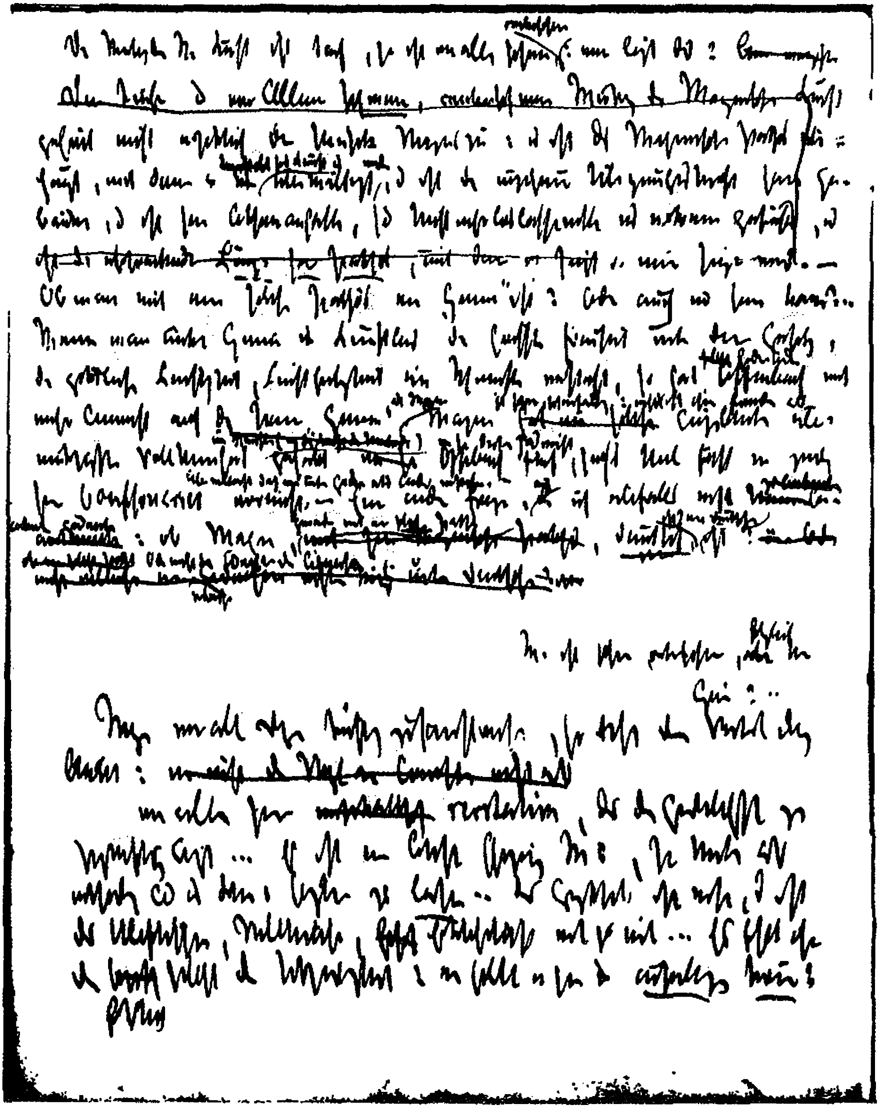

VIII

PREFACE
(Nov. 1887-March 1888)

1

Of what is great one must either be silent or speak with greatness. With greatness—that means cynically and with innocence.

2

What I relate is the history of the next two centuries. I describe what is coming, what can no longer come differently: *the advent of nihilism.* This history can be related even now; for necessity itself is at work here. This future speaks even now in a hundred signs, this destiny announces itself everywhere; for this music of the future all ears are cocked even now. For some time now, our whole European culture has been moving as toward a catastrophe, with a tortured tension that is growing from decade to decade: restlessly, violently, headlong, like a river that wants to reach the end, that no longer reflects, that is afraid to reflect.

3

He that speaks here, conversely, has done nothing so far but reflect: a philosopher and solitary by instinct, who has found his advantage in standing aside and outside, in patience, in procrastination, in staying behind; as a spirit of daring and experiment that has already lost its way once in every labyrinth of the future; as a soothsayer-bird spirit who *looks back* when relating what will come; as the first perfect nihilist of Europe who, however, has even now lived through the whole of nihilism, to the end, leaving it behind, outside himself.

4

For one should make no mistake about the meaning of the title that this gospel of the future wants to bear. *"The Will to Power*: Attempt at a Revaluation of All Values"—in this formulation a countermovement finds expression, regarding both principle and task; a movement that in some future will take the place of this perfect nihilism—but presupposes it, logically and psychologically, and certainly can come only after and out of it. For why has the advent of nihilism become *necessary*? Because the values we have had hitherto thus draw their final consequence; because nihilism represents the ultimate logical conclusion of our great values and ideals—because we must experience nihilism before we can find out what value these "values" really had.— We require, sometime, *new values*.

BOOK ONE

EUROPEAN NIHILISM

1 (*1885-1886*)
Toward an Outline

1. Nihilism stands at the door: whence comes this uncanniest of all guests? Point of departure: it is an error to consider "social distress" or "physiological degeneration" or, worse, corruption, as the *cause* of nihilism. Ours is the most decent and compassionate age. Distress, whether of the soul, body, or intellect, cannot of itself give birth to nihilism (i.e., the radical repudiation of value, meaning, and desirability). Such distress always permits a variety of interpretations. Rather: it is in one particular interpretation, the Christian-moral one, that nihilism is rooted.

2. The end of Christianity—at the hands of its own morality (which cannot be replaced), which turns against the Christian God (the sense of truthfulness, developed highly by Christianity, is nauseated by the falseness and mendaciousness of all Christian interpretations of the world and of history; rebound from "God is truth" to the fanatical faith "All is false"; Buddhism of *action*—).

3. Skepticism regarding morality is what is decisive. The end of the moral interpretation of the world, which no longer has any sanction after it has tried to escape into some beyond, leads to nihilism. "Everything lacks meaning" (the untenability of one interpretation of the world, upon which a tremendous amount of energy has been lavished, awakens the suspicion that *all* interpretations of the world are false). Buddhistic tendency, yearning for Nothing. (Indian Buddhism is *not* the culmination of a thoroughly moralistic development; its nihilism is therefore full of morality that is not overcome: existence as punishment, existence construed as error, error thus as a punishment—a moral valuation.) Philosophical attempts to overcome the "moral God" (Hegel, pantheism). Overcoming popular ideals: the sage; the saint; the poet. The antagonism of "true" and "beautiful" and "good"—

4. Against "meaninglessness" on the one hand, against moral value judgments on the other: to what extent has all science and philosophy so far been influenced by moral judgments? and won't this net us the hostility of science? Or an antiscientific mentality? Critique of Spinozism. Residues of Christian value judgments are found everywhere in socialistic and positivistic systems. A *critique of Christian morality* is still lacking.

5. The nihilistic consequences of contemporary natural science (together with its attempts to escape into some beyond). The industry of its pursuit eventually leads to self-disintegration, opposition, an antiscientific mentality. Since Copernicus man has been rolling from the center toward *X*.*

6. The nihilistic consequences of the ways of thinking in politics and economics, where all "principles" are practically histrionic: the air of mediocrity, wretchedness, dishonesty, etc. Nationalism. Anarchism, etc. Punishment. The *redeeming* class and human being are lacking—the justifiers—

7. The nihilistic consequences of historiography and of the "*practical* historians," i.e., the romantics. The position of art: its position in the modern world absolutely lacking in originality. Its decline into gloom. Goethe's allegedly Olympian stance.

8. Art and the preparation of nihilism: romanticism (the conclusion of Wagner's *Nibelungen*).

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* Cf. *Genealogy of Morals*, third essay, section 25.

I. NIHILISM

2 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)[1]

What does nihilism mean? *That the highest values devaluate themselves.* The aim is lacking; "why?" finds no answer.

3 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)[2]

Radical nihilism is the conviction of an absolute untenability of existence when it comes to the highest values one recognizes; plus the realization that we lack the least right to posit a beyond or an in-itself of things that might be "divine" or morality incarnate.

This realization is a consequence of the cultivation of "truthfulness"—thus itself a consequence of the faith in morality.

4 (*June 10, 1887*)[3]

What were the advantages of the Christian moral hypothesis?

1. It granted man an absolute value, as opposed to his smallness and accidental occurrence in the flux of becoming and passing away.

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[1] According to Erich Podach, notes 2, 13, 22, and 23 form a single note in Nietzsche's notebooks—not in that order. The note begins:

"*Nihilism as a normal condition.* Nihilism: the aim is lacking; 'why?' finds no answer. What does nihilism mean? *That the highest values devaluate themselves.*

"It is *ambiguous*:

"A. Nihilism as a sign of increased power of the spirit: active nihilism.

"It can be a sign of strength: . . ."

(See Podach *Ein Blick in Notizbücher Nietzsches,* Heidelberg, Wolfgang Rothe, 1963, pp. 205 *f.* In Schlechta's edition the note appears in four parts, in the same sequence as in the standard editions: 2, 13, 22, and 23. For further discussion of Podach and Schlechta see Kaufmann, "Nietzsche in the Light of his Suppressed Manuscripts," in *Journal of the History of Philosophy,* October 1964 (II.2), pp. 205-225.

[2] In Nietzsche's manuscript this note is marked "For the Plan" (*Zum Plane*). See *Werke,* Grossoktav edition, XVI (1911), p. 497. In subsequent references this volume is cited as "1911."

[3] In the manuscript this note is number 1 under the heading "*European Nihilism.* Lenzer Heide [Heath of Lenz], June 10, 1887"; and it is followed by note 5, which Nietzsche superscribed 2; note 114, which he numbered 3; and note 55, whose thirteen sections Nietzsche numbered 4 through 16. See 1911, p. 497.

2. It served the advocates of God insofar as it conceded to the world, in spite of suffering and evil, the character of perfection—including "freedom": evil appeared full of meaning.

3. It posited that man had a *knowledge* of absolute values and thus *adequate knowledge* precisely regarding what is most important.

4. It prevented man from despising himself as man, from taking sides against life; from despairing of knowledge: it was a *means of preservation.*

In sum: morality was the great *antidote* against practical and theoretical *nihilism.*

5 (*June 10, 1887*)[4]

But among the forces cultivated by morality was *truthfulness*: this eventually turned against morality, discovered its teleology, its partial perspective—and now the recognition of this inveterate mendaciousness that one despairs of shedding becomes a stimulant. Now we discover in ourselves needs implanted by centuries of moral interpretation—needs that now appear to us as needs for untruth; on the other hand, the value for which we endure life seems to hinge on these needs. This antagonism—*not* to esteem what we know, and not to be *allowed* any longer to esteem the lies we should like to tell ourselves—results in a process of dissolution.

6 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

This is the *antinomy*:

Insofar as we believe in morality we pass sentence on existence.

7 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The supreme values in whose service man *should* live, especially when they were very hard on him and exacted a high price—these *social values* were erected over man to strengthen their voice, as if they were commands of God, as "reality," as the "true" world, as a hope and *future* world. Now that the shabby origin of these values is becoming clear, the universe seems to have lost value, seems "meaningless"—but that is only a *transitional stage.*

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[4] See footnote to section 4 above.

8 (*1883-1888*)

The nihilistic consequence (the belief in valuelessness) as a consequence of moral valuation: *everything egoistic has come to disgust us* (even though we realize the impossibility of the unegoistic); *what is necessary has come to disgust us* (even though we realize the impossibility of any *liberum arbitrium*[5] or "intelligible freedom"). We see that we cannot reach the sphere in which we have placed our values; but this does not by any means confer any value on that other sphere in which we live: on the contrary, we are *weary* because we have lost the main stimulus. "In vain so far!"

9 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Pessimism as a preliminary form of nihilism.

10 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Pessimism as strength—in what? in the energy of its logic, as anarchism and nihilism, as analytic.

Pessimism as decline—in what? as growing effeteness, as a sort of cosmopolitan fingering, as *"tout comprendre"*[6] and historicism.

The critical tension: the extremes appear and become predominant.

11 (*Spring-Fall 1887, rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

The logic of pessimism down to ultimate nihilism: what is at work in it? The idea of valuelessness, meaninglessness: to what extent moral valuations hide behind all other high values.

Conclusion: *Moral value judgments are ways of passing sentence, negations; morality is a way of turning one's back on the will to existence.*

Problem: *But what is morality*?

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[5] Free will.

[6] Understanding everything.

12 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)
Decline of Cosmological Values

(A)

Nihilism as a psychological state will have to be reached, *first,* when we have sought a "meaning" in all events that is not there: so the seeker eventually becomes discouraged. Nihilism, then, is the recognition of the long *waste* of strength, the agony of the "in vain," insecurity, the lack of any opportunity to recover and to regain composure—being ashamed in front of oneself, as if one had *deceived* oneself all too long.— This meaning could have been: the "fulfillment" of some highest ethical canon in all events, the moral world order; or the growth of love and harmony in the intercourse of beings; or the gradual approximation of a state of universal happiness; or even the development toward a state of universal annihilation—any goal at least constitutes some meaning. What all these notions have in common is that something is to be *achieved* through the process—and now one realizes that becoming aims at *nothing* and achieves *nothing.*— Thus, disappointment regarding an alleged aim of becoming as a cause of nihilism: whether regarding a specific aim or, universalized, the realization that all previous hypotheses about aims that concern the whole "evolution" are inadequate (man no longer the collaborator, let alone the center, of becoming).

Nihilism as a psychological state is reached, *secondly,* when one has posited a totality, a systematization, indeed any organization in all events, and underneath all events, and a soul that longs to admire and revere has wallowed in the idea of some supreme form of domination and administration (—if the soul be that of a logician, complete consistency and real dialectic are quite sufficient to reconcile it to everything). Some sort of unity, some form of "monism": this faith suffices to give man a deep feeling of standing in the context of, and being dependent on, some whole that is infinitely superior to him, and he sees himself as a mode of the deity.— "The well-being of the universal demands the devotion of the individual"—but behold, there is no such universal! At bottom, man has lost the faith in his own value when no infinitely valuable whole works through him; i.e., he conceived such a whole in order *to be able to believe in his own value.*

Nihilism as psychological state has yet a *third* and *last* form.

Given these two insights, that becoming has no goal and that underneath all becoming there is no grand unity in which the individual could immerse himself completely as in an element of supreme value, an escape remains: to pass sentence on this whole world of becoming as a deception and to invent a world beyond it, a *true* world. But as soon as man finds out how that world is fabricated solely from psychological needs, and how he has absolutely no right to it, the last form of nihilism comes into being: it includes disbelief in any metaphysical world and forbids itself any belief in a *true* world.[7] Having reached this standpoint, one grants the reality of becoming as the *only* reality, forbids oneself every kind of clandestine access to afterworlds and false divinities —but *cannot endure this world though one does not want to deny it.*

What has happened, at bottom? The feeling of valuelessness was reached with the realization that the overall character of existence may not be interpreted by means of the concept of "aim," the concept of "unity," or the concept of "truth." Existence has no goal or end; any comprehensive unity in the plurality of events is lacking: the character of existence is not "true," is *false.* One simply lacks any reason for convincing oneself that there is a *true* world. Briefly: the categories "aim," "unity," "being" which we used to project some value into the world—we *pull out* again; so the world looks *valueless.*

(B)

Suppose we realize how the world may no longer be interpreted in terms of these three categories, and that the world begins to become valueless for us after this insight: then we have to ask about the sources of our faith in these three categories. Let us try if it is not possible to give up our faith in them. Once we have devaluated these three categories, the demonstration that they cannot be applied to the universe is no longer any reason for devaluating the universe.

Conclusion: The faith in the categories of reason is the cause of nihilism. We have measured the value of the world according to categories *that refer to a purely fictitious world.*

Final conclusion: All the values by means of which we have tried so far to render the world estimable for ourselves and which then proved inapplicable and therefore devaluated the world—all these values are, psychologically considered, the results of certain perspectives of utility, designed to maintain and increase human constructs of domination—and they have been falsely *projected* into the essence of things. What we find here is still the *hyperbolic naiveté* of man: positing himself as the meaning and measure of the value of things.

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[7] Cf. *Twilight of the Idols,* Chapters III and IV (*Portable Nietzsche,* pp. 482-86).

13 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)[8]

Nihilism represents a pathological transitional stage (what is pathological is the tremendous generalization, the inference that there is no meaning at all): whether the productive forces are not yet strong enough, or whether decadence still hesitates and has not yet invented its remedies.

Presupposition of this hypothesis: that there is no truth, that there is no absolute nature of things nor a "thing-in-itself." This, too, is merely nihilism—even the most extreme nihilism. It places the value of things precisely in the lack of any reality corresponding to these values and in their being merely a symptom of strength on the part of the value-positers, a simplification for the sake of life.

14 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Values and their changes are related to increases in the power of those positing the values.

The measure of *unbelief,* of permitted "freedom of the spirit" as *an expression of an increase in power.*

"Nihilism" an ideal of the highest degree of powerfulness of the spirit, the over-richest life—partly destructive, partly ironic.

15 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

What is a *belief*? How does it originate? Every belief is a considering-something-true.

The most extreme form of nihilism would be the view that *every* belief, every considering-something-true, is necessarily false because there simply is no *true world.* Thus: a *perspectival ap-*

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[8] See the footnote for section 2 above.

pearance whose origin lies in us (in so far as we continually *need* a narrower, abbreviated, simplified world).

—That it is the measure of strength to what extent we can admit to ourselves, without perishing, the merely *apparent* character, the necessity of lies.

To this extent, nihilism, as the denial of a truthful world, of being, might be *a divine way of thinking.*

16 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

If we are "disappointed," it is at least not regarding life: rather we are now facing up to all kinds of "desiderata." With scornful wrath we contemplate what are called "ideals"; we despise ourselves only because there are moments when we cannot subdue that absurd impulse that is called "idealism." The influence of too much coddling is stronger than the wrath of the disappointed.

17 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. 1888*)

To what extent Schopenhauer's nihilism still follows from the same ideal that created Christian theism.— One felt so certain about the highest desiderata, the highest values, the highest perfection that the philosophers assumed this as an absolute certainty, as if it were a priori: "God" at the apex as a *given truth.* "To become as God," "to be absorbed into God"—for thousands of years these were the most naive and convincing desiderata (but what convinces is not necessarily true—it is merely convincing: a note for asses).

One has unlearned the habit of conceding to this posited ideal the reality of a person; one has become atheistic. But has the ideal itself been renounced?— At bottom, the last metaphysicians still seek in it true "reality," the "thing-in-itself" compared to which everything else is merely apparent. It is their dogma that our apparent world, being so plainly *not* the expression of this ideal, cannot be "true"—and that, at bottom, it does not even lead us back to that metaphysical world as its cause. The unconditional, representing that highest perfection, cannot possibly be the ground of all that is conditional. Schopenhauer wanted it otherwise and therefore had to conceive of this metaphysical ground as the opposite of the ideal—as "evil, blind will": that way it could be that "which appears," that which reveals itself in the world of appearances. But even so he did not renounce the absoluteness of the ideal—he sneaked by.—

(Kant considered the hypothesis of "intelligible freedom" necessary in order to acquit the *ens perfectum*[9] of responsibility for the world's being such-and-such—in short, to account for evil and ills: a scandalous bit of logic for a philosopher.—)

18 (*1883-1888*)

The most universal sign of the modern age: man has lost *dignity* in his own eyes to an incredible extent. For a long time the center and tragic hero of existence in general; then at least intent on proving himself closely related to the decisive and essentially valuable side of existence—like all metaphysicians who wish to cling to the *dignity of man,* with their faith that moral values are cardinal values. Those who have abandoned God cling that much more firmly to the faith in morality.[10]

19 (*1883-1888*)

Every purely moral value system (that of Buddhism, for example) ends in nihilism: this to be expected in Europe. One still hopes to get along with a moralism without religious background: but that necessarily leads to nihilism.— In religion the constraint is lacking to consider *ourselves* as value-positing.

20 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The nihilistic question "for what?" is rooted in the old habit of supposing that the goal must be put up, given, demanded *from outside*—by some *superhuman authority.* Having unlearned faith in that, one still follows the old habit and seeks *another* authority that can *speak unconditionally* and *command* goals and tasks. The authority of *conscience* now steps up front (the more emancipated one is from theology, the more imperativistic morality becomes) to compensate for the loss of a *personal* authority. Or the authority of *reason.* Or the *social instinct* (the herd). Or *history* with an immanent spirit and a goal within, so one can entrust oneself to it. One wants to get around the will, the willing of a goal, the risk of positing a goal *for oneself*; one wants to rid oneself of the responsibility (one would accept fatalism). Finally, *happiness*—and, with a touch of Tartuffe, the *happiness of the greatest number.*

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[9] Perfect being.

[10] Cf. *Twilight,* Chapter IX, section 5 (*Portable Nietzsche,* p. 515): "*G. Eliot.* They are rid of the Christian God and now believe all the more firmly that they must cling to Christian morality. That is an English consistency; we do not wish to hold it against little moralistic females à la Eliot. . . ."

One says to oneself:

1. a definite goal is not necessary at all,
2. cannot possibly be anticipated.

Just now when the greatest strength of will would be necessary, it is weakest and least confident. Absolute mistrust regarding the organizing strength of the will for the whole.[11]

21 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. 1888*)

The perfect nihilist.— The nihilist's eye idealizes in the direction of ugliness and is unfaithful to his memories: it allows them to drop, lose their leaves; it does not guard them against the corpselike pallor that weakness pours out over what is distant and gone. And what he does not do for himself, he also does not do for the whole past of mankind: he lets it drop.

22 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)[12]

Nihilism. It is *ambiguous*:

A. Nihilism as a sign of increased power of the spirit: as *active* nihilism.

B. Nihilism as decline and recession of the power of the spirit: as *passive* nihilism.

23 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)[13]

Nihilism as a *normal* condition.

It can be a sign of strength: the spirit may have grown so strong that previous goals ("convictions," articles of faith) have become incommensurate (for a faith generally expresses the constraint of conditions of existence, submission to the authority of circumstances under which one flourishes, grows, gains power). Or a sign of the lack of strength to posit for oneself, productively, a goal, a why, a faith.

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[11] In the margin: "Individual goals and their conflict; collective goals versus individual ones. *Everybody merely a partisan,* including the philosophers." See 1911, p. 497.

[12] See footnote to section 2, above.

[13] See footnote to section 2, above.

It reaches its maximum of relative strength as a violent force of destruction—as active nihilism.

Its opposite: the weary nihilism that no longer attacks; its most famous form, Buddhism; a passive nihilism, a sign of weakness. The strength of the spirit may be worn out, exhausted, so that previous goals and values have become incommensurate and no longer are believed; so that the synthesis of values and goals (on which every strong culture rests) dissolves and the individual values war against each other: disintegration—and whatever refreshes, heals, calms, numbs emerges into the foreground in various disguises, religious or moral, or political, or aesthetic, etc.

24 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Nihilism does not only contemplate the "in vain!" nor is it merely the belief that everything deserves to perish: one helps to destroy.— This is, if you will, illogical; but the nihilist does not believe that one needs to be logical.— It is the condition of strong spirits and wills, and these do not find it possible to stop with the No of "judgment": their nature demands the No of the deed. The reduction to nothing by judgment is seconded by the reduction to nothing by hand.

25 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

On the genesis of the nihilist.— It is only late that one musters the courage for what one really knows.[14] That I have hitherto been a thorough-going nihilist, I have admitted to myself only recently: the energy and radicalism with which I advanced as a nihilist deceived me about this basic fact. When one moves toward a goal it seems impossible that "goal-lessness as such" is the principle of our faith.

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[14] This note was used in the second aphorism of *Twilight of the Idols*: "Even the most courageous among us only rarely has the courage for that which he really knows."

26 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The pessimism of active energy: the question "for what?" after a terrible struggle, even victory. That something is a hundred times more important than the question of whether we feel well or not: basic instinct of all strong natures—and consequently also whether others feel well or not. In sum, that we have a goal for which one does not hesitate to offer human sacrifices, to risk every danger, to take upon oneself whatever is bad and worst: the *great passion.*

27 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Causes of nihilism: 1. The higher species is lacking, i.e., those whose inexhaustible fertility and power keep up the faith in man. (One should recall what one owes to Napoleon: almost all of the higher hopes of this century.)

2. The lower species ("herd," "mass," "society") unlearns modesty and blows up its needs into cosmic and metaphysical values. In this way the whole of existence is vulgarized: in so far as the mass is dominant it bullies the exceptions, so they lose their faith in themselves and become nihilists.

All attempts to think up higher types failed ("romanticism"; the artist, the philosopher; against Carlyle's attempt to ascribe to them the highest moral values).

The resistance to higher types as a result.

Decline and insecurity of all higher types. The fight against the genius ("folk poetry," etc.). Pity for the lowly and suffering as a measure for the height of a soul.

The philosopher is lacking who interprets the deed and does not merely transpose it.

28 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Main proposition. How *complete nihilism* is the necessary consequence of the ideals entertained hitherto.[15]

Incomplete nihilism; its forms: we live in the midst of it.

Attempts to escape nihilism without revaluating our values so far: they produce the opposite, make the problem more acute.

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[15] See 1911, p. 498. This paragraph has been omitted in all editions.

29 (*1883-1888*)

The ways of self-narcotization.—[16] Deep down: not knowing whither. *Emptiness.* Attempt to get over it by intoxication: intoxication as music; intoxication as cruelty in the tragic enjoyment of the destruction of the noblest; intoxication as blind enthusiasm for single human beings or ages (as hatred, etc.).— Attempt to work blindly as an instrument of science: opening one's eyes to the many small enjoyments; e.g., also in the quest of knowledge (modesty toward oneself); resignation to generalizing about oneself, a pathos; mysticism, the voluptuous enjoyment of eternal emptiness; art "for its own sake" (*"le fait"*) and "pure knowledge" as narcotic states of disgust with oneself; some kind or other of continual work, or of some stupid little fanaticism; a medley of all means, sickness owing to general immoderation (debauchery kills enjoyment).

1. Weakness of the will as a result.
2. Extreme pride and the humiliation of petty weakness *felt* in contrast.

30 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888; rev. 1888*)

The time has come when we have to pay for having been Christians for two thousand years: we are losing the center of gravity by virtue of which we lived; we are lost for a while. Abruptly we plunge into the opposite valuations, with all the energy that such an extreme overvaluation of man has generated in man.

Now everything is false through and through, mere "words" chaotic, weak, or extravagant:

a. one attempts a kind of this-worldly solution, but in th same sense—that of the eventual triumph of truth, love, an justice (socialism: "equality of the person");

b. one also tries to hold on to the moral ideal (with the pre-eminence of what is un-egoistic, self-denial, negation of the will);

c. one tries to hold on even to the "beyond"—even if only as some antilogical "*x*"—but one immediately interprets it in such a way that some sort of old-fashioned metaphysical comfort can be derived from it;

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[16] This heading was supplied by Peter Gast. (See my note "On the Editions of *The Will to Power*.")

d. one tries to find in events an old-fashioned divine governance—an order of things that rewards, punishes, educates, and betters;

e. one still believes in good and evil and experiences the triumph of the good and the annihilation of evil as a task (that is English; typical case: the flathead John Stuart Mill);

f. contempt for what is "natural," for desire, for the ego: attempt to understand even the highest spirituality and art as the consequence of depersonalization and as *désintéressement*;

g. the church is still permitted to obtrude into all important experiences and main points of individual life to hallow them and give them a higher meaning: we still have the "Christian state," "Christian marriage"—[17]

31 (*1884*)

There have been more thoughtful and thought-addicted ages than ours: ages, e.g., like that in which the Buddha appeared, when after centuries of quarrels among sects the people themselves were as deeply lost in the ravines of philosophic doctrines as European nations were at times in the subtleties of religious dogmas. Surely, one should not let "literature" and the press seduce us to think well of the "spirit" of our time: the existence of millions of spiritists and a Christianity that goes in for gymnastics of that gruesome ugliness that characterizes all English inventions are more instructive.

European pessimism is still in its early stages—bears witness against itself: it still lacks that tremendous, yearning rigidity of expression in which the Nothing is reflected, once found in India; it is still far too contrived and too little "organic"—too much a pessimism of scholars and poets: I mean, much of it is excogitated and invented, is "created" and not a "cause."

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[17] According to 1911, p. 498, the manuscript contains an alternative draft for the end of the first paragraph, as follows:

"with the same amount of energy with which we used to be Christians —with which the absurd exaggeration of the Christian. . . ."

This sentence breaks off, but a few other phrases follow:

"(1) the 'immortal soul'; the eternal value of the 'person'— (2) the solution, the judgment the evaluation in the 'beyond'— (3) moral values as the supreme values, the 'salvation of the soul' as one's cardinal interest— (4) 'sin,' 'earthly,' 'flesh,' 'appetites' stigmatized as 'world.' "

32 (*Summer-Fall 1888*)

Critique of pessimism to date.— Resistance to eudaemonistic considerations as the last reduction to the question: what does it *mean*? The reduction of growing gloom.—

Our pessimism: the world does not have the value we thought it had. Our faith itself has so increased our desire for knowledge that today we have to say this. Initial result: it seems worth less; that is how it is experienced initially. It is only in this sense that we are pessimists; i.e., in our determination to admit this revaluation to ourselves without any reservation, and to stop telling ourselves tales—lies—the old way.

That is precisely how we find the pathos that impels us to seek *new values*. In sum: the world might be far more valuable than we used to believe; we must see through the naiveté of our ideals, and while we thought that we accorded it the highest interpretation, we may not even have given our human existence a moderately fair value.

What has been *deified*? The value instincts in the community (that which made possible its continued existence).

What has been *slandered*? That which *set apart* the higher men from the lower, the desires that create clefts.

33 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Causes of the advent of pessimism:

1. that the most powerful desires of life that have the most future have hitherto been slandered, so a curse weighs on life;

2. that the growing courage and integrity and the bolder mistrust that now characterize man comprehend that these instincts are inseparable from life, and one therefore turns against life;

3. that only the most mediocre, who have no feeling at all for this conflict, flourish while the higher kind miscarries and, as a product of degeneration, invites antipathy—that the mediocre, on the other hand, when they pose as the goal and meaning, arouse indignation (that nobody is able any more to answer any "for what?");

4. that diminution, sensitivity to pain, restlessness, haste, and hustling grow continually—that it becomes easier and easier to recognize this whole commotion, this so-called "civilization,"

and that the individual, faced with this tremendous machinery, loses courage and submits.

34 (*1885-1886*)

Modern pessimism is an expression of the uselessness of the *modern* world—not of the world of existence.

35 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The "predominance of suffering over pleasure" or the opposite (*hedonism*): these two doctrines are already signposts to nihilism.

For in both of these cases no ultimate meaning is posited except the appearance of pleasure or displeasure.

But that is how a kind of man speaks that no longer dares to posit a will, a purpose, a meaning: for any healthier kind of man the value of life is certainly not measured by the standard of these trifles. And suffering might predominate, and in spite of that a powerful will might exist, a Yes to life, a need for this predominance.

"Life is not worthwhile"; "resignation"; "why the tears?"—a weakly and sentimental way of thinking. *"Un monstre gai vaut mieux qu'un sentimental ennuyeux."*[18]

36 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The philosophical nihilist is convinced that all that happens is meaningless and in vain; and that there ought not to be anything meaningless and in vain. But whence this: there ought not to be? From where does one get *this* "meaning," *this* standard?—At bottom, the nihilist thinks that the sight of such a bleak, useless existence makes a philosopher feel *dissatisfied,* bleak, desperate. Such an insight goes against our finer sensibility as philosophers. It amounts to the absurd valuation: to have any right to be, the character of existence *would have to give the philosopher pleasure.*—

Now it is easy to see that pleasure and displeasure can only be *means* in the course of events: the question remains whether we are at all able to see the "meaning," the "aim," whether the question of meaninglessness or its opposite is not insoluble for us.—

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[18] "A gay monster is worth more than a sentimental bore." Cf. section 91 below.

37 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The development of pessimism into nihilism.— Denaturalization of values. Scholasticism of values. Detached and idealistic, values, instead of dominating and guiding action, turn against action and condemn it.

Opposites replace natural degrees and ranks. Hatred against the order of rank. Opposites suit a plebeian age because easier to comprehend.

The repudiated world versus an artificially built "true, valuable" one.— Finally: one discovers of what material one has built the "true world": and now all one has left is the repudiated world, and one adds this supreme disappointment to the reasons why it deserves to be repudiated.

At this point nihilism is reached: all one has left are the values that pass judgment—nothing else.

Here the problem of strength and weakness originates:

1. The weak perish of it;
2. those who are stronger destroy what does not perish;
3. those who are strongest overcome the values that pass judgment.

In sum this constitutes the tragic age.

38 (*1883-1888*)

Recently much mischief has been done with an accidental and in every way unsuitable word: everywhere "pessimism" is discussed, and the question is debated whether pessmism or optimism is right, as if there must be answers to that.

One fails to see, although it could hardly be more obvious, that pessimism is not a problem but a symptom, that the name should be replaced by "nihilism," that the question whether not-to-be is better than to be is itself a disease, a sign of decline, an idiosyncrasy.

The nihilistic movement is merely the expression of physiological decadence.

39 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

To be comprehended: That every kind of decay and sickness has continually helped to form overall value judgments; that decadence has actually gained predominance in the value judgments that have become accepted; that we not only have to fight against the consequences of all present misery of degeneration, but that all *previous* decadence is still residual, i.e., survives. Such a total aberration of mankind from its basic instincts, such a total decadence of value judgments—that is the question mark par excellence, the real riddle that the animal "man" poses for the philosopher.

40 (*March-June 1888*)

The concept of decadence.— Waste, decay, elimination need not be condemned: they are necessary consequences of life, of the growth of life. The phenomenon of decadence is as necessary as any increase and advance of life: one is in no position to abolish it. Reason demands, on the contrary, that we do justice to it.

It is a disgrace for all socialist systematizers that they suppose there could be circumstances—social combinations—in which vice, disease, prostitution, distress would no longer grow.— But that means condemning life.— A society is not free to remain young. And even at the height of its strength it has to form refuse and waste materials. The more energetically and boldly it advances, the richer it will be in failures and deformities, the closer to decline.— Age is not abolished by means of institutions. Neither is disease. Nor vice.

41 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

Basic insight regarding the nature of decadence: *its supposed causes are its consequences.*

This changes the whole perspective of *moral problems.*

The whole moral struggle against vice, luxury, crime, even disease, appears a naiveté and superfluous: there is no "improvement" (against repentance).

Decadence itself is nothing *to be fought*: it is absolutely necessary and belongs to every age and every people. What should be fought vigorously is the contagion of the healthy parts of the organism.

Is this being done? The *opposite* is done. Precisely that is attempted in the name of *humanity.*

—How are the supreme values held so far, related to this basic biological question? Philosophy, religion, morality, art, etc.

(The cure: e.g., *militarism,* beginning with Napoleon who considered civilization his natural enemy.)[19]

42 (*March-June 1888*)

First principle:

The supposed causes of degeneration are its consequences.

But the supposed remedies of degeneration are also mere palliatives against some of its effects: the "cured" are merely one type of the degenerates.

Consequences of decadence: vice—the addiction to vice; sickness—sickliness; crime—criminality; celibacy—sterility; hystericism—weakness of the will; alcoholism; pessimism; anarchism; libertinism (also of the spirit). The slanderers, underminers, doubters, destroyers.

43 (*March-June 1888*)

On the concept of decadence.

1. Skepticism is a consequence of decadence, as is libertinism of the spirit.

2. The corruption of morals is a consequence of decadence (weakness of the will, need for strong stimuli).

3. Attempted cures, psychological and moral, do not change the course of decadence, do not arrest it, are physiologically *naught*:

Insight into the great nullity of these presumptuous "reactions"; they are forms of narcotization against certain terrible consequences; they do not eliminate the morbid element; often they are heroic attempts to annul the man of decadence and to realize the minimum of his harmfulness.

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[19] With sections 41-44 cf. *Twilight of the Idols,* "Morality as Anti-Nature" and "The Four Great Errors," the first being "The error of confusing cause and effect"; also sections 334 and 380 below.

4. Nihilism is no cause but merely the logical result of decadence.

5. The "good" and "bad" man are merely two types of decadence: in all basic phenomena they agree.

6. The social question is a consequence of decadence.

7. Sicknesses, especially those affecting nerves and head, are signs that the defensive strength of the strong natures is lacking; precisely this is suggested by irritability, so pleasure and displeasure become foreground problems.

44 (*Spring-Summer 1888*)[20]

Most general types of decadence:

1. Believing one chooses remedies, one chooses in fact that which hastens exhaustion; Christianity is an example (to name the greatest example of such an aberration of the instincts); "progress" is another instance.—

2. One loses one's power of resistance against stimuli—and comes to be at the mercy of accidents: one coarsens and enlarges one's experiences tremendously—"depersonalization," disintegration of the will; example: one whole type of morality, the altruistic one which talks much of pity—and is distinguished by the weakness of the personality, so that it is sounded, too, [21] and like an overstimulated string vibrates continually—an extreme irritability.—

3. One confuses cause and effect: one fails to understand decadence as a physiological condition and mistakes its consequences for the real cause of the indisposition; example: all of religious morality.—

4. One longs for a condition in which one no longer suffers: life is actually experienced as the ground of ills; one esteems unconscious states, without feeling, (sleep, fainting) as incomparably more valuable than conscious ones;[22] from this a method—

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[20] In the margin: "On the History of Nihilism."

[21] *"Sodass sie mitklingt"*: Cf. Rilke's famous *"Liebes-Lied"* (1907), reprinted with translation in Walter Kaufmann, *Twenty German Poets;* also, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra IV* (pity as Zarathustra's great temptation), in *Portable Nietzsche.*

[22] Cf. Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* and Novalis' *Hymnen an die Nacht* (also in *Twenty German Poets*).

45 (*March-June 1888*)

On the hygiene of the "weak."— Everything done in weakness fails. Moral: do nothing. Only there is the hitch that precisely the strength to suspend activity, *not* to react, is sickest of all under the influence of weakness: one never reacts more quickly and blindly than when one should not react at all.—

A strong nature manifests itself by waiting and postponing any reaction:[23] it is as much characterized by a certain *adiaphoria*[24] as weakness is by an involuntary countermovement and the suddenness and inevitability of "action."— The will is weak— and the prescription to avoid stupidities would be to have a strong will and to do *nothing.*— *Contradictio.*— A kind of self-destruction; the instinct of preservation is compromised.— The weak harm themselves.— That is the type of decadence.—

In fact, we find a tremendous amount of reflection about practices that would lead to impassability. The instinct is on the right track insofar as doing nothing is more expedient than doing something.—

All the practices of the orders, the solitary philosophers, the fakirs are inspired by the right value standard that a certain kind of man cannot benefit himself more than by preventing himself as much as possible from acting.—

Means of relief: absolute obedience, machinelike activity, avoidance of people and things that would demand instant decisions and actions.

46 (*March-June 1888*)

Weakness of the will: that is a metaphor that can prove misleading. For there is no will, and consequently neither a strong nor a weak will.[25] The multitude and disgregation of impulses and the lack of any systematic order among them result in a "weak will"; their coordination under a single predominant impulse results in a "strong will": in the first case it is the oscillation and the lack of gravity; in the latter, the precision and clarity of the direction.

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[23] Cf. *Twilight* (*Portable Nietzsche*), "Morality as Anti-Nature," section 2 (p. 487), "What the Germans Lack," section 6 (p. 511), and also "Skirmishes," section 10 (p. 519).

[24] Indifference.

[25] Contrast section 84.

47 (*March-June 1888*)

What is inherited is not the sickness but *sickliness*: the lack of strength to resist the danger of infections, etc., the broken resistance; *morally* speaking, resignation and meekness in face of the enemy.

I have asked myself if all the supreme values of previous philosophy, morality, and religion could not be compared to the values of the weakened, the *mentally ill,* and *neurasthenics*: in a milder form, they represent the same ills.—

It is the value of all morbid states that they show us under a magnifying glass certain states that are normal—but not easily visible when normal.—

Health and sickness are not essentially different, as the ancient physicians and some practitioners even today suppose. One must not make of them distinct principles or entities that fight over the living organism and turn it into their arena. That is silly nonsense and chatter that is no good any longer. In fact, there are only differences in degree between these two kinds of existence: the exaggeration, the disproportion, the nonharmony of the normal phenomena constitute the pathological state (Claude Bernard).

Just as *"evil"* can be considered as exaggeration, disharmony, disproportion, "*the good*" may be a *protective diet* against the danger of exaggeration, disharmony, and disproportion.

Hereditary weakness as the *dominant* feeling: cause of the supreme values.

N.B. One *wants* weakness: why? Usually because one is *necessarily* weak.

—*Weakness* as a *task*: weakening the desires, the feelings of pleasure and displeasure, the will to power, to a sense of pride, to want to have and have more; weakening as meekness; weakening as faith; weakening as aversion and shame in the face of everything natural, as negation of life, as sickness and habitual weakness—weakening as the renunciation of revenge, of resistance, of enmity and wrath.

The error in treatment: one does not want to fight weakness with a *système fortifiant,*[26] but rather with a kind of justification and *moralization*; i.e., with an *interpretation.*—

—Two totally different states confounded: e.g., the *calm of strength,* which is essentially forbearance from reaction (type of the gods whom nothing moves)—and the *calm of exhaustion,* rigidity to the point of anesthesia. All philosophic-ascetic procedures aim at the second, but really intend the former—for they attribute predicates to the attained state as if a divine state had been attained.

48 (*March-June 1888*)

The most dangerous misunderstanding.— One concept apparently permits no confusion or ambiguity: that of *exhaustion.* Exhaustion can be acquired or inherited—in any case it changes the aspect of things, the *value of things.*—

As opposed to those who, from the fullness they represent and feel, involuntarily *give* to things and see them fuller, more powerful, and pregnant with future—who at least are able to bestow something—the exhausted diminish and botch all they see—they impoverish the value: they are harmful.—

About this no mistake seems possible: yet history contains the gruesome fact that the exhausted have always been mistaken for the fullest—and the fullest for the most harmful.

Those poor in life, the weak, impoverish life; those rich in life, the strong, enrich it. The first are parasites of life; the second give presents to it.— How is it possible to confound these two?

When the exhausted appeared with the gesture of the highest activity and energy (when degeneration effected an excess of spiritual and nervous discharge), they were mistaken for the rich. They excited fear.— The cult of the *fool* is always the cult of those rich in life, the powerful. The fanatic, the possessed, the religious epileptic, all eccentrics have been experienced as the highest types of power: as divine.

This kind of strength that excites *fear* was considered preeminently divine: here was the origin of authority; here one interpreted, heard, sought wisdom.— This led to the development, almost everywhere, of a *will* to "deify," i.e., a will to the typical degeneration of spirit, body, and nerves: an attempt to find the way to this higher level of being. To make oneself sick, mad, to provoke the symptoms of derangement and ruin—that was taken for becoming stronger, more superhuman, more terrible, wiser.[27] One thought that in this way one became so rich in power that one could give from one's fullness. Wherever one adored one sought one who could give.

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[26] A method that strengthens.

Here the experience of intoxication proved misleading. This increases the feeling of power in the highest degree—therefore, naively judged, power itself. On the highest rung of power one placed the most intoxicated, the ecstatic. (—There are two sources of intoxication: the over-great fullness of life and a state of pathological nourishment of the brain.)[28]

49 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

Acquired, not inherited, exhaustion: (1) Inadequate nourishment, often from ignorance about norishment; e.g., among scholars. (2) Erotic precociousness: the curse in particular of French youth, above all in Paris, who emerge into the world from their *lycées* botched and soiled and never free themselves again from the chain of contemptible inclinations, ironical and disdainful toward themselves—galley slaves with all refinements (incidentally, in most cases already a symptom of the decadence of race and family, like all hypersensitivity; also the contagion of the milieu—to let oneself be determined by one's environment is decadent). (3) Alcoholism—not the instinct but the habit, the stupid imitation, the cowardly or vain assimilation to a dominant regime:

What a blessing a Jew is among Germans! How much dullness, how blond the head, how blue the eye; the lack of *esprit* in face, word, posture; the lazy stretching-oneself, the German need for a good rest—not prompted by overwork but by the disgusting stimulation and overstimulation through alcoholica.—

50 (*1888*)

Theory of exhaustion.— Vice, the mentally ill (resp., the artists—), the criminals, the anarchists—these are not the oppressed classes but the scum of previous society of all classes.—

Realizing that all our classes are permeated by these elements, we understand that modern society is no "society," no "body," but a sick conglomerate of chandalas—a society that no longer has the strength to *excrete.*

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[27] Cf. *The Dawn,* section 14.

[28] Cf. *ibid.,* section 188.

To what extent sickliness, owing to the symbiosis of centuries, goes much deeper:

modern virtue,
modern spirituality, } as forms of sickness.
our science

51 (*March-June 1888*)

The state of corruption.— To understand how all forms of corruption belong together, without forgetting the Christian corruption (Pascal as type) as well as the socialist-communist corruption (a consequence of the Christian—from the point of view of the natural sciences, the socialists' conception of the highest society is the lowest in the order of rank); also the "beyond" corruption: as if outside the actual world, that of becoming, there were another world of being.

Here no terms are permissible: here one has to eradicate, annihilate, wage war; everywhere the Christian-nihilistic value standard still has to be pulled up and fought under every mask; e.g., in present-day sociology, in present-day music, in present-day pessimism (all of them forms of the Christian value ideal).

Either the one is true or the other: true here means elevating the type of man.

The priest, the shepherd of souls, as objectionable forms of existence. All of education to date, helpless, untenable, without center of gravity, stained by the contradiction of values.

52 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

Nature is not immoral when it has no pity for the degenerate: on the contrary, the growth of physiological and moral ills among mankind is the consequence of a pathological and unnatural morality. The sensibility of the majority of men is pathological and unnatural.

Why is it that mankind is corrupt morally and physiologically?— The body perishes when an organ is altered. The right of altruism cannot be derived from physiology; nor can the right to help and to an equality of lots: these are prizes for the degenerate and underprivileged.

There is no solidarity in a society in which there are sterile, unproductive, and destructive elements—which, incidentally, will have descendants even more degenerate than they are themselves.

53 (*March-June 1888*)

Even the ideals of science can be deeply, yet completely unconsciously influenced by decadence: our entire sociology is proof of that. The objection to it is that from experience it knows only the form of the decay of society, and inevitably it takes its own instincts of decay for the norms of sociological judgment.

In these norms the life that is declining in present-day Europe formulates its social ideals: one cannot tell them from the ideals of old races that have outlived themselves.—

The *herd instinct*, then—a power that has now become sovereign—is something totally different from the instinct of an *aristocratic society*: and the value of the *units* determines the significance of the sum.— Our entire sociology simply does not know any other instinct than that of the herd, i.e., that of the *sum of zeroes*—where every zero has "equal rights," where it is virtuous to be zero.—

The valuation that is today applied to the different forms of society is entirely identical with that which assigns a higher value to peace than to war: but this judgment is antibiological, is itself a fruit of the decadence of life.— Life is a consequence of war, society itself a means to war.— As a biologist, Mr. Herbert Spencer is a decadent; as a moralist, too (he considers the triumph of altruism a desideratum! ! !).[29]

54 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

It is my good fortune that after whole millennia of error and confusion I have rediscovered the way that leads to a Yes and a No.

I teach the No to all that makes weak—that exhausts.

I teach the Yes to all that strengthens, that stores up strength, that justifies the feeling of strength.

So far one has taught neither the one nor the other: virtue has been taught, mortification of the self, pity, even the negation of life. All these are the values of the exhausted.

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[29] Cf. *Twilight* (*Portable Nietzsche*), section 37 (p. 541): "Mr. Herbert Spencer is a decadent too: he considers the triumph of altruism a desideratum!"

Prolonged reflection on the physiology of exhaustion forced me to ask to what extent the judgments of the exhausted had penetrated the world of values.

My result was as surprising as possible, even for me who was at home in many a strange world: I found that all of the supreme value judgments—all that have come to dominate mankind, at least that part that has become tame—can be derived from the judgments of the exhausted.

Under the holiest names I pulled up destructive tendencies; one has called God what weakens, teaches weakness, infects with weakness.— I found that the "good man" is one of the forms in which decadence affirms itself.

That virtue of which Schopenhauer still taught that it is the supreme, the only virtue, and the basis of all virtues—precisely pity I recognized as more dangerous than any vice. To cross as a matter of principle selection in the species and its purification of refuse—that has so far been called virtue *par excellence*.—

One should respect fatality—that fatality that says to the weak: perish!—

One has called it God—that one resisted fatality, that one corrupted mankind and made it rot.— One should not use the name of God in vain.—

The race is corrupted—not by its vices but by its ignorance; it is corrupted because it did not recognize exhaustion as exhaustion: mistakes about physiological states are the source of all ills.—

Virtue is our greatest misunderstanding.

Problem: How did the exhausted come to make the laws about values? Put differently: How did those come to power who are the last?— How did the instinct of the human animal come to stand on its head?—[30]

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[30] Cf. the beginning of *The Antichrist*, which was written a little later.

According to 1911, pp. 498 *f*, this note is superscribed "A Preface" and has the appearance of a quick draft—and "a few paragraphs that did not fit well into the context had to be omitted." The original version of the second paragraph read: "Vice is whatever weakens—whatever exhausts." And the next paragraph: "Conversely, I call good whatever makes strong, whatever stores. . . ." And the following passages were omitted by the original editor:

"I have to teach first of all that crime, celibacy, and sickness are consequences of exhaustion. [Nietzsche himself, of course, was celibate and far from well.]

55 (*June 10, 1887*)[31]

Extreme positions are not succeeded by moderate ones but by extreme positions of the opposite kind. Thus the belief in the absolute immorality of nature, in aim- and meaninglessness, is the psychologically necessary affect once the belief in God and an essentially moral order becomes untenable. Nihilism appears at that point, not that the displeasure at existence has become greater than before but because one has come to mistrust any "meaning" in suffering, indeed in existence. One interpretation has collapsed; but because it was considered *the* interpretation it now seems as if there were no meaning at all in existence, as if everything were in vain.

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That this "in vain" constitutes the character of present-day nihilism remains to be shown. The mistrust of our previous valuations grows until it becomes the question: "Are not all 'values' lures that draw out the comedy without bringing it closer to a solution?" Duration "in vain," without end or aim, is the most paralyzing idea, particularly when one understands that one is being fooled and yet lacks the power not to be fooled.

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Let us think this thought in its most terrible form: existence as it is, without meaning or aim, yet recurring inevitably without any finale of nothingness: *"the eternal recurrence."*[32]

"Plunging down—negating life—that, too, was supposed to be experienced as a kind of sunrise transfiguration, deification.

"I want to make the concept of 'progress' more precise and am afraid that toward that end I have to fly in the face of modern ideas (but I am comforted by the fact that they really have no faces but only *masks*).

"Diseased limbs should be amputated: the first moral of society.

"A correction of the instincts: their detachment from ignorance—

"I despise those who demand of society that it ought to protect itself from those who would harm it. That is not enough by a long shot. Society is a body in which no member may be diseased without endangering the whole. A diseased member that corrupts [the reading of this word is not certain] has to be amputated: I shall name the amputable types of society."

[31] See the footnote to section 4 above.

[32] For a detailed discusion of this idea, see Kaufmann's *Nietzsche,* Chapter 11. Cf. also sections 1,053 *ff* below.

This is the most extreme form of nihilism: the nothing (the "meaningless"), eternally!

The European form of Buddhism: the energy of knowledge and strength compels this belief. It is the most *scientific* of all possible hypotheses. We deny end goals: if existence had one it would have to have been reached.

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So one understands that an antithesis to pantheism is attempted here: for "everything perfect, divine, eternal" also compels a faith in the "eternal recurrence." Question: does morality make impossible this pantheistic affirmation of all things, too? At bottom, it is only the moral god that has been overcome. Does it make sense to conceive a god "beyond good and evil"? Would a pantheism in this sense be possible? Can we remove the idea of a goal from the process and then affirm the process in spite of this?— This would be the case if something were attained at every moment within this process—and always the same. Spinoza reached such an affirmative position in so far as every moment has a logical necessity, and with his basic instinct, which was logical, he felt a sense of triumph that the world should be constituted that way.

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But his case is only a single case. Every basic character trait that is encountered at the bottom of every event, that finds expression in every event, would have to lead every individual who experienced it as his own basic character trait to welcome every moment of universal existence with a sense of triumph. The crucial point would be that one experienced this basic character trait in oneself as good, valuable—with pleasure.

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It was morality that protected life against despair and the leap into nothing, among men and classes who were violated and oppressed by *men*: for it is the experience of being powerless against men, not against nature, that generates the most desperate embitterment against existence. Morality treated the violent despots, the doers of violence, the "masters" in general as the enemies against whom the common man must be protected, which means first of all encouraged and strengthened. Morality consequently taught men to hate and despise most profoundly what is the basic character trait of those who rule: their will to power. To abolish, deny, and dissolve this morality—that would mean looking at the best-hated drive with an opposite feeling and valuation. If the suffering and oppressed lost the faith that they have the right to despise the will to power, they would enter the phase of hopeless despair. This would be the case if this trait were essential to life and it could be shown that even in this will to morality this very "will to power" were hidden, and even this hatred and contempt were still a will to power. The oppressed would come to see that they were on the same plain with the oppressors, without prerogative, without higher rank.

*

Rather the opposite! There is nothing to life that has value, except the degree of power—assuming that life itself is the will to power. Morality guarded the underprivileged against nihilism by assigning to each an infinite value, a metaphysical value, and by placing each in an order that did not agree with the worldly order of rank and power: it taught resignation, meekness, etc. Supposing that the faith in this morality would perish, then the underprivileged would no longer have their comfort—and they would perish.

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This perishing takes the form of self-destruction—the instinctive selection of that which must destroy. Symptoms of this self-destruction of the underprivileged: self-vivisection, poisoning, intoxication, romanticism, above all the instinctive need for actions that turn the powerful into mortal enemies (as it were, one breeds one's own hangmen); the will to destruction as the will of a still deeper instinct, the instinct of self-destruction, the will for nothingness.

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Nihilism as a symptom that the underprivileged have no comfort left; that they destroy in order to be destroyed; that without morality they no longer have any reason to "resign themselves"—that they place themselves on the plain of the opposite principle and also want power by *compelling* the powerful to become their hangmen. This is the European form of Buddhism—*doing* No after all existence has lost its "meaning."

*

It is not that "distress" has grown: on the contrary. "God, morality, resignation," were remedies on terribly low rungs of misery: active nihilism appears in relatively much more favorable conditions. The feeling that morality has been overcome presupposes a fair degree of spiritual culture, and this in turn that one is relatively well off. A certain spiritual weariness that, owing to the long fight of philosophical opinions, has reached the most hopeless skepticism regarding all philosophy, is another sign of the by no means low position of these nihilists. Consider the situation in which the Buddha appeared. The doctrine of the eternal recurrence would have scholarly presuppositions (as did the Buddha's doctrine; e.g., the concept of causality, etc.).

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What does "underprivileged" mean? Above all, physiologically—no longer politically. The unhealthiest kind of man in Europe (in all classes) furnishes the soil for this nihilism: they will experience the belief in the eternal recurrence as a curse, struck by which one no longer shrinks from any action; not to be extinguished passively but to extinguish everything that is so aim- and meaningless, although this is a mere convulsion, a blind rage at the insight that everything has been for eternities—even this moment of nihilism and lust for destruction.— It is the value of such a crisis that it purifies, that it pushes together related elements to perish of each other, that it assigns common tasks to men who have opposite ways of thinking—and it also brings to light the weaker and less secure among them and thus promotes an order of rank according to strength, from the point of view of health: those who command are recognized as those who command, those who obey as those who obey. Of course, outside every existing social order.

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Who will prove to be the strongest in the course of this? The most moderate; those who do not require any extreme articles of faith; those who not only concede but love a fair amount of accidents and nonsense; those who can think of man with a considerable reduction of his value without becoming small and weak on that account: those richest in health who are equal to most misfortunes and therefore not so afraid of misfortunes—human beings who are sure of their power and represent the attained strength of humanity with conscious pride.

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How would such a human being even think of the eternal recurrence?

56 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Periods of European Nihilism

The period of unclarity, of all kinds of tentative men who would conserve the old without letting go of the new.

The period of clarity: one understands that the old and the new are basically opposite, the old values born of declining and the new ones of ascending life—that all the old ideals are hostile to life (born of decadence and agents of decadence, even if in the magnificent Sunday clothes of morality). We understand the old and are far from strong enough for something new.

The period of the three great affects: contempt, pity, destruction.

The period of catastrophe: the advent of a doctrine that sifts men—driving the weak to decisions, and the strong as well—

II. HISTORY OF EUROPEAN NIHILISM

57 (*1884*)

My friends, it was hard for us when we were young: we suffered youth itself like a serious sickness. That is due to the time into which we have been thrown[33]—a time of extensive inner decay and disintegration, a time that with all its weaknesses, and even with its best strength, opposes the spirit of youth. Disintegration characterizes this time, and thus uncertainty: nothing stands firmly on its feet or on a hard faith in itself; one lives for tomorrow, as the day after tomorrow is dubious.[34] Everything on our way is slippery and dangerous, and the ice that still supports us has become thin: all of us feel the warm, uncanny breath of the thawing wind;[35] where we still walk, soon no one will be able to walk.

58 (*1885-1888*)

If this is not an age of decay and declining vitality, it is at least one of headlong and arbitrary *experimentation*:—and it is probable that a superabundance of bungled experiments should create an overall impression as of decay—and perhaps even decay itself.

59 (*1885-1886*)

Toward a History of the Modern Eclipse[36]

The state nomads (civil servants, etc.): without home.
The decline of the family.
The "good man" as a symptom of exhaustion.
Justice as will to power (breeding).

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[33] *Geworfen.* In Heidegger's *Sein und Zeit* (1927; *Being and Time,* 1962), *Geworfenheit* (thrownness) becomes an important category (sections 29, 31, 38, 58, 68b).

[34] This is not how most of Nietzsche's contemporaries felt in 1884.

[35] Cf. *Zarathustra* III, "On Old and New Tablets," section 8 (*Portable Nietzsche,* p. 313).

[36] *Verdüsterung.*

Lasciviousness and neurosis.

Black music: whither refreshing music?

The anarchist.

Contempt for man, nausea.

Deepest difference: whether hunger or overabundance becomes creative? The former generates the ideals of romanticism.[37]

Nordic unnaturalness.

The need for alcoholica: the "distress" of the workers.

Philosophical nihilism.

60 (*1885*)

The slow emergence and rise of the middle and lower classes (including the lower kind of spirit and body), of which one finds many preludes before the French Revolution—and it would have taken place without the Revolution, too—on the whole, then, the predominance of the herd over all shepherds and bellwethers—involves

1. eclipse of the spirit (the fusion of a Stoic and a frivolous appearance of happiness, characteristic of noble cultures, decreases; one lets much suffering be seen and heard that one formerly bore and hid);
2. *moral* hypocrisy (a way of wishing to distinguish oneself not by means of morality, but by means of the herd virtues: pity, consideration, moderation, which are not recognized and honored outside the herd ability);
3. a *really* great amount of shared suffering (pity) and joy (the pleasure in large-scale associations found in all herd animals —"community spirit," "Fatherland," everything in which the individual does not count).

61 (*Summer-Fall 1883*)

Our time, with its aspiration to remedy and prevent accidental distresses and to wage preventive war against disagreeable possibilities, is a time of the *poor*. Our "rich"—are poorest of all. The true purpose of all riches is forgotten.

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[37] Cf. *The Gay Science*, section 370 (in Book V, which was added only to the 2nd ed., 1887), and section 1,009 below.

62 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Critique of modern man (his moralistic mendaciousness):[38] —the "good man" corrupted and seduced by bad institutions (tyrants and priests); —reason as authority; —history as overcoming of errors; —the future as progress; —the Christian state ("the Lord of hosts"); —the Christian sex impulse (or marriage); —the kingdom of "justice" (the cult of "humanity"); —"freedom."

The romantic pose of modern man: —the noble man (Byron, Victor Hugo, George Sand); —noble indignation; —consecration through passion (as true "nature"); —siding with the oppressed and underprivileged: motto of the historians and novelists; —the Stoics of duty;—selflessness as art and knowledge;—altruism as the most mendacious form of egoism (utilitarianism), most sentimental egoism.

All this is eighteenth century. What, on the other hand, has *not* been inherited from it: insouciance, cheerfulness, elegance, brightness of the spirit. The tempo of the spirit has changed; the enjoyment of refinement and clarity of the spirit has given place to the enjoyment of color, harmony, mass, reality, etc. Sensualism in matters of the spirit. In short, it is the eighteenth century of *Rousseau.*

63 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

On the whole, a tremendous quantum of *humaneness* has been attained in present-day mankind. That this is not felt generally is itself a proof: we have become so sensitive concerning small states of distress that we unjustly ignore what has been attained.

Here one must make allowance for the existence of much decadence, and seen with such eyes our world has to look wretched and miserable. But such eyes have at all times seen the same things:

1. a certain overirritation even of the moral feelings;
2. the quantum of embitterment and eclipse that pessimism

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[38] The parenthesis is printed in 1911, p. 499, but omitted in subsequent editions.

carries into judgments: these two together account for the predominance of the opposite notion, that our morality is in a bad way.

The fact of credit, of worldwide trade, of the means of transportation—here a tremendous mild trust in man finds expression.— Another contributing factor is

3. the emancipation of science from moral and religious purposes: a very good sign that, however, is usually misunderstood.

In my own way I attempt a justification of history.

64 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The second Buddhism. The nihilistic catastrophe that finishes Indian culture.— Early signs of it: The immense increase of pity. Spiritual weariness. The reduction of problems to questions of pleasure and displeasure. The war glory that provokes a counterstroke. Just as national demarcation provokes a countermovement, the most cordial "fraternity." The impossibility for religion to go on working with dogmas and fables.

65 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

What is attacked deep down today is the instinct and the will of tradition: all institutions that owe their origins to this instinct violate the taste of the modern spirit.— At bottom, nothing is thought and done without the purpose of eradicating this sense for tradition. One considers tradition a fatality; one studies it, recognizes it (as "heredity"), but one does not *want* it. The tensing of a will over long temporal distances, the selection of the states and valuations that allow one to dispose of future centuries —precisely this is antimodern in the highest degree. Which goes to show that it is the disorganizing principles that give our age its character.

66 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

"Be simple!"—for us complicated and elusive triers of the reins a demand that is a simple stupidity.— Be natural! But how if one happens to be "unnatural"?

67 (*1884*)

The former means for obtaining homogeneous, enduring characters for long generations: unalienable landed property, honoring the old (origin of the belief in gods and heroes as ancestors).

Now the breaking up of landed property belongs to the opposite tendency: newspapers (in place of daily prayers), railway, telegraph. Centralization of a tremendous number of different interests in a single soul, which for that reason must be very strong and protean.

68 (*March-June 1888*)

Why everything turns into *histrionics*.— Modern man lacks: the sure instinct (consequence of a long homogeneous form of activity of one kind of man); the inability to achieve anything perfect is merely a consequence of this: as an individual one can never make up for lost schooling.

That which creates a morality, a code of laws: the profound instinct that only automatism makes possible perfection in life and creation.

But now we have reached the opposite point; indeed, we wanted to reach it: the most extreme consciousness, man's ability to see through himself and history. With this we are practically as far as possible from perfection in being, doing, and willing: our desire, even our will for knowledge is a symptom of a tremendous decadence. We strive for the opposite of that which strong races, strong natures want—understanding is an ending.—

That science is possible in this sense that is cultivated today is proof that all elementary instincts, life's instincts of self-defense and protection, no longer function. We no longer collect, we squander the capital of our ancestors, even in the way in which we seek knowledge.—

69 (*1885-1886*)[39]

Nihilistic Trait

a. In the natural sciences ("meaninglessness"); causalism, mechanism. "Lawfulness" an *entr'acte*, a residue.

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[39] According to 1911, p. 499, a through e were taken by the editor from one of Nietzsche's plans for a book, and there they comprised items 5

b. Ditto in politics: one lacks the faith in one's right, innocence; mendaciousness rules and serving the moment.

c. Ditto in economics: the abolition of slavery. The lack of a redeeming class, one that justifies—advent of anarchism. "Education"?

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through 9. The whole plan is printed in 1911, p. 416 *ff*, and it seems appropriate to translate it here in full—mainly on account of its intrinsic interest, but also to show how the editor of the standard edition obtained some of his "aphorisms":

The Will to Power
Attempt at a Revaluation of all Values.
(In four books)

FIRST BOOK: *The danger of dangers* (presentation of nihilism as the *necessary consequence* of our valuations so far). Tremendous forces have been unleashed; but they conflict with each other; they *annihilate* each other. In a democratic commonwealth, where everybody is a specialist, the what-for? and for-whom? are lacking. The class [*Stand*] in which the thousandfold atrophy of all individuals (into mere functions) acquires *meaning*.

SECOND BOOK: *Critique of values* (logic, etc.). Everywhere the disharmony between the ideal and its individual conditions (e.g., honesty among Christians who are continually forced to lie).

THIRD BOOK: *The problem of the legislator* (including the history of solitude). The forces that have been unleashed must be harnessed again lest they annihilate each other; eyes have to be opened for the actual *increase* of strength.

FOURTH BOOK: *The hammer.* What would men have to be like whose valuations are the opposite? Men who have *all* the traits of the modern soul but are strong enough to transform them into so much health—their means for their task.

SILS MARIA. *Summer 1886.*

Plan of the first book

What is dawning is the opposition of the world we revere and the world we live and are. So we can abolish either our reverence or ourselves. The latter constitutes nihilism.

1. The advent of nihilism, theoretical and practical. Its faulty derivation (pessimism, its kinds: preludes of nihilism, although not necessary).

2. Christianity perishing of its morality. "God is truth"; "God is love"; "the just God."— The greatest event—"God is dead"—perceived dimly.

3. Morality, now without any sanction, no longer knows how to maintain itself. Eventually one *drops* the moral interpretation (echoes of the Christian value judgments still fill men's feelings).

4. But it was upon moral judgments that *value* was based so far; above all, the value of philosophy ("of the will to truth"). (The popular ideals—"the sage," "the prophet," "the saint"—have collapsed.)

5. *Nihilistic* trait in the natural sciences. . . .

[(5) through (9) appear above as (a) through (e).]

10. The whole European system of human aspirations has the feeling it is partly meaningless, partly even now "immoral." Probability of a new

d. Ditto in history: fatalism, Darwinism; the final attempts to read reason and divinity into it fail. Sentimentality in face of the past; one could not endure a biography!— (Here, too, phenomenalism: character as a mask; there are no facts.)

e. Ditto in art: romanticism and its counterstroke (aversion against romantic ideals and lies). The latter, moral as a sense of greater truthfulness, but pessimistic. Pure "artists" (indifferent toward content). (Father-confessor psychology and puritan psychology, two forms of psychological romanticism: but even its counterproposal, the attempt to adopt a purely artistic

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Buddhism. The greatest danger.— "How are truthfulness, love, and justice related to the *actual* world?" Not at all!—

For the second book

Origin and critique of moral valuations. These two things don't coincide, as is often supposed (this belief itself is the result of a moral judgment to the effect that "something that has come to be in such and such a way is worth little because its origin is immoral"). Standard for determining the value of moral valuations: critique of the words, "Improvement, perfecting, enhancement."

The basic fact that has been overlooked: the contradiction between "becoming more moral" and the enhancement and strengthening of the type of man.

Homo natura. The "will to power."

For the third book

The will to power.

How those men would have to be constituted who would accomplish this revaluation in themselves.

The order of rank as an order of power: war and danger as presuppositions that a rank maintains its conditions. The grandiose model: man in nature—the weakest, cleverest being making itself master and subjugating the more stupid elements.

For the fourth book

The *greatest* struggle: for that a new *weapon* is needed. The hammer: to conjure up a terrible decision, to confront Europe with the final choice whether its will "wills" its own destruction [*Untergang*]. Prevention of the decline into mediocrity [*Vermittelmässigung*]. Rather even destruction [*Lieber noch Untergang*]!

In the preface to *Twilight of the Idols,* written in 1888 and published in January 1889, the image of the hammer is sublimated: "For once to pose questions here with a *hammer,* and, perhaps, to hear as a reply that famous hollow sound which speaks of bloated entrails—what a delight for one who has ears even behind his ears, for me, an old psychologist . . ."

For the dictum, "God is dead," see *The Gay Science,* section 125 (*Portable Nietzsche,* pp. 95 *f*) and *Zarathustra,* Prologue (*ibid.,* p. 124); also Kaufmann's *Nietzsche,* Chapter 3.

attitude toward man—even there the opposite valuation is not yet ventured!)

70 (*1885-1886*)

Against the doctrine of the influence of the milieu and external causes: the force within is infinitely superior; much that looks like external influence is merely its adaptation from within. The very same milieus can be interpreted and exploited in opposite ways: there are no facts.— A genius is not explained in terms of such conditions of his origin.[40]

71 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

"Modernity" in the perspective of the metaphor of nourishment and digestion.—

Sensibility immensely more irritable (—dressed up moralistically: the increase in *pity*—); the abundance of disparate impressions greater than ever: cosmopolitanism in foods, literatures, newspapers, forms, tastes, even landscapes. The tempo of this influx *prestissimo;* the impressions erase each other; one instinctively resists taking in anything, taking anything deeply, to "digest" anything; a weakening of the power to digest results from this. A kind of adaptation to this flood of impressions takes place: men unlearn spontaneous action, they merely react to stimuli from outside. They spend their strength partly in assimilating things, partly in defense, partly in opposition. *Profound weakening of spontaneity:* the historian, critic, analyst, the interpreter, the observer, the collector, the reader—all of them *reactive* talents —all science!

Artificial change of one's nature into a "mirror"; interested but, as it were, merely epidermically interested; a coolness on principle, a balance, a fixed low temperature closely underneath the thin surface on which warmth, movement, "tempest," and the play of waves are encountered.

Opposition of external mobility and a certain deep heaviness and weariness.

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[40] Cf. section 109.

72 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

Where does our modern world belong—to exhaustion or ascent?— Its manifoldness and unrest conditioned by the attainment of the highest level of consciousness.

73 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Overwork, curiosity and sympathy—our *modern vices.*

74 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Toward a characterization of *"modernity."*— Overabundant development of intermediary forms; atrophy of types; traditions break off, schools; the overlordship of the instincts (prepared philosophically: the unconscious *worth more*) after the will power, the willing of end *and* means, has been weakened.

75 (*1885*)

An able craftsman or scholar cuts a fine figure when he takes pride in his art and looks on life content and satisfied. But nothing looks more wretched than when a shoemaker or schoolmaster gives us to understand with a suffering mien that he was really born for something better. There is nothing better than what is good—and good is having some ability and using that to create, *Tüchtigkeit* or *virtù* in the Italian Renaissance sense.

Today, in our time when the state has an absurdly fat stomach, there are in all fields and departments, in addition to the real workers, also "representatives"; e.g., besides the scholars also scribblers, besides the suffering classes also garrulous, boastful ne'er-do-wells who "represent" this suffering, not to speak of the professional politicians who are well off while "representing" distress with powerful lungs before a parliament. Our modern life is extremely expensive owing to the large number of intermediaries; in an ancient city, on the other hand, and, echoing that, also in many cities in Spain and Italy, one appeared oneself and would have given a hoot to such modern representatives and intermediaries—or a kick!

76 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The predominance of dealers and intermediaries in spiritual matters, too: the scribbler, the "representative," the historian (who fuses past and present), the exotician and cosmopolitan, the intermediaries between science and philosophy, the semitheologians.

77 (*1883-1888*)

Nothing to date has nauseated me more than the parasites of the spirit: in our unhealthy Europe one already finds them everywhere—and they have the best conscience in the world. Perhaps a little dim, a little *air pessimiste,* but in the main voracious, dirty, dirtying, creeping in, nestling, thievish, scurvy—and as innocent as all little sinners and microbes. They live off the fact that other people have spirit and squander it: they know that it is of the very essence of the rich spirit to squander itself carelessly, without petty caution, from day to day.— For the spirit is a bad householder and pays no heed to how everybody lives and feeds on it.

78 (*1885-1886*)

Histrionics

The colorfulness of modern man and its charm. Essentially concealment and satiety.

The scribbler.

The politician (in "the nationalist swindle").

Histrionics in the arts:

lack of probity in prior training and schooling (Fromentin);[41]
the romantics (lack of philosophy and science and superabundance of literature);
the novelists (Walter Scott, but also the Nibelungen monsters along with the most nervous music);
the lyric poets.

Being "scientific."

Virtuosos (Jews).

Popular ideals overcome, but not yet in the eyes of the people: the saint, the sage, the prophet.

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[41] Eugène Fromentin (1820-1876), French painter.

79 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The modern spirit's lack of discipline, dressed up in all sorts of moral fashions.— The showy words are: tolerance (for "the incapacity for Yes and No"); *la largeur de sympathie*[42] (= one-third indifference, one-third curiosity, one-third pathological irritability); "objectivity" (lack of personality, lack of will, incapacity for "love"); "freedom" versus rules (romanticism); "truth" versus forgery and lies (naturalism); being "scientific" (the *"document humain"*: in other words, the novel of colportage and addition in place of composition); "passion" meaning disorder and immoderation; "depth" meaning confusion, the profuse chaos of symbols.

80 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Toward a critique of the big words.— I am full of suspicion and malice against what they call "ideals": this is *my* pessimism, to have recognized how the "higher feelings" are a source of misfortune and man's loss of value.

One is deceived every time one expects "progress" from an ideal; every time so far the victory of the ideal has meant a retrograde movement.

Christianity, the revolution, the abolition of slavery, equal rights, philanthropy, love of peace, justice, truth: all these big words have value only in a fight, as flags: *not* as realities but as *showy words* for something quite different (indeed, opposite!).[43]

81 (*1883-1888*)

One knows the kind of human being who has fallen in love with the motto, *tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.*[44] It is the weak, it is above all the disappointed: if there is something to be forgiven in all, perhaps there is also something to be despised in all. It is the philosophy of disappointment that wraps itself so humanely in pity and looks sweet.

These are romantics whose faith flew the coop: now they at least want to watch how everything passes and goes. They call it *l'art pour l'art,* "objectivity," etc.

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[42] The breadth of sympathy.

[43] Cf. *Twilight*, section 38 (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 541).

[44] To understand all is to forgive all.

82 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Chief symptoms of pessimism: the *dîners chez* Magny;[45] Russian pessimism (Tolstoy, Dostoevsky); aesthetic pessimism, *l'art pour l'art,* "description" (romantic and antiromantic pessimism); epistemological pessimism (Schopenhauer, phenomenalism); anarchistic pessimism; the "religion of pity," Buddhistic premovement; cultural pessimism (exoticism, cosmopolitanism); moralistic pessimism: I myself.

83 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

"Without the Christian faith," Pascal thought, "you, no less than nature and history, will become for yourselves *un monstre et*

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[45] Cf. Nietzsche's Letters to Gast (*Gesammelte Briefe,* vol. IV), November 10, 1887: "The second volume of the *Journal des Goncourts* has appeared: the most interesting new publication. It covers the years 1862-1865; here the famous *dîners chez* Magny are described most vividly, those *dîners* at which the cleverest [*geistreichste*] and most skeptical band of Parisian spirits of that time assembled twice a month (Sainte-Beuve, Flaubert, Théophile Gautier, Taine, Renan, the Goncourts, Schérer, Gavani, occasionally Turgenev, etc.). Exasperated pessimism, cynicism, and nihilism alternating with much exuberance [*Ausgelassenheit*] and good humor; I myself shouldn't fit in badly at all. I know these gentlemen by heart, *so well* that I am really weary of them [*sie satt habe*]. One must be more radical: at bottom they all lack the same thing—*'la force.'* " See also section 915 below.

Of the men enumerated in the parenthesis, all but the last three are mentioned in *The Will to Power* (see the Index), and of these all but Gautier are also mentioned in the books Nietzsche himself published. In *Twilight,* "Skirmishes," whole sections are devoted to Renan (#2) and Sainte Beuve (#3), the brothers Goncourt are characterized in sections 1 and 7; and Flaubert is mentioned often, also in Nietzsche's other books. Practically all of these references are hostile. (For Renan see also my note on *Genealogy* III, section 26.) Hippolyte Taine, on the other hand, is mentioned favorably in *Beyond Good and Evil* and in the *Genealogy,* and Nietzsche corresponded with him.

Edmond Henri Adolphe Schérer (1815-89), ordained and appointed to a professorship in the Ecole Evangélique at Geneva in 1843, resigned six years later and gradually abandoned Protestant doctrine. He became a Hegelian, settled in Paris, and made his reputation as a literary critic.

Gavarni was the pen name of Sulpice Guillaume Chevalier (1801-66), an outstanding Parisian caricaturist. He is said to have initiated the *dîners chez* Magny, mentioned in the text.

Ivan Sergeyevich Turgenev (1818-83), the great Russian novelist, is never mentioned in Nietzsche's books.

un chaos." This prophecy we have fulfilled, after the feeble-optimistic eighteenth century had prettified and rationalized man.

Schopenhauer and Pascal.— In an important sense, Schopenhauer is the first to take up again the movement of Pascal: *un monstre et un chaos,* consequently something to be negated.— History, nature, man himself.

"Our inability to know the truth is the consequence of our corruption, our moral decay"; thus Pascal. And thus, at bottom, Schopenhauer. "The deeper the corruption of reason, the more necessary the doctrine of salvation"—or, in Schopenhauer's terms, negation.

84 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Schopenhauer as throwback (state before the revolution): Pity, sensuality, art, weakness of the will, catholicism of spiritual cravings—that is good eighteenth century *au fond.*[46]

Schopenhauer's basic misunderstanding of the *will* (as if craving, instinct, drive were the *essence* of will) is typical: lowering the value of the will to the point of making a real mistake. Also hatred against willing; attempt to see something higher, indeed that which is higher and valuable, in willing no more, in "being a subject *without* aim and purpose" (in the "pure subject free of will"). Great symptom of the *exhaustion* or the *weakness* of the *will*: for the will is precisely that which treats cravings as their master and appoints to them their way and measure.[47]

85 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

The unworthy attempt has been made to see Wagner and Schopenhauer as types of mental illness: one would gain an incomparably more essential insight by making more precise scientifically the type of decadence both represent.

86 (*1888*)

Your[48] Henrik Ibsen has become very clear to me. For all his robust idealism and "will to truth" he did not dare to liberate himself from the illusionism of morality that speaks of "freedom" without wishing to admit to itself what freedom is: the second stage in the metamorphosis of the "will to power"—for those who lack freedom. On the first stage one demands justice from those who are in power. On the second, one speaks of "freedom"—that is, one wants to get away from those in power. On the third, one speaks of *"equal rights"*—that is, as long as one has not yet gained

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[46] At bottom.

[47] But see section 46.

[48] The beginning of this note was prompted by Georg Brandes' letters to Nietzsche, January 11 and March 7, 1888, as is pointed out correctly in

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1911, p. 499. The dating in the Musarion edition reads: "Spring-Fall 1887; revised 1888." The attempt of the editors of the standard edition to turn this kind of a hasty note into an "aphorism" by omitting "Your" in the text (the word is duly mentioned in the note on p. 499) is as unfortunate as it is in keeping with their procedure throughout much of the book. All subsequent editions, including Schlechta's, also omit "Your."

On January 11, 1888, Brandes had written Nietzsche that he was sending him the proofs of a collection of his essays: ". . . The essay on Ibsen is relatively the best. . . . There is a Nordic writer whose works would interest you. *Søren Kierkegaard;* he lived 1813-1855 and is in my view one of the most profound psychologists of all time. . . ."

Nietzsche replied February 19: ". . . I have decided that during my next trip to Germany I want to study the psychological problem of Kierkegaard. . . ." Ibsen he did not mention—and he never got around to reading Kierkegaard.

On March 7, Brandes wrote Nietzsche: "Ibsen must interest you as a personality. Unfortunately he does not have the same stature as a human being that he has as a poet. As a mind he has been very dependent on Kierkegaard and is still rather full of theology. Bjornson actually became a common lay preacher during his last phase. . . ."

And November 23, 1888, Brandes wrote Nietzsche: "Believe me, I make propaganda for you wherever I can. Only last week I seriously urged Henrik Ibsen to study your works. There is a way in which you are related to him, too, although very distantly. This oddball is great and strong and unfriendly but nevertheless *deserving* of love. Strindberg will be pleased that you esteem him. . . ."

Nietzsche refers to Ibsen in two other places: in section 747 in *The Will to Power* and in *Ecce Homo,* Chapter III, section 5, where he says: "A whole species of malignant 'idealism'—which, incidentally, is encountered among men, too; for example in Henrik Ibsen, this typical old maid—has the aim of *poisoning* the good conscience, that which is natural in sexual love."

What Nietzsche had actually read of Ibsen's works is uncertain. His friend Franz Overbeck wrote him on October 14, 1888: "In Munich I have also had a few strange impressions in the theater, and have scarcely ever seen a more skillful German play than *The Pillars of Society* by Ibsen, by whom I had not known anything before this. . . ."

Michael Meyer, the Ibsen scholar and translator, informs me that the only record he has found of any comment on Nietzsche by Ibsen is in an interview printed in the newspaper *Ørebladet,* November 26, 1900, when Ibsen was 72: "A great thinker has died since we last spoke, Herr Ibsen—Nietzsche. 'Yes. I wasn't well acquainted with his work. It wasn't until a few years ago that he really became well known. He had a remarkable superiority one wants to prevent one's competitors from growing in power.

87 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Decline of *Protestantism:* understood as a halfway house both theoretically and historically. Actual superiority of Catholicism; the feeling of Protestantism extinguished to such an extent that the strongest *anti-Protestant* movements are no longer experienced as such (for example, Wagner's *Parsifal*). All of the higher regions of the spirit in France are *Catholic* in their instincts; Bismarck realizes that Protestantism simply doesn't exist any more.

88 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Protestantism, that spiritually unclean and boring form of decadence in which Christianity has been able so far to preserve itself in the mediocre north: valuable for knowledge as something complex and a halfway house, in so far as it brought together in the same heads experiences of different orders and origins.

89 (*March-June 1888*)

How did the German spirit transform Christianity!— And to stick to Protestantism: how much beer there is in Protestant Christianity! Can one even imagine a spiritually staler, lazier, more comfortably relaxed form of the Christian faith than that of the average Protestant in Germany?[40]

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talent, but his philosophy prevented him from becoming popular in our democratic age.' Some say that Nietzsche was a spirit who emerged from the dark—a Satan— 'Satan—no. No, Nietzsche wasn't that.' " Which isn't much. And according to Meyer, Ibsen often said he had "read little of Kierkegaard and understood less."

Nevertheless it is widely taken for granted—and perhaps rightly—that Ibsen's *Brand* was profoundly influenced by Kierkegaard and Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People* brings to mind Kierkegaard's paean on "That Individual," with its refrain "The crowd is untruth" (found, e.g., in my *Existentialism from Dostoevsky to Sartre*, 1956, pp. 92-99). And *Beyond Good and Evil* (1886) contains some very striking parallels to *An Enemy of the People* (written in 1882), which evidently are not due to any influence of the play on Nietzsche's book: see my note on section 213 of *Beyond Good and Evil*, as well as section 4 of my "Translator's Preface."

[40] *"Ist eine geistig verdumpftere, faulere, gliederstreckendere Form des Christen-Glaubens noch denkbar, als die eines deutschen Durchschnitts-Protestanten?"* *Faul* can mean "rotten" as well as "lazy"; *gliederstreckend* means literally "limb-stretching."

That's what I call a modest version of Christianity! A homoeopathy of Christianity is what I call it.

One reminds me that today we also encounter an *immodest* Protestantism—that of the court chaplains[50] and anti-Semitic speculators: but nobody has claimed yet that any "spirit" whatever "moved" on the faces of these waters.— That is merely a more indecent form of Christianity, by no means more sensible.

90 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

Progress.— Let us not be deceived! Time marches forward; we'd like to believe that everything that is in it also marches forward—that the development is one that moves forward.

The most level-headed are led astray by this illusion. But the nineteenth century does not represent progress over the sixteenth; and the German spirit of 1888 represents a regress from the German spirit of 1788.

"Mankind" does not advance, it does not even exist. The overall aspect is that of a tremendous experimental laboratory in which a few successes are scored, scattered throughout all ages, while there are untold failures, and all order, logic, union, and obligingness are lacking. How can we fail to recognize that the ascent of Christianity is a movement of decadence?— That the German Reformation is a recrudescence of Christian barbarism?— That the Revolution[51] destroyed the instinct for a grand organization of society?

Man represents no progress over the animal: the civilized tenderfoot is an abortion compared to the Arab and Corsican; the Chinese is a more successful type, namely more durable, than the European.

91 (*1885*)
On German Pessimism[52]

The eclipse, the pessimistic coloring, comes necessarily in the wake of the Enlightenment. Around 1770 the decline of cheerfulness began to be noticed; women, with that feminine instinct which always sides with virtue, supposed that immorality was the cause. Galiani hit the nail on the head: he cites Voltaire's verse:

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[50] An illusion to the anti-Semitic Hofprediger Adolf Stöcker (1835-1909), who was then court chaplain in Berlin and the founder of the Christian Socialist Workers' Party. As a member of the Prussian diet, he sat and voted with the Conservatives.

[51] French Revolution.

[52] This title was omitted in the standard editions but is mentioned in 1911, p. 499.

Un monstre gai vaut mieux
Qu'un sentimental ennuyeux.[53]

When I believe now that I am a few centuries ahead in Enlightenment not only of Voltaire but even of Galiani, who was far profounder—how far must I have got in the increase of darkness![54] And this is really the case, and I bewared in time, with some sort of regret, of the German and Christian narrowness and inconsequence of pessimism à la Schopenhauer or, worse, Leopardi, and sought out the most quintessential forms (Asia).[55] But in order to endure this type of extreme pessimism (it can be perceived here and there in my *Birth of Tragedy*) and to live alone "without God and morality" I had to invent a counterpart for myself. Perhaps I know best why man alone laughs: he alone suffers so deeply that he *had* to invent laughter. The unhappiest and most melancholy animal is, as fitting, the most cheerful.

92 (*1883-1888*)

Regarding German culture, I have always had the feeling of *decline*. This fact, that I first became acquainted with a type in decline, has often made me unfair to the *whole* phenomenon of European culture. The Germans always come after the others, much later: they are carrying something in the depths; e.g.,—

Dependence on other countries; e.g., *Kant*—Rousseau, Sensualists, Hume, Swedenborg.

Schopenhauer—Indians and romanticism, Voltaire.

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[53] *A gay monster is worth more*
Than a sentimental bore.

Nietzsche omitted the text of this verse, which was inserted in the book by Peter Gast; cf. section 35 above.

[54] *In der Verdüsterung.*

[55] According to 1911, p. 499, the MS continued at this point: "Among those thinkers who developed pessimism further I do not include Eduard von Hartmann whom I'd far sooner lump with 'agreeable literature'. . . ." This was presumably omitted in the 1906 edition because Hartmann, born in 1842 (two years before Nietzsche), did not die until 1906; but although the passage was printed in the notes at the end of the 1911 volume, it was omitted in all subsequent editions.

Wagner—French cult of the gruesome and of grand opera, Paris and the flight into primeval states (marriage with the sister).

—The law of the latecomers (province to Paris, Germany to France). Why the Germans of all people discovered the Greek spirit (the more one develops a drive, the more attractive does it become to plunge for once into its opposite).

Music is swan song.[56]

93 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

Renaissance and Reformation.— What does the Renaissance prove? That the reign of the individual has to be brief. The squandering is too great; the very possibility of collecting and capitalizing is lacking; and exhaustion follows immediately. These are times when everything is *spent,* when the very strength is spent with which one collects, capitalizes, and piles riches upon riches.— Even the opponents of such movements are forced into an absurd waste of energy; they, too, soon become exhausted, spent, desolate.

In the Reformation we possess a wild and vulgar counterpart to the Italian Renaissance, born of related impulses; only in the retarded north, which had remained coarse, they had to don a religious disguise; for there the concept of the higher life had not yet detached itself from that of the religious life.

Through the Reformation, too, the individual sought freedom; "everybody his own priest" is also a mere formula of libertinage. In truth, one word was enough—"evangelical freedom"—and all instincts that had reason to remain hidden broke out like wild dogs, the most brutal requirements suddenly acquired the courage to face themselves, and everything seemed justified.— One was careful not to understand what liberty one had really meant at bottom; one shut one's eyes before oneself.— But shutting one's eyes and moistening one's lips with enthusiastic orations did not prevent one's hands from grasping whatever could be grabbed, and the belly became the god of the "free evangel," and all the cravings of revenge and envy satisfied themselves with insatiable rage.—

This took a while; then exhaustion set in, just as it had in the south of Europe—and here, too, a *vulgar* kind of exhaustion, a general *ruere in servitium.*[57]— The *indecent* century of Germany arrived.—

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[56] *"Musik ist Ausklingen."*

[57] "Plunging into servitude."

94 (*1884*)

Chivalry as the conquered position of power: its gradual breaking up (and in part transition into what is more spread out, bourgeois). In La Rochefoucauld we find a consciousness of the true motive springs of noblesse of the mind—and a view of these motive springs that is darkened by Christianity.

The French Revolution as the continuation of Christianity. Rousseau is the seducer: he again unfetters woman who is henceforth represented in an ever more interesting manner—as suffering. Then the slaves and Mrs. Beecher-Stowe. Then the poor and the workers. Then the vice addicts and the sick—all this is moved into the foreground (even to develop sympathy for the genius one no longer knows any other way for the past five hundred years than to represent him as the bearer of great suffering!). Next come the curse on voluptuousness (Baudelaire and Schopenhauer); the most decided conviction that the lust to rule is the greatest vice;[58] the perfect certainty that morality and disinterestedness are identical concepts and that the "happiness of all" is a goal worth striving for (i.e., the kingdom of heaven of Christ). We are well along on the way: the kingdom of heaven of the poor in spirit has begun.— Intermediary stages: the bourgeois (a parvenu on account of money) and the worker (on account of the machine).

Comparison of Greek culture and that of the French in the age of Louis XIV. Decided faith in oneself. A leisure class whose members make things difficult for themselves and exercise much self-overcoming. The power of form, the will to give form to oneself. "Happiness" admitted as a goal. Much strength and energy behind the emphasis on forms. The delight in looking at a life that seems so easy.— To the French, the Greeks looked like children.

95 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The Three Centuries

Their different sensibilities are best expressed thus:

Aristocratism: Descartes, rule of reason, testimony of the sovereignty of the will;

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[58] Cf. the chapter "On the Three Great Evils" in *Zarathustra* III (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 298).

Feminism: Rousseau, rule of feeling, testimony of the sovereignty of the senses, mendacious;

Animalism: Schopenhauer, rule of craving, testimony of the sovereignty of animality, more honest but gloomy.

The seventeenth century is aristocratic, imposes order, looks down haughtily upon the animalic, is severe against the heart, not cozy, without sentiment, "un-German," averse to what is burlesque and what is natural, inclined to generalizations and sovereign confronted with the past—for it believes in itself. Much beast of prey *au fond,* much ascetic habit to remain master. The century of strong will; also of strong passion.

The eighteenth century is dominated by woman, given to enthusiasm, full of *esprit,* shallow, but with a spirit in the service of what is desirable, of the heart, libertine in the enjoyment of what is most spiritual, and undermines all authorities; intoxicated, cheerful, clear, humane, false before itself, much canaille *au fond,* sociable.—

The nineteenth century is more animalic and subterranean, uglier, more realistic and vulgar, and precisely for that reason "better," "more honest," more submissive before every kind of "reality," truer; but weak in will, but sad and full of dark cravings, but fatalistic. Not full of awe and reverence for either "reason" or "heart"; deeply convinced of the rule of cravings (Schopenhauer spoke of "will"; but nothing is more characteristic of his philosophy than the absence of all genuine willing). Even morality reduced to one instinct ("pity").

Auguste Comte is a continuation of the eighteenth century (domination of *coeur* over *la tête,* sensualism in the theory of knowledge, altruistic enthusiasm).

That science has become sovereign to such a degree proves how the nineteenth century has rid itself of the domination of ideals. A certain frugality of desire makes possible our scientific curiosity and severity—which is *our* kind of virtue.—

Romanticism is an echo of the eighteenth century; a kind of piled-high desire for its enthusiasm in the grand style (as a matter of fact, a good deal of histrionics and self-deception: one wanted to represent strong natures and grand passions).

The nineteenth century looks instinctively for theories that seem to justify its fatalistic submission to matters of fact. Already *Hegel's* success against "sentimentality" and romantic idealism was due to his fatalistic way of thinking, to his faith in the greater reason on the side of the victorious, to his justification of the actual "state" (in place of "mankind," etc.).—

Schopenhauer: we are something stupid and, at best, even something that cancels itself.[59] Success of determinism, of the genealogical derivation of obligations that had formerly been considered absolute, the doctrine of milieu and adaptation, the reduction of will to reflexes, the denial of the will as an "efficient cause"; finally—a real rechristening: one sees so little will that the word becomes free to designate something else. Further theories: the doctrine of objectivity—"will-less" contemplation—as the only road to truth; also to beauty (—also the faith in the "genius" to justify a right to submission); mechanism, the calculable rigidity of the mechanical process; the alleged "naturalism," elimination of the choosing, judging, interpreting subject as a principle—

Kant, with his "practical reason" and his moral fanaticism is wholly eighteenth century; still entirely outside the historical movement; without any eye for the actuality of his time, e.g., Revolution; untouched by Greek philosophy; fanciful visionary of the concept of duty; sensualist with the backdrop of the pampering of dogmatism.—

The movement back to Kant in our century is a movement back to the eighteenth century: one wants to regain a right to the old ideals and the old enthusiasm—for that reason an epistemology that "sets boundaries," which means that it permits one to posit as one may see fit a beyond of reason.—

Hegel's way of thinking is not far different from *Goethe's*: one needs only to listen to Goethe about *Spinoza*. Will to deify the universe and life in order to find *repose* and *happiness* in contemplation and in getting to the bottom of things; Hegel seeks reason everywhere—before reason one may submit and acquiesce. In Goethe a kind of almost *joyous* and *trusting fatalism* that does not revolt, that does not flag, that seeks to form a totality out of himself, in the faith that only in the totality everything redeems itself and appears good and justified.[60]

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[59] *Etwas Sich-selbst-Aufhebendes. Aufheben,* one of Hegel's favorite terms, is an ordinary German word that can mean cancel, preserve, and lift up. For a detailed discussion of this term see Walter Kaufmann, *Hegel,* Doubleday, Garden City, 1965, sections 37 and 42.

[60] Cf. *Twilight,* "Skirmishes," section 49 (*Portable Nietzsche,* p. 553). Indeed, long after adding this note I found in 1911, p. 500, that "in the manuscript this aph[orism—*sic!*] is followed by a preliminary version" of that section. The above is surely a mere note; section 49 *is* an "aphorism."

96 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Period of the *Enlightenment*—followed by the period of *sentimentality*. To what extent Schopenhauer belongs to "sentimentality" (Hegel to spirituality).[61]

97 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The seventeenth century suffers of man as of a sum of contradictions (*"l'amas de contradictions"* that we are); it seeks to discover, order, excavate man—while the eighteenth century seeks to forget what is known of man's nature in order to assimilate him to its utopia. "Superficial, tender, humane"—enthusiastic about "man"—

The seventeenth century seeks to erase the tracks of the individual to make the work look as similar to life as possible. The eighteenth uses the work in an attempt to arouse interest in the author. The seventeenth century seeks in art—art, a piece of culture; the eighteenth uses art to make propaganda for reforms of a social and political nature.

"Utopia," the "ideal man," the deification of nature, the vanity of posing, the subordination to propaganda for social goals, charlatanism—these are our gifts from the eighteenth century.

The style of the seventeenth century: *propre, exact et libre.*

The strong individual, self-sufficient or zealously occupied before God—and this modern obtrusiveness of authors who all but leap out at you—these furnish some contrast. "To perform" —compare that with the scholars of Port-Royal.

Alfieri[62] had a sense for grand style.

Hatred of the burlesque (undignified), lack of a sense for nature belong to the seventeenth century.

98 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Against Rousseau.— *Unfortunately,* man is no longer evil enough; Rousseau's opponents who say "man is a beast of prey" are unfortunately wrong. Not the corruption of man but the extent to which he has become tender and moralized is his curse.[63]

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[61] The two German terms here are *Empfindsamkeit* and *Geistigkeit.*

[62] Count Vittorio Alfieri (1749-1803), Italian dramatist.

[63] Cf. *Twilight,* "Skirmishes," section 37 (*Portable Nietzsche,* p. 538).

Precisely in the sphere that Rousseau fought most violently one could find the *relatively* still strong and well-turned-out type of man (those in whom the grand affects were still unbroken: will to power, will to enjoyment, will and capacity to command). The man of the eighteenth century has to be compared with the man of the Renaissance (also with the man of the seventeenth century in France), so that one feels what is at stake: Rousseau is a symptom of self self-contempt and heated vanity—both signs that the domineering will is lacking: he moralizes and, as a man of rancor, seeks the cause of his wretchedness in the ruling classes.

99 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Against Rousseau.[64]— The state of nature is terrible, man is a beast of prey; our civilization represents a tremendous triumph over this beast-of-prey nature: thus argued Voltaire. He felt the mitigation, the subtleties, the spiritual joys of the civilized state; he despised narrowmindedness, also in the form of virtue, and the lack of delicatesse, also among ascetics and monks.

The moral reprehensibility of man seemed to preoccupy Rousseau; with the words "unjust" and "cruel" one can best stir up the instincts of the oppressed who otherwise smart under the ban of the *vetitum* and disfavor, so their conscience advises them against rebellious cravings. Such emancipators seek one thing above all: to give their party the grand accents and poses of the higher nature.

100 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Rousseau: the rule based on feeling; nature as the source of justice; man perfects himself to the extent to which he approaches nature (according to Voltaire, to the extent to which he moves away from nature). The very same epochs are for one ages of the progress of humanity; for the other, times when injustice and inequality grow worse.

Voltaire still comprehended *umanità* in the Renaissance sense; also *virtù* (as "high culture"); he fights for the cause of the *"honnêtes gens"* and *"de la bonne compagnie,"*[65] the cause of taste, of science, of the arts, of progress itself and civilization.

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[64] This heading was changed by the editors to read *"Voltaire—Rousseau."*

[65] These terms might be translated as humanity, virtue, honorable people,

The fight began around 1760: the citizen of Geneva and *le seigneur de Ferney*.[66] Only from that moment on Voltaire becomes the man of his century, the philosopher, the representative of tolerance and unbelief (till then merely *un bel esprit*).[67] Envy and hatred of Rousseau's success impelled him forward, "to the heights."

Pour "la canaille" un dieu remunerateur et vengeur[68]—Voltaire.

Critique of both points of view in regard to the *value of civilization*. The social invention is for Voltaire the most beautiful there is: there is no higher goal than to maintain and perfect it; precisely this is *honnêteté*,[69] to respect social conventions; virtue as obedience to certain necessary "prejudices" in favor of the preservation of "society." *Missionary of culture*, aristocrat, representative of the victorious, ruling classes and their valuations. But Rousseau remained a *plebeian*, also as *homme de lettres*;[70] that was *unheard of;* his impudent contempt of all that was not he himself.

What was *sick* in Rousseau was admired and *imitated* most. (Lord Byron related to him; also worked himself up into sublime poses and into vindictive rancor; sign of "meanness"; later attained balance through Venice and comprehended what produces more ease and well-being—*l'insouciance*.)[71]

Rousseau is proud in regard to what he is, in spite of his origins; but he is beside himself when one reminds him of it.—

Rousseau, beyond a doubt, mentally disturbed; in Voltaire an uncommon health and light touch. *The rancor of the sick;* the periods of his insanity also those of his contempt of man and his mistrust.

The defense of *providence* by Rousseau (against the pessimism of Voltaire): he *needed* God in order to be able to cast a curse upon society and civilization; everything had to be good in itself

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and good society, but each of them has a distinctive flavor in the original language, which accounts for Nietzsche's use of foreign words.

[66] The squire of Ferney. In the MS erroneously: Tourney.

[67] A wit.

[68] For the rabble, a rewarding and avenging god.

[69] Decency.

[70] Man of letters.

[71] Nonchalance.

because God had created it; *only man has corrupted men.* The "good man" as the natural man was pure fantasy; but with the dogma of God's authorship it seemed probable and well-founded.

Romanticism à la Rousseau: passion ("the sovereign right of passion"); "naturalness"; the fascination of madness (folly included in greatness); the absurd vanity of the weak man; the rancor of the mob as judge ("for a hundred years now, a sick man has been accepted as a leader in politics").[72]

101 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Kant: makes the epistemological skepticism of the English possible for Germans:

1. by enlisting for it the sympathy of the moral and religious needs of the Germans; just as the later philosophers of the Academy used skepticism for the same reason, as a preparation for Platonism (*vide* Augustin); and as Pascal used even moralistic skepticism in order to excite the need for faith ("to justify it");
2. by scholastically involuting and curlicueing it and thus making it acceptable for the German taste regarding scientific form (for Locke and Hume in themselves were too bright, too clear, i.e., judged according to German value instincts, "too superficial"—)

Kant: inferior in his psychology and knowledge of human nature; way off when it comes to great historical values (French Revolution); a moral fanatic à la Rousseau; a subterranean Christianity in his values; a dogmatist through and through, but ponderously sick of this inclination, to such an extent that he wished to tyrannize it, but also weary right away of skepticism; not yet touched by the slightest breath of cosmopolitan taste and the beauty of antiquity—a *delayer* and *mediator,* nothing original (just as *Leibniz mediated* and built a *bridge* between mechanism and spiritualism, as *Goethe* did between the taste of the eighteenth century and that of the "historical sense" (which is essentially a sense for the exotic), as *German music* did between French and Italian music, as *Charlemagne* did between *imperium Romanum* and nationalism—*delayers par excellence.*)[73]

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[72] The final paragraph was composed by the German editors from different drafts (1911, p. 500).

[73] Cf. *The Antichrist,* section 61 (*Portable Nietzsche,* p. 653).

102 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

In how far the *Christian* centuries with their pessimism were *stronger* centuries than the eighteenth century—like the *tragic* era of the Greeks.

The nineteenth century vis-à-vis the eighteenth century. In what respects heir—in what respects a regression (poorer in "spirit" and taste)—in what respects progress (darker,[74] more realistic, stronger).

103 (*1883-1888*)[75]

What does it mean that we have such a feeling for the *campagna Romana?* And for high mountain ranges? What is the *meaning* of our nationalism?[76]

Chateaubriand in 1803, in a letter to M. de Fontanes, gives the first impression of the *campagna Romana.*

President de Brosses says of the *campagna Romana: "il fallait que Romulus fût ivre, quand il songea à bâtir une ville dans un terrain aussi laid."*[77]

Delacroix, too, did not like Rome, it frightened him. He was enthusiastic about Venice, like Shakespeare, like Byron, like George Sand. This aversion to Rome also in Theoph. Gautier—and in Rich. Wagner.

Lamartine has found language for Sorrent and Posilipp.

Victor Hugo was enthusiastic about Spain, *"parce que aucune autre nation n'a moins emprunté à l'antiquité, parce qu'elle n'a subi aucune influence classique."*[78]

104 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

The *two great tentative* ones, made to overcome the eighteenth century:

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[74] *Düsterer.* Above, *Verdüsterung* has been rendered sometimes as "eclipse."

[75] Composed by the editor of the standard edition from various drafts.

[76] This sentence is found only in 1911, p. 500.

[77] Romulus must have been drunk when he thought of building a city in such an ugly place.

[78] Because no other nation borrowed less from antiquity, because she underwent no classical influence.

Napoleon, by awakening again the man, the soldier, and the great fight for power—conceiving Europe as a political unit;

Goethe, by imagining a European culture that would harvest the full inheritance of *attained* humanity.

German culture of this century arouses mistrust—in music this full, redeeming and binding element of Goethe is lacking—The Austrians have remained German only by virtue of their music.[79]

105 (*1883-1888*)

The preponderance of *music* in the romantics of 1839 and 1840. Delacroix. Ingres, a passionate musician (cult of Gluck, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart), said to his students in Rome, *"si je pouvais vous rendre tous musiciens, vous y gagneriez comme peintres"*;[80] also Horace Vernet, with a special passion for *Don Giovanni* (as Mendelssohn testifies, 1831); also Stendhal, who said of himself: *Combien de lieues ne ferais-je pas à pied, et à combien de jours de prison ne me soumetterais-je pas pour entendre Don Juan ou le Matromonio segreto: et je ne sais pour quelle autre chose je ferais cet effort.*[81] At that time he was 56.

Borrowed forms; e.g., Brahms as typical "epigone"; Mendelssohn's educated Protestantism, ditto (an earlier "soul" is *re*captured poetically—)

—moral and poetical substitutions in Wagner, *one* art as stopgap for deficiencies in the others

—the "historical sense," inspiration from poetry and ancient sagas

—that typical transformation of which G. Flaubert offers the clearest example among the French and Richard Wagner among the Germans, in which the romantic faith in love and the future is transformed into the desire for the nothing, 1830 into 1850.

106 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Why does German music culminate in the period of German romanticism? Why is Goethe missing in German music? How much Schiller—more precisely, how much "Thekla"[82]—there is in Beethoven!

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[79] The last sentence is found only in 1911, p. 500.

[80] If I could make you all musicians you'd become better painters.

[81] How many leagues would I not walk and how many days in prison would I not endure to hear *Don Giovanni* or *Le Matrimonio Segreto;* and I don't know for what else I should make such an effort.

Schumann has in himself Eichendorff, Uhland, Heine, Hoffmann, Tieck. Richard Wagner has *Freischütz,*[83] Hoffmann, Grimm, the romantic saga, the mystical catholicism of instinct, symbolism, the "libertinism of passion" (Rousseau's intent). *The Flying Dutchman* tastes of France, where *le ténébreux*[84] was the type of the seducer in 1830.

Cult of music, of the revolutionary romanticism of form. Wagner sums up romanticism, German as well as French—

107 (*1888*)

Estimated merely for his value for Germany and German culture, Richard Wagner remains a great question mark, perhaps a German misfortune, in any case a destiny: but what does it matter? Isn't he very much more than merely a German event? It even seems to me that there is no place where he belongs less than Germany: nothing was prepared for him there; his whole type remains simply strange among Germans, odd, uncomprehended, incomprehensible. But one is careful not to admit this to oneself: for that one is too kindly, too square,[85] too German. *"Credo quia absurdus est"*:[86] that is what the German spirit wants and also wanted in this case—and so it believes for the present whatever Wagner wanted people to believe about him. The German spirit has at all times lacked subtlety and divination *in psychologicis.* Today, under the high pressure of fatherlandism and self-admiration, it is visibly thickening and becoming coarser: how should it be capable of coping with the problem of Wagner!—

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[82] Woman in the cast of Schiller's *Wallenstein.*

[83] Opera by Lortzing.

[84] The dark (or devilish) man.

[85] *Viereckig.* Nietzsche's use of this word, which literally means quadrangular or square, is somewhat eccentric. He means, angular, solid, unsubtle—and the overtones of the American "square" seem entirely appropriate.

[86] "I believe because he is absurd." Variation of the famous, "I believe because it is absurd," usually ascribed to Tertullian.

108 (*1885*)

So far, the Germans are nothing, but they will become something; thus they have no culture yet—thus they cannot have any culture yet. That is my proposition: let those who cannot help it take offense.— So far they are nothing: that means, they are all sorts of things. They will become something: that means, they will stop some day being all sorts of things. The latter is at bottom a mere wish, scarcely a hope; fortunately, a wish on which one can live, a matter of will, of work, of discipline, of breeding, as well as a matter of annoyance,[87] of desire, of missing something, of discomfort, even of embitterment—in brief, we Germans desire something from ourselves that has not yet been desired from us—we desire something more!

That this "German as he is not yet" deserves something better than today's German *"Bildung"*;[88] that all who are "in the process of becoming" must be furious when they perceive some satisfaction in this area, an impertinent "retiring on one's laurels" or "self-congratulation": that is my second proposition on which I also have not yet changed my mind.

109 (*1885*)

Principle: There is an element of decay in everything that characterizes modern man: but close beside this sickness stand signs of an untested force and powerfulness of the soul. *The same reasons that produce the increasing smallness of man* drive the *stronger and rarer individuals up to greatness.*[89]

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[87] *Unwillen,* literally: un-will. A play on words.

[88] The word means both culture and education—that which is taken to distinguish those who are "educated."

The early editors' intent in placing this note of 1885 after the preceding note of 1888, by way of concluding a subsection (the subheads have been dropped above), is palpable: one did not wish to conclude with a sharp criticism of Germany and dredged up an older note in which Nietzsche had identified himself with the Germans, at least to some extent. The published statements of his last year speak for themselves: see *The Case of Wagner* and the chapter on the Germans (p. 505 in *Portable Nietzsche*) in *Twilight of the Idols;* also the chapter on *The Case of Wagner* in *Ecce Homo.*

[89] Compare section 70 above.

110 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Overall insight: the ambiguous character of our *modern world*—the very same symptoms could point to *decline* and to *strength*. And the signs of strength, of the attainment of majority, could be misconstrued as weakness on the basis of traditional (residual) negative emotional valuations. In brief, our feelings, as feelings about values, are not up to date.

To generalize: feelings about values are always behind the times; they express conditions of preservation and growth that belong to times long gone by; they resist new conditions of existence with which they cannot cope and which they necessarily misunderstand: thus they inhibit and arouse suspicion against what is new.—

111 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The problem of the nineteenth century. Whether its strong and weak sides belong together? Whether it is all of one piece? Whether the diverseness of its ideals and their mutual inconsistency are due to a higher aim: *as* something higher?— For it could be the precondition of greatness to grow to such an extent in violent tension. Dissatisfaction, nihilism *could* be a good sign.

112 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Overall insight.— Actually, every major growth is accompanied by a tremendous crumbling and passing away: suffering, the symptoms of decline *belong* in the times of tremendous advances; every fruitful and powerful movement of humanity has also created at the same time a nihilistic movement. It could be the sign of a crucial and most essential growth, of the transition to new conditions of existence, that the most extreme form of pessimism, genuine *nihilism*, would come into the world. *This I have comprehended.*

113 (*1883-1888*)

(A)

To begin with a full and cordial tribute to contemporary humanity: not to be deceived by appearances—this type of humanity is less striking but gives far better warranties of duration; its tempo is slower, but the beat is much richer. Health is increasing, the actual conditions for a strong body get recognized and are slowly created, "asceticism" *ironice.*[90] One shrinks from extremes; a certain confidence in the "right road";[91] no enthusing; temporary acclimatization to narrower values (like "fatherland," like "scholarship," etc.).

Still, this whole picture would remain *ambiguous:* it could be an ascending but also a descending movement of life.

(B)

Faith in *"progress"*—in the lower spheres of intelligence it appears as ascending life; but this is self-deception; in the higher spheres of intelligence as decending life.

Description of the symptoms.

Unity of point of view: uncertainty about standards of value.

Fear of a general "in vain."

Nihilism.

114 (*June 10, 1887*)[92]

Actually, we have no longer such need of an antidote to the *first* nihilism: life in our Europe is no longer that uncertain, capricious, absurd. Such a tremendous increase in the value of man, the value of trouble, etc., is not so needful now; we can take a significant decrease of this value, we may concede much absurdity and caprice: the power man has attained now permits a demotion of the means of breeding of which the moral interpretation was the strongest. "God'" is far too extreme a hypothesis.

115 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

If anything signifies our *humanization*—a genuine and actual *progress*—it is the fact that we no longer require excessive oppositions, indeed no opposites at all—

we may love the senses, we have spiritualized and made them artistic in every degree;

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[90] Ironically.

[91] Allusion to Goethe's *Faust,* line 329.

[92] See footnote to section 4 above.

we have a right to all those things which were most *maligned* until now.[93]

116 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

The inversion of the order of rank.— The pious counterfeiters, the priests, among us become chandalas—they replace the charlatans, quacks, counterfeiters, and wizards; we consider them corrupters of the will, great slanderers of life on which they wish to revenge themselves, *rebels* among the underprivileged. We have turned the caste of servants, the Sudras, into our middle class, our *"Volk"* ["people"], those who make political decisions.[94]

On the other hand, the chandala of former times is at the top: foremost, those who *blaspheme God, the immoralists,* the nomads of every type, the artists, Jews, musicians—at bottom, all disreputable classes of men—

We have raised ourselves to the level of *honorable* thoughts; even more, we *determine* honor on earth, "nobility"— All of us are today *advocates of life.— We immoralists* are today the *strongest power*: the other great powers need us—we construe the world in our image—

We have transferred the concept of the "chandala" to the *priests, teachers of a beyond,* and the *Christian society* that is grown together with them, as well as all who are of the same origin, the pessimists, nihilists, romantics of pity, criminals, vice addicts—the whole sphere in which the concept of "God" is imagined as a *savior*—

We are proud of no longer having to be liars, slanderers, men who cast suspicion on life—[95]

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[93] An exceptionally interesting note, though of course no more than a note. *Vermenschlichung,* our becoming more humane, is the only thing worthy of being considered genuine progress, and it consists in spiritualizing (*vergeistigen*) the senses instead of condemning them as evil. The naiveté of postulating opposites where in fact there are only differences in degree is also condemned in Nietzsche's books, e.g., in *Beyond Good and Evil,* section 24 (New York: Vintage, 1966). For the final remark, see the chapter "On the Three Evils" in *Zarathustra,* Part III, p. 300 *ff* in *Portable Nietzsche.*

[94] At this point the MS continued, according to 1911, p. 500, although the standard editions omit the following words: "business and land owners—the military—the scholarly classes."

[95] In the ancient Hindu Law of Manu the priestly caste (Brahmins) is the highest, the Sudras form the lowest caste, and the chandalas are outcasts. For Nietzsche's critique of the Law of Manu see the chapter on "The 'Improvers' of Mankind" in *Twilight* (*Portable Nietzsche,* pp. 503-505). In

117 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)[96]

Progress of the nineteenth century against the eighteenth (—at bottom we *good Europeans* wage a war against the eighteenth century—):

1. "Return to nature" understood more and more decisively in the opposite sense from Rousseau's. *Away from idyl and opera!*
2. more and more decisively anti-idealistic, more concrete, more fearless, industrious, moderate, suspicious against sudden changes, *antirevolutionary*;
3. more and more decisively the question concerning the *health of the body* is put ahead of that of "the soul": the latter being understood as a state consequent upon the former, and the former at the very least as a precondition of the health of the soul.

118 (*1883-1888*)

If anything at all has been achieved, it is a more innocuous relation to the senses, a more joyous, benevolent, Goethean attitude toward sensuality; also a prouder feeling regarding the search for knowledge, so that the "pure fool"[97] is not given much credit.

119 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. 1888*)

We who are *"objective."*— It is not "pity" that opens the gates to the most distant and strange types of being and culture to *us*, but rather our accessibility and lack of partiality that does *not* empathize with or share suffering[98] but on the contrary takes delight in a hundred things that formerly led people to suffer (feel outraged or deeply moved, or prompted hostile and cold looks—). Suffering in all its nuances has become interesting for us: in this respect

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this note two terms Gide used in book titles occur together: *The Immoralist* and *The Counterfeiters.* The former was published before this note, but influenced by Nietzsche's use of the same term elsewhere.

[96] See the footnote to section 124 below; also the Appendix.

[97] Glorified by Wagner in *Parsifal.*

[98] *"Nicht das 'Mitleid'"* and *"welche gerade* nicht *'mitleidet'"*: the German word for pity (*Mitleid*) means literally "suffering with"—like "compassion" and "sympathy."

we are certainly *not* fuller of pity, even when we are shaken by the sight of suffering and moved to tears: we do not by any means for that reason feel like helping.

In this *voluntary* desire to contemplate all sorts of distress and transgressions [99] we have become stronger and more vigorous than the eighteenth century was; it is a proof of our increase in vigor (we have come closer to the seventeenth and sixteenth centuries—). But it is a profound misunderstanding to construe our "romanticism" as a proof that our "souls" have become "more beautiful"—

We desire *strong* sensations as all *coarser* ages and social strata do.— This should be distinguished from the needs of those with weak nerves and the decadents: they have a need for pepper, even for cruelty—

All of us seek states in which bourgeois morality *no longer has any say*, and priestly morality even less (—every book to which some of the air of pastors and theologians still clings gives us the impression of a pitiable *niaiserie*[100] and poverty.— "Good society" consists of those whom at bottom nothing interests except what is *forbidden* in bourgeois society and gives a bad reputation: the same applies to books, music, politics, and the estimation of woman.

120 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

How man has become more natural in the nineteenth century (the eighteenth century is that of elegance, refinement, and *sentiments généreux*).— *Not* "return to nature"—for there has never yet been a natural humanity. The scholasticism of un- and *anti*-natural values is the rule, is the beginning; man reaches nature only after a long struggle—he never "returns"— Nature: i.e., daring to be immoral like nature.

We are coarser, more direct, full of irony against generous feelings even when we succumb to them.

More natural is our first society, that of the rich, the leisure class: they hunt each other, love between the sexes is a kind of sport in which marriage furnishes an obstacle and a provocation; they amuse themselves and live for pleasure; they esteem physical advantages above all, are curious and bold.

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[99] *Vergehen* could also mean "passing away" instead of "transgressions."

[100] Silliness.

More natural is our attitude to the search for knowledge: we possess libertinage of the spirit in all innocence, we hate pompous and hieratical manners, we delight in what is most forbidden, we should hardly know any longer of any interest of knowledge if the way to it were paved with boredom.

More natural is our attitude toward morality. Principles have become ridiculous; nobody permits himself any longer to speak without irony of his "duty." But a helpful, benevolent disposition is esteemed (morality is found in an *instinct*, and the rest is spurned.[101] In addition a few concepts of points of honor—).

More natural is our position in *politicis*: we see problems of power, of one quantum of power against another. We do not believe in any right that is not supported by the power of enforcement: we feel all rights to be conquests.

More natural is our estimation of great human beings and great things: we consider passion a privilege, we consider nothing great unless it includes a great crime; we conceive all being-great as a placing-oneself-outside as far as morality is concerned.

More natural is our attitude toward nature: we no longer love it on account of its "innocence," "reason," or "beauty"; we have made it nicely "devilish" and "dumb." But instead of despising it on that account, we have felt more closely related to it ever since, more at home in it. It does *not* aspire to virtue, and for that we respect nature.

More natural is our attitude toward art: we do not demand beautiful illusory lies from it, etc.; brutal positivism reigns, recognizing facts without becoming excited.

In summa: there are signs that the European of the nineteenth century is less ashamed of his instincts; he has taken a goodly step toward admitting to himself his unconditional naturalness, i.e., his immorality, *without becoming embittered*—on the contrary, strong enough to endure only this sight.

This sounds to some ears as if corruption had progressed—and it is certain that man has not come close to that *"nature"* of which *Rousseau* speaks but has progressed another step in civilization, which Rousseau *abhorred*. We have become *stronger*: we have again come closer to the seventeenth century, especially to the taste of its end (Dancourt, Lesage, Regnard).[102]

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[101] *"Dédaignirt."*

[102] Florent Carton Dancourt (1661-1725), French dramatist; Alain René

121 (*1888*)

Culture contra civilization.[103]— The high points of culture and civilization do not coincide: one should not be deceived about the abysmal antagonism of culture and civilization. The great moments of culture were always, morally speaking, times of corruption; and conversely, the periods when the taming of the human animal ("civilization") was desired and enforced were times of intolerance against the boldest and most spiritual natures. Civilization has aims different from those of culture—perhaps they are even opposite—

122 (*January-Fall 1888*)

What I warn against: the instincts of decadence should not be confused with *humaneness;*[104]

the means of civilization, which lead to disintegration and necessarily to decadence, should not be confused with culture;

the libertinage, the principle of *"laisser aller,"* should not be confused with the will to power (—which is the counterprinciple).

123 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The unfinished problems I pose anew: the problem of civilization, the fight between Rousseau and Voltaire around 1760. Man becomes more profound, mistrustful, "immoral," stronger, more confident of himself—and to this extent "more natural": this is "progress."— At the same time, in accordance with a kind of division of labor, the strata that have become more evil are separated from those that have become milder and tamer—so that the overall fact is not noticed immediately.— It is characteristic of strength, of the self-control and fascination of strength, that these stronger strata possess the art of making others experience their progress in

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Lesage (1668-1747), French novelist and dramatist; and Jean François Regnard (1655-1709), French comic dramatist.

[103] This title was added by the German editors.

[104] *Humanität.*

evil as something higher. It is characteristic of every "progress" that the strengthened elements are reinterpreted as "good."

124 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

To give men back the courage to their natural drives—

To check their self-underestimation (not that of man as an individual but that of man as nature—)—

To remove antitheses from things after comprehending that we have projected them there—

To remove the idiosyncrasies of society from existence (guilt, punishment, justice, honesty, freedom, love, etc.)—

Progress toward "naturalness": in all political questions, also in the relations of parties, even of commercial, workers', and employers' parties, questions of power are at stake—"what one *can* do," and only after that what one ought to do.[105]

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[105] Podach, *op. cit.*, pp. 203 *ff*, says of Schlechta's edition that "some most important points have eluded him. Only two examples:

I. In the one-volume edition of *The Will to Power* [1901], the aphorism to which Nietzsche assigned number 80 in W. II 1, 47/48 [the reference is to pp. 47/48 of one of his notebooks], was reproduced as aphorism 36. Weiss [in the two-volume edition of 1911, which—except for the important editorial apparatus at the end of the second volume—is merely a reprint of the second edition of 1906] made two [aphorisms] out of it (117 and 124), although Nietzsche had also listed this aphorism in W II 4 as '80: Progress of the growing naturalness of the nineteenth century.' A juxtaposition of the two versions shows that in 124 in Weiss's version the paragraph is missing that in the one-volume edition concludes the aphorism:

> *'that meanwhile, in the midst of the mechanics of grand politics, the Christian trumpet is still sounded (for example, in bulletins about victories or in the Kaiser's addresses to the nation), belongs more and more with the things that are becoming impossible; for it offends good taste.'*

"Schlechta knows nothing of this, although it would have been useful to him in his reprint. It is equally unknown to him that the editors of *The Will to Power* of 1901 recorded in their notes (p. 131 [actually, 531]): 'A short sentence has been omitted here.' Otto Weiss did not mention this.

"The unpublished sentence reads: 'The throat of the crown prince is not one of God's affairs.'"

This is scarcely an earth-shaking revelation. Indeed, it is of interest mainly as negative evidence: this is offered as one of the two "most important points"—*Wichtigstes* might also be rendered as "most significant"—that have eluded Podach's predecessors down to Schlechta. Podach's second example has already been considered in the footnote to section 2. (See also my article, cited at the end of that note.)

The "unpublished sentence" was evidently written in 1887, when the crown prince of Germany was suffering from a throat ailment that killed him a hundred days after he succeeded to the imperial throne in 1888. In his correspondence Nietzsche then expressed his respect for him and his

125 (*1885*)[106]

Socialism—as the logical conclusion of the *tyranny* of the least and the dumbest, i.e., those who are superficial, envious, and three-quarters actors—is indeed entailed by "modern ideas" and their latent anarchism; but in the tepid air of democratic well-being the capacity to reach conclusions, or to finish, weakens. One follows—but one no longer sees what follows. Therefore socialism is on the whole a hopeless and sour affair; and nothing offers a more amusing spectacle than the contrast between the poisonous and desperate faces cut by today's socialists—and to what wretched and pinched feelings their *style* bears witness!—and the harmless lambs' happiness of their hopes and desiderata. Nevertheless, in many places in Europe they may yet bring off occasional coups and attacks: there will be deep "rumblings" in the stomach of the next century, and the Paris commune, which has its apologists and advocates in Germany, too, was perhaps no more than a minor indigestion compared to what is coming. But there will always be too many who have possessions for socialism to signify more than an attack of sickness—and those who have possessions are of one mind on one article of faith: "one must possess something in order to *be* something." But this is the oldest and healthiest of all instincts: I should add, "one must want to have more than one has in order to *become* more." For this is the doctrine preached by life itself to all that has life: the morality of development. To have and to want to have more—*growth,* in one word—that is life itself. In the doctrine of socialism there is hidden, rather badly, a "will to negate life"; the human beings or races that think up such a doctrine must be bungled. Indeed, I should wish that a few great experiments might prove that in a socialist society life negates itself, cuts off its own roots. The earth is large enough and man still sufficiently unexhausted; hence such a practical instruction and

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disappointment—Friedrich III was a more likable emperor than his son and successor, Wilhelm II. The "unpublished sentence" clearly was not closely related to the contents of either section 117 or section 124 but merely a note Nietzsche had jotted down for himself, and posterity was not cheated by its suppression. It was evidently no more than a reaction to someone who had dragged in God in a way that had irritated Nietzsche.

For facsimiles and further discussion see front of book and Appendix.

[106] The manuscript is not in Nietzsche's handwriting but was evidently dictated by him—and then corrected and amplified in his hand. See 1911, p. 500.

demonstratio ad absurdum would not strike me as undesirable, even if it were gained and paid for with a tremendous expenditure of human lives. In any case, even as a restless mole under the soil of a society that wallows in stupidity, socialism will be able to be something useful and therapeutic: it delays "peace on earth" and the total mollification of the democratic herd animal; it forces the Europeans to retain spirit, namely cunning and cautious care, not to abjure manly and warlike virtues altogether, and to retain some remnant of spirit, of clarity, sobriety, and coldness of the spirit—it protects Europe for the time being from the *marasmus*[107] *femininus* that threatens it.

126 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The *most favorable inhibitions and remedies of modernity:*

1. universal military service with real wars in which the time for joking is past;
2. national bigotry (simplifies, concentrates);
3. improved nutrition (meat);
4. increasing cleanliness and healthfulness of domiciles;
5. hegemony of physiology over theology, moralism, economics, and politics;
6. military severity in the demand for and handling of one's "obligations" (one does not praise any more—).

127 (*1884*)

I am *glad* about the military development of Europe; also of the internal states of anarchy: the time of repose and Chinese ossification, which Galiani predicted for this century, is over. Personal *manly virtù*,[108] *virtù* of the body,[109] is regaining value, estimation becomes more physical, nutrition meatier. Beautiful men are again becoming possible. Pallid hypocrisy (with mandarins at the top, as Comte dreamed) is over. The barbarian in each of us is affirmed; also the wild beast. Precisely for that reason philosophers have a future.— Kant is a scarecrow, some day![110]

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[107] Withering: a Greek medical term found in Galen, the second-century (A.D.) physician.

[108] *Tüchtigkeit.*

[109] *Leibes-Tüchtigkeit.*

[110] Gerade deshalb *wird es mehr werden mit den Philosophen.—Kant ist eine Vogelscheuche, irgend wann einmal!* A very rough note, quite unpolished.

128 (*1884*)

I have as yet found *no* reason for discouragement. Whoever has preserved, and bred in himself, a strong will, together with an ample spirit, has more favorable opportunities than ever. For the trainability of men has become very great in this democratic Europe; men who learn easily and adapt themselves easily are the rule: the herd animal, even highly intelligent, has been prepared. Whoever can command finds those who *must* obey: I am thinking, e.g., of Napoleon and Bismarck. The rivalry with strong and *un*-intelligent wills, which is the greatest obstacle, is small. Who doesn't topple these "objective" gentlemen with weak wills, like Ranke or Renan!

129 (*1885*)

Spiritual enlightenment is an infallible means for making men unsure, weaker in will, so they are more in need of company and support—in short, for developing the *herd animal* in man. Therefore all great artists of government so far (Confucius in China, the *imperium Romanum,* Napoleon, the papacy at the time when it took an interest in power and not merely in the world), in the places where the dominant instincts have culminated so far, also employed spiritual enlightenment—at least let it have its way (like the popes of the Renaissance). The self-deception of the mass concerning this point, e.g., in every democracy, is extremely valuable: making men smaller and more governable is desired as "progress"!

130 (*1883-1888*)

The highest equity and mildness as a state of *weakening* (the New Testament and the original Christian community—apparent as complete *bêtise*[111] in the Englishmen, Darwin and Wallace[112]). Your equity, you higher natures, impels you toward *suffrage universel,* etc.; your "humanity," toward mildness confronted with crime and stupidity. In the *long run* you thus make stupidity and the unscrupulous victorious: comfort and stupidity—*the mean.*

Externally: age of tremendous wars, upheavals, explosions.

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[111] Stupidity.

[112] Alfred Russell Wallace (1823-1913).

Internally: ever greater weakness of man, *events* as *excitants.* The Parisian as the European extreme.

Consequences: (1) *barbarians* (at first, of course, below the form of culture so far [e.g., Dühring[113]]); (2) *sovereign individuals* (where masses of barbarian force are crossed with a lack of all restraint regarding whatever has been). Age of the greatest stupidity, brutality, and the *masses,* and of the *highest individuals.*

131 (*1884*)

Innumerable individuals of a higher type now perish: but whoever *gets away* is strong as the devil. Similar to the situation at the time of the Renaissance.

132 (*1885*)

Good Europeans that we are—what distinguishes us above the men of fatherlands?— First, we are atheists and immoralists, but for the present we support the religions and moralities of the herd instinct: for these prepare a type of man that must one day fall into our hands, that must *desire* our hands.

Beyond good and evil—but we demand that herd morality should be held sacred unconditionally.

We hold in reserve many types of philosophy which need to be taught: possibly, the pessimistic type, as a hammer; a European Buddhism might perhaps be indispensable.

We probably support the development and maturing of democratic institutions: they enhance weakness of the will: in socialism we see a thorn that protects against comfortableness.

Position toward peoples. Our preferences; we pay attention to the results of interbreeding.

Apart, wealthy, strong: irony at the expense of the "press" and its culture. Worry lest scholars become journalistic. We feel contemptuous of every kind of culture that is compatible with reading, not to speak of writing for, newspapers.

We take our accidental positions (like Goethe, Stendhal), our experiences, as foreground and stress them to deceive about our depths. We ourselves are *waiting* and beware of staking our hearts on them. They serve us as hostels for a night, which a wanderer needs and accepts—we beware of settling down.

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[113] "E.g., Dühring" is found only in 1911, p. 500.

We are ahead of our fellow men in possessing a *disciplina voluntatis.* All strength applied to development of *strength of the will,* an art that permits us to wear masks, an art of understanding *beyond* the affects (also to think in a "supra-European" way, at times).

Preparation for becoming the legislators of the future, the masters of the earth, at least our children. Basic concern with marriages.

133 (*1885*)

The twentieth century.— Abbé Galiani once said: *La prévoyance est la cause des guerres actuelles de l'Europe. Si l'on voulait se donner la peine de ne rien prévoir, tout le monde serait tranquille, et je ne crois pas qu'on serait plus malheureux parce qu'on ne ferait pas la guerre.*[114] Since I do not by any means share the unwarlike views of my friend Galiani, I am not afraid of predicting a few things and thus, possibly, of conjuring up the cause of wars.

A tremendous *stock-taking*[115] after the most terrible earthquake: with new questions.

134 (*1885-1886*)

This is the time of the *great noon, of the most terrible* clearing up: my type of pessimism—great point of departure.

I. Basic contradiction in civilization and the enhancement of man.

II. Moral valuations as a history of lies and the art of slander in the service of a will to power (the *herd* will that rebels against the human beings who are stronger).

III. The conditions of every enhancement of culture (making possible a *selection*[116] at the expense of a mass) are the conditions of all growth.

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[114] "Foresight is the cause of Europe's present wars. If one would take pains to foresee nothing, the whole world would be tranquil, and I do not believe that one would be worse off for not waging war." The quotation was inserted by Peter Gast.

[115] *Besinnung* has no exact English equivalent. *Sinn* is sense (in most of the meanings of "sense"); *sich besinnen* is to reflect; *sich auf etwas besinnen,* to remember something; *zur Besinnung kommen,* to regain consciousness or come to one's senses again; and *besonnen,* sober, prudent, deliberate.

[116] *Auswahl.* Here it is well to think not only of Darwin and natural

IV. The *multiple ambiguity*[117] of the world as a question of *strength* that sees all things in the *perspective of its growth.* Moral-Christian value judgments as slaves' rebellion and slaves' mendaciousness (against the aristocratic values of the *ancient* world). How far does art reach down into the essence of strength?[118]

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selection but also of the Bible, the concept of the chosen people (*auserwähltes Volk*), and above all the prophetic idea of the remnant.

[117] *Vieldeutigkeit.*

[118] For the final question, omitted in most editions, see 1911, p. 500.

BOOK TWO

CRITIQUE OF THE HIGHEST VALUES HITHERTO

I. CRITIQUE OF RELIGION[1]

All the beauty and sublimity we have bestowed upon real and imaginary things I will reclaim as the property and product of man: as his fairest apology. Man as poet, as thinker, as God, as love, as power: with what regal liberality he has lavished gifts upon things so as to impoverish himself and make himself feel wretched! His most unselfish act hitherto has been to admire and worship and to know how to conceal from himself that it was he who created what he admired.—[2]

1. Genesis of Religions

135 (*March-June 1888*)

On the *origin of religion.*— In the same way as today the uneducated man believes that anger is the cause of his being angry, spirit the cause of his thinking, soul the cause of his feeling—in short, just as there is still thoughtlessly posited a mass of psychological entities that are supposed to be causes—so, at a yet more naive stage, man explained precisely the same phenomena with the aid of psychological personal entities. Those conditions that seemed to him strange, thrilling, overwhelming, he interpreted as obsession and enchantment by the power of a person. (Thus the Christian, the most naive and backward species of man today, traces hope, repose, the feeling of "redemption," back to psychological inspiration by God: to him, as an essentially suffering and disturbed type, the feeling of happiness, resignation and repose naturally seems strange and in need of explanation.) Among intelligent, strong, and vigorous races it is mainly the epileptic who inspires the conviction that a strange power is here at work; but every related condition of subjection, e.g., that of the inspired man, of the poet, of the great criminal, of passions such as love and revenge, also leads to the invention of extra-human powers. A condition is made concrete in a person, and when it overtakes us is thought to be effected by that person. In other words: In the psychological concept of God, a condition, in order to appear as effect, is personified as cause.

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[1] Much of the material brought together in this first part of Book Two might have been given the title "Journal of *The Antichrist*" (after André Gide's "Journal of *The Counterfeiters*"), but some of these notes were also utilized in *Twilight of the Idols.* With a very few exceptions, the corresponding passages in these two books have not been indicated specifically in the following pages, lest the number of editorial notes become excessive.

[2] The German editors furnish no MS source, date, or number for this note.

The psychological logic is this: When a man is suddenly and overwhelmingly suffused with the *feeling of power*—and this is what happens with all great affects—it raises in him a doubt about his own person: he does not dare to think himself the cause of this astonishing feeling—and so he posits a stronger person, a divinity, to account for it.

In summa: the origin of religion lies in extreme feelings of power which, because they are strange, take men by surprise: and like a sick man who, feeling one of his limbs uncommonly heavy, comes to the conclusion another man is lying on top of him, the naive *homo religiosus*[3] divides himself into several persons. Religion is a case of *"altération de la personalité."* A sort of feeling of fear and terror at oneself— But also a feeling of extraordinary happiness and exaltation— Among the sick the feeling of health is sufficient to inspire belief in God, in the nearness of God.

136 (*March-June 1888*)

Rudimentary psychology of the religious man:— All changes are effects; all effects are effects of will (—the concept "nature," "law of nature" is lacking); all effects suppose an agent. Rudimentary psychology: one is a cause oneself only when one knows that one has performed an act of will.

Result: when man experiences the conditions of power, the imputation is that he is not their cause, that he is not responsible for them: they come without being willed, consequently we are not their author: the will that is not free (i.e., the consciousness that we have been changed without having willed it) needs an external will.

Consequence: man has not dared to credit himself with all his strong and surprising impulses—he has conceived them as "passive," as "suffered," as things imposed upon him: religion is the product of a doubt concerning the unity of the person, an *altération* of the personality: in so far as everything great and strong in man has been conceived as superhuman and external, man has belittled himself—he has separated the two sides of himself, one very paltry and weak, one very strong and astonishing, into two spheres, and called the former "man," the latter "God."

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[3] Religious man.

He has continued to think in this way; in the period of the moral idiosyncrasy he did not interpret his exalted and sublime moral states as "willed," as "work" of the person. The Christian too divides his person into a mean and weak fiction which he calls man, and another which he calls God (redeemer, savior)—

Religion has debased the concept "man"; its ultimate consequence is that everything good, great, true is superhuman and bestowed only through an act of grace—

137 (*March-June 1888*)

One way of raising man from the abasement produced by the subtraction of exalted and strong states as foreign conditions was the family theory. These exalted and strong states could at least be interpreted as the influence of our ancestors; we belonged together, in solidarity; we grow greater in our own eyes when we act according to a norm known to us.

Attempt by noble families to square religion with the feeling of their own worth. Poets and seers do the same: they feel proud, honored, and *chosen* for such an association—they attach great importance to not being considered at all as individuals, but merely as mouthpieces (Homer).

Step by step man takes possession of his exalted and proud states, he takes possession of his acts and works. Formerly one believed one was doing oneself an honor by denying responsibility for one's highest acts and attributing them to—God. Absence of free will counted as that which imparted a higher value to an action: a god was conceived as its author.[4]

138 (*1883-1888*)

Priests are the actors of something superhuman which they have to make easily perceptible, whether it be in the nature of ideals, gods, or saviors: in this they find their calling, for this their instincts serve them; to make everything as believable as possible they have to go as far as possible in posturing and posing; the shrewdness of their actor's art must above all aim at giving them a good conscience, by means of which alone is it possible to carry true conviction.

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[4] In the MS this section is entitled "A form of religion for establishing human pride." And the MS version also contains the following sentence, crossed out by Nietzsche: "Another form of religion. The god elects, the god becomes man, and god dwells among men and leaves behind great benefactions. The local legend, eternally represented as 'drama.'"

139 (*March-June 1888*)

The priest wants to have it understood that he counts as the highest type of man, that he rules—even over those who wield power—that he is indispensable, unassailable—that he is the strongest power in the community, absolutely not to be replaced or undervalued.

Means:[5] he alone possesses knowledge; he alone possesses virtue; he alone has sovereign lordship over himself; he alone is in a certain sense God and goes back to the divinity; he alone is the intermediary between God and other people; the divinity punishes every opposition to, every thought directed against a priest.

Means: truth exists. There is only one way of attaining it: to become a priest. Everything good in society, in nature, in tradition, is to be traced back to the wisdom of the priests. The holy book is their work. The whole of nature is only a fulfillment of the dogmas contained in it. There is no other source of the good than the priests. Every other kind of excellence is of a different *order* from that of the priest; e.g., that of the warrior.

Consequence: if the priest is to be the highest type, then the degrees which lead to his virtues must constitute the degrees of value among men. Study, emancipation from the senses, the non-active, the impassible, absence of affects, the solemn; antithesis: the *lowest* order of man.

The priest has taught one kind of morality: in order that he shall be considered the highest type of man. He conceives an antithetical type: the chandala. To make these contemptible by every means provides a foil to the order of castes.— The priest's extreme fear of sensuality is also conditioned by the insight that this is the most serious threat to the order of castes (that is, to order in general)— Every "more liberal tendency" *in puncto puncti* throws the marriage laws overboard—

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[5] *Mittel*, i.e., means in the sense of instrument.

140 (*March-June 1888*)

The *philosopher* as a further development of the priestly type:—has the heritage of the priest in his blood; is compelled, even as rival, to struggle for the same ends with the same means as the priest of his time; he aspires to supreme authority.

What gives authority when one does not have physical power in one's hands (no army, no weapons of any kind—)? How, in fact, does one gain authority over those who possess physical strength and authority? (They compete with the awe inspired by princes, by the victorious conqueror, by the wise statesman).

Only by arousing the belief that they have in their hands a higher, mightier strength—*God.* Nothing is sufficiently strong: the mediation and service of the priests is *needed.* They establish themselves as indispensable intermediaries: they need as conditions of their existence: (1) belief in the absolute superiority of their God, belief in *their* God; (2) that there is no other, no direct access to God. The second demand alone creates the concept "heterodoxy," the first the concept "unbeliever" (i.e., one who believes in *another* God—).

141[6] (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

Critique of the holy lie.— That the lie is permitted as a means to pious ends is part of the theory of every priesthood—to what extent it is part of their practice is the object of this inquiry.

But philosophers too, as soon as, with priestly ulterior motives, they form the intention of taking in hand the direction of mankind, at once also arrogate to themselves the right to tell lies: Plato before all. The most imposing is the twofold lie developed by the typically Aryan philosophers of the Vedanta: two systems contradictory in all their main features but for educational reasons alternating, supplementary and complementary. The lie of the one is intended to create a condition in which alone the truth of the other can become audible—

How far does the pious lie of priests and philosophers go?— One must ask what presuppositions they require for the purpose of education, what dogmas they have to invent to satisfy these presuppositions.

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[6] Sections 141-43 were utilized in the chapter on "The 'Improvers' of Mankind" in *Twilight* (*Portable Nietzsche*).

First: they must have power, authority, unconditional credibility on their side.

Secondly: they must have the whole course of nature in their hands, so that everything that affects the individual seems to be conditioned by their laws.

Thirdly: they must also possess a more extensive domain of power whose control eludes the eyes of its subjects: power of punishment in the beyond, in the "after death"—and of course the means of discovering the way to bliss.

—They have to set aside the concept of a natural course of events: but since they are clever and thoughtful people they are able to *promise* a host of effects, conditioned, of course, by prayers or the strict observance of their laws.— They can, moreover, *prescribe* a host of things that are absolutely reasonable—provided only that they do not point to experience or empiricism as the source of this wisdom, but to revelation or the consequence of "the sternest penances."

The holy lie therefore applies principally: to the *purpose* of an action (—natural purpose, reason are made to vanish: a moral purpose, the fulfillment of a law, a service to God appears as purpose—): to the *consequence* of an action (—natural consequence is interpreted as supernatural and, to produce a surer effect, the prospect of other, uncontrollable consequences is held out).

In this way a concept of good and evil is created that seems to be altogether divorced from the natural concept "useful," "harmful," "life-promoting," "life-retarding"—in so far as *another* life is imagined, it can even be directly inimical to the natural concept of good and evil.

In this way the famous "conscience" is at last created: an inner voice which does *not* measure the value of every action with regard to its consequences, but with regard to its intention and the degree to which this intention conforms with the "laws."

The holy lie therefore invented (1)[7] a *God* who punishes and rewards, who strictly observes the law-book of the priests and is strict about sending them into the world as his mouthpieces and plenipotentiaries; (2) an *afterlife* in which the great punishment machine is first thought to become effective—to this end the *immortality of the soul*; (3) *conscience* in man as the consciousness that good and evil are permanent—that God himself speaks through it when it advises conformity with priestly precepts; (4) *morality* as denial of all natural processes, as reduction of all events to a morally conditioned event, moral effects (i.e., the idea of punishment and reward) as effects permeating all things, as the sole power, as the creator of all transformation; (5) *truth* as given, as revealed, as identical with the teaching of the priests: as the condition for all salvation and happiness in this life and the next.

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[7] These numbers are not found in the MS.

In summa: what is the price of moral improvement?— Unhinging of reason, reduction of all motives to fear and hope (punishment and reward); dependence upon a priestly guardianship, upon pedantic formalities which claim to express a divine will; the implanting of a "conscience" which sets a false knowing in place of testing and experiment: as if what should be done and what left undone had already been determined—a kind of castration of the seeking and forward-striving spirit; *in summa*: the worst mutilation of man that can be imagined presented as the "good man."

In practice, all the reason, the whole heritage of prudence, subtlety, caution which is the presupposition of the priestly canon, is afterwards arbitrarily reduced to a mere mechanism: conformity with the law itself counts as an end, as the highest end, life no longer has any problems; the whole conception of the world is polluted by the idea of punishment; with the object of representing the priestly life as the *non plus ultra* of perfection, life itself is transformed into a defamation and pollution of life; the concept "God" represents a turning away from life, a critique of life, even a contempt for it; truth is transformed into the priestly lie, the striving for truth into study of the scriptures, into a means of becoming a theologian—

142 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

Toward a critique of the law-book of Manu.— The whole book is founded on the holy lie. Was the well-being of mankind the inspiration of this system? Was this species of man, who believes in the interestedness of every action, interested or not in imposing this system? To improve mankind—how is this intention inspired? Where is the concept of improvement derived from?

We find a species of man, the priestly, which feels itself to be the norm, the high point and the supreme expression of the type man: this species derives the concept "improvement" from itself. It believes in its own superiority, it wills itself to be superior in fact: the origin of the holy lie is the *will to power*—

Establishment of rule: to this end, the rule of those concepts that place a *non plus ultra* of power with the priesthood. Power through the lie—in the knowledge that one does not possess it physically, militarily—the lie as a supplement to power, a new concept of "truth."

It is a mistake to suppose an *unconscious and naive* development here, a kind of self-deception— Fanatics do not invent such carefully thought-out systems of oppression— The most cold-blooded reflection was at work here; the same kind of reflection as a Plato applied when he imagined his "Republic." "He who wills the end must will the means"—all lawgivers have been clear in their minds regarding this politician's insight.

We possess the classic model in specifically *Aryan* forms: we may therefore hold the best-endowed and most reflective species of man responsible for the most fundamental lie that has ever been told— That lie has been copied almost everywhere: *Aryan influence* has corrupted all the world—[8]

143 (*March-June 1888*)

A lot is said today about the *Semitic* spirit of the New Testament: but what is called Semitic is merely priestly—and in the racially purest Aryan law-book, in Manu, this kind of "Semitism," i.e., the *spirit of the priest,* is worse than anywhere else.

The development of the Jewish priestly state is *not* original: they learned the pattern in Babylon: the pattern is Aryan. When, later on, the same thing became dominant in a Europe with a preponderance of Germanic blood, this was in accordance with the spirit of the *ruling* race: a great atavism. The Germanic Middle Ages aimed at a revival of the Aryan order of castes.

Mohammedanism in turn learned from Christianity: the employment of the "beyond" as an instrument of punishment.

The pattern of an unchanging community with priests at its head—this oldest of the great cultural products of Asia in the realm of organization—was bound to invite reflection and imitation in every respect. Again Plato: but above all the Egyptians.

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[8] See footnote 6, especially section 4f. of the chapter cited there.

144 (*1885*)

Moralities and religions are the principal means by which one can make whatever one wishes out of man, provided one possesses a superfluity of creative forces and can assert one's will over long periods of time—in the form of legislation, religions, and customs.[9]

145 (*1884-1888*)

What an *affirmative* Aryan religion, the product of the *ruling* class, looks like: the law-book of Manu. (The deification of the feeling of power in Brahma: interesting that it arose among the warrior caste and was only transferred to the priests.)

What an *affirmative* Semitic religion, the product of a *ruling* class, looks like: the law-book of Mohammed, the older parts of the Old Testament. (Mohammedanism, as a religion for men, is deeply contemptuous of the sentimentality and mendaciousness of Christianity—which it feels to be a woman's religion.)

What a *negative* Semitic religion, the product of an *oppressed* class, looks like: the New Testament (—in Indian-Aryan terms: a chandala religion).

What a *negative* Aryan religion looks like, grown up among the *ruling* orders: Buddhism.

It is quite in order that we possess no religion of oppressed Aryan races, for that is a contradiction: a master race is either on top or it is destroyed.[10]

146 (*1885-1886*)

In itself, religion has nothing to do with morality: but both descendants of the Jewish religion are essentially moralistic religions—such as offer precepts about how one ought to live, and create a hearing for their demands by rewards and punishments.

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[9] The final clause is found only in 1911, p. 501.

[10] Yet it was above all the "Aryans" who accepted Christianity, while most of the Jews did not.

This section must be taken in the context of the immediately preceding sections and should be compared with the chapters on "The 'Improvers' of Mankind" in *Twilight* (p. 501, *Portable Nietzsche*), and with *The Antichrist* (p. 565, *Portable Nietzsche*), both of which were written later.

See also my preface to *The Antichrist* in *The Portable Nietzsche* and Chapter 10, "The Master-Race," and Chapter 7, section III, in my *Nietzsche*.

147 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Pagan-Christian. The affirmation of the natural, the sense of innocence in the natural, "naturalness," is pagan. The denial of the natural, the sense of degradation in the natural, unnaturalness, is Christian.

Petronius, e.g., was "innocent": compared with this happy man, a Christian is absolutely without innocence. But since ultimately the Christian status must be merely a natural condition —which, however, dares not conceive itself to be such—"Christian" signifies raising to a principle the counterfeiting of psychological interpretations—

148 (*1883-1886*)

The Christian priest is from the first a mortal enemy of sensuality: no greather antithesis can be imagined than the innocently awed and solemn attitude adopted by, e.g., the most honorable women's cults of Athens in the presence of the symbols of sex. The act of procreation is the mystery as such in all nonascetic religions: a sort of symbol of perfection and of the mysterious design of the future: rebirth, immortality.

149 (*1880-1881*)

Belief in ourselves is the strongest fetter and the supreme whipping-on—and the strongest wing. Christianity should have made the innocence of man an article of faith—men would have become gods: belief was still possible in those days.[11]

150 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The great lie in history: as if it was the *corruption* of paganism which opened the road to Christianity! It was, on the contrary, the weakening and *moralization* of the man of antiquity! Natural drives had already been reinterpreted as vices![12]

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[11] Karl Schlechta omits this section in his edition because he considers the source (*Werke*, XI, 310) "problematical": unlike almost all of the other sections in *The Will to Power*, this section is not supported by a reference to Nietzsche's notebooks. And the date is much earlier.

151 (*1885-1886*)

Religions are destroyed by belief in morality. The Christian moral God is not tenable: hence "atheism"—as if there could be no other kinds of god.

Similarly, culture is destroyed by belief in morality. For when one discovers the necessary conditions out of which alone it can grow, one no longer wants it (Buddhism).

152 (*March-June 1888*)

Physiology of the nihilistic religions. Each and every nihilistic religion: a systematized case history of sickness employing religious-moralistic nomenclature.

With pagan cults, it is around the interpretations of the great annual cycles that the cult revolves. With the Christian cult, it is around a cycle of paralytic phenomena that the cult revolves—

153 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

This nihilistic religion gathers together those decadence elements and the like that it finds in antiquity; namely:

a. the party of the weak and ill-constituted (the refuse of the antique world: that which it thrust out most forcefully);

b. the party of the morally-obsessed and antipagan;

c. the party of the politically weary and the indifferent (*blasé* Romans), those without a country for whom life was emptiness;

d. the party of those who were tired of themselves—who were glad to participate in a subterranean conspiracy—

154 (*March-June 1888*)

Buddha against the "Crucified." Among the nihilistic religions, one may always clearly distinguish the Christian from the Buddhist. The Buddhist religion is the expression of a fine evening, a perfect sweetness and mildness—it is gratitude toward all that lies behind, and also for what is lacking: bitterness, disillusionment, rancor; finally, a lofty spiritual love; the subtleties of philosophical contradiction are behind it, even from these it is resting: but from these it still derives its spiritual glory and sunset glow. (—Origin in the highest castes—)

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[12] In the MS this section is followed immediately by section 381, and both together are entitled "Great lies in history."

The Christian movement is a degeneracy movement composed of reject and refuse elements of every kind: it is not the expression of the decline of a race, it is from the first an agglomeration of forms of morbidity crowding together and seeking one another out— It is therefore not national, not racially conditioned; it appeals to the disinherited everywhere; it is founded on a rancor against everything well-constituted and dominant: it needs a symbol that represents a curse on the well-constituted and dominant— It also stands in opposition to every spiritual movement, to all philosophy: it takes the side of idiots[13] and utters a curse on the spirit. Rancor against the gifted, learned, spiritually independent: it detects in them the well-constituted, the masterful.

155 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

In Buddhism this thought predominates: "All desires, all that produces affects and blood, draw one toward actions"—only to this extent is one warned against evil. For action—has no meaning, action binds one to existence: but all existence has no meaning. They see in evil a drive toward something illogical: to the affirmation of means to an end one denies. They seek a way of nonexistence and therefore they regard with horror all affective drives. E.g., take no revenge! be no one's enemy!— The hedonism of the weary is here the supreme measure of value. Nothing is further from Buddhism than the Jewish fanaticism of a Paul: nothing would be more repellent to its instincts than this tension, fire, unrest of the religious man, above all that form of sensuality that Christianity has sanctified with the name "love." Moreover, it is the cultured and even the overspirited orders that find satisfaction in Buddhism: a race satiated and wearied by centuries of philosophical contentions, not, however, beneath all culture, like the classes from which Christianity arose— Emancipation even from good and evil appears to be of the essence of the Buddhist ideal:

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[13] Cf. my footnote to section 29 of *The Antichrist* (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 601).

a refined state beyond morality is conceived that is identical with the state of perfection, in the presupposition that one needs to perform even good actions only for the time being, merely as a means—namely, as a means to emancipation from *all* actions.

156 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

A nihilistic religion [like Christianity],[14] sprung from and appropriate to a people grown old and tame, having outlived all strong instincts—transferred step by step to another milieu, at length entering into youthful peoples which have not yet lived at all—very curious! The bliss of the close, the fold, the evening preached to barbarians and Germans! How thoroughly all that I first had to be barbarized, Germanized! To those who had dreamed a Valhalla: who found happiness only in war!—A supramational religion preached in a chaos where no nations even existed yet—

157 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

The only way to refute priests and religions is this: to show that their errors have ceased to be beneficial—that they rather do harm; in short, that their own "proof of power" no longer holds good—

2. History of Christianity[15]

158 (*1888*)

One should not confuse Christianity as a historical reality with that one root that its name calls to mind: the other roots from which it has grown up have been far more powerful. It is an unexampled misuse of words when such manifestations of decay and abortions as "Christian church," "Christian faith" and "Christian life" label themselves with that holy name. What did Christ *deny?* Everything that is today called Christian.

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[14] The words I have placed in brackets are not found in the MS and were added by the German editors in 1906. Although this was expressly admitted in 1911, p. 501, Schlechta, who boasts of being faithful to the MSS, follows the standard editions, as usual. The editorial emendation could be improved by omitting the bracketed words and placing at the beginning of the section: "Christianity:. . . ."

[15] Most of the sections that follow were utilized in *The Antichrist* (*Portable Nietzsche*).

159 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The entire Christian teaching as to what shall be believed, the entire Christian "truth," is idle falsehood and deception: and precisely the opposite of what inspired the Christian movement in the beginning.

Precisely that which is Christian in the ecclesiastical sense is anti-Christian in essence: things and people instead of symbols; history instead of eternal facts; forms, rites, dogmas instead of a way of life. Utter indifference to dogmas, cults, priests, church, theology is Christian.

The Christian way of life is no more a fantasy than the Buddhist way of life: it is a means to being happy.

160 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Jesus starts directly with the condition the "Kingdom of Heaven" in the heart, and he does not find the means to it in the observances of the Jewish church; the reality of Judaism itself (its need to preserve itself) he regards as nothing; he is purely inward.—

He likewise ignores the entire system of crude formalities governing intercourse with God: he opposes the whole teaching of repentance and atonement; he demonstrates how one must live in order to feel "deified"—and how one will not achieve it through repentance and contrition for one's sins: "Sin is of no account" is his central judgment.

Sin, repentance, forgiveness—none of this belongs here—it is acquired from Judaism, or it is pagan.

161 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)[16]

The Kingdom of Heaven is a condition of the heart (—it is said of children "for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven"): Not something "above the earth." The Kingdom of God does not "come" chronologically-historically, on a certain day in the calendar, something that might be here one day but not the day before: it is an "inward change in the individual," something that comes at every moment and at every moment has not yet arrived—

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[16] In the MS under a general heading: "Christian misunderstandings."

162 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The thief on the Cross:— When even the criminal undergoing a painful death declares: "the way this Jesus suffers and dies, without rebelling, without enmity, graciously, resignedly, is the only right way," he has affirmed the gospel: and with that he is in Paradise—

163 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Neither by deeds nor in your heart should you resist him who harms you.

You should admit of no ground for divorcing your wife.

You should make no distinction between strangers and neighbors, foreigners and fellow countrymen.

You should be angry with no one, you should show contempt to no one. Give alms in secret. You should not want to become rich. You should not swear. You should not judge. You should be reconciled with foes; you should forgive. Do not pray publicly.

"Bliss" is not something promised: it is there if you live and act in such and such a way.[17]

164 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The entire prophet and miracle-worker attitude, the anger, the calling down of judgment is a dreadful corruption (e.g., Mark 6, 11. And whosoever shall not receive you . . . verily I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrha, etc.). The "fig tree" (Matt. 21, 18): Now in the morning as he returned into the city, he hungered. And when he saw a fig tree in the way, he came to it, and found nothing thereon, but leaves only, and said unto it, "Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward forever." And presently the fig tree withered away.[18]

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[17] The German editors added "Jesus commands" at the beginning of this section. They also omitted the third paragraph in the MS: "Perhaps also: one should castrate oneself." And the penultimate paragraph: "Let only good men be seen, let your light shine: who will enter heaven? whoever does the will of my father in heaven."

Schlechta, of course, reproduces the text of the standard editions, ignoring 1911, p. 501.

165 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

In a quite absurd way, the doctrine of reward and punishment has been crowded in: everything has thereby been ruined.

In the same way, the practice of the first *ecclesia militans,*[19] of the apostle [Paul][20] and his attitude, has been represented in a quite falsifying way as commanded, as predetermined——.

The subsequent glorification of the actual life and teaching of the first Christians: as if it had all been prescribed and the prescription merely followed—

And as for the fulfillment of prophesies: what a mass of falsification and forgery!

166 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Jesus opposed the commonplace life with a real life, a life in truth: nothing was further from him than the stupid nonsense of an "eternalized Peter," an eternal personal survival. What he fights against is this exaggerated inflation of the "person": how can he desire to eternize precisely *that*?

In the same way he fights against hierarchy within the community: he does not promise that reward shall be proportionate to performance: how can he have meant punishment and reward in the beyond!

167 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Christianity: a naive beginning to a Buddhistic peace movement in the very seat of *ressentiment*—but reversed by Paul into a pagan mystery doctrine, which finally learns to treat with the entire state organization—and wages war, condemns, tortures, swears, hates.

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[18] The MS continues: "And when the disciples saw this they were astonished and said: How did the fig tree wither so soon?" 1911, p. 502.

[19] Militant church.

[20] The name I have placed in brackets was added by the German editors, perhaps mistakenly: Peter may have been meant.

Paul starts from the need for a mystery felt by the broad, religiously excited masses: he seeks a sacrifice, a bloody phantasmagoria which will stand up in competition with the images of the mystery cults: God on the cross, blood-drinking, the *unio mystica* with the "sacrifice."

He seeks to bring the afterlife (the blissful, atoned afterlife of the individual soul) as resurrection into a causal relationship with that sacrifice (after the type of Dionysus, Mithras, Osiris).

He needs to bring the concept guilt and atonement into the foreground, not a new way of life (as Jesus himself had demonstrated and lived) but a new cult, a new faith, a faith in a miraculous transformation ("redemption" through faith).

He understood what the pagan world had the greatest need of, and from the facts of Christ's life and death made a quite arbitrary selection, giving everything a new accentuation, shifting the emphasis everywhere—he *annulled* primitive Christianity as a matter or principle—

The attempt to destroy priests and theologians culminated, thanks to Paul, in a new priesthood and theology—in a new ruling order and a church.

The attempt to destroy the exaggerated inflation of the "person" culminated in faith in the "eternal person" (in concern for "eternal salvation"—), in the most paradoxical excess of personal egoism.

This is the humor of the situation, a tragic humor: Paul re-erected on a grand scale precisely that which Christ had annulled through his way of living. At last, when the church was complete, it sanctioned even the existence of the state.

168 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

—The church is precisely that against which Jesus preached—and against which he taught his disciples to fight—

169 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

A god who died for our sins: redemption through faith; resurrection after death—all these are counterfeits of true Christianity for which that disastrous wrong-headed fellow [Paul][21] must be held responsible.

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[21] German editors' emendation.

The exemplary life consists of love and humility; in a fullness of heart that does not exclude even the lowliest; in a formal repudiation of maintaining one's rights, of self-defense, of victory in the sense of personal triumph; in faith in blessedness here on earth, in spite of distress, opposition and death; in reconciliation; in the absence of anger; not wanting to be rewarded; not being obliged to anyone; the completest spiritual-intellectual independence; a very proud life beneath the will to a life of poverty and service.

After the church had let itself be deprived of the entire Christian way of life and had quite specifically sanctioned life under the state, that form of life that Jesus had combatted and condemned, it had to find the meaning of Christianity in something else: in faith in unbelievable things, in the ceremonial of prayers, worship, feasts, etc. The concept "sin," "forgiveness," "reward" —all quite unimportant and virtually excluded from primitive Christianity—now comes into the foreground.

An appalling mishmash of Greek philosophy and Judaism; asceticism; continual judging and condemning; order of rank, etc.

170 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Christianity has from the outset transformed the symbolic into crudities:

1. the antithesis "real life" and "false" life: misunderstood as "this life" and "the life to come";

2. the concept "eternal life," the antithesis to transient personal life, as "personal immortality";

3. brotherhood on the basis of sharing food and drink together after the Hebrew-Arabic custom, as "the miracle of transubstantiation";

4. "resurrection—" understood as entry into "real life," as a state of "rebirth"; this is made into an historical eventuality which takes place some time or other after death;

5. the teaching that the son of man is the "Son of God," the living relationship between God and man; this is made into the "second person of the divinity"—the filial relationship to God of every man, even the lowliest, is abolished;

6. salvation through faith (namely, that there is no means of becoming a son of God except by following the way of life taught by Christ) reversed into the faith that one is to believe in some sort of miraculous subtraction of sins, accomplished not

through man but through Christ's deed:

With that, "Christ on the cross" had to be interpreted anew. This death in itself was not at all the main thing—it had been only one more sign of how one ought to behave in relation to the authorities and laws of this world: *not to defend oneself*— That had been the lesson.

171 (*March-June 1888*)

Toward a psychology of *Paul.*— The given fact is the death of Jesus. This has to be explained— That an explanation may be true or false has never entered the minds of such people as these: one day a sublime possibility comes into their heads: "this death *could* mean such and such"—and at once it *does* mean such and such! A hypothesis is proved true by the sublime impetus it imparts to its originator—

"The proof of power": i.e., an idea is proved true by its effect—("by their fruits" as the Bible naively says); what inspires must be true—that for which one sheds one's blood must be true—

Here, the sudden feeling of power that an idea arouses in its originator is everywhere accounted proof of its value:—and since one knows no way of honoring an idea other than by calling it true, the first predicate with which it is honored is the predicate "true"— How otherwise could it be so effective? It was imagined by some power: if that power were not real, it could not be effective— The idea is understood to have been inspired: the effect that it exercises possesses something of the violence of a demonic influence—

An idea that such a decadent is unable to resist, to which he completely succumbs, is thus "proved" true! ! !

None of these holy epileptics and seers of visions possessed a thousandth part of that integrity in self-criticism with which a philologist today reads a text or proves the truth of an historical event— Compared with us, they are moral cretins—[22]

172 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

That it does not matter whether a thing is true, but only what effect it produces—absolute lack of intellectual integrity. Everything is justified, lies, slander, the most shameless forgery, if it serves to raise the temperature—until one "believes"—

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[22] Some of the formulations in this section seem better than any of the parallel passages in Nietzsche's works.

A systematic school of the means to seduction to a faith: contempt, on principle, for the spheres from which contradiction might come (—the spheres of reason, philosophy and wisdom, mistrust, caution); a shameless praising and glorification of the doctrine, with constant reference to the fact that it was God who gave it—that the apostle signifies nothing—that nothing here is to be criticized, but only believed, accepted; that it is the most extraordinary grace and favor to receive such a doctrine of redemption; that the deepest gratitude and humility is the condition in which to receive it—

The *ressentiment* which these lowly-placed persons feel toward everything held in honor is constantly gambled upon: that one represents this doctrine as a counterdoctrine in opposition to the wisdom of the world, to the power of the world, seduces them to it. It convinces the outcast and underprivileged of all kinds; it promises blessedness, advantage, privilege to the most insignificant and humble; it fills poor little foolish heads with an insane conceit, as if *they* were the meaning and the salt of the earth—

All this, I repeat, one cannot sufficiently despise. We shall spare ourselves a critique of the doctrine; it suffices to observe the means it uses to know what it is one is dealing with. It identified with virtue, it shamelessly claimed for itself alone the whole fascinating force of virtue—it identified with the power of paradox and with the need felt by old civilizations for spice and absurdity; it amazed, it enraged, it provoked persecution and mistreatment—

It is precisely the same well-pondered baseness with which the Jewish priesthood established its power and the Jewish church was created—

One should distinguish: (1) that warmth of the passion "love" (resting on the subterranean basis of a heated sensuality); (2) the absolute ignobility of Christianity: —the continual exaggeration, the verbosity; —the lack of cool spirituality and irony; —the unmilitary nature of all its instincts; —the priestly prejudice against manly pride, against sensuality, the sciences, the arts.[23]

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[23] In this section the German editors omitted one sentence—and Schlechta, as usual, followed them.

See the Appendix, below.

173 (*Summer-Fall 1888*)

Paul: he seeks power in opposition to ruling Judaism—his movement is too weak— Revaluation of the concept "Jew": the "race" is set aside—: but that means negating what is fundamental. The "martyr," the "fanatic," the value of all strong faith—

Christianity is the decadent form of the old world sunk into deepest impotence, so that the sickest and unhealthiest elements and desires come to the top.

Consequently, in order to create a unity, a resisting power, *other* instincts had to step into the foreground—in short, a kind of calamity was needed such as that from which the Jews had acquired their instinct for self-preservation—

In this regard, the persecutions of the Christians were invaluable—a sense of community in danger, mass-conversion as the only means of putting an end to individual persecution (—consequently he takes as lightly as possible the concept "conversion"—).

174 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

The Christian-Jewish life: here *ressentiment* did *not* predominate. Only the great persecutions could have developed this passion to this extent—the ardor of love as well as that of hatred.

When one sees one's dearest sacrificed for one's faith, one becomes aggressive; we owe the triumph of Christianity to its persecutors.

The asceticism in Christianity is not specifically Christian: this is what Schopenhauer misunderstood: it only makes inroads into Christianity wherever asceticism also exists apart from Christianity.

Hypochondriac Christianity, the torturing and vivisection of the conscience, is in the same way only characteristic of a certain soil in which Christian values have taken root: it is not Christianity itself. Christianity has absorbed diseases of all kinds from morbid soil: one can only reproach it for its inability to guard against any infection. But that precisely is its essence: Christianity is a type of decadence.

175 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

The reality upon which Christianity could be raised was the little Jewish family of the Diaspora, with its warmth and affection, with its readiness to help and sustain one another—unheard-of and perhaps not understood in the whole Roman Empire—with its concealed pride of the "chosen" disguised as humility, with its innermost denial, untouched by envy, of all that is on top and possesses power and splendor. To have recognized in this a form of power, to have recognized that this blissful condition was communicable, seductive, infectious to pagans also—that was Paul's genius: to employ this store of latent energy, of prudent happiness for a "Jewish church of freer confession"—the entire Jewish experience and mastery of communal self-preservation under foreign rule, also Jewish propaganda—he divined that as his task. What he lit upon was just this absolutely unpolitical and withdrawn species of *little people*: their art of asserting themselves and prevailing, cultivated through a number of virtues which constituted virtue in its entirety ("means by which a particular species of man preserves and enhances himself").

The principle of *love* derives from the little Jewish communities: it is a soul of the more passionate kind that glows here under the ashes of humility and wretchedness: this was neither Greek, nor Indian, nor Germanic. The song in praise of love that Paul composed[24] is nothing Christian, but a Jewish outburst of the eternal flame that is Semitic. If Christianity has done anything essential psychologically, it is that it *raised the temperature of the soul* among those cooler and nobler races that were then on top; it was the discovery that the most wretched life can become rich and inestimable through a rise in temperature—

It goes without saying that such a transference could not take place in respect to the ruling orders: the Jews and Christians had their bad manners against them—and when allied to bad manners, strength and passion of soul are repellent and almost disgusting (—I *see* these bad manners whenever I read the New Testament).

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[24] I Corinthians 13. The point Nietzsche makes here was utterly revolutionary at that time and constitutes a major contribution to our understanding of Judaism and Christianity, even if the form of expression here is deliberately hyperbolical and paradoxical. For further discussion, see my *Nietzsche,* Chapter 12, section II.

One had to be related through lowliness and want to the type of lowly people who spoke here to feel their attraction—

How one reacts to the New Testament is a test of whether one has any *classical taste* in one's bones (cf. Tacitus); whoever is not revolted by it, whoever does not honestly and profoundly sense something of *foeda superstitio*[25] in it, something from which one withdraws one's hand as if to avoid being soiled, does not know what is classical. One must feel about the "cross" as Goethe did[26]—

176 (*March-June 1888*)

Reaction of the little people:— Love gives the greatest feeling of power. To grasp to what extent not man in general but a certain species of man speaks here. This is to be exhumed more precisely.[27]

"We are divine through love, we become 'children of God'; God loves us and wants nothing whatever from us save love"; this means: no morality, obedience, or activity produces that feeling of power that love produces; one does nothing bad from love, one does much more than one would do from obedience and virtue.

Here is the happiness of the herd, the feeling of community in great and small things, the living feeling of unity experienced as the sum of the feeling of life. Being helpful and useful and caring for others continually arouses the feeling of power; visible success, the expression of pleasure underlines the feeling of power; pride is not lacking, in the form of community, the abode of God, the "chosen."

What has in fact happened is that man has again experienced an *altération* of personality: this time he calls his feeling of love God. One must picture to oneself what the awakening of such a feeling is like: a kind of ecstasy, a strange language, a "gospel"— it was this novelty that forbade him to ascribe love to himself—: he thought God was walking before him and coming alive within him.— "God descends to man," one's "neighbor" is transfigured into a god (in so far as he arouses the feeling of love). Jesus is one's neighbor as soon as he is conceived as godhead, as a cause of the feeling of power.

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[25] "Abominable superstition."

[26] An allusion to Goethe's *Venetian Epigrams* (1790): the original text and a verse translation will be found in *Twenty German Poets*, ed. and tr. Walter Kaufmann (New York: Modern Library, 1963), pp. 32 *f*.

[27] This sentence is omitted in the standard editions.

177 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

The faithful are conscious that they are endlessly indebted to Christianity, and therefore conclude that its originator is a personage of the first rank— This conclusion is false, but it is typical of conclusions drawn by worshipers. Objectively considered, it is possible, first, that they are in error about the value of that for which they are indebted to Christianity: convictions prove nothing in favor of that of which one is convinced; in the case of religions they establish rather a suspicion against it— It is possible, secondly, that the debt to Christianity ought not to be ascribed to its founder but to the finished structure, to the whole thing, the church, etc. The concept "originator" is so ambiguous it can even mean the accidental cause of a movement: the figure of the founder has been enlarged in proportion as the church has grown; but precisely this perspective of worship permits the conclusion that at some time or other this founder was something very uncertain and insecure, in the beginning— Consider with what degree of freedom Paul treats, indeed almost juggles with, the problem of the person of Jesus: someone who died, who was seen again after his death, who was delivered over to death by the Jews— A mere "motif": *he* then wrote the music to it— A zero in the beginning.[28]

178 (*1884*)

The founder of a religion *can* be insignificant—a match, no more!

179 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

On the psychological problem of Christianity.— The driving force is: *ressentiment*, the popular uprising, the revolt of the underprivileged. (It is otherwise with Buddhism: this is not *born* out of a *ressentiment* movement but fights *ressentiment* because it leads to action.)

This peace party grasps that the renunciation of enmity in thought and deed is a condition of distinction and preservation.

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[28] The final phrase is omitted in the standard editions.

Herein lies the psychological difficulty that has hampered the understanding of Christianity: the drive that created it forces one to fight against it as a matter of principle.

Only as a peace and innocence party has this insurrectionary movement any possibility of success: it must conquer through extreme mildness, sweetness, softness; it grasps this by instinct— Masterstroke: to deny and condemn the drive whose expression one is, continually to display, by word and deed, the antithesis of this drive—

180 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Pretended youth. One is deceiving oneself if one imagines here a naive and youthful people rising up against an ancient culture; superstition has it that the deeper springs of life gushed forth anew in those classes of the lowliest people where Christianity grew and took root: one understands nothing of the psychology of Christianity if one takes it to be the expression of a newly arisen national youthfulness and racial invigoration. On the contrary: it is a typical form of decadence, the moral hypersensitivity and hysteria of a sick mishmash populace grown weary and aimless. The extraordinary company that here gathered around this master-seducer really belongs wholly in a Russian novel: all the neuroses keep a rendezvous in them—the absence of duties, the instinct that everything is really coming to an end, that nothing is worth while any more, contentment in a *dolce far niente*.[29]

The power and certainty of the future in the Jewish instinct, its tremendously tough will to exist and to power, lies in its ruling classes: those orders which primitive Christianity raised up are most clearly distinguished by the exhaustion of their instincts. On one hand, one has had enough: on the other, one is content with oneself, in oneself, for oneself.

181 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Christianity as emancipated Judaism (in the same way as a local and racially conditioned nobility at length emancipates itself from these conditions and goes in search of related elements—)

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[29] Sweet doing-nothing. The sentence was utilized and elaborated in *The Antichrist,* section 31 (*Portable Nietzsche,* pp. 602-604).

1. As church (community) within the state, as an unpolitical structure;
2. As life, discipline, practice, art of living;
3. As religion of sin (of transgression against God as the only kind of transgression, as the sole cause of suffering in general), with a universal cure for it. There are only sins against God; men shall not judge acts done against men, nor demand a reckoning, except in the name of God. Ditto, all commands (love): everything is associated with God and done to man for God's sake. A higher prudence lies in this (—a very narrow life, as with the Eskimos, is endurable only by the most peaceable and cautious disposition: Jewish-Christian dogma turns against sin in favor of the "sinner"—).

182 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The Jewish priesthood had understood how to present everything which it claimed as a divine precept, as obedience to a command of God—also how to introduce whatever served to preserve Israel and make possible its existence (e.g., a number of works: circumcision, sacrificial cult as the center of national consciousness) not as nature, but as "God."— This process continued; within Judaism, where the necessity for "works" was not felt (that is to say, as a means of segregation from the outside world), a priestly species of man could be conceived that behaved as the "noble nature" behaves toward the aristocracy; a classless and at the same time spontaneous priestliness of soul, which now, in order to contrast itself sharply with its opposite, attached value not to "works," but to the "disposition"—

Fundamentally it was again the question of making a certain species of soul prevail: as it were, a popular uprising within a priestly people—a pietistic movement from below (sinners, publicans, women, the sick). Jesus of Nazareth was the sign by which they recognized themselves. And again, in order to believe in themselves they need a theological transfiguration: they require nothing less than "the Son of God" to create a faith for themselves— And just as the priesthood had falsified the entire history of Israel, so again the attempt was here made to forge the history of mankind in general, so that Christianity might appear to be its most cardinal event. This movement could have arisen only on the soil of Judaism, whose principal deed was to associate guilt with misfortune and to reduce all guilt to guilt against God: Christianity raised all this to the second power.

183 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The symbolism of Christianity is based on the Jewish, which had already resolved all reality (history, nature) into a holy unnaturalness and unreality—which no longer recognized real history, which was no longer interested in natural consequences—

184 (*March-June 1888*)

The Jews tried to prevail after they had lost two of their castes, that of the warrior and that of the peasant; in this sense they are the "castrated": they have the priests—and then immediately the chandala—

As is only fair, a break develops among them, a revolt of the chandala: the origin of Christianity.

Because they knew the warrior only as their master, they brought into their religion enmity toward the noble, toward the exalted and proud, toward power, toward the ruling orders—: they are pessimists from indignation—

Thus they created an important new posture: the priest at the head of the chandala—against the noble orders—

Christianity drew the ultimate conclusion of this movement: even in the Jewish priesthood it still sensed caste, the privileged, the noble—it abolished the priest—

The Christian is the chandala who repudiates the priest—the chandala who redeems himself—

That is why the French Revolution is the daughter and continuation of Christianity—its instincts are against caste, against the noble, against the last privileges——

185 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The *"Christian ideal":* staged with Jewish subtlety. The basic psychological drives, its "nature":

the revolt against the ruling spiritual power;

attempt to make the virtues through which happiness is possible for the lowliest into the standard ideal of all values—to call it God: the instinct for preservation in the least vital classes;

to justify absolute abstention from war and resistance through this ideal—including obedience;

love of one another as consequence of love of God.

Artifice: to deny all natural *mobilia* and to transfer them to the spiritual realm beyond—to exploit virtue and its veneration entirely for one's own ends, step by step to deny virtue to everything non-Christian.

186 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The profound contempt with which the Christian was treated in the noble areas of classical antiquity is of a kind with the present instinctive aversion to Jews: it is the hatred of the free and self-respecting orders for those who are pushing and who combine timid and awkward gestures with an absurd opinion of their worth.

The New Testament is the gospel of a wholly ignoble species of man; their claim to possess more value, indeed to possess *all* value, actually has something revolting about it—even today.

187 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

How little the subject matters! It is the spirit that gives life! What stuffy and sickroom air arises from all that excited chatter about "redemption," love, blessedness, faith, truth, "eternal life"! Take, on the other hand, a really pagan book, e.g., Petronius, where fundamentally nothing is done, said, desired and valued but what by peevish Christian standards is sin, mortal sin even. And yet how pleasant is the purer air, the superior spirituality of its quicker pace, the liberated and overflowing strength that feels sure of the future! In the entire New Testament there is not one single *bouffonnerie*: but that fact refutes a book—

188 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The profound unworthiness with which all life outside the Christian life is condemned: they are not content with thinking meanly of their real opponents, they require nothing less than a collective defamation of everything which is not themselves— Arrogance of holiness gets along famously with a base and crafty soul: witness the first Christians.

The future: they see they are well paid— Theirs is the most uncleanly kind of spirit there is. The entire life of Christ is so presented as to help to justify the prophecies: he acts in this way *in order* that they may be justified—

189 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The lying interpretation of the words, gestures and conditions of the dying: fear of death, for example, is systematically confused with fear of the "after death"—[30]

190 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The Christians did as the Jews did and put into the mouth of their master and encrusted his life with what they conceived to be a condition of their existence and an innovation. At the same time they restored to him all proverbial wisdom—: in short, they represented their actual life and activity as *obedience* and thus, as sanctified for their propaganda.

What it all depends upon can be gathered from Paul: it is not much. What remains is the elaboration of a type of saint on the basis of what they considered holy.

The entire "miraculous doctrine," including the resurrection, is a consequence of self-glorification by the community, which ascribed to its master in a higher degree whatever it thought itself capable of (it derived its strength *from* him—).

191 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Christians have never put into practice the acts Jesus prescribed for them, and the impudent chatter about "justification by faith" and its unique and supreme significance is only the consequence of the church's lack of courage and will to confess the *works* which Jesus demanded.

The Buddhist acts differently from the non-Buddhist; *the Christian acts as all the world does* and possesses a Christianity of ceremonies and *moods.*

The profound and contemptible mendaciousness of Christianity in Europe—: we really are becoming the contempt of the Arabs, Hindus, Chinese— Listen to the speeches of Germany's first statesman on what has really occupied Europe for forty years now—listen to the language, the court-chaplain Tartuffery.

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[30] This confusion is still rampant, even among philosophers and psychologists.

192 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

"Faith" or *"works"?*— But that "works," the habit of certain works, should engender a certain evaluation and finally a certain *disposition* is as natural as it is unnatural that mere evaluation should produce "works." One must practice deeds, not the strengthening of one's value-feelings; one must first have some *ability*— The Christian *dilettantism* of Luther. Faith is a *pons asinorum.*[81] The background is a profound conviction on the part of Luther and his kind of their incapacity for Christian works, a personal fact disguised beneath an extreme doubt as to whether activity of all kinds is not sin and the work of the Devil: so that the value of existence resides in single highly tensed conditions of *inactivity* (prayer, effusion, etc.).— In the last resort he was right: the instincts expressed in all the actions of the Reformers are the most brutal that exist. Only by an absolute turning away from themselves, by absorption in their opposite, only as an illusion ("faith") was existence endurable to them.

193 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

"What to do in order to believe?"—an absurd question. What is wrong with Christianity is that it refrains from doing all those things that Christ commanded should be done.

It is the mean life, but interpreted through the eye of contempt.

194 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Entry into *real* life—one rescues one's personal life from death by living a common life—

195 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

"Christianity" has become something fundamentally different from what its founder did and desired. It is the great antipagan movement of antiquity, formulated through the employment of the life, teaching and "words" of the founder of Christianity but interpreted in an absolutely arbitrary way after the pattern of fundamentally different needs: translated into the language of every already existing subterranean religion—

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[81] Bridge for asses: a help for the inept.

It is the rise of pessimism (—while Jesus wanted to bring peace and the happiness of lambs): and moreover the pessimism of the weak, the inferior, the suffering, the oppressed.

Its mortal enemy is (1) power in character, spirit and taste; "worldliness"; (2) classical "happiness," the noble levity and skepticism, the hard pride, the eccentric intemperance and the cool self-sufficiency of the sage, Greek refinement in gesture, word, and form. Its mortal enemy is the Roman just as much as the Greek.

Attempt by antipaganism to found and make itself possible philosophically: predilection for the ambiguous figures of the old culture, above all for Plato, that instinctive Semite and anti-Hellene —also for Stoicism, which is essentially the work of Semites (—"dignity" as strictness, law, virtue as greatness, self-responsibility, authority, as supreme sovereignty over one's own person—this is Semitic. The Stoic is an Arabian sheik wrapped in Greek togas and concepts).[82]

196 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Christianity only takes up the fight that had already begun against the *classical* ideal and the *noble* religion.

In fact, this entire transformation is an adaption to the needs and the level of understanding of the religious masses of that time: those masses which believed in Isis, Mithras, Dionysus, the "Great Mother," and which desired of a religion: (1) hope of a beyond, (2) the bloody phantasmagoria of the sacrificial animal (the mystery), (3) the redemptive deed, the holy legend, (4) asceticism, world-denial, superstitious "purification," (5) a hierarchy, a form of community. In short: Christianity accommodated itself to already existing and established antipaganism, to the cults that had been combatted by Epicurus—more precisely, to the religions of the lower masses, the women, the slaves, the non-noble classes.

We therefore have the following misunderstandings:

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[82] Zeno of Citium, on Cyprus, the founder of the Stoic school, was probably a Semite.

1. the immortality of the person;
2. the presumed *other* world;
3. the absurdity of the concept of punishment and the concept of sin at the heart of the interpretation of existence;
4. instead of the deification of man his un-deification, the digging of the deepest chasm, which only a miracle, only prostration in deepest self-contempt can bridge;
5. the whole world of corrupt imagination and morbid affects instead of a kindly and simple way of life, instead of a Buddhistic happiness attainable on earth;
6. an ecclesiastical order with priesthood, theology, cult, sacrament; in short, everything that Jesus of Nazareth had *combatted;*
7. miracles all over, superstition: while the distinguishing mark of Judaism and earliest Christianity is its repugnance to miracles, its relative rationality.

197 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The *psychological presupposition:* lack of *knowledge* and culture, ignorance which has forgotten all shame: imagine these impudent saints in Athens;

the Jewish instinct of the "chosen": they claim all the virtues for themselves without further ado, and count the rest of the world their opposites; a profound sign of a vulgar soul;

a complete lack of real aims, of real tasks, for which one needs other virtues than those of the bigot—the state took this work from their shoulders: these impudent people nonetheless behaved as if they had no need of the state.

"Except ye become as little children—": oh, how far we are from this psychological naiveté!

198 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The founder of Christianity had to pay for having directed himself to the lowest class of Jewish society and intelligence. They conceived him in the spirit they understood— It is a real disgrace to have concocted a salvation story, a personal God, a personal redeemer, a personal immortality and to have retained all the meanness of the "person" and "history" in a doctrine that contests the reality of all that is personal and historical—

The salvation legend in place of the symbolic now-and-always, here and everywhere; the miracle in place of the psychological symbol.

199 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Nothing is less innocent than the New Testament. One knows from what soil it sprang. This people of an inflexible self-will which knew how to prevail after it had lost every natural support and had long since forfeited its right to existence, and to that end had to raise itself up by unnatural, purely imaginary presuppositions (as chosen people, as community of saints, as the people of the promise, as "church"): this people handled the *pia fraus*[33] with such perfection, such a degree of "good conscience," that one cannot be sufficiently cautious when it preaches morality. When Jews step forward as innocence itself then the danger is great: one should always have one's little fund of reason, mistrust, and malice to hand when one reads the New Testament.

People of the basest origin, in part rabble, outcasts not only from good but also from respectable society, raised away from even the *smell* of culture, without discipline, without knowledge, without the remotest suspicion that there is such a thing as conscience in spiritual matters; simply—Jews: with an instinctive ability to create an advantage, a means of seduction out of every superstitious supposition, out of ignorance itself.[34]

200 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. 1888*)

I regard Christianity as the most fatal seductive lie that has yet existed, as the great unholy lie: I draw out the after-growth and sprouting of its ideal from beneath every form of disguise, I reject every compromise position with respect to it—I force a war against it.

Petty people's morality as the measure of things: this is the most disgusting degeneration culture has yet exhibited. And this kind of ideal still hanging over mankind as "God"!!

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[33] Pious fraud, or holy lie.

[34] For Nietzsche's attitude toward the Jews see my preface to *The Antichrist* (*Portable Nietzsche,* p. 565 *ff*) and my *Nietzsche,* Chapter 10.

201 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

However modest one may be in one's demand for intellectual cleanliness, one cannot help feeling, when coming into contact with the New Testament, a kind of inexpressible discomfiture: for the unchecked impudence with which the least qualified want to raise their voice on the greatest problems, and even claim to be judges of such things, surpasses all measure. The shameless levity with which the most intractable problems (life, world, God, purpose of life) are spoken of, as if they were not problems at all but simply things that these little bigots *knew!*

202 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

This was the most fatal kind of megalomania there has ever been on earth: when these lying little abortions of bigots began to lay claim to the words "God," "Last Judgment," "truth," "love," "wisdom," "Holy Spirit" and with them made a boundary between themselves and "the world"; when this species of man began to reverse values according to his own image, as if *he* were the meaning, the salt, the measure, and the standard of all the rest—one should have built madhouses for them and nothing more. That one *persecuted* them was a piece of ancient folly in the grand manner: that meant taking them too seriously, that meant making something serious out of them.

The whole fatality was made possible by the presence in the world already of a similar kind of megalomania, the Jewish (—once the chasm had opened up between the Jews and the Christian-Jews, the Christian-Jews *had* to employ once more and in an ultimate intensification for their own self-preservation the self-preservative procedures devised by the Jewish instinct—); on the other hand, Greek moral philosophy had already done everything to prepare the way for and to make palatable moral fanaticism even among Greeks and Romans—Plato, the great viaduct of corruption, who first refused to see nature in morality, who had already debased the Greek gods with his concept "good," who was already marked by Jewish bigotry (—in Egypt?)

203 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

On the denaturing of morality.— These little herd-animal virtues do not by any means lead to "eternal life": to put them on show in this way, and oneself with them, may be very clever, but to him who keeps his eyes open even here, it remains in spite of all the most ludicrous of all plays. One does not by any means deserve a privileged position on earth and in heaven by attaining perfection as a little, good-natured sheep; one remains at best a little, good-natured, absurd sheep with horns—provided one does not burst with vanity—as the court chaplains do[35]—or provoke scandal by posing as a judge.

What a tremendous transfiguration of color here illumines the little virtues—as if they were the reflection of divine qualities!

The *natural* task and utility of every virtue is systematically hushed up; it is of value only with reference to a *divine* command, a divine model, only with reference to heavenly and spiritual goods. (Magnificent: as if it had to do with "salvation of the soul": but it was a means of "enduring" things here with as many beautiful feelings as possible.)

204 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

The *law,* the thoroughly realistic formalization of certain conditions for the self-preservation of a community, forbids certain actions directed to certain ends, namely those that are directed against the community: it does *not* forbid the disposition that produces these actions—for it needs these actions for other ends, namely against the enemies of the community. Then the moral idealist appears and says: "God beholds the heart: the action itself is nothing; one must exterminate the aggressive disposition that produces it—" Under normal conditions one laughs at this; only in those exceptional instances when a community lives absolutely outside the necessity of waging war for its existence does one lend an ear to such things. One abandons a disposition whose *utility* is no longer apparent.

This was the case, e.g., when Buddha appeared amidst a very peaceable and even spiritually exhausted community.

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[35] These words—a dig at Hofprediger Stöcker, the leading German anti-Semite of the time—are found only in 1911, p. 502. This is also true of the title of this section. For Stöcker see also 89 and 191 above.

This was also the case with the earliest Christian community (also Jewish community), whose presupposition is the absolutely unpolitical Jewish society. Christianity could grow only in the soil of Judaism, i.e., amidst a people that had already renounced politics and lived a kind of parasitic existence within the Roman order of things. Christianity is a step further on: one is even more free to "emasculate" oneself—circumstances permit it.

One drives nature out of morality when one says "Love your enemies": for then the natural "Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemy" in the law (in instinct) has become meaningless; then this love of one's neighbor must also find a new basis (as a kind of love of God). Everywhere, God is inserted and utility withdrawn; everywhere the real origin of morality is denied: the veneration of nature, which lies precisely in the recognition of a natural morality, is destroyed at its roots—

Whence comes the seductive charm of such an emasculated ideal of man? Why are we not disgusted by it as we are perhaps disgusted by the idea of a castrato?— The answer lies precisely here: the voice of a castrato does *not* disgust us, despite the cruel mutilation that is its condition: it has grown sweeter— Just because the "male organ" has been amputated from virtue, a feminine note has been brought to the voice of virtue that it did not have before.

If we think, on the other hand, of the fearful hardship, danger, and accidents that a life of manly virtue brings with it—the life of a Corsican even today or that of the pagan Arab (which is similar even in its details to the life of the Corsican: their songs might have been written by Corsicans)—we grasp how precisely the most robust kind of man is fascinated and affected by this lustful note of "goodness," of "purity"— A shepherd's song—an idyl —the "good man": these things produce the strongest effect in ages when tragedy walks abroad.

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But we have with this also recognized to what extent the "idealist" (—ideal-castrato) also emerges from a quite definite reality and is not merely a fantasist—he has arrived at the knowledge that for his kind of reality such a coarse injunction forbidding definite actions has no meaning (because the very instinct for these actions has been weakened through long lack of practice, of need for practice). The castrator formulates a number of new self-preservative measures for men of a quite definite species: in this he is a realist. His means of legislation are the same as those of the older legislators: the appeal to authority of all kinds, to "God," the employment of the concept "guilt and punishment"—i.e., he makes use of all the appurtenances of the older ideal, only in a new interpretation, punishment, for example, made more inward (perhaps as the pang of conscience).

In practice this species of man goes under as soon as the exceptional conditions of his existence cease—a kind of Tahiti and island happiness, as in the life of the little Jews in the provinces. Their only natural opponent is the soil from which they grew: against this they need to fight, against this they must let the offensive and defensive affects grow again: their opponents are the adherents of the old ideal (—this species of enmity is championed on a grand scale by Paul in relation to Judaism, by Luther in relation to the priestly-ascetic ideal). The mildest form of this opposition is certainly that of the early Buddhists: perhaps no greater amount of work has been expended upon anything than upon the discouragement and weakening of feelings of emnity. The fight against *ressentiment* seems to be almost the first duty of the Buddhist: only thus is peace of soul assured. To disengage oneself, but without rancor: that presupposes, to be sure, an astonishingly mild and sweet humanity—saints—

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The prudence of moral castrationism.— How can one wage war against the manly affects and valuations? One possesses no means of physical force, one can wage only a war of cunning, sorcery, lies, in short "of the spirit."

First recipe: one claims virtue in general for one's ideal; one negates the older ideal to the point of presenting it as the antithesis of all ideals. For this one employs an art of defamation.

Second recipe: one sets up one's own type as the measure of value in general; one projects it into things, behind things, behind the fate of things—as God.

Third recipe: one sets up the opponent of one's ideal as the opponent of God; one fabricates for oneself the right to great pathos, to power, to curse and to bless.

Fourth recipe: one derives all suffering, all that is uncanny, fearful and fateful in existence from opposition to one's own ideal: —all suffering is punishment, even in the case of one's followers (—unless it accompanies a test, etc.).

Fifth recipe: one goes so far as to conceive nature as the antithesis of one's own ideal; one regards it as a great test of patience, as a sort of martyrdom to endure natural conditions for very long; one practices *dédain*[30] of mien and manners in respect to all "natural things."

Sixth recipe: the victory of unnaturalness, of the castrationist ideal, the victory of the world of the pure, good, sinless, blessed is projected into the future as conclusion, finale, great hope, as the "coming of the kingdom of God."

——I hope that at this artificial inflation of a small species into the absolute measure of things one is still permitted to *laugh?*

205 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

I do not like at all about that Jesus of Nazareth or his apostle Paul that they put so many ideas into the heads of little people, as if their modest virtues were of any consequence. We have had to pay too dearly for it: for they have brought the more valuable qualities of virtue and man into ill repute; they have set the bad conscience of the noble soul against its self-sufficiency; they have led astray, to the point of self-destruction, the brave, magnanimous, daring, excessive inclinations of the strong soul—

206 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

In the New Testament, and specifically in the Gospels, I hear absolutely nothing "divine" speaking: much rather an indirect form of the most abysmal rage for defamation and destruction—one of the most dishonorable forms of hatred. It lacks all knowledge of the qualities of a higher nature. Clumsy abuse of all kinds of philistinism; the entire treasury of proverbs is laid claim to and fully utilized; was it necessary for a *god* to come in order to say to these publicans etc.—

Nothing is more vulgar than this battle against the Pharisees with the aid of an absurd and impractical moral pretence; the people have always taken pleasure in such a *tour de force*. The reproach of "hypocrisy!" coming from this mouth! Nothing is more vulgar than this kind of treatment of an opponent—a most insidious criterion of nobility or its reverse—

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[30] Disdain.

207 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Primitive Christianity is abolition of the state: forbids oaths, war service, courts of justice, self-defense and the defense of any kind of community, the distinction between fellow countrymen and foreigners, and also the differentiation of classes.

Christ's example: he does not resist those who are harming him; he does not defend himself; he does more: he "turns the other cheek" (to the question: "Tell us whether thou be the Christ" he answers: "Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven"). He forbids his disciples to defend him; he makes it clear that he could get help but *will* not.

Christianity is also abolition of society: it prefers all that society counts of little worth, it grows up among outcasts and the condemned, among lepers of all kinds, "sinners," "publicans," prostitutes, the most stupid folk (the "fishers"); it disdains the rich, the learned, the noble, the virtuous, the "correct"—

208 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The war against the noble and powerful as it is waged in the New Testament is a war after the manner of Reynard the Fox and with the same methods: but always with priestly unction and a decided refusal to recognize one's own cunning.

209 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The gospel: the news that a gateway to happiness stands open for the poor and lowly—that all one has to do is free oneself from the institutions, traditions, guardianship of the upper classes: to this extent the rise of Christianity is nothing more than the *typical socialist doctrine.*

Property, gain, fatherland, rank and status, tribunals, police, state, church, education, art, the army: all are so many hindrances to happiness, errors, snares, works of the devil, upon which the gospel passes judgment—all typical of socialist doctrine.

In the background is insurrection, the explosion of a stored-up antipathy towards the "masters," the instinct for how much happiness could lie, after such long oppression, simply in feeling oneself free— (Usually a sign that the lower orders have been too well treated, their tongues have already tasted a happiness forbidden them— It is not hunger that provokes revolutions, but that the people have acquired an appetite *en mangeant*[37]—).

210 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Read the New Testament as a book of seduction: virtue is appropriated in the instinct that with it one can capture public opinion—and indeed the most modest virtue, which recognizes the ideal sheep and nothing further (including the shepherd—): a little, sweet, well-meaning, helpful, and enthusiastically cheerful kind of virtue that expects absolutely nothing from the outside—that sets itself altogether apart from "the world." The most absurd arrogance, as if on one hand the community represented all that is right, and on the other the world all that is false, eternally reprehensible, and rejected, and as if the destiny of mankind revolved about this fact. The most absurd hatred toward everything in power: but without touching it! A kind of inner detachment that outwardly leaves everything as it was (servitude and slavery; to know how to turn *everything* into a means of serving God and virtue).

211 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

Christianity is possible as the most *private* form of existence; it presupposes a narrow, remote, completely unpolitical society—it belongs in the conventicle. A "Christian state," "Christian politics," on the other hand, are a piece of impudence, a lie, like for instance a Christian leadership of an army, which finally treats the "God of Hosts" as if he were chief of staff. The papacy, too, has never been in a position to carry on Christian politics; and when reformers indulge in politics, as Luther did, one sees that they are just as much followers of Machiavelli as any immoralist or tyrant.

212 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Christianity is still possible at any time. It is not tied to any of the impudent dogmas that have adorned themselves with its name: it requires neither the doctrine of a personal God, nor that of sin, nor that of immortality, nor that of redemption, nor that of faith; it has absolutely no need of metaphysics, and even less of asceticism, even less of a Christian "natural science." Christianity is a *way of life,* not a system of beliefs. It tell us how to act, not what we ought to believe.

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[37] Through eating.

Whoever says today: "I will not be a soldier," "I care nothing for the courts," "I shall not claim the services of the police," "I will do nothing that may disturb the peace within me: and if I must suffer on that account, nothing will serve better to maintain my peace than suffering"—he would be a Christian.[38]

213 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Toward a history of Christianity. Continual change of milieu: Christian doctrine is therefore continually changing its emphasis— Favoring of lowly and little people— The development of *caritas*[39]— The type "Christian" reassumes step by step everything that it originally negated (in the negation of which it endured—). The Christian becomes citizen, soldier, judge, worker, merchant, scholar, theologian, priest, philosopher, farmer, artist, patriot, politician, "prince"—he takes up again all the activities he has forsworn (—self-defense, judgment, punishment, oath-taking, distinguishing between nation and nation, contempt, wrath—). The whole life of the Christian is at last exactly the life from which Christ preached deliverance—

The church is what is as much a symptom of the triumph of the anti-Christian as the modern state, modern nationalism— The church is the barbarization of Christianity.

214 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

These have mastered Christianity: Judaism (Paul); Platonism (Augustine); the mystery cult (doctrine of redemption, emblem of the "cross"); asceticism (—enmity toward "nature," "reason," "the senses"—the Orient—).

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[38] Cf. *The Antichrist*, section 39 (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 612).

[39] Charity.

215 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Christianity as a denaturalization of herd-animal morality: accompanied by absolute misunderstanding and self-deception. Democratization is a more natural form of it, one less mendacious.

Datum: the oppressed, the lowly, the great masses of slaves and semi-slaves *desire power.*

First step: they make themselves free—they ransom themselves, in imagination at first, they recognize one another, they prevail.

Second step: they enter into battle, they demand recognition, equal rights, "justice."

Third step: they demand privileges (—they draw the representatives of power over to their side).

Fourth step: they demand *exclusive* power, and they get it—

In Christianity, three elements must be distinguished: (a) the oppressed of all kinds, (b) the mediocre of all kinds, (c) the discontented and sick of all kinds. With the first element Christianity fights against the political nobility and its ideal; with the second element, against the exceptional and privileged (spiritually, physically—) of all kinds; with the third element, against the natural instinct of the healthy and happy.

When a victory is won, the second element steps into the foreground; for then Christianity has persuaded the healthy and happy to its side (as warriors in its cause), likewise the powerful (as interested parties on account of the conquest of the mob)—and now it is the herd instinct, the mediocre nature which is of value from any point of view, which gets its supreme sanction through Christianity. This mediocre nature at last grows so conscious of itself (—acquires courage for itself—) that it arrogates even *political* power to itself—

Democracy is Christianity made natural: a kind of "return to nature" after, on account of its extreme antinaturalness, it could be overcome by the opposite values.— Consequence: the aristocratic ideal henceforth loses its naturalness ("the higher man," "noble," "artist," "passion," "knowledge," etc.; romanticism as cult of the exception, the genius, etc.).

216 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

When the "masters" could also become Christians.— It lies in the instinct of a community (family, race, herd, tribe) to feel that the conditions and desires to which it owes its survival are valuable in themselves, e.g., obedience, reciprocity, consideration, moderation, sympathy—consequently to suppress everything that contradicts or stands in the way of them.

Likewise, it lies in the instinct of the rulers (be they individuals or classes) to patronize and applaud the virtues that make their subjects useful and submissive (—conditions and affects which may be as different as can be from their own).

The herd instinct and the instinct of the rulers agree in praising a certain number of qualities and conditions—but for differing reasons: the former from direct egoism, the latter from indirect egoism.

Submission of the master races to Christianity is essentially the consequence of the insight that Christianity is a herd religion, that it teaches obedience: in short, that Christians are easier to rule than non-Christians. With this hint, the pope recommends Christian propaganda to the emperor of China even today.

It should be added that the seductive force of the Christian ideal works most strongly perhaps upon such natures as love danger, adventure and opposition—as love all that involves risking themselves while at the same time engendering a *non plus ultra* of the feeling of power. Consider Saint Teresa, surrounded by the heroic instincts of her brothers:— Christianity here appears as a form of orgy of the will, of strength of will, as a heroic quixotism—

3. Christian Ideals

217 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

War against the Christian ideal, against the doctrine of "blessedness" and "salvation" as the goal of life, against the supremacy of the simple, the pure in heart, the suffering and unfortunate.[40]

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[40] In the MS the two paragraphs comprising this section are separated by a few pages, and the first paragraph contains a few more words at the end, omitted in the standard editions and also by Schlechta: "(What does

When and where has any man of consequence resembled the Christian ideal—at least in such eyes as a psychologist and student of man must have?—check all of Plutarch's heroes.

218 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Our pre-eminence: we live in the age of comparison, we can verify as has never been verified before: we are in every way the self-consciousness of history. We enjoy differently, we suffer differently: our instinctive activity is to compare an unheard-of number of things. We understand everything, we experience everything, we no longer have in us any hostile feelings. Although we may harm ourselves by it, our importunate and almost amorous inquisitiveness attacks, unabashed, the most dangerous things—

"Everything is good"—it requires an effort for us to deny anything. We suffer if we should happen to be so unintelligent as to take sides against anything— Fundamentally, it is we scholars who today best fulfill the teaching of Christ—

219 (*1885-1886*)

Irony against those who believe Christianity has been overcome by the modern natural sciences. Christian value judgments have not by any means been overcome this way. "Christ on the cross" is the most sublime symbol—even today.

220 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The two great nihilistic movements: (a) Buddhism, (b) Christianity. The latter has only now attained to approximately the state of culture in which it can fulfill its original vocation—a level to which it belongs—in which it can show itself pure.

221 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

We have recovered the Christian ideal: it remains to determine its value:

God, the faith in God, matter to us any longer? 'God' today merely a faded word, not even a concept any longer!) But as Voltaire says on his deathbed: 'only don't speak of that man there!' "

1. What values are *negated* by it? What does its *counterideal* comprise?— Pride, pathos of distance, great responsibility, exuberance, splendid animality, the instincts that delight in war and conquest, the deification of passion, of revenge, of cunning, of anger, of voluptuousness, of adventure, of knowledge—; the noble ideal is negated: the beauty, wisdom, power, splendor and dangerousness of the type "man": the man who fixes goals, the "man of the future" (—here Christianity appears as a logical consequence of Judaism—).

2. Can it be *realized?*— Yes, under the right climatic conditions, as the Indian ideal was. Work is missing in both.— It detaches the individual from people, state, cultural community, jurisdiction; it rejects education, knowledge, cultivation of good manners, gain, commerce—it lets everything go that comprises the usefulness and value of man—it shuts him off by means of an idiosyncrasy of feeling. Unpolitical, antinational, neither aggressive nor defensive—possible only within the most firmly ordered political and social life, which allows these holy parasites to proliferate at public expense—

3. It is a consequence of the will to *pleasure*—and to nothing else! "Blessedness" counts as something self-evident, which no longer requires any justification—everything else (how to live and let live) is only a means to an end—

But this way of thinking is base: fear of pain, of defilement, of corruption as a sufficient motive for letting everything go— This is a *wretched* way of thinking— Sign of an *exhausted* race— One should not let oneself be deceived. ("Become as little children"—. Of related nature: Francis of Assisi, neurotic, epileptic, a visionary, like Jesus.)

222 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The higher man is distinguished from the lower by his fearlessness and his readiness to challenge misfortune: it is a sign of degeneration when eudaemonistic valuations begin to prevail (—physiological fatigue, feebleness of will—). Christianity, with its perspective of "blessedness," is a mode of thought typical of a suffering and feeble species of man. Abundant strength wants to create, suffer, go under: the Christian salvation-for-bigots is bad music to it, and its hieratic posture an annoyance.

223 (*1885-1886*)

Poverty, humility, and chastity—dangerous and slanderous ideals, but, like poisons in the case of certain illnesses, useful cures, e.g., in the Roman imperial era.

All ideals are dangerous: because they debase and brand the actual; all are poisons, but indispensable as temporary cures.

224 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

God created man happy, idle, innocent, and immortal: our actual life is a false, decayed, sinful existence, an existence of punishment— Suffering, struggle, work, death are considered as objections and question marks against life, as something that ought not to last; for which one requires a cure—and *has* a cure!—

From the time of Adam until now, man has been in an abnormal state: God himself has sacrificed his son for the guilt of Adam, in order to put an end to this abnormal state: the natural character of life is a curse; Christ gives back the state of normality to him who believes in him: he makes him happy, idle and innocent.— But the earth has not begun to be fruitful without work; women do not bear children without pain; sickness has not ceased; the most devout believers have just as hard a time of it here as the least devout unbelievers. That man has been freed from death and sin (assertions which permit of no verification)—has been asserted by the church with all the more emphasis. "He is free from sin"— not through his own deed, not through a stern struggle on his part, but ransomed for freedom through the act of redemption—consequently perfect, innocent, paradisiacal—

The *true* life is only a faith (i.e., a self-deception, a madness). The whole of struggling, battling, actual existence, full of splendor and darkness, only a bad, false existence: the task is to be redeemed from it.

"Man innocent, idle, immortal, happy"—this conception of "supreme desiderata" must be criticized above all. Why are guilt, work, death, suffering (*and*, from a Christian viewpoint, *knowledge*—) contrary to the supreme desiderata?— The lazy Christian concepts "blessedness," "innocence," "immortality"—

225 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The eccentric concept of "holiness" is lacking—"God" and "man" have not been torn asunder. "Miracles" are lacking—this sphere simply isn't there: the only sphere worth consideration is the "spiritual" (i.e., the symbolic-psychological). As decadence: pendant to "epicureanism"— Paradise, as conceived by the Greeks, also only the "garden of Epicurus."

Any *task* is lacking in such a life:— it *desires* nothing; a form of the "Epicurean gods;" all reason is lacking to set up any further goals, to have children:— everything has been attained.

226 (*March-June 1888*)

They despised the body: they left it out of the account: more, they treated it as an enemy. It was their delusion to believe that one could carry a "beautiful soul" about in a cadaverous abortion— To make this conceivable to others they needed to present the concept "beautiful soul" in a different way, to revalue the natural value, until at last a pale, sickly, idiotically fanatical creature was thought to be perfection, "angelic," transfiguration, higher man.

227 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

Ignorance *in psychologicis*—the Christian has no nervous system—; contempt for, and a deliberate desire to disregard the demands of the body, the *discovery* of the body; the presupposition that this is in accordance with the higher nature of man, that it must necessarily be good for the soul; the systematic reduction of all bodily feelings to moral values; illness itself conceived as morally conditioned, perhaps as punishment or as testing or also as a state of salvation in which man becomes more perfect than he could be if he were healthy (—Pascal's idea); under certain circumstances, making oneself sick deliberately.

228 (*1883-1888*)

What, then, is this struggle of the Christian "against nature"? Do not let us be deceived by his words and explanations! It is nature against something that is also nature. With many it is fear, with some disgust, with others a certain spirituality, with the best, love of an ideal without flesh and desires, of an "abstraction from nature"—these try to live up to their ideal. It goes without saying that humility in place of self-reliance, anxious circumspection toward the desires, liberation from normal duties (whereby a higher feeling of rank is re-created), the incitement of a continual war over tremendous things, habituation to effusions of feeling—all this composes a type: in this type the excitability of a degenerate body predominates, but this nervousness and the inspirations it induces are interpreted otherwise. The taste of natures of this kind tends (1) to subtlety, (2) to floweriness, (3) to extreme feelings.

Natural inclinations *are* satisfied, but under a new form of interpretation, e.g., as "justification before God," "the feeling of redemption through grace" (—every undeniable pleasant feeling is interpreted thus!—), pride, voluptuousness, etc.

General problem: what will become of the man who defames the natural, and denies and degrades it in practice? In fact, the Christian proves himself to be an exaggerated form of self-control: in order to restrain his desires he seems to find it necessary to extirpate or crucify them.

229 (*March-June 1888*)

Through the long succession of millennia, man has not known himself physiologically: he does not know himself even today. To know, e.g., that one has a nervous system (—but no "soul"—) is still the privilege of the best informed. But man is not content not to know in this case. One must be very humane to say "I don't know that," to afford ignorance.

If he is suffering or in a good mood, he has no doubt that he can find the reason for it if only he looks. So he looks for the reason— In truth, he cannot find the reason, because he does not even suspect where he ought to look for it— What happens?— He takes a *consequence* of his condition for its *cause*; e.g., a work undertaken in a good mood (really undertaken because the good mood had provided the courage for it) succeeds: *ecco*, the work is the *reason* for the good mood.— In fact, the success was determined by the same thing that determined the good mood—by the happy coordination of physiological forces and systems.

He feels ill: and *consequently* he has not got over some worry, some scruple, some self-criticism.— In truth, the man believes his ill condition is a consequence of his scruple, his "sin," his "self-criticism"—

But the condition of recovery returns, often after a profound exhaustion and prostration. "How is it possible for me to feel so free, so redeemed? It is a miracle; only a god can have performed that."— Conclusion: "He has forgiven me my sin"—

From this there follows a certain practice: to excite feelings of sin, to prepare the way for contrition, one has to reduce the body to a morbid and nervous condition. The method of doing this is well known. As one might expect, there is no suspicion of the causal logic of the case: there is a religious interpretation of the mortification of the flesh, it seems an end in itself, whereas it is only a means of making possible the morbid indigestion of repentance (the *"idée fixe"* of sin, the hypnotizing of the hen by the chalk line "sin").

The maltreatment of the body prepares the ground for the sequence of "feelings of guilt," i.e., a general state of suffering that demands an explanation—

On the other hand, the method of "redemption" follows in the same way: one provokes all kinds of orgies of feeling by prayers, motions, gestures, oaths—exhaustion follows, often abruptly, often in the form of epilepsy. And—after a condition of deep somnolence comes the appearance of recovery—in religious language: "redemption."[40a]

230 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

Formerly one considered these conditions and consequences of physiological exhaustion more important than conditions of health and their consequences, because they are rich in the sudden, the fearful, the inexplicable and the incalculable. One was afraid: one postulated here a higher world. Sleep and dream, shadows, the night, natural terrors, have been held responsible for the creation of two worlds: above all, the symptoms of physiological exhaustion should have been considered in this regard. The ancient religions actually disciplined the pious into a condition of exhaustion in which they *must* experience such things— One believed one had entered a higher order of things where everything ceased to be familiar.— The *appearance* of a higher power—

[40a] This discussion of mistaking consequences for causes should be compared with the chapter on "The Four Great Errors" in *Twilight.*

231 (*March-June 1888*)

Sleep as consequence of every exhaustion, exhaustion as consequence of every excessive excitement—

The necessity for sleep, the deification and adoration of the very concept "sleep" in all pessimistic religions and philosophies—

The exhaustion is in this case a racial exhaustion: sleep, regarded psychologically, is only a symbol of a much deeper and longer *compulsion to rest*— In practice it is death that works so seductively behind the image of its brother, sleep—

232 (*March-June 1888*)

The entire Christian training in repentance and redemption can be conceived as a deliberately provoked *folie circulaire*:[41] but, as one might expect, producible only in predestined, that is, morbidly inclined individuals.

233 (*March-June 1888*)

Against remorse and the purely psychological treatment of it.— To be unable to have done with an experience is already a sign of decadence. This reopening of old wounds, this wallowing in self-contempt and contrition, is one more illness, out of which no "salvation of the soul" can arise but only a new form of soul sickness—

These "states of redemption" in the Christian are mere variations of one and the same diseased state—interpretations of the epileptic crisis by a certain formula supplied, not by science, but by religious delusion.

One is *good* in a sickly manner when one is sick— We now count the greater part of the psychological apparatus with which Christianity operated as forms of hysteria and epilepsy.

The entire practice of psychological healing must be put back on to a *physiological* basis: the "bite" of conscience as such is a hindrance to recovery—one must try to counterbalance it all by new activities, in order to escape from the sickness of self-torture as quickly as possible— One should discredit the purely psychological practice of the church and the sects as harmful to health— One cannot cure an invalid by prayers and the exorcizing of evil spirits: the conditions of "repose" that supervene under the influence of such things are very far from inspiring confidence, in a psychological sense—

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[41] An earlier name for manic-depressive insanity, sometimes rendered as alternating insanity.

One is healthy when one can laugh at the earnestness and zeal with which one has been hypnotized by any single detail of our life, when one feels that the "bite" of conscience is like a dog biting on a stone—when one is ashamed of one's remorse—

Previous practice, which was purely religious and psychological, aimed only at a change in the symptoms: it held a man to be cured when he abased himself before the cross and swore to be a good man— But a criminal who with a certain sombre seriousness cleaves to his fate and does not slander his deed after it is done has more *health of soul*— The criminals among whom Dostoevsky lived in prison were one and all unbroken natures—are they not worth a hundred times more than a "broken" Christian?

(—I recommend that the "bite" of conscience be treated with Mitchell's cure[42]——)

234 (*1883-1888*)

The "bite" of conscience: sign that the character is not equal to the deed. There is such a thing as a "bite" of conscience after *good* works: the unfamiliar in them, that which raises them out of the old milieu.—[43]

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[42] The "rest cure" of Dr. Silas Weir Mitchell (1829-1914, American), consisting primarily in isolation, confinement to bed, dieting, and massage. Cf. *Genealogy* I, section 6, where Nietzsche mentions isolation and overeating.

[43] With sections 233-35 compare section 10 of the first chapter of *Twilight* (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 467): "Not to perpetrate cowardice against one's own acts! Not to leave them in the lurch afterward! The bite of conscience is indecent."

The influence of these passages and others on Sartre's *The Flies* is discussed in detail in my essay on "Nietzsche between Homer and Sartre: Five Treatments of the Orestes Story," in *Révue Internationale de Philosophie,* 67 (1964.1), especially pp. 65-73.

235 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

Against remorse.— I do not like this kind of cowardice toward one's own deeds; one should not leave oneself in the lurch at the onset of unanticipated shame and embarrassment. An extreme[44] pride, rather, is in order. After all, what is the good of it! No deed can be undone by being regretted; no more than by being "forgiven" or "atoned for." One would have to be a theologian to believe in a power that annuls guilt: we immoralists prefer not to believe in "guilt." We hold instead that every action is of identical value at root—and that actions that turn *against* us may, economically considered, be nonetheless useful, generally desirable actions.

In any particular case we will allow that an act could easily have been spared us—but circumstances favored it. Which of us, if favored by circumstance, would not have gone through the entire gamut of crime?

One should never say on that account: "You should not have done this or that," but always: "How strange that I should not have done that a hundred times before!"

After all, very few actions are typical actions and real epitomes of a personality; and considering how little personality most men have, a man is seldom *characterized* by a single action. Acts of circumstance, merely epidermal, merely reflexes that respond to a stimulus: long before the depths of our being are touched by it, consulted about it. A rage, a reach, a knife thrust: what of personality is in that?[45]

A deed often brings with it a numbness and lack of freedom: so that the doer is as if spellbound at its recollection and feels as if he were an *accessory* of it. This spiritual disorder, a form of hypnotism, must be resisted at all cost: a single deed, whatever it may be, is, in comparison with everything one has done, a zero, and may be deducted without falsifying the account. The iniquitous interest that society may have in treating our entire existence from a single point of view, as if its meaning lay in bringing forth one single deed, should not infect the doer himself: unfortunately this happens almost all the time. That stems from the fact that a spiritual disturbance follows every deed with unusual consequences, whether these consequences are good or ill. Observe a lover who has received a promise, or a poet applauded by an audience: so far as *torpor intellectualis* is concerned, they differ in no way from an anarchist confronted with a search warrant.

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[44] This word is illegible in the MS and represents a conjecture by the German editors. See also the preceding footnote.

[45] Cf. Camus, *The Stranger*.

There are actions which are *unworthy* of us: actions that, if regarded as typical, would reduce us to a lower class of man. Here one has only to avoid the error of regarding them as typical. There are other kinds of actions of which *we* are unworthy: exceptions born of a particular abundance of happiness and health, our highest floodtide driven so high for once by a storm, an accident: such actions and "works" are likewise not typical. One should never measure an artist by the standard of his works.

236 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

a. In proportion as Christianity still seems necessary today, man is still savage and fateful—

b. From another point of view it is not necessary, but extremely harmful, although enticing and seductive because it corresponds to the morbid character of whole classes, whole types of contemporary humanity—decadents of all kinds; they follow their inclinations when they aspire to Christianity—

One must distinguish clearly between a. and b. In case a. Christianity is a cure, at least a means of taming (—under certain circumstances it serves to make sick: which can be useful in breaking savagery and brutality). In case b. it is itself a symptom of sickness, propagates decadence; here it works against a corroborating system of treatment, here it is the invalid's instinct against that which is good for him—

237 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

The party of the serious, dignified, reflective: and opposed to them the savage, unclean, incalculable beast—: merely a problem of animal taming—in which the animal tamer must be hard, fearsome and terror-inspiring toward his beasts.

All essential demands must be made with a brutal clarity, i.e., exaggerated a thousandfold:

even the fulfilment of the demand must be represented in a coarsened way, so it may inspire awe, e.g., emancipation from the senses on the part of the Brahmins.

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The struggle with the canaille and the cattle. If a certain taming and order is to be achieved, the chasm between these purified and reborn people and the remainder must be made as fearful as possible—

This chasm increases in the higher castes their self-regard, their faith in that which they represent—hence the chandala. Contempt and an excess of it is perfectly correct psychologically, that is to say, exaggerated a hundredfold, so that it may at least be copied.[46]

238 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

The struggle against the brutal instincts is different from the struggle against the sick instincts; to make sick may even be a means of mastering brutality. Christian psychological practice often leads to the conversion of a brute into a sick and consequently tame animal.

The struggle against brutal and savage natures must be a struggle using means that affect them: superstitions are indispensable and essential—[47]

239 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Our age is in a certain sense ripe (that is to say, decadent), as the age of Buddha was— Therefore a Christianity is possible, but without the absurd dogmas (the most repellent abortions of antique hybridism).

240 (*1885-1886*)

Even granted that the Christian faith might not be disprovable, Pascal thinks, nonetheless, that, in view of a *fearful* possibility that it is true, it is in the highest degree prudent to be a Christian.

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[46] But cf. *Twilight*, "The 'Improvers' of Mankind," sections 3-5, (*Portable Nietzsche*, pp. 503-505), which were written later.

[47] See the footnote to section 237.

Today one finds, as a sign of how much Christianity has declined in fearfulness, that other attempt to justify it by saying that even if it were an error, one might yet have during one's life the great advantage and enjoyment of this error:— it therefore seems that this faith ought to be maintained precisely for the sake of its tranquilizing effect—not, therefore, from fear of a threatening possibility, rather from fear of a life that has lost one charm. This hedonistic turn, the proof from *pleasure*, is a symptom of decline: it replaces the proof from *strength*, from that which overpowers us in the Christian idea, from *fear*. In fact, with this reinterpretation Christianity is approaching exhaustion: one is content with an *opiate* Christianity because one has the strength neither to seek, to struggle, to dare, to wish to stand alone, nor for Pascalism, for this brooding self-contempt, for faith in human unworthiness, for the anguished feeling that one is "perhaps damned." But a Christianity intended above all to soothe diseased nerves has really *no need* of that fearful solution of a "God on the cross": which is why Buddhism is silently gaining ground everywhere in Europe.

241 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The humor of European culture: one holds *this* to be true but does *that*. E.g., what is the point of the arts of reading and criticism as long as the ecclesiastical interpretation of the Bible, Protestant as well as Catholic, is cultivated as ever?

242 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

One does not consider closely enough how barbarous the concepts are by which we Europeans still live. That men have been capable of believing that "salvation of the soul" depended on a book!— And they tell me this is still believed today.

What is the point of scientific education, criticism and hermeneutics if such a lunatic exposition of the Bible as is still cultivated by the church has not yet turned the blush of shame into a permanent skin color?

243 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

To consider: to what extent the fateful belief in divine providence—the most paralyzing belief for hand and reason there has ever been—still exists; to what extent Christian presuppositions and interpretations still live on under the formulas "nature," "progress," "perfectibility," "Darwinism," under the superstitious belief in a certain relationship between happiness and virtue, unhappiness and guilt. That absurd trust in the course of things, in "life," in the "instinct of life," that comfortable resignation that comes from the faith that if everyone only does his duty *all* will be well—this kind of thing is meaningful only by supposing a direction of things *sub specie boni.* Even fatalism, the form philosophical sensibility assumes with us today, is a consequence of this long belief in divine dispensation, an unconscious consequence: as if what happens were no responsbility of ours (—as though it were permissible to let things take their course: every individual self only a mode of absolute reality—).

244 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

It is the height of psychological mendaciousness in man to frame according to his own petty standard of what seems good, wise, powerful, valuable, a being that is an origin and "in-itself"—and therewith to abolish in his mind the entire causal process by means of which any kind of goodness, any kind of wisdom, any kind of power exists and possesses value. In short, to posit elements of the most recent and contingent origin as not created but "in-themselves" and perhaps even as the cause of creation in general—

Judging from experience, from every instance in which a man has raised himself significantly above the average of humanity, we see that every high degree of power involves *freedom* from good and evil and from "true" and "false," and cannot take into account the demands of goodness: we see that the same applies to every high degree of wisdom—goodness is abrogated in it as much as veracity, justice, virtue, and other popular fancies in valuation. Finally, every high degree of goodness itself: is it not patent that it presupposes a spiritual myopia and coarseness? including the inability to distinguish at a distance between true and false, between useful and harmful? not to discuss the fact that a high degree of power in the hands of the highest degree of goodness would lead to the most calamitous consequences ("the abolition of evil")?— In fact, one needs only to see what tendencies the

"God of love" inspires in his believers: they ruin mankind for the sake of the "good."— In practice, the actual constitution of the world has shown this same God to be the God of the extremest shortsightedness, devilry and impotence: which reveals how much value there is in this conception of him.

Knowledge and wisdom in themselves have no value; no more than goodness: one must first be in possession of the goal from which these qualities derive their value or nonvalue—there *could* be a goal in the light of which great knowledge might represent a great disvalue (if, for instance, a high degree of deception were one of the prerequisites of the enhancement of life; likewise if goodness were perhaps able to paralyze and discourage the springs of the great longing)—

Taking our human life as it is, all "truth," all "goodness," all "holiness," all "divinity" in the Christian style has up to now shown itself to be highly dangerous—even now mankind is in danger of perishing through an idealism inimical of life.[48]

245 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Consider the damage all human institutions sustain if a divine and transcendent higher sphere is postulated that must first sanction these institutions. By then growing accustomed to seeing their value in this sanction (e.g., in the case of marriage), one has reduced their natural dignity, in certain circumstances denied it— Nature has been ill-judged to the extent to which one has brought into honor the antinaturalness of a God. "Natural" has come to mean the same as "contemptible," "bad"—

The fatefulness of a belief in God as the *reality of the highest moral qualities*: all actual values were therewith denied and systematically conceived as non-values. Thus antinaturalness assumed the throne. With relentless logic one arrived at the absolute demand to deny nature.

246 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

In moving the doctrine of selflessness and love into the foreground, Christianity was in no way establishing the interests of the species as of higher value than the interests of the individual. Its real *historical* effect, the fateful element in its effect, remains, on the contrary, in precisely the enhancement of egoism, of the egoism of the individual, to an extreme (—to the extreme of individual immortality). Through Christianity, the individual was made so important, so absolute, that he could no longer be sacrificed: but the species endures only through human sacrifice— All "souls" became equal before God: but this is precisely the most dangerous of all possible evaluations! If one regards individuals as equal, one calls the species into question, one encourages a way of life that leads to the ruin of the species: Christianity is the counterprinciple to the principle of *selection*. If the degenerate and sick ("the Christian") is to be accorded the same value as the healthy ("the pagan"), or even more value, as in Pascal's judgment concerning sickness and health, then unnaturalness becomes law—

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[48] In the MS this section follows a draft for *Antichrist*, section 47.

This universal love of men is in practice the *preference* for the suffering, underprivileged, degenerate: it has in fact lowered and weakened the strength, the responsibility, the lofty duty to sacrifice men. All that remains, according to the Christian scheme of values, is to sacrifice oneself: but this residue of human sacrifice that Christianity concedes and even advises has, from the standpoint of general breeding, no meaning at all. The prosperity of the species is unaffected by the self-sacrifice of this or that individual (—whether it be in the monkish and ascetic manner or, with the aid of crosses, pyres, and scaffolds, as "martyrs" of error). The species requires that the ill-constituted, weak, degenerate, perish: but it was precisely to them that Christianity turned as a conserving force; it further enhanced that instinct in the weak, already so powerful, to take care of and preserve themselves and to sustain one another. What is "virtue" and "charity" in Christianity if not just this mutual preservation, this solidarity of the weak, this hampering of selection? What is Christian altruism if not the mass-egoism of the weak, which divines that if all care for one another each individual will be preserved as long as possible?—

If one does not feel such a disposition as an extreme immorality, as a crime against life, one belongs with the company of the sick and possesses its instincts oneself—

Genuine charity demands sacrifice for the good of the species —it is hard, it is full of self-overcoming, because it needs human sacrifice. And this pseudo humaneness called Christianity wants it established that no one should be sacrificed—

247 (*March-June 1888*)

Nothing would be more useful or more to be encouraged than a thoroughgoing *practical nihilism.* As I understand all the phenomena of Christianity and pessimism, they say: "We are ripe for nonexistence; for us it is reasonable not to exist." This language of "reason" is also, in this case, the language of selective nature.

What, on the other hand, is to be condemned in the sternest terms is the ambiguous and cowardly compromise of a religion such as Christianity: more precisely, such as the church: which, instead of encouraging death and self-destruction, protects everything ill-constituted and sick and makes it propagate itself—

Problem: with what means could one attain to a severe form of really contagious nihilism: such as teaches and practices voluntary death with scientific conscientiousness (—and *not* a feeble, vegetable existence in expectation of a false afterlife—)?

One cannot sufficiently condemn Christianity for having devaluated the value of such a great purifying nihilistic movement, which was perhaps already being formed, through the idea of the immortal private person: likewise through the hope of resurrection: in short, through continual deterrence from the *deed of nihilism,* which is suicide—

It substituted slow suicide: gradually a petty, poor, but durable life; gradually a quite ordinary, bourgeois, mediocre life, etc.

248 (*March-June 1888*)

Christian moral quackery.— Pity and contempt succeed one another in quick alternation, and occasionally I get enraged, as at the sight of some mean crime. Here error is made a duty—a virtue; blundering is made into an art, the instinct for destruction systematized as "redemption"; here every operation becomes an injury, an amputation even of those organs whose energy is a precondition of any return to health. And the most that is achieved is never healing, but only the substitution of one set of evil symptoms for another—

And this dangerous nonsense, this systematized disfiguring and castration of life, is counted holy, inviolable; to live in its service, to be an instrument of this healing art, to be a *priest,* makes one distinguished, venerable, makes one holy and even inviolable. Only divinity can be the author of this highest healing art: only as revelation can redemption be understood, as an art of grace, as the most undeserved gift granted to the creature.

First proposition: health of soul is regarded as sickness, as suspicious—

Second proposition: the prerequisites of a strong and flourishing life, strong desires and passions, count as objections to a strong and flourishing life.

Third proposition: all that threatens man with danger, all that might master and destroy him, is evil, is reprehensible—is to be torn from his soul by its roots.

Fourth proposition: man made harmless to himself and others, weak, prostrated in humility and modesty, conscious of his weakness, the "sinner"—this is the most desirable type, and one that can also be *produced* with a little surgery to the soul—

249 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

What is it I protest against? That one should take this petty, peaceable mediocrity, this equilibrium of a soul that knows nothing of the mighty motivation of great accumulations of strength, for something exalted, possibly even for the *measure of man.*

Bacon of Verulam says: *Infimarum virtutum apud vulgus laus est, mediarum admiratio, supremarum sensus nullus.*[49] Christianity, however, belongs, as a religion, to the *vulgus*: it has no feeling for the highest species of *virtus.*

250 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Let us see what "the true Christian" does with all that which his instinct opposes:—he sullies and suspects the beautiful, the splendid, the rich, the proud, the self-reliant, the knowledgeable, the powerful—in summa, the whole of culture: his object is to deprive it of a good conscience—

251 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

Hitherto one has always attacked Christianity not merely in a modest way but in the wrong way. As long as one has not felt Christian morality to be a capital crime against life its defenders have had it all their own way. The question of the mere "truth" of Christianity—whether in regard to the existence of its God or the historicity of the legend of its origin, not to speak of Christian astronomy and natural science—is a matter of secondary importance as long as the question of the value of Christian *morality* is not considered. Is Christian morality *worth* anything, or is it a shame and digrace despite all the holiness of its arts of seduction? The problem of truth can slip away into hiding places of all kinds; and the greatest believers may finally avail themselves of the logic of the greatest unbelievers to create for themselves a right to affirm certain things as irrefutable—namely, as *beyond* the means of all refutation—(this artifice is today called "Kantian Criticism").

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[49] The ordinary ruck has praise for the lowest virtues, admiration for the mediocre, and for the highest virtues no sense at all.

252 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

One should never forgive Christianity for having destroyed such men as Pascal. One should never cease from combating just this in Christianity: its will to break precisely the strongest and noblest souls. One should never rest as long as this one thing has not been utterly and completely destroyed: the ideal of man invented by Christianity, its demands upon men, its Yes and its No with regard to men. The whole absurd residue of Christian fable, conceptual cobweb-spinning and theology does not concern us; it could be a thousand times more absurd and we would not lift a finger against it. But we do combat the ideal that, with its morbid beauty and feminine seductiveness, with its furtive slanderous eloquence appeals to all the cowardices and vanities of wearied souls—and the strongest have their weary hours—as if all that might, in such states, seem most useful and desirable—trust, guilelessness, modesty, patience, love of one's fellows, resignation, submission to God, a sort of unharnessing and abdication of one's whole ego—were also the most useful and desirable as such; as if the petty, modest abortion of a soul, the virtuous average-and-herd man, did not only take precedence over the stronger, more evil, covetous, defiant, prodigal, and therefore a hundred times more imperiled kind of man, but provided nothing less than the ideal, the goal, the measure, the highest *desideratum* for mankind in general. To erect *this* ideal was the most sinister temptation ever placed before mankind: for with it, the more strongly constituted exceptions and fortunate cases among men, in whom the will to power and to the growth of the whole type "man" took a step forward, were threatened with destruction; with the values of this ideal, the growth of these higher men, who for the sake of their superior claims and tasks also freely accept a life more full of peril (expressed economically: a rise in the cost of the undertaking in proportion to the decline in the probability of its success) would be attacked at the roots. What is it we combat in Christianity? That it wants to break the strong, that it wants to discourage their courage, exploit their bad hours and their occasional weariness, convert their proud assurance into unease and distress of conscience, that it knows how to poison and sicken the noble instincts until their strength, their will to power turns backward, against itself—until the strong perish through orgies of self-contempt and self-abuse: that gruesome way of perishing of which Pascal provides the most famous example.

II. CRITIQUE OF MORALITY

1. Origin of Moral Valuations

253 (*1885-1886*)

For the Preface of The Dawn[50]

An attempt to think about morality without falling under its spell, mistrustful of the seductiveness of its beautiful gestures and glances. A world we can revere, that is adequate to our drive to worship—that continually proves itself—by providing guidance in the particular and the general—: this is the Christian viewpoint in which we have all grown up.

Through an increase in our acuteness, mistrust, scientificality (also through a more ambitious instinct for veracity, thus under anti-Christian influences), this interpretation has grown more and more impermissible to us.

Subtlest way of escape: Kantian Criticism. The intellect disputes its right to make interpretations of this sort as well as to reject interpretations of this sort. One contents oneself with an increase in one's trust and faith, with a renunciation of all provability in matters of faith, with an inconceivable and superior "ideal" (God) as a stopgap.

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[50] The first edition of *The Dawn* appeared in 1881; the second, with a new preface, in 1887. This heading has always been omitted so far.

The Hegelian way out, following Plato, a piece of romanticism and reaction, at the same time a symptom of the historical sense, of a new *strength:* the "spirit" itself is the "self-revealing and self-realizing ideal": more and more of this ideal in which we believe manifests itself in the course of its "process," in "becoming"—: thus the ideal realizes itself; faith is directed into the *future* when, in accordance with its noble requirements, it can worship. In short,

1. God is unknowable for *us* and not demonstrable by us (the hidden meaning of the epistemological movement);
2. God is demonstrable but as something in process of becoming, and we are part of it, as witness our impulse toward the ideal (the hidden meaning of the historical movement).

Observe: criticism is never directed at the ideal itself, but only at the problem, where the opposition to it originates: why it has not yet been achieved or why it is not demonstrable in small things and in great.

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It makes all the difference whether one feels this state of distress as a state of distress from passion, from a yearning, or whether one barely reaches it as a problem after the utmost thought and with a certain force of historical imagination.

We discover the same phenomenon outside religion and philosophy: utilitarianism (socialism, democracy) criticizes the origin of moral evaluations, but it *believes* them just as much as the Christian does. (Naiveté: as if morality could survive when the *God* who sanctions it is missing! The "beyond" absolutely necessary if faith in morality is to be maintained.)

Basic problem: whence this omnipotence of *faith*? Of faith in morality? (—Which betrays itself in this, too, that even the basic conditions of life are falsely interpreted for the benefit of morality: despite our knowledge of the animal world and the world of plants. "Self-preservation": the reconciliation of altruistic and egoistic principles in the perspective of Darwinism.)

254 (*1885-1886*)

The inquiry into the *origin of our evaluations* and tables of the good is in absolutely no way identical with a critique of them, as is so often believed: even though the insight into some *pudenda origo*[51] certainly brings with it *a feeling* of a diminution in value of the thing that originated thus and prepares the way to a critical mood and attitude toward it.

What are our evaluations and moral tables really worth? What is the outcome of their rule? For whom? in relation to what?— Answer: for life. But *what is life?* Here we need a new, more definite formulation of the concept "life." My formula for it is: Life is will to power.

What is the meaning of the act of evaluation itself? Does it point back or down to another, metaphysical world? (As Kant still believed, who belongs *before* the great historical movement.) In short: where did it originate? Or did it not "originate"?— Answer: moral evaluation is an *exegesis,* a way of interpreting. The exegesis itself is a symptom of certain physiological conditions, likewise of a particular spiritual level of prevalent judgments: Who interprets?— Our affects.

255 (*1883-1888*)

All virtues physiological *conditions:* particularly the principal organic functions considered as necessary, as good. All virtues are really refined *passions* and enhanced states.

Pity and love of mankind as development of the sexual drive. Justice as development of the drive to revenge. Virtue as pleasure in resistance, will to power. Honor as recognition of the similar and equal-in-power.

256 (*1887-1888*)

I understand by "morality" a system of evaluations that partially coincides with the conditions of a creature's life.

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[51] Shameful origin.

257 (*March-June 1888*)

Formerly one said of every morality: "By their fruits ye shall know them." I say of every morality: "It is a fruit by which I recognize the *soil* from which it sprang."

258 (*1885-1886*)

My attempt to understand moral judgments as symptoms and sign languages which betray the processes of physiological prosperity or failure, likewise the consciousness of the conditions for preservation and growth—a mode of interpretations of the same worth as astrology, prejudices prompted by the instincts (of races, communities, of the various stages of life, as youth or decay, etc.).

Applied to the specific Christian-European morality: Our moral judgments are signs of decline, of disbelief in life, a preparation for pessimism.

My chief proposition: there are no moral phenomena, there is only a moral interpretation of these phenomena. This interpretation itself is of extra-moral origin.[52]

What does it mean that our interpretation has projected a *contradiction* into existence?— Of decisive importance: behind all other other evaluations these moral evaluations stand in command. Supposing they were abolished, according to what would we measure then? And then of what value would be knowledge, etc., etc. ? ? ?

259 (*1884*)

Insight: all evaluation is made from a definite perspective: that of the preservation of the individual, a community, a race, a state, a church, a faith, a culture.— Because we forget that valuation is always from a perspective, a single individual contains within him a vast confusion of contradictory valuations and consequently of contradictory drives. This is the expression of the diseased condition in man, in contrast to the animals in which all existing instincts answer to quite definite tasks.

This contradictory creature has in his nature, however, a great method of acquiring knowledge: he feels many pros and cons, he raises himself to justice—to comprehension beyond esteeming things good and evil.

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[52] Cf. section 266.

The wisest man would be the one richest in contradictions, who has, as it were, antennae for all types of men—as well as his great moments of *grand harmony*—a rare accident even in us! A sort of planetary motion—

260 (*1883-1888*)

"Willing": means willing an end. "An end" includes an evaluation. Whence come evaluations? Is their basis a firm norm, "pleasant" and "painful"?

But in countless cases we first *make* a thing painful by investing it with an evaluation.

The extent of moral evaluations: they play a part in almost every sense impression. Our world is *colored* by them.

We have invested things with ends and values: therefore we have in us an enormous fund of latent force: but by comparing values it appears that contradictory things have been accounted valuable, that *many* tables of value have existed (thus nothing is valuable "in itself").

Analysis of individual tables of value revealed that their erection was the erection of the conditions—often erroneous—of existence of a limited group—for its preservation.

Observation of *contemporary* man reveals that we employ *very diverse* value judgments and that they no longer have any creative force—the basis, "the condition of existence," is now missing from moral judgment. It is much more superfluous, it is not nearly so painful.— It becomes *arbitrary.* Chaos.

Who creates *the goal* that stands above mankind and above the individual? Formerly one employed morality for preservation: but nobody wants to preserve any longer, there is nothing to preserve. Therefore an *experimental morality*: to *give* oneself a goal.

261 (*1883-1888*)

What is the criterion of a moral action? (1) its disinterestedness, (2) its universal validity, etc. But this is armchair moralizing. One must study peoples to see what the criterion is in every case, and what is expressed by it: a belief that "such a scheme of behavior is one of the first conditions of our existence." Immoral means "bringing destruction." Now, all the communities in which these propositions are discovered have perished: certain of these propositions have been reaffirmed again and again because every new community that arose had need of them again; e.g., "Thou shalt not steal." In ages when it was impossible to demand any feeling for the community (e.g., in the *imperium Romanum*), the drive was directed to "salvation of soul," in religious language: or "the greatest happiness," in philosophical terms. For even the Greek moral philosophers no longer had any feeling for their *polis.* [53]

262 (*1888*)

The necessity of false values.— One can refute a judgment by proving its conditionality: the need to retain it is not thereby removed. False values cannot be eradicated by reasons any more than astigmatism in the eyes of an invalid. One must grasp the need for their existence: they are a consequence of causes which have nothing to do with reasons.

263 (*1885*)

To see and to demonstrate the problem of morality—that seems to me the new principal task. I deny that it has been done in previous moral philosophy.

264 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

How false, how mendacious mankind has always been about the basic facts of its inner world! To close one's eyes to this, to speak and not to speak about that—

265 (*1885-1888*)

There is lacking a knowledge and consciousness of the revolutions that have already occurred in moral judgments, and of how fundamentally "evil" has several times been renamed "good." I indicated one of these displacements with the term "morality of custom."[54] Even conscience has changed its sphere: there used to be a pang of conscience of the herd.

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[53] City-state.

266 (*1883-1886*)

A. Morality as the work of immorality.
  1. For moral values to gain dominion they must be assisted by lots of immoral forces and affects.
  2. The origin of moral values is the work of immoral affects and considerations.

B. Morality as the work of error.

C. Morality always contradicts itself.

Requital.— Veracity, doubt, *epochē*,[55] judging.— The "immorality" of *belief* in morality.

The steps:
  1. absolute dominion of morality: all biological phenomena measured and judged by moral values.
  2. attempt to identify life with morality (symptom of an awakened skepticism: morality must no longer be felt as an antithesis); several means, even a transcendental way.
  3. opposition of life and morality: morality judged and condemned from the point of view of life.

D. To what extent morality has been detrimental to life:
  a) to the enjoyment of life, to gratitude towards life, etc.,
  b) to the beautifying, ennobling of life,
  c) to knowledge of life,
  d) to the development of life, in so far as it sought to set the highest phenomena of life at variance with itself.

E. Counter-reckoning: its usefulness for life.
  1. Morality as the principle that preserves the general whole, as a limitation upon its members: "the *instrument.*"
  2. Morality as the principle that preserves man from the inner peril of his passions: "the *mediocre.*"
  3. Morality as the principle that preserves man from the

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[54] *Sittlichkeit der Sitte*: cf. *Dawn*, sections 9, 14, 18, 33; *Gay Science*, 43, 143, 149, 296; *Genealogy*, Preface and II:2 and III:9.

[55] The suspension of judgment cultivated by the ancient skeptics.

life-destroying effects of profound misery and atrophy: "the *suffering*."

4. Morality as the principle that opposes the fearful outbursts of the powerful: "the *lowly*."

267 (*1885-1886*)

It is a good thing to take "right," "wrong," etc., in a definite, narrow, bourgeois sense, as in "Do right and fear no man": i.e., to do one's duty according to a definite rude scheme within which a community exists.

—Let us not think meanly of that which two thousand years of morality have bred in our spirit!

268 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

Two types of morality must not be confused: the morality with which the healthy instinct defends itself against incipient decadence—and another morality with which this very decadence defines and justifies itself and leads downwards.

The former is usually stoical, hard, tyrannical (—*Stoicism* itself was such a brake-shoe morality); the latter is enthusiastic, sentimental, full of secrets; it has the women and "beautiful feelings" on its side (—primitive *Christianity* was such a morality).

269 (*1883-1888*)

To get the whole of moralizing into focus as a phenomenon. Also as a riddle. The phenomena of morality have occupied me like riddles. Today I would know how to answer the question: What does it mean that the welfare of my neighbor *ought* to possess for me a higher value than my own? but that my neighbor himself *ought* to assess the value of his welfare differently than I, that is, that he should subordinate it to *my* welfare? What is the meaning of that "Thou shalt," which even philosophers regard as "given"?

The apparently crazy idea that a man should esteem the actions he performs for another more highly than those he performs for himself, and that this other should likewise, etc. (that one should call good only those actions that a man performs with an eye, not to himself, but to the welfare of another) has a meaning: namely, as the social instinct resting on the valuation that the single individual is of little account, but all individuals together are of very great account provided they constitute a community with a common feeling and a common conscience. Therefore a kind of training in looking in a certain definite direction, the will to a perspective that seeks to make it impossible to see oneself.

My idea: goals are lacking and these must be *individuals'!* We observe how things are everywhere: every individual is sacrificed and serves as a tool. Go into the street and you encounter lots of "'slaves." Whither? For what?

270 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

How is it possible that a man has respect for himself with regard to moral values *alone,* that he considers everything else subordinate and of little worth compared with good, evil, improvement, salvation of soul, etc.? e.g., Henri Fréd. Amiel.[56] What is the meaning of the moral idiosyncrasy?— I mean in a psychological sense, also in a physiological sense; e.g., Pascal. That is, in cases where other great qualities were not lacking; also in the case of Schopenhauer, who obviously valued that which he did not and could not have—is it not the consequence of a merely habitual moral interpretation of actual states of pain and displeasure? is it not a definite kind of sensibility that does not understand the cause of its frequent feelings of displeasure but believes it explains them with moral hypotheses? So that even a transitory feeling of health and strength immediately appears, in the perspective of a "good conscience," to be illumined by the nearness of God, by the consciousness of redemption?—

Thus the man of moral idiosyncrasy has (1) either really acquired his worth through approximating society's model of virtue: "the good man," "the righteous"—a highly respectable condition of mediocrity: mediocre in all his abilities but decent, conscientious, solid, respected, trusty; (2) or he believes he has acquired it because he does not know how otherwise to understand all his states—he is unknown to himself, so he interpretes himself in this way.—

Morality as the only scheme of interpretation by which man can endure himself—a kind of pride?—

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[56] Swiss philosophy professor, critic, and poet (1821-1881).

271 (*March-June 1888*)

The predominance of moral values.— Consequences of this predominance: the corruption of psychology, etc.; the universal fatality which follows from it. What does this predominance mean? What does it point to?—

To a certain greater urgency for a definite Yes and No in this field. All kinds of imperatives have been employed to make moral values appear permanent: they have been commanded for the longest time:— they *seem* instinctive, like inner commands. Moral values reveal themselves to be conditions of the existence of society, in that they are felt to be beyond discussion. The practice, which is to say the utility, of agreement about the highest values has here acquired a kind of sanction. We observe that every means is employed to paralyze reflection and criticism in this field:— look at the attitude of Kant! not to speak of those who reject as immoral all "inquiry" here—

272 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

My purpose: to demonstrate the absolute homogeneity of all events and the application of moral distinctions as conditioned by perspective; to demonstrate how everything praised as moral is identical in essence with everything immoral and was made possible, as in every development of morality, with immoral means and for immoral ends—; how, on the other hand, everything decried as immoral is, economically considered, higher and more essential, and how a development toward a greater fullness of life necessarily also demands the advance of immorality. "Truth" the extent to which we permit ourselves to understand this fact.

273 (*1883-1888*)

But don't worry: for one needs a great deal of morality to be immoral in this subtle way; I will speak in a parable:

A physiologist interested in a disease and an invalid who claims to be cured of it do not have identical interests. Let us suppose the disease is morality—for it is a disease—and that we Europeans are the invalids: what subtle torment and difficulties would arise if we Europeans were at the same time inquisitive spectators and physiologists! Would we then really desire to be free of morality? Would we want to be? Quite apart from the question whether we *could* be. Whether we could be "cured."—

2. The Herd

274 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Whose will to power is morality?— The common factor in the history of Europe since Socrates is the attempt to make moral values dominate over all other values: so that they should be the guide and judge not only of life but also of (1) knowledge, (2) the arts, (3) political and social endeavors. "Improvement" the sole duty, everything else a means to it (or a disturbance, hindrance, danger: consequently to be combatted to the point of annihilation—). A similar movement in China. A similar movement in India.

What is the meaning of this will to power on the part of moral values which has developed so tremendously on earth?

Answer:— three powers are hidden behind it: (1) the instinct of the herd against the strong and independent; (2) the instinct of the suffering and underprivileged against the fortunate; (3) the instinct of the mediocre against the exceptional.— Enormous advantage possessed by this movement, however much cruelty, falseness, and narrow-mindedness have assisted it (for the history of the struggle of morality with the basic instincts of life is itself the greatest piece of immorality that has yet existed on earth—).

275 (*1883-1888*)

Very few manage to see a problem in that which makes our daily life, that to which we have long since grown accustomed—our eyes are not adjusted to it: this seems to me to be the case especially in regard to our morality.

The problem "every man as an object for others" is the occasion of the highest honors: for himself—no!

The problem "thou shalt": an inclination that cannot explain itself, similar to the sexual drive, shall not fall under the general condemnation of the drives; on the contrary, it shall be their evaluation and judge!

The problem of "equality," while we all thirst after disstinction: here, on the contrary, we are supposed to make exactly the same demands on ourselves as we make on others. This is so insipid, so obviously crazy: but—it is felt to be holy, of a higher rank, the conflict with reason is hardly noticed.

Sacrifice and selflessness as distinguishing, unconditional obedience to morality, and the faith that one is everyone's equal before it.

The neglect and surrender of well-being and life as distinguishing, the complete renunciation of making one's own evaluations, and the firm desire to see everyone else renounce them too. "The value of an action is determined: everyone is subject to this valuation."

We see: an authority speaks—who speaks?— One may forgive human pride if it sought to make this authority as high as possible in order to feel as little humiliated as possible under it. Therefore—God speaks!

One needed God as an unconditional sanction, with no court of appeal, as a "categorical imperator"—: or, if one believed in the authority of reason, one needed a metaphysic of unity, by virtue of which this was logical.

Now suppose that belief in God has vanished: the question presents itself anew: "who speaks?"— My answer, taken not from metaphysics but from animal physiology: *the herd instinct speaks.* It wants to be master: hence its "thou shalt!"— it will allow value to the individual only from the point of view of the whole, for the sake of the whole, it hates those who detach themselves— it turns the hatred of all individuals against them.

276 (*1886-1887*)

The whole of European morality is based upon what is useful to the herd: the affliction of all higher, rarer men lies in this, that everything that distinguishes them enters their consciousness accompanied by a feeling of diminution and discredit. The *strong points* of contemporary men are the causes of their pessimistic gloom: the mediocre are, like the herd, little troubled with questions and conscience—cheerful. (On the gloominess of the strong: Pascal, Schopenhauer.)

The more dangerous a quality seems to the herd, the more thoroughly is it proscribed.

277 (*1883-1888*)

Morality of truthfulness in the herd. "You shall be knowable, express your inner nature by clear and constant signs—otherwise you are dangerous: and if you are evil, your ability to dissimulate is the worst thing for the herd. We despise the secret and unrecognizable.— Consequently you must consider yourself knowable, you may not be concealed from yourself, you may not believe that you change." Thus: the demand for truthfulness presupposes the knowability and stability of the person. In fact, it is the object of education to create in the herd member a definite faith concerning the nature of man: it first invents this faith and then demands "truthfulness."

278 (*1885*)

Within a herd, within any community, that is to say *inter pares,*[57] the overestimation of truthfulness makes good sense. Not to be deceived—and consequently, as a personal point of morality, not to deceive! a mutual obligation between equals! In dealing with what lies outside, danger and caution demand that one should be on one's guard against deception: as a psychological preconditioning for this, also in dealing with what lies within. Mistrust as the source of truthfulness.

279 (*1883-1888*)

Toward a critique of the herd virtues.— Inertia operates (1) in trustfulness, since mistrust makes tension, observation, reflection necessary;— (2) in veneration, where the difference in power is great and submission necessary: so as not to fear, an attempt is made to love, esteem, and to interpret the disparity in power as disparity in value: so that the relationship no longer makes one rebellious;— (3) in the sense of truth. What is true? Where an explanation is given which causes us the minimum of spiritual effort (moreover, lying is very exhausting);— (4) in sympathy. It is a relief to count oneself the same as others, to try to feel as they do, to *adopt* a current feeling: it is something passive compared with the activity that maintains and constantly practices the individual's right to value judgments (the latter allows of no rest);— (5) in impartiality and coolness of judgment: one shuns the exertion of affects and prefers to stay detached, "objective";— (6) in integrity: one would rather obey an existing law than create a law oneself, than command oneself and others: the fear of commanding—: better to submit than to react;— (7) in toleration: the fear of exercising rights, of judging.

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[57] Among equals.

280 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The instinct of the herd considers the middle and the mean as the highest and most valuable: the place where the majority finds itself; the mode and manner in which it finds itself. It is therefore an opponent of all orders of rank, it sees an ascent from beneath to above as a descent from the majority to the minority. The herd feels the exception, whether it be below or above it, as something opposed and harmful to it. Its artifice with reference to the exceptions above it, the stronger, more powerful, wiser, and more fruitful, is to persuade them to assume the role of guardians, herdsmen, watchmen—to become its *first servants*:[58] it has therewith transformed a danger into something useful. Fear ceases in the middle: here one is never alone; here there is little room for misunderstanding; here there is equality; here one's own form of being is not felt as a reproach but as the right form of being; here contentment rules. Mistrust is felt toward the exceptions; to be an exception is experienced as guilt.

281 (*March-June 1888*)

When, following the instinct of the community, we make prescriptions and forbid ourselves certain actions, we quite reasonably do not forbid a mode of "being," a "disposition," but only a certain direction and application of this "being," this "disposition." But then the ideologist of virtue, the moralist, comes along and says: "God sees into the heart! What does it matter if you refrain from certain actions: you are no better for that!" Answer: My dear Sir Long-Ears-and-Virtuous, we have no desire whatever to be better, we are very contented with ourselves, all we desire is not to harm one another—and therefore we forbid certain actions when they are directed in a certain way, namely against us, while we cannot sufficiently honor these same actions provided they are directed against enemies of the community—against you, for instance. We educate our children in them; we cultivate them— If we shared that "God-pleasing" radicalism that your holy madness recommends, if we were fools enough to condemn together with those actions the source of them, the "heart," the "disposition," that would mean condemning our own existence and with it its supreme prerequisite—a disposition, a heart, a passion we honor with the highest honors. By our decrees, we prevent this disposition from breaking out and expressing itself in an inexpedient way —we are prudent when we make such law for ourselves, we are also moral— Have you no suspicion, however faint, what sacrifice it is costing us, how much taming, self-overcoming, severity toward ourselves it requires? We are vehement in our desires, there are times when we would like to devour each other— But the "sense of community" masters us: please note that this is almost a definition of morality.

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[58] Frederick the Great (King of Prussia from 1740 to 1786) called himself "the first servant of my state."

282 (*Fall 1888*)

The weakness of the herd animal produces a morality very similar to that produced by the weakness of the decadent: they understand one another, they form an alliance (—the great decadence religions always count on the support of the herd). In itself, there is nothing sick about the herd animal, it is even invaluable; but, incapable of leading itself, it needs a "shepherd"— the priests understand that— The state is not intimate, not clandestine enough; "directing the conscience" eludes it. And that is how the herd animal has been made sick by the priest?—

283 (*1883-1888*)

Hatred for the privileged in body and soul: revolt of the ugly, ill-constituted souls against the beautiful, proud, joyous. Their means: inculpation of beauty, pride, joy: "there is no merit," "the danger is tremendous: one *should* tremble and feel ill," "naturalness is evil; it is right to oppose nature." Also "reason." (The anti-natural as the higher).

Again it is the priests who exploit this condition and win the "people" over. "The sinner" in whom God has more joy than in the "just man." *This* is the struggle against "paganism" (the pang of conscience as the means of destroying harmony of soul).

The hatred of the average for the exceptional, of the herd for the independent. (Custom as true "morality."[59]) Turning *against* "egoism": only the "for another" has value. "We are all equal";— against lust for dominion, against "dominion" in general;— against privilege;— against sectarians, free spirits, skeptics;— against philosophy (as opposing the tool-and-corner instinct); with philosophers themselves "the categorical imperative," the essence of morality "universal and general."

284 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The conditions and desires that are *praised*:— peaceable, fair, moderate, modest, reverent, considerate, brave, chaste, honest, faithful, devout, straight, trusting, devoted, sympathetic, helpful, conscientious, simple, mild, just, generous, indulgent, obedient, disinterested, unenvious, gracious, industrious—

To distinguish: to what extent such qualities are conditioned as *means* to a definite aim and end (often an "evil" end); or as natural *consequences* of a dominating affect (e.g., spirituality) or expression of a state of distress, which is to say: as condition of existence (e.g., citizen, slave, woman, etc.).

Summa: they are none of them felt to be "good" for their own sake, but from the first according to the standards of "society," "the herd," as means to the ends of society and the herd, as necessary to their preservation and advancement, at the same time as the consequence of an actual herd instinct in the individual: thus in the service of an instinct which is fundamentally different from these conditions of virtue. For the herd is, in relation to the outside world, hostile, selfish, unmerciful, full of lust for dominion, mistrust, etc.

In the "shepherd" this antagonism becomes patent: he must possess opposite qualities to the herd.

Mortal enmity of the herd toward orders of rank: its instinct favors the leveller (Christ). Toward strong individuals (*les souverains*) it is hostile, unfair, immoderate, immodest, impudent, inconsiderate, cowardly, mendacious, false, unmerciful, underhand, envious, revengeful.

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[59] *Die Sitte als eigentliche "Sittlichkeit"*: *mores* as the essence of morality. Cf. section 265 above.

285 (*1884*)

I teach: the herd seeks to preserve one type and defends itself on both sides, against those who have degenerated from it (criminals, etc.) and those who tower above it. The tendency of the herd is directed toward standstill and preservation, there is nothing creative in it.

The pleasant feelings with which the good, benevolent, just man inspires us (in contrast to the tension, fear which the great, new man arouses) are our own feelings of personal security and equality: the herd animal thus glorifies the herd nature and then it feels comfortable. This judgment of comfort masks itself with fair words—thus "morality" arises.— But observe the hatred of the herd for the truthful.—

286 (*1883-1888*)

Let one not be deceived about oneself! If one hears within oneself the moral imperative as it is understood by altruism, one belongs to the herd. If one has the opposite feeling, if one feels one's danger and abberration lies in disinterested and selfless actions, one does not belong to the herd.

287 (*1883-1888*)

My philosophy aims at an ordering of rank: not at an individualistic morality.[60] The ideas of the herd should rule in the herd—but not reach out beyond it: the leaders of the herd require a fundamentally different valuation for their own actions, as do the independent, or the "beasts of prey," etc.

3. General Remarks on Morality

288 (*March-June 1888*)

Morality as an attempt to establish human pride.— The theory of "free will" is antireligious. It seeks to create the right for man to think of himself as cause of his exalted state and actions: it is a form of the growing *feeling of pride.*

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[60] Cf. section 361.

Man feels his power, his "happiness," as they say: there must be "will" behind this state—otherwise it would not be his. Virtue is the attempt to set the fact of willing and having-willed before every exalted and strong feeling of happiness as a necessary antecedent:— if the will to certain actions is regularly present in the consciousness, a feeling of power may be interpreted as its effect.— This is merely a perspective of psychology: always based on the false presupposition that nothing belongs to us that we have not consciously willed. The entire theory of responsibility depends upon the naive psychology that the only cause is will and that one must be aware of having willed in order to believe in *oneself* as cause.

—Comes the countermovement: that of the moral philosophers, still subject to the same prejudice that one is responsible only for what one has willed. The value of man is posited as a *moral* value: consequently his morality must be a *causa prima;*[61] consequently there must be a principle in man, a "free will" as *causa prima.*— The idea behind it is: if man is not *causa prima* as will, then he is irresponsible—consequently he has no business before the moral tribunal—virtue and vice would be automatic and mechanical—

In summa: so that man may respect himself he must be capable of doing evil.

289 (*March-June 1888*)

Play-acting as a consequence of the morality of "free will."— It is a step in the development of the feeling of power itself to have caused one's own exalted states (one's perfection)—consequently, one immediately concludes, to have *willed* them—

(Critique: All perfect acts are unconscious and no longer subject to will; consciousness is the expression of an imperfect and often morbid state in a person. Personal perfection as conditioned by will, as consciousness, as reasoning with dialectics, is a caricature, a kind of self-contradiction— A degree of consciousness makes perfection impossible— Form of *play-acting.*)

290 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The moral hypothesis with the object of *justifying God* was:

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[61] First cause.

evil must be voluntary (merely so that the voluntariness of goodness can be believed in), and on the other hand: the object of evil and suffering is salvation.

The concept "guilt" as *not* extending back to the ultimate ground of existence, and the concept "punishment" as an educative benefit, consequently as the act of a *good* God.

Absolute dominion of moral valuation over all others: one did not doubt that God could not be evil and could not do anything harmful, i.e., by "perfection" one meant merely a moral perfection.

291 (*March-June 1888*)

How false is the idea that the value of an action must depend upon that which preceded it in consciousness!— And morality has been judged according to this, even criminality—

The value of an action must be judged by its consequences— say the Utilitarians—: to judge it by its origins implies an impossibility, namely that of *knowing* its origins.

But does one know its consequences? For five steps ahead, perhaps. Who can say what an action will stimulate, excite, provoke? As a stimulus? Perhaps as a spark to touch off an explosion?— The Utilitarians are naive— And in any case we must first *know what* is useful: here too they look only five steps ahead— They have no conception of the grand economy, which cannot do without evil.

One does not know the origin, one does not know the consequences:— does an action then possess any value at all?

The action itself remains: its epiphenomena in consciousness, the Yes and the No that follow its performance: does the value of an action lie in its subjective epiphenomena? (—that would be like assessing the value of the music according to the pleasure or displeasure it gives us—it gives its *composer*—). Obviously value feelings accompany it, a feeling of power, compulsion, impotence; e.g., freedom, ease—put in another way: could one reduce the value of an action to physiological values: whether it is the expression of a complete or an inhibited life?[62]— It may be that its *biological* value is expressed in this—

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[62] In all editions the immediately following words in the MS have been omitted: "is it permitted to measure its value according to epiphenomena, such as pleasure and displeasure, the play of the affects, the feeling of discharges, explosion, freedom. . . ." Also the following words at the end of

If therefore an action can be evaluated neither by its origin, nor by its consequences, nor by its epiphenomena, then its value is *"x,"* unknown—

292 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

On the denaturalization of morality. To *separate* the action from the man; to direct hatred or contempt against the "sin"; to believe there are actions that are good or bad in themselves.[63]

Restoration of "nature": an action in itself is perfectly devoid of value: it all depends on *who* performs it. One and the same "crime" can be in one case the greatest privilege, in another a stigma. In fact, it is the selfishness of the judges which interprets an action, or its performer, in relation to its utility or harmfulness to themselves (—or in relation to its similarity or unlikeness to them).

293 (*March-June 1888*)

The concept "reprehensible action" presents us with difficulties. Nothing that happened at all can be reprehensible in itself: for one should not want to eliminate it: for everything is so bound up with everything else, that to want to exclude something means to exclude everything. A reprehensible action means: a reprehended world—

And then further: in a reprehended world reprehending would also be reprehensible— And the consequence of a way of thinking that reprehended everything would be a way of living that affirmed everything— If becoming is a great ring, then everything is equally valuable, eternal, necessary.— In all correlations of Yes and No, of preference and rejection, love and hate, all that is expressed is a perspective, an interest of certain types of life: in itself, everything that is says Yes.

294 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

Critique of subjective value feelings.— The conscience. For-

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this section: "In sum, in the language of the church hymn: 'crawl, fly, and creep upon God's ways [*Kreuch, fleuch und schleich auf Gottes Wegen*].' "

[63] Thus in the MS. In all editions: "It is a denaturalization of morality to. . . ."

merly one concluded: the conscience reprehends this action; consequently this action is reprehensible. In fact, the conscience reprehends an action because it has been reprehended for a long time. It merely repeats: it creates no values. That which in the past decided to reprehend certain actions was not conscience: but the insight into (or the prejudice against) their consequences—

The assent of the conscience, the pleasant feeling of "at peace with oneself," is of the same order as the pleasure of an artist in his work—it proves nothing at all—

Self-contentment is as little a standard for that to which it relates as its absence is an argument against the value of a thing. We do not know nearly enough to be able to measure the value of our actions: in addition, it is impossible for us to be objective about them: even when we reprehend an action, we are not judges but interested parties—

If noble agitation accompanies an action, this proves nothing about its value: an artist can go through the highest possible pathos of passion and bring forth something wretched. One should say rather that these agitations are a means of seduction: they lure our eyes, our strength away from criticism, from caution, from suspicion, so that we perpetrate a stupidity—they make us stupid—

295 (*1885-1886*)

We are the heirs of the conscience-vivisection and self-crucifixion of two millennia: in these we have had longest practice, in these lies our mastery perhaps, certainly our subtlety; we have conjoined the natural inclinations and a bad conscience.

A reverse attempt would be possible: to conjoin the unnatural inclinations, I mean the inclination for the beyond, for things contrary to sense, reason, nature, in short all previous ideals, which were all world-slandering ideals, with a bad conscience.

296 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The great crimes in psychology:

1. that all displeasure, all misfortune has been falsified with the idea of wrong (guilt). (Pain has been robbed of innocence);

2. that all strong feelings of pleasure (wild spirits, voluptuousness, triumph, pride, audacity, knowledge, self-assurance and

happiness as such) have been branded as sinful, as a seduction, as suspicious;

3. that feelings of weakness, inward acts of cowardice, lack of courage for oneself have been overlaid with sanctifying names and taught as being desirable in the highest degree;

4. that everything great in man has been reinterpreted as selflessness, as self-sacrifice for the sake of something else, someone else, that even in the man of knowledge, even in the artist, depersonalization has been presented as the cause of the greatest knowledge and ability;

5. that love has been falsified as surrender (and altruism), while it is an appropriation or a bestowal following from a superabundance of personality. Only the most complete persons can love; the depersonalized, the "objective," are the worst lovers (—one has only to ask the girls!) This applies also to love of God or of "fatherland"; one must be firmly rooted in oneself. (Egoism as *ego*-morphism, altruism as *alter*-ation.[64]

6. Life as punishment (happiness as temptation); the passions as devilish, confidence in oneself as godless.

This whole psychology is a psychology of prevention, a kind of immuring out of fear; on one hand the great masses (the underprivileged and mediocre) seek to defend themselves by means of it against the stronger (—and to destroy them in their development—), on the other all the drives through which they best prosper, sanctified and alone held in honor. Compare the Jewish priesthood.

297 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The vestiges of debasement of nature through moral transcendence: value of selflessness, cult of altruism; belief in repayment within the play of consequences; belief in "goodness," in "genius" even, as if the one and the other were consequences of selflessness; the continuance of the ecclesiastical sanction of bourgeois life; absolute desire to misunderstand history (as an educative work toward moralization) or pessimism in the face of history (—the latter as much a consequence of the debasement of nature as that pseudo justification, as that not desiring to see that which the pessimist sees—).

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[64] Ver-*Ichlichung* . . . Ver-*Aenderung*. English "equivalents" mine.

298 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

"Morality for morality's sake"—an important step in its denaturalization: it itself appears as the ultimate value. In this phase it has permeated religion: e.g., in Judaism. And there is likewise a phase in which it separates itself again from religion and in which no God is "moral" enough for it: it then prefers the impersonal ideal— This is the case at present.

"Art for art's sake"—this is an equally dangerous principle: therewith one introduces a false antithesis into things—it culminates in a defamation of reality ("idealization" into the ugly). If one severs an ideal from reality one debases the real, one impoverishes it, one defames it. "The beautiful for the sake of the beautiful," "the true for the sake of the true," "the good for the sake of the good"—these are three forms of evil eye for the real.

—Art, knowledge, morality are *means*: instead of recognizing in them the aim of enhancing life, one has associated them with the antithesis of life, with "God"—also as the revelation of a higher world which here and there looks down upon us through them—

"Beautiful and ugly," "true and false," "good and evil"—these distinctions and antagonisms betray certain conditions of existence and enhancement, not only of man but of any kind of firm and enduring complex which separates itself from its adversary. The war that is thus created is the essential element: as a means of separation that strengthens isolation—

299 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Moralistic naturalism: the tracing back of apparently emancipated, supranatural moral values to their "nature": i.e., to natural immorality, to natural "utility," etc.

I might designate the tendency of these reflections as moralistic naturalism: my task is to translate the apparently emancipated and denatured moral values back into their nature—i.e., into their natural "immorality."

—N.B. Comparison with Jewish "holiness" and its natural basis: it is the same with the moral law made sovereign, emancipated from its nature (—to the point of becoming the antithesis of nature—).

Steps in the denaturalization of morality (so-called "idealization"):
as a way to individual happiness,
as a consequence of knowledge,
as the categorical imperative,
as a way to salvation,
as denial of the will to live.
(The gradual hostility to life of morality.)

300 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Suppressed and effaced *heresy* in morality.— Concepts: pagan, master morality, *virtù*.

301 (*1885-1886*)

My problem: What harm has come to mankind through morals and through its morality? Harm to the spirit, etc.

302 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

If only human values would be put back once and for all into the places in which alone they belong: as loafers' values. Many species of animals have already vanished; if man too should vanish nothing would be lacking in the world. One must be sufficient of a philosopher to admire *this* nothing, too (—*Nil admirari*).[65]

303 (*Spring 1888*)

Man a little, eccentric species of animal, which—fortunately—has its day; all on earth a mere moment, an incident, an exception without consequences, something of no importance to the general character of the earth; the earth itself, like every star, a hiatus between two nothingnesses, an event without plan, reason, will, self-consciousness, the worst kind of necessity, *stupid* necessity— Something in us rebels against this view; the serpent vanity says to us: "all that *must* be false, *for* it arouses indignation— Could all that not be merely appearance? And man, in spite of all, as Kant says—"

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[65] Admire nothing—usually quoted in the sense of "wonder at nothing" (from Horace, *Epistles*, I.6.1.).

4. How Virtue Is Made to Dominate

304 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Of the ideal of the moralists.[66]— This treatise deals with the grand *politics* of virtue. It is intended for the use of those whose interest must lie in learning, not how one *becomes* virtuous, but how one *makes* virtuous—how virtue is made to dominate. I even intend to prove that to desire the one—the domination of virtue—one absolutely must *not* desire the other; one automatically renounces becoming virtuous oneself. This is a great sacrifice: but such a goal is perhaps sufficient reward for such a sacrifice. And for even greater sacrifices!— And some of the most famous moralists have risked as much. For they had already recognized and anticipated the truth, which is in this treatise to be taught for the first time, that one can achieve the domination of virtue only by the same means as those by which one can achieve domination of any kind, in any case not by means of virtue—

This treatise, as already stated, deals with the politics of virtue: it posits an ideal of these politics, it describes them as they would have to be, if anything on this earth could be perfect. Now, no philosopher will be in any doubt as to the type of perfection in politics; that is Machiavellianism. But Machiavellianism *pur, sans mélange, cru, vert, dans toute sa force, dans toute son âpreté,*[67] is superhuman, divine, transcendental, it will never be achieved by man, at most approximated. Even in this narrower kind of politics, in the politics of virtue, the ideal seems never to have been achieved. Even Plato barely touched it. One discovers, if one has eyes for hidden things, traces in even the most unprejudiced and conscious moralists (and that is indeed the name for such politicians of morality, for every kind of founder of new moral forces) that show that they too have paid their tribute to human weakness. They all aspired, at least when they were weary, to virtue for themselves: first and capital error for a moralist—who must as such be an immoralist in practice. That he must not appear to be so is another matter. Or rather, it is *not* another matter: such a fundamental self-denial (in moral terms, dissimulation) is part of the canon of the moralist and his most specific duties: without it he will never attain to *his* kind of perfection. Freedom from morality, *also from truth*, for the sake of that goal that outweighs every sacrifice: for the sake of the domination of virtue—that is the canon. Moralists need the *gestures* of virtue, also the gestures of truth; their error begins only when they yield to virtue, when they lose domination over virtue, when they themselves become moral, become true. A great moralist is, among other things, necessarily a great actor; his danger is that his dissimulation may unintentionally become nature, while it is his ideal to keep his *esse* and his *operari*[68] in a divine way apart; everything he does must be done *sub specie boni*[69]—a high, remote, exacting ideal! A *divine* ideal! And indeed, it is said that the moralist imitates in that no less a model than God himself: God, the greatest of all immoralists in practice, who nonetheless knows how to remain what he is, the *good* God—

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[66] In the MS this section begins: "Of great things one should not speak at all or speak with greatness: with greatness—i.e., cynically and with innocence."

In the standard editions these words are omitted, obviously to avoid duplication of the section the German editors placed at the beginning of *The Will to Power.* Schlechta ignores 1911 (p. 503) and reproduces the printed versions, not the text of the MS.

Plainly, this is a draft Nietzsche rejected. And it should be compared with *Twilight,* Chapter VII, section 5 (*Portable Nietzsche,* pp. 509-511), and, e.g., section 142 above.

[67] Pure, without admixture, crude, fresh, with all its force, with all its pungency.

305 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

One cannot establish the domination of virtue by means of virtue itself; with virtue itself one renounces power, loses the will to power.

306 (*1883-1886*)[70]

The victory of a moral ideal is achieved by the same "immoral" means as every victory: force, lies, slander, injustice.

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[68] His being and his operating.

[69] With the appearance of goodness.

[70] In the MS, on the margin: *rücksichtlose Rechtschaffenheit,* which might be rendered as "unsparing honesty."

307 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

He who knows how all fame originates will be mistrustful even of the fame virtue enjoys.

308 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Morality is just as "immoral" as any other thing on earth; morality is itself a form of immorality.

The great liberation this insight brings. Contradiction is removed from things, the homogeneity of all events is saved—

309 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

There are those who go looking for immorality. When they judge: "This is wrong," they believe one should abolish and change it. I, on the contrary, cannot rest as long as I am not yet clear about the immorality of a thing. When I unearth it I recover my equanimity.

310 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

a. The paths to power: to introduce a new virtue under the name of an old one—to excite "interest" in it ("happiness" as its consequence and vice versa)—the art of slandering what stands in its way—to exploit advantages and accidents for its glorification —to turn its followers into fanatics by means of sacrifice and separation;—grand symbolism.

b. Power attained: (1) virtue as force; (2) virtue as seduction; (3) virtue as (court) etiquette.

311 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

By which means does a virtue come to power?— By exactly the same means as a political party: the slandering, inculpation, undermining of virtues that oppose it and are already in power, by rebaptizing them, by systematic persecution and mockery. Therefore: through sheer "immorality."

What does a desire do with itself to become a virtue?— Rebaptism; systematic denial of its objectives; practice in self-misunderstanding; alliance with existing and recognized virtues; ostentatious hostility against their opponents. Where possible it purchases the protection of sanctifying powers; it intoxicates, it inspires; the tartuffery of idealism; it forms a party which must either conquer with it or perish—it becomes unconscious, naive—

312 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

Cruelty has been refined to tragic pity, so that it is denied the name of cruelty. In the same way sexual love has been refined to *amour-passion*; the slavish disposition to Christian obedience; wretchedness to humility; a pathological condition of the *nervus sympathicus*, e.g., to pessimism, Pascalism, or Carlylism, etc.

313 (*March-June 1888*)

It would arouse doubts in us concerning a man if we heard he needed *reasons* for remaining decent: certainly, we would avoid him. The little word "for" can be compromising in certain cases; one can even refute oneself now and then with a single "for."[71] Now, if we hear further that such an aspirant to virtue needed *bad* reasons for remaining respectable, this would be no reason for us to feel an increased respect for him. But he goes further, he comes to us and tells us to our face: "Unbeliever, you are disturbing my morality with your unbelief; as long as you do not believe in my bad reasons, which is to say in God, in a punishment in the beyond, in freedom of will, you hamper my virtue— Moral: unbelievers must be abolished: they hamper the moralization of the masses."

314 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Our most sacred convictions, the unchanging elements in our supreme values, are judgments of our muscles.

315 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Morality in the valuation of races and classes.— In view of the fact that the affects and fundamental drives in every race and class express something of the conditions of their existence (—at least of the conditions under which they have prevailed for the longest time), to desire that they should be "virtuous" means:

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[71] Cf. *The Antichrist*, section 45.

that they change their character, shed their skin and blot out their past:

means that they should cease to be distinct:

means that they should begin to resemble one another in their needs and demands—more clearly: that they should perish—

The will to a single morality is thereby proved to be a tyranny over other types by that type whom this single morality fits: it is a destruction or a leveling for the sake of the ruling type (whether to render the others no longer fearsome or to render them useful). "Abolition of slavery"—supposedly a tribute to "human dignity," in fact a destruction of a fundamentally different type (—the undermining of its values and happiness—).

The qualities in which an opposing race or class is strong are interpreted as its most evil, worst qualities: for it is with those that it can harm us (—its "virtues" are defamed and rebaptized—).

It counts as an objection against a man or people if they harm us: but from their point of view we are desirable, because we are such as one can make use of.

The demand for "humanization" (which quite naively believes itself to possess the formula for "what is human?") is a tartuffery, behind which a quite definite type of man seeks to attain domination: more exactly, a quite definite instinct, the herd instinct.— "Human equality": which is concealed behind the tendency to make men more and more alike.

"Interestedness" with reference to communal morality. (Artifice: to transform the great passions of lust for power and possessions into protectors of virtue).

To what extent all kinds of businessmen and the avaricious, all who have to give and claim credit, find it necessary to become more and more alike in character and in conception of value: world trade and exchange of every kind extorts and, as it were, buys virtue.

The same applies to the state and to every kind of rule by means of officials and soldiers; likewise science, in order to work in security and with economy of its forces.— Likewise the priesthood.

—Here, therefore, a communal morality is enforced because it procures an advantage; and to make it victorious, war and force are practiced against immorality—with what "right"? With no right whatever: but in accordance with the instinct for self-preservation. These same classes make use of immorality when it serves their purpose.

316 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The hypocritical show with which all civil institutions are whitewashed, as if they were products of morality—e.g., marriage; work; one's profession; the fatherland; the family; order; law. But since they are one and all founded on the most mediocre type of man, as protection against exceptions and exceptional needs, it is only to be expected that they are full of lies.

317 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

One should defend virtue against the preachers of virtue: they are its worst enemies. For they teach virtue as an ideal *for everyone*; they take from virtue the charm of rareness, inimitableness, exceptionalness and unaverageness—its aristocratic magic. One should also take a stand against the obdurate idealists who eagerly knock on all vessels and are satisfied when they ring hollow: what naiveté to demand the great and rare and then to establish, with rage and misanthropy, that they are absent!— It is obvious, e.g., that a marriage is worth as much as those whom it joins together, i.e., that in general it will be something wretched and inept: no priest, no mayor can make anything else of it.

Virtue has all the instincts of the average man against it: it is unprofitable, imprudent, it isolates; it is related to passion and not very accessible to reason; it spoils the character, the head, the mind—according to the standards of mediocre men; it rouses to enmity toward order, toward the *lies* that are concealed in every order, institution, actuality—it is the worst of vices, if one judges it by its harmful effect upon others.

—I recognize virtue in that (1) it does not desire to be recognized; (2) it does not presuppose virtue everywhere, but precisely something else; (3) it does not suffer from the absence of virtue, but on the contrary regards this as the distancing relationship on the basis of which there is something to honor in virtue; it does not communicate itself; (4) it does not propagandize— (5) it permits no one to judge it, because it is always virtue for itself;

(6) it does precisely all that is generally forbidden: virtue, as I understand it, is the real *vetitum*[72] within all herd legislation; (7) in short, it is virtue in the style of the Renaissance, *virtù*, moraline-free virtue.[73]

318 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Above all, gentlemen of virtue, you are not our superiors: we should like you to be a little more modest: it is a miserable self-interest and prudence that suggests your virtue to you. And if you had more strength and courage in you, you would not reduce yourselves to virtuous nonentities in this way. You make what you can of yourselves: partly what you must—what your circumstances force you to—partly what gives you pleasure, partly what seems useful to you. But if you do only what is in keeping with your inclinations, or what necessity demands of you, or what is useful to you, then you should neither praise yourselves nor let others praise you!— One is a thoroughly small type of man if one is *only* virtuous: do not be misled about that! Men who have been in any way notable were never such virtuous asses: their innermost instinct, that of their quantum of power, did not find satisfaction that way: while, with your minimum of power, nothing can seem wiser to you than virtue. But you have numbers on your side; and in so far as you play the tyrant, we shall make war on you—

319 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

A virtuous man is a lower species because he is not a "person" but acquires his value by conforming to a pattern of man that is fixed once and for all. He does not possess his value apart: he can be compared, he has his equals, he *must* not be an individual—

Reckon up the qualities of the good man: why do they give us pleasure? Because we have no need to fight against them, because they impose upon us no mistrust, no need for caution, no marshalling of forces and severity: our laziness, good nature, frivolity, have a good time. It is this pleasant feeling in us that we project out of us and bestow upon the good man as a quality, as a value.

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[72] What is forbidden.

[73] The coinage of a man who neither smoked nor drank coffee; cf. *The Antichrist*, section 2.

320 (*1888*)

Virtue is under certain circumstances merely an honorable form of stupidity: who could be ill-disposed toward it on that account? And this kind of virtue has not been outlived even today. A kind of sturdy peasant simplicity, which, however, is possible in all classes and can be encountered only with respect and a smile, believes even today that everything is in good hands, namely in the "hands of God"; and when it maintains this proposition with the same modest certainty as it would that two and two make four, we others certainly refrain from contradicting. Why disturb *this* pure foolishness? Why darken it with our worries about man, people, goal, future? And even if we wanted to do it, we could not. They project their own honorable stupidity and goodness into the heart of things (the old God, *deus myops,*[74] still lives among them!); we others—we read something else into the heart of things: our own enigmatic nature, our contradictions, our deeper, more painful, more mistrustful wisdom.

321 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

He who finds virtue easy also laughs at it. It is impossible to maintain seriousness in virtue: one attains it and leaps beyond it —whither? into devilry.

In the meantime, how intelligent all our wicked tendencies and impulses have become! how much scientific inquisitiveness plagues them! So many fishhooks of knowledge!

322 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

—To associate vice so closely with something decidedly painful that at last one flees from vice in order to be rid of that which is associated with it. This is the famous case of Tannhäuser. Driven out of patience by Wagnerian music, Tannhäuser can no longer endure it even with Frau Venus: suddenly virtue acquires a charm;

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[74] Myopic god.

a Thuringian virgin increases in value; and, to tell the worst, he even enjoys Wolfram von Eschenbach's tune—

323 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The patrons of virtue.— Avarice, lust to rule, laziness, simplicity, fear: all have an interest in the cause of virtue: that is why it stands so firm.

324 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Virtue is no longer believed in, its power of attraction is gone; to restore it, someone would have to know how to take it to market as an unfamiliar form of adventure and excess. It demands too much extravagance and narrow-mindedness of its believers not to have the conscience against it today. To be sure, precisely that may constitute its new charm for unconscionable and totally unscrupulous people:— it is now what it never was before, a vice.

325 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

Virtue is still the most expensive vice: it should remain so!

326 (*1883-1888*)

Virtues are as dangerous as vices in so far as one lets them rule over one as authorities and laws from without and does not first produce them out of oneself, as one should do, as one's most personal self-defense and necessity, as conditions of precisely *our own* existence and growth, which we recognize and acknowledge independently of whether other men grow with us under similar or different conditions. This law of the dangerousness of impersonally understood, objective virtue applies also to modesty: many of the choicest spirits perish through it. The morality of modesty is the worst form of softening for those souls for which it makes sense that they should become hard in time.

327 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

One should reduce and limit the realm of morality step by step: one should bring to light and honor the names of the instincts that are really at work here after they have been hidden for so long beneath hypocritical names of virtue; out of respect for one's "honesty," which speaks more and more imperiously, one should unlearn the shame that would like to deny and lie away one's natural instincts. It is a measure of strength how far one can divest oneself of virtue; and a height can be imagined where the concept "virtue" is so understood that it sounds like *virtù,* Renaissance virtue, moraline-free virtue.[75] But in the meantime—how distant we are from this ideal!

The reduction of the domain of morality: a sign of the progress of this ideal. Wherever one has not yet been capable of *causal* thinking, one has thought *morally.*

328 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

In the end: what have I achieved? Let us not hide from ourselves this most curious result: I have imparted to virtue a new charm—the charm of something forbidden. It has our subtlest honesty against it, it is spiced *"cum grano salis"*[76] of the sting of scientific conscience; it smells old-fashioned and antique, so that at last it lures the refined and makes them inquisitive—in short, it appears as a vice. Only after we have recognized everything as lies and appearance do we regain the right to this fairest of falsehoods, virtue. There is no court of appeal left that could deny it to us: only by exhibiting virtue as a form of immorality do we again justify it—it is classified and compared with reference to its fundamental significance, it is part of the fundamental immorality of all existence—as a form of luxury of the first order, the haughtiest, dearest and rarest form of vice. We have removed its scowl and its cowl, we have rescued it from the importunity of the many, we have taken from it its absurd rigidity, its vacant expression, its stiff false hair, its hieratic muscular system.

329 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. 1888*)

Have I thereby harmed virtue?— As little as the anarchists harm princes: only since they have been shot at do they sit securely on their thrones again— For thus has it ever been and always will be: one cannot serve a cause better than by persecuting it and hunting it down— This—is what I have done.[77]

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[75] Cf. section 317 above.

[76] With a grain of salt.

5. The Moral Ideal

A. Critique of Ideals

330 (*1886-1887*)

To tackle this in such a way as to abolish the word "ideal": critique of *desiderata.*

331 (*1883-1888*)

Very few are clear as to what the standpoint of *desirability,* every "thus it should be but is not" or even "thus it should have been," comprises: a condemnation of the total course of things. For in this course nothing exists in isolation: the smallest things bear the greatest, upon your little wrongful act stands the entire structure of the future, every critique of the smallest thing also condemns the whole. Now, granted that the moral norm, even as Kant understood it, has never been completely fulfilled and remains suspended over actuality as a kind of beyond without ever falling down into it, then morality would contain a judgment concerning the whole, which, however, still permits the question: whence does it derive the right to this judgment? How does the part come to sit as judge over the whole?—

And if this moral judging and dissatisfaction with actuality were in fact, as has been suggested, an ineradicable instinct, might this instinct not be one of the ineradicable stupidities and immodesties of our species?—

But in saying this we do that which we censure; the standpoint of desirability, of unauthorized playing-the-judge, is part of the character of the course of things, as is every injustice and imperfection—it is precisely our concept of "perfection" which is never satisfied. Every drive that desires to be satisfied expresses its dissatisfaction with the present state of things: what? is the whole perhaps composed of dissatisfied parts, which all have

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[77] Utilized in *Twilight,* Chapter I, section 36 (*Portable Nietzsche,* pp. 471-72).

desiderata in their heads? is the "course of things" perhaps precisely this "away from here? away from actuality!" eternal dissatisfaction itself? is desirability perhaps the driving force itself? is it—*deus?*[78]

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It seems to me important that one should get rid of the all, the unity, some force, something unconditioned; otherwise one will never cease regarding it as the highest court of appeal and baptizing it "God." One must shatter the all; unlearn respect for the all; take what we have given to the unknown and the whole and give it back to what is nearest, what is ours.

When, e.g., Kant says: "Two things[79] remain forever worthy of reverence" (conclusion of the [*Critique of*] *Practical Reason*) —today we should sooner say: "Digestion is more venerable." The all would always bring the old problems with it— "How is evil possible?" etc. Therefore: there is no all, there is no great sensorium or inventarium or storehouse of force.

332 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

A man as he *ought* to be: that sounds to us as insipid as "a tree as it ought to be."[80]

333 (*1883-1888*)

Ethics: or "philosophy of desirability."— "Things *ought* to be different," "things *shall* be different": dissatisfaction would thus be the germ of ethics.

One could rescue oneself from it, firstly by selecting states in which one did not have this feeling; secondly by grasping the presumption and stupidity of it: for to desire that something should be different from what it is means to desire that everything should be different—it involves a condemnatory critique of the whole.[81] But life itself is such a desire!

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[78] God.

[79] "The starry heavens above me and the moral law within me."

[80] This section was used in *Twilight*, in section 6 of the chapter "Morality as Anti-Nature" (*Portable Nietzsche*, pp. 491-92): "Let us finally consider how naive it is altogether to say: 'Man *ought* to be such and such!' Reality shows us an enchanting wealth of types, the abundance of a lavish play and change of forms . . ."

[81] At this point the MS still has the words: "It is to that extent. . . ."

To ascertain what is, as it is, seems something unspeakably higher and more serious than any "thus it ought to be," because the latter, as a piece of human critique and presumption, appears ludicrous from the start. It expresses a need that desires that the structure of the world should correspond with our human well-being; also the will to bring this about as far as possible.

On the other hand, it is only this desire "thus it ought to be" that has called forth that other desire to know what *is*. For the knowledge of what is, is a consequence of that question: "How? is it possible? why precisely so?" Wonder at the disagreement between our desires and the course of the world has led to our learning to know the course of the world. But perhaps the case is different: perhaps that "thus it ought to be" is our desire to overcome the world—

334 (*March-June 1888*)

Today, when every "man *ought* to be thus and thus" is spoken with a grain of irony, when we are altogether convinced that, in spite of all, one will become only that which one is[82] (in spite of all: that means education, instruction, milieu, chance, and accident), we have learned to reverse cause and consequence[83] in a curious way in moral matters—nothing perhaps distinguishes us more completely from the old believers in morality. We no longer say, e.g.: "Vice is the cause that a man also goes to ruin physiologically"; and just as little: "A man prospers through virtue, it brings long life and happiness." Our view is rather that vice and virtue are not causes but only consequences. One becomes a decent man because one *is* a decent man: i.e., because one was born a capitalist of good instincts and prosperous circumstances—

If one comes into the world poor, of parents who have squandered everything and saved nothing, one is "incorrigible," which means ripe for prison or the madhouse—

Today we no longer know how to separate moral and physiological degeneration: the former is merely a symptom-complex of the latter; one is necessarily bad, just as one is necessarily ill—

Bad: here the word expresses a certain incapacity associated physiologically with the degenerating type: e.g., weakness of will, insecure and even multiple "personality," inability to resist reacting to a stimulus and to "control" oneself, constraint before every kind of suggestion from the will of another. Vice is not a cause; vice is a consequence—

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[82] Cf. the subtitle of *Ecce Homo*: "How One Becomes What One Is."

[83] Cf. *Twilight*, Chapter VI (*Portable Nietzsche*, pp. 492 *ff*), and sections 41-44 above and 380 below.

Vice is a somewhat arbitrarily limited concept designed to express in one word certain consequences of physiological degeneration. A universal proposition such as Christianity teaches—"Man is evil"—would be justified if one were justified in taking the degenerate type as the normal type of man. But perhaps this is an exaggeration. To be sure, the proposition is correct wherever Christianity prospers and stays on top: for that demonstrates a morbid soil, a field for degeneration.

335 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

One cannot have too much respect for man when one sees how well he understands how to fight his way through, to endure, to turn circumstances to his own use, to overthrow his adversaries; but when one looks at his *desires* he appears the absurdest of animals—

It is as if he required a playground of cowardice, laziness, weakness, lusciousness, submissiveness for the recreation of his strong and manly virtues: observe human *desiderata,* his "ideals." *Desiring* man recovers from the eternally valuable in him, from his deeds: he employs nothingness, the absurd, the valueless, the childish for his recovery. The spiritual poverty and lack of inventiveness of this inventive and resourceful animal are terrible. The "ideal" is, as it were, the penalty man pays for the tremendous expenditure he has to meet in all actual and pressing tasks. When reality ceases, dream, weariness, weakness come along: "the ideal" is simply a form of dream, weariness, weakness—

The strongest and the most powerless natures become equal when this condition overtakes them: they deify the cessation of work, of war, of passion, of tension, of oppositions, of "reality" *in summa*—the struggle for knowledge, the *exertion* of knowledge.

"Innocence": that is their name for the ideal state of stupefaction; "blessedness": the ideal state of sloth; "love": the ideal state of the herd animal that no longer wants to have enemies. Therewith one has raised everything that debases and lowers man to an ideal.[84]

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[84] Cf. *Twilight,* section 38 (*Portable Nietzsche,* p. 541)—and James Hilton's *Lost Horizon.*

336 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

Desire magnifies that which one desires; it grows even by not being fulfilled—the greatest ideas are those that have been created by the most violent and protracted desires. The more our desire for a thing grows, the more value we ascribe to that thing:[85] if "moral values" have become the highest values, this betrays the fact that the moral ideal has been the least fulfilled[86] (—to that extent it represented a "beyond all suffering," as a means to blessedness). Mankind has embraced, with ever-increasing ardor, nothing but clouds: finally it called its despair, its impotence "God"—

337 (*1887-1888*)

Naiveté in respect of ultimate *"desiderata"*—while one does not know the "why" of mankind.

338 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

What is the *counterfeiting* aspect of morality?— It pretends to *know* something, namely what "good and evil" is. That means wanting to know why mankind is here, its goal, its destiny. That means wanting to know that mankind *has* a goal, a destiny—

339 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The very obscure and arbitrary idea that mankind has a single task to perform, that it is moving as a whole toward some goal, is still very young. Perhaps we shall be rid of it again before it becomes a "fixed idea"—

This mankind is not a whole: it is an inextricable multiplicity of ascending and descending life-processes—it does not have a youth followed by maturity and finally by old age; the strata are twisted and entwined together—and in a few millennia there may still be even younger types of man than we can show today. Decadence, on the other hand, belongs to all epochs of mankind:

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[85] Cf. R. B. Perry's *General Theory of Value* (1926).

[86] Cf. Freud.

refuse and decaying matter are found everywhere; it is one of life's processes to exclude the forms of decline and decay.[87]

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When Christian prejudice was a power, this question did not exist: meaning lay in the salvation of the individual soul; whether mankind could endure for a long or a short time did not come into consideration. The best Christians desired that it should end as soon as possible—concerning that which was needful to the individual there was no doubt—

The task of every present individual was the same as for a future individual in any kind of future: value, meaning, domain of values were fixed, unconditional, eternal, one with God— That which deviated from this eternal type was sinful, devilish, condemned—

For each soul, the gravitational center of valuation was placed within itself: salvation or damnation! The salvation of the *immortal* soul! Extremest form of personalization— For every soul there was only one perfecting; only one ideal; only one way to redemption— Extremest form of equality of rights, tied to an optical magnification of one's own importance to the point of insanity— Nothing but insanely important souls, revolving about themselves with a frightful fear—

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No man believes now in this absurd self-inflation: and we have sifted our wisdom through a sieve of contempt. Nevertheless, the optical habit of seeking the value of man in his approach to an ideal man remains undisturbed: fundamentally, one upholds the perspective of personalization as well as equality of rights before the ideal. *In summa*: one believes one knows what the ultimate *desideratum* is with regard to the ideal man—

This belief, however, is only the consequence of a dreadful deterioration through the Christian ideal: as one at once discovers with every careful examination of the "ideal type." One believes one knows, *first* that an approach to one type is desirable; *secondly*, that one knows what this type is like; *thirdly*, that every deviation from this type is a regression, an inhibition, a loss of force and power in man—

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[87] For a comparison with Oswald Spengler, who said in the preface to *The Decline of the West* that he owed "everything" to Goethe and Nietzsche, see the Epilogue of my *Nietzsche*, footnote 2.

To dream of conditions in which this perfect man will be in the vast majority: even our socialists, even the Utilitarians have not gone farther than this.—

In this way a goal seems to have entered the development of mankind: at any rate, the belief in progress towards the ideal is the only form in which a goal in history is thought of today. *In summa*: one has transferred the arrival of the "kingdom of God" into the future, on earth, in human form—but fundamentally one has held fast to the belief in the *old* ideal—

340 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The more concealed forms of the cult of the Christian moral ideal.— The insipid and cowardly concept "nature" devised by nature enthusiasts (—without any instinct for what is fearful, implacable and cynical in even the "most beautiful" aspects), a kind of attempt to read moral Christian "humanity" into nature—Rousseau's concept of nature, as if "nature" were freedom, goodness, innocence, fairness, justice, an idyl—still a cult of Christian morality fundamentally.— Collect together passages to see what the poets really admired in, e.g., high mountains, etc.— What Goethe wanted from them—why he admired Spinoza—. Complete ignorance the presupposition for this cult—

The insipid and cowardly concept "man" à la Comte and Stuart Mill, perhaps even the object of a cult— It is still the cult of Christian morality under a new name— The freethinkers, e.g., Guyau.

The insipid and cowardly concept "art" as sympathy with all that suffers and is ill-constituted (even history, e.g., Thierry's): it is still the cult of the Christian moral ideal.

And now, as for the entire socialist ideal: nothing but a clumsy misunderstanding of that Christian moral ideal.

341 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The origin of the ideal. Investigation of the soil in which it grows.

a. Proceeding from the "aesthetic" states, in which the world is seen fuller, rounder and more perfect—: the pagan ideal: self-affirmation predominates (one bestows—). The highest type: the classical ideal—as the expression of the well-constitutedness of all the chief instincts. Therein the highest style: the grand style. Expression of the "will to power" itself. The instinct that is most feared dares to acknowledge itself.

b. Proceeding from states in which the world is seen emptier, paler, more diluted, in which "spiritualization" and nonsensuality assume the rank of perfection, in which the brutal, the animalic-direct, the proximate are most avoided (—one removes, one chooses—): the "sage," the "angel," priestly = virginal = ignorant, physiological characteristics of idealists of this sort—: the anemic ideal. Under certain circumstances it can be the ideal of those who *represent* the first ideal, the pagan (thus Goethe sees his "saint" in Spinoza).

c. Proceeding from states in which we find the world more absurd, worse, poorer, more deceptive than we suppose or desire can be consistent with embodying the ideal (—one negates, one destroys—): the projection of the ideal into the antinatural, anti-actual, illogical; the state of him who thus judges (—the "impoverishment" of the world as consequence of suffering: one takes, one no longer gives—): the antinatural ideal.

(The Christian ideal is an intermediate form between the second and third, now with the former, now with the latter predominating.)

The three ideals: a. either a strengthening of life (—pagan) or b. a dilution of life (anemic) or c. a denial of life (—antinatural). The state of "deification" is felt: in the greatest abundance—in the most fastidious selectivity—in contempt for and destruction of life.

342 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

a. The consistent type. Here it is grasped that one must not hate even evil, that one must not oppose it, that one must not make war even against oneself; that one should not merely acquiesce in the suffering that such a way of life entails; that one should live entirely in *positive* feelings; that one should take the side of one's opponent in word and deed; that through a superfetation of the peaceable, good-natured, conciliatory, helpful, and loving states one impoverishes the soil in which other states grow

—that one requires a perpetual way of living. What is achieved here?— The Buddhist type or the perfect cow.

This standpoint is possible only when no moral fanaticism prevails, i.e., when evil is hated, not for its own sake, but only because it opens the way to states that are harmful to us (unrest, work, care, entanglements, dependence).

This is the Buddhist standpoint: here sin is not hated, here the concept "sin" is lacking.

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b. The inconsistent type. One wages war against evil—one believes that war for the sake of goodness does not have the moral consequences or effect on the character that war otherwise brings with it (and owing to which one detests it as evil). In fact, such a war against evil does much more fundamental harm than any kind of hostility of one person against another; and usually "the person" is reinterpolated as the opponent, at least in imagination (the devil, evil spirits, etc.). A hostile attitude of watching and spying on everything in us that is bad and might have a bad origin ends in a most tormented and anxious constitution: so that "miracles," reward, ecstasy, transcendent solutions now become *desirable*— The Christian type: or the perfect bigot.

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c. The stoical type. Firmness, self-control, imperturbability, peace as the inflexibility of a protracted will—profound quiet, the defensive state, the fortress, a warrior's mistrustfulness—firmness of principle; the union of will and knowledge; respect for oneself. Hermit type. The perfect "ox."

343 (*1883-1888*)

An ideal that wants to prevail or assert itself seeks to support itself (a) by a spurious origin, (b) by a pretended relationship with powerful ideals already existing, (c) by the thrill of mystery, as if a power that cannot be questioned spoke through it, (d) by defamation of ideals that oppose it, (e) by a mendacious doctrine of the advantages it brings with it, e.g., happiness, repose of soul, peace or the assistance of a powerful God, etc.— Toward a psychology of the idealist: Carlyle, Schiller, Michelet.

If one discovers all the defensive and protective measures by which an ideal maintains itself, is it then refuted? It has employed the means by which all living things live and grow—they are one and all "immoral."

My insight: all the forces and drives by virtue of which life and growth exist lie under the ban of morality: morality as the instinct to deny life. One must destroy morality if one is to liberate life.

344 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Not to know oneself: prudence of the idealist. The idealist: a creature that has good reasons to be in the dark about itself and is prudent enough to be in the dark about these reasons too.

345 (*1885-1886*)

Tendency of moral development.— Everyone desires that no doctrine or valuation of things should come into favor but that through which he himself prospers. The basic tendency of the weak and mediocre of all ages is, consequently, to weaken and pull down the stronger: chief means, the moral judgment. The attitude of the stronger toward the weaker is branded; the higher states of the stronger acquire an evil name.

The struggle of the many against the few, the commonplace against the rare, the weak against the strong—one of the subtlest interruptions of this struggle occurs when the choice, subtle, more fastidious present themselves as the weak and repudiate the coarser means of power—

346 (*March-June 1888*)

1. The pretended pure drive after knowledge in all philosophers is dictated by their moral "truths"—is only apparently independent—

2. The "moral truths," "thus one *ought* to act," are merely forms of consciousness of a tired instinct "thus and thus one does act among us." The "ideal" is supposed to restore and strengthen an instinct; it flatters man to be obedient where he is only an automaton.

347 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Morality as a means of seduction.— "Nature is good, for a wise and good God is its cause. Who, then, is responsible for the 'corruption of mankind'? Its tyrants and seducers, the ruling orders—they must be destroyed"—: *Rousseau's* logic (compare *Pascal's* logic, which lays the responsibility on original sin).

Compare the related logic of *Luther.* In both cases a pretext is sought to introduce an insatiable thirst for revenge as a moral-religious duty. Hatred for the ruling order seeks to sanctify itself—(the "sinfulness of Israel": foundation of the power of the priest).

Compare the related logic of *Paul.* It is always God's cause in which these reactions come forth, the cause of right, of humanity, etc. In the case of *Christ*, the rejoicing of the people appears as the cause of his execution; an anti-priestly movement from the first. Even in the case of the *anti-Semites* it is still the same artifice: to visit condemnatory judgments upon one's opponent and to reserve to oneself the role of *retributive justice.*

348 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Course of the struggle: the fighter tries to transform his opponent into his *antithesis*—in imagination naturally. He tries to have faith in himself to such a degree that he may have courage for the "good cause" (as if he were the good cause); as if his opponent were attacking reason, taste, virtue—

The belief he needs as the strongest means of defense and attack is a belief in himself, which, however, knows how to misunderstand itself as belief in God:— never to imagine the advantages and utility of victory, but always victory for the sake of victory, as "the victory of God"—. Every little community (even an individual) that finds itself involved in struggle tries to convince itself: "We have good taste, good judgment, and virtue on our side."— The struggle compels to such an exaggeration of self-esteem—

349 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

Whatever kind of bizarre ideal one may follow (e.g., as "Christian" or as "free spirit" or as "immoralist" or as *Reichs-*

deutscher[88]—), one should not demand that it be *the* ideal: for one therewith takes from it its privileged character. One should have it in order to distinguish oneself, not in order to level oneself.

How comes it, this notwithstanding, that most idealists at once propagandize for their ideal, as if they could have no right to the ideal if everyone did not recognize it?— This, e.g., is what all those brave little women do who permit themselves to learn Latin and mathematics. What compels them? The instinct of the herd, I fear, terror of the herd: they fight for the "emancipation of women" because it is under the form of a *generous activity,* under the banner of "For others," that they can most prudently forward their own little private separatism.

Prudence of idealists to be only missionaries and "representatives" of an ideal: they "transfigure" themselves in the eyes of those who believe in disinterestedness and heroism. Whereas: true heroism consists, in *not* fighting under the banner of sacrifice, devotion, disinterestedness, but in *not fighting at all*— "This is what *I* am; this is what *I* want:— *you* can go to hell!"—

350 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Every ideal presupposes love and hate, reverence and contempt. Either the positive feeling is the *primum mobile*[89] or the negative feeling is. Hate and contempt are, e.g., the *primum mobile* in all *ressentiment* ideals.

B. Critique of the "Good Man," the Saint, etc.

351 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

The "good man." Or: the hemiplegia[90] of virtue.— For every strong and natural species of man, love and hate, gratitude and revenge, good nature and anger, affirmative acts and negative acts, belong together. One is good on condition one also knows how to be evil; one is evil because otherwise one would not understand how to be good. Whence, then, comes the sickness and ideological unnaturalness that rejects this doubleness—that teaches that it is a higher thing to be efficient on only one side? Whence comes the hemiplegia of virtue, the invention of the good man?—

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[88] A member of the German *Reich.*

[89] First motive.

[90] Paralysis of one side.

The demand is that man should castrate himself of those instincts with which he can be an enemy, can cause harm, can be angry, can demand revenge—

This unnaturalness corresponds, then, to that dualistic conception of a merely good and a merely evil creature (God, spirit, man); in the former are summarized all the positive, in the latter all the negative forces, intentions, states.—

Such a manner of valuing believes itself to be "idealistic"; it does not doubt that, in the conception of "the good," it has posited a supreme *desideratum.* At its peak, it imagines a state in which all that is evil is annulled and in which only good creatures actually remain. It does not even consider it settled that this antithesis of good and evil is conditional on the existence of both; on the contrary, the latter should vanish and the former remain, the one has a right to exist, the other ought not to be there at all—

What is it really that desires this?——

Much labor has been expended in all ages, and especially in the Christian ages, to reduce mankind to this half-sided efficiency, to the "good": even today there is no lack of those deformed and weakened by the church for whom this object coincides with "humanization" in general, or with the "will of God," or with "salvation of the soul." The essential demand here is that mankind should do nothing evil, that it should under no circumstances do harm or desire to do harm. The way to achieve this is: the castration of all possibility of enmity, the unhinging of all the instincts of *ressentiment,* "peace of soul" as a chronic disease.

This mode of thought, with which a definite type of man is bred, starts from an absurd presupposition: it takes good and evil for realities that contradict one another (not as complementary value concepts, which would be the truth), it advises taking the side of the good, it desires that the good should renounce and oppose the evil down to its ultimate roots—it therewith actually denies life, which has in all its instincts both Yes and No. Not that it grasps this: it dreams, on the contrary, that it is getting back to wholeness, to unity, to strength of life: it thinks it will be a state of redemption when the inner anarchy, the unrest between those opposing value drives, is at last put an end to.—Perhaps there has never before been a more dangerous ideology, a greater mischief *in psychologicis,* than this will to good: one has reared the most repellent type, the unfree man, the bigot; one has taught that only as a bigot is one on the right path to godhood, only the bigot's way is God's way.

And even here, life is still in the right—life, which does not know how to separate Yes from No—: what good is it to hold with all one's strength that war is evil, not to do harm, not to desire to negate! one wages war nonetheless! one cannot do otherwise! The good man who has renounced evil, afflicted, as seems to him desirable, with that hemiplegia of virtue, in no way ceases to wage war, have enemies, say No and act No. The Christian, for example, hates "sin"! Precisely because of his faith in a moral antithesis of good and evil the world has become for him overfull of things that must be hated and eternally combated. "The good man" sees himself as if surrounded by evil, and under the continual onslaught of evil his eye grows keener, he discovers evil in all his dreams and desires; and so he ends, quite reasonably, by considering nature evil, mankind corrupt, goodness an act of grace (that is, as impossible for man). *In summa:* he denies life, he grasps that when good is the supreme value it condemns life—

Therewith he ought to consider his ideology of good and evil as refuted. But one cannot refute an illness. And so he conceives *another* life!—

352 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The concept of power, whether of a god or of a man, always includes both the ability to help and the ability to harm. Thus it is with the Arabs; thus with the Hebrews. Thus with all strong races.

It is a fateful step when one separates the power for the one from the power for the other into a dualism— In this way, morality becomes the poisoner of life—

353 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Toward a critique of the good man.— Integrity, dignity, sense of duty, justice, humanity, honesty, straightness, good conscience—are certain qualities really affirmed and approved for their own sake with these well-sounding words? or is it a case of qualities and states, in themselves of no particular value, being moved into a certain light in which they acquire value? Does the value of these qualities reside in them or in the use and advantage to which they lead (appear to lead, are expected to lead)?

Naturally, I do not mean by this an antithesis between *ego* and *alter*[91] in the judgment: the question is whether these qualities are supposed to have value on account of their consequences, either for the bearer of these qualities or for the environment, for society, for "humanity": or whether they have value in themselves—

In other words: is it utility that bids one condemn, combat, deny the opposite qualities (—untrustworthiness, falseness, perversity, lack of self-confidence, inhumanity—)? Is the essence of such qualities condemned, or only their consequences?— In other words: would it be desirable that men with these latter qualities should not exist?— In any event, that is what is believed— But here lies the error, the short-sightedness, the narrow-mindedness of nook egoism.

Otherwise expressed: would it be desirable to create conditions in which all the advantage would be with the righteous—so that the opposite natures and instincts would be discouraged and slowly die out?

This is at bottom a question of taste and of aesthetics: would it be desirable that the "most respectable," i.e., most tedious, species of man should survive? the square,[92] the virtuous, the worthies, the good people, the straight, the "oxen"?[93]

If one imagines the tremendous abundance of the "others" gone, then even the righteous no longer has a right to existence: he is no longer necessary—and here one grasps that it is only coarse utility that has brought such an *insufferable* virtue into honor.

Perhaps desirability lies on precisely the other side: to create conditions in which the "righteous man" is reduced to the modest position of a "useful tool"—as the "ideal herd animal," at best herdsman: in short, conditions in which he no longer stands among the higher orders which require other qualities.

354 (*March-June 1888*)

The "good man" as tyrant.— Man has repeated the same mistake over and over again: he has made a means to life into a standard of life; instead of discovering the standard in the highest enhancement of life itself, in the problem of growth and exhaustion, he has employed the means to a quite distinct kind of life to exclude all other forms of life, in short to criticize and select life. I.e., man finally loves the means for their own sake and forgets they are means: so that they enter his consciousness as aims, as standards for aims—i.e., a certain species of man treats the conditions of its existence as conditions which ought to be imposed as a law, as "truth," "good," "perfection": it tyrannizes— It is a form of faith, of instinct, that a species of man fails to perceive its conditionality, its relativity to other species. At least, it seems to be all over for a species of man (people, races) when it becomes tolerant, allows equal rights and no longer thinks of wanting to be master—

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[91] The other.

[92] *Die Rechtwinkligen*—literally the right-angled—seems to be used here to connote exactly what is suggested by the American "square."

[93] See also sections 386 and 881.

355 (*1885-1886*)

"All good people are weak: they are good because they are not strong enough to be evil"[94]—the Latuka chieftain Comorro told Baker.

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"The faint-hearted know no misfortune"—says a Russian proverb.

356 (*1887-1888*)

Modest, industrious, benevolent, temperate: is that how you would have men? *good men*? But to me that seems only the ideal slave, the slave of the future.

357 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The metamorphoses of slavery; its disguise under the cloak of religion; its transfiguration through morality.

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[94] Cf. *Zarathustra*, II, "On Those Who Are Sublime" (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 230): "Of all evil I deem you capable: therefore I want the good from you. Verily, I have often laughed at the weaklings who thought themselves good because they had no claws."

358 (*1887-1888*)

The ideal slave (the "good man").— He who cannot posit *himself* as a goal, not posit any goals for himself whatever, bestows honor upon *selflessness*—instinctively. Everything persuades him to this: his prudence, his experience, his vanity. And even faith is a form of selflessness.

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Atavism: wonderful feeling to be able to obey unconditionally for once.

*

Industry, modesty, benevolence, temperance are just so many hindrances to a sovereign disposition, great inventiveness, heroic purposiveness, noble being-for-oneself.

*

It is not a matter of going ahead (—for then one is at best a herdsman, i.e., the herd's chief requirement), but of being able *to go it alone,* of being able *to be different.*

359 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

One must reckon up *what* had been accumulated as a consequence of the highest moral idealism: how almost all other values had crystallized around the ideal. This proves that it has been desired longest and strongest—that is has not been attained: otherwise it would have disappointed (or would have been followed by a more moderate valuation).[95]

The saint as the most powerful type of man—: it is this idea that has elevated so high the value of moral perfection. One must imagine the whole of knowledge laboring to prove that the moral man is the most powerful, most godlike.— The overcoming of the senses, the desires—everything inspired fear; the antinatural appeared as the supernatural, as something from the beyond—

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[95] Between the two paragraphs the following words in the MS have been omitted in all editions: "The highest honor and power among men: even from the most powerful—the only genuine form of happiness—a privileged right to God, to immortality, under certain circumstances to an *unio* [mystical union?]—power over nature—the miracle worker (Parsifal)—power over God, over blessedness and damnation of souls, etc." (1911, p. 503).

360 (*1883-1888*)

Francis of Assisi: in love, popular, a poet, combats the order of rank among souls in favor of the lowliest. Denial of the hierarchy of souls—"all equal before God."

The popular ideals: the good man, the selfless man, the saint, the sage, the just man. O Marcus Aurelius!

361 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

I have declared war on the anemic Christian ideal (together with what is closely related to it), not with the aim of destroying it but only of putting an end to its tyranny and clearing the way for new ideals, for *more robust* ideals—

The continuance of the Christian ideal is one of the most desirable things there are—even for the sake of the ideals that want to stand beside it and perhaps above it—they must have opponents, strong opponents, if they are to become *strong*.—

Thus we immoralists require the power of morality: our drive of self-preservation wants our *opponents* to retain their strength—it only wants to become *master over them.*[96]

C. Disparagement of the So-Called Evil Qualities

362 (*1885*)

Egoism and its problem! The Christian gloominess in La Rochefoucauld which extracted egoism from everything and thought he had thereby *reduced* the value of things and of virtues! To counter that, I at first sought to prove that there could not be anything other than egoism—that in men whose ego is weak and thin the power of great love also grows weak—that the greatest lovers are so from the strength of their ego—that love is an expression of egoism, etc. In fact, the false valuation is aimed at the interests: (1) of those who are helped and aided, the herd; (2) it contains a pessimistic mistrustfulness of the basis of life; (3) it would like to deny the most splendid and best-constituted men; fear; (4) it wants to aid the subjected to their rights against their conquerors; (5) it brings with it a universal dishonesty, and precisely among the most valuable men.

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[96] Cf. section 287 above.

363 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

Man is an indifferent egoist: even the cleverest thinks his habits more important than his advantage.

364 (*1884*)

Egoism! But no one has yet asked: what kind of ego? On the contrary, everyone unconsciously thinks every ego equal to every other ego. This is the consequence of the slaves' theory of *suffrage universel* and "equality."

365 (*1884*)

The actions of a higher man are indescribably complex in their motivation: any such word as "pity" says nothing whatever. The most essential thing is the feeling "Who am I? who is the other in relation to me?"— Value judgments are continually at work.

366 (*1885-1886*)

That the history of all phenomena of morality could be simplified in the way Schopenhauer believed—namely, so that pity is to be discovered as the root of all moral impulse hitherto—only a thinker denuded of all historical instinct, and one who had eluded in the strangest way even that strong schooling in history undergone by the Germans from Herder to Hegel, could have attained to this degree of absurdity and naiveté.

367 (*1885*)

My kind of "pity."— This is a feeling for which I find no name adequate: I sense it when I see precious capabilities squandered, e.g., at the sight of Luther: what force and what insipid backwoodsman problems! (at a time when in France the bold and light-hearted skepticism of a Montaigne was already possible!) Or when I see anyone halted, as a result of some stupid accident, at something less than he might have become. Or especially at the idea of the lot of mankind, as when I observe with anguish and contempt the politics of present-day Europe, which is, under all circumstances, also working at the web of the future of *all* men. Yes, what could not become of "man," if——! This is a[97] kind of "compassion" although there is really no "passion" I share.[98]

368 (*1883-1888*)

Pity a squandering of feeling, a parasite harmful to moral health,[99] "it cannot possibly be our duty to increase the evil in the world." If one does good merely out of pity, it is oneself one really does good to, and not the other. Pity does not depend upon maxims but upon affects;[100] it is pathological. The suffering of others infects us, pity is an infection.

369 (*1885-1886*)

No egoism at all exists that remains within itself and does not encroach—consequently, that "allowable," "morally indifferent" egoism of which you speak does not exist at all.

"One furthers one's ego always at the expense of others;" "Life always lives at the expense of other life"—he who does not grasp this has not taken even the first step toward honesty with himself.

370 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The "subject" is only a fiction: the ego of which one speaks when one censures egoism does not exist at all.

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[97] Gratuitously changed to "my" in all editions.

[98] The play on words is better in the original: *Dies ist eine Art "Mitleid"; ob es schon keinen Leidenden giebt,* mit *dem ich da litte.* The German word for pity means literally "with-suffering" but in this case those for whom the pity is felt are *not* suffering. More's the pity!

[99] Spinoza.

[100] Kant.

371 (*1885-1886*)

The "ego"—which is *not* one with the central government of our nature!—is, indeed, only a conceptual synthesis—thus there *are* no *actions prompted by "egoism."*

372 (*1883-1888*)

As every drive lacks intelligence, the viewpoint of "utility" cannot exist for it. Every drive, in as much as it is active, sacrifices force and other drives: finally it is checked; otherwise it would destroy everything through its excessiveness. Therefore: the "unegoistic," self-sacrificing, imprudent, is nothing special—it is common to all the drives—they do not consider the advantage of the whole ego (because they do not consider at all!), they act contrary to our advantage, against the ego: and often *for* the ego—innocent in both cases!

373 (*March-June 1888*)

Origin of moral values.[101]— Egoism is of as much value as the physiological value of him who possesses it.

Every individual consists of the whole course of evolution (and not, as morality imagines, only of something that begins at birth). If he represents the ascending course of mankind, then his value is in fact extraordinary; and extreme care may be taken over the preservation and promotion of his development. (It is concern for the future promised him that gives the well-constituted individual such an extraordinary right to egoism.) If he represents the descending course, decay, chronic sickening, then he has little value: and the first demand of fairness is for him to take as little space, force, and sunshine as possible away from the well-constituted. In this case, it is the task of society to suppress egoism (—which sometimes expresses itself in absurd, morbid and rebellious ways), whether it be a question of individuals or of whole decaying and atrophying classes of people. A doctrine and religion of "love," of *suppression* of self-affirmation, of patience, endurance, helpfulness, of cooperation in word and deed, can be of the highest value within such classes, even from the point of view of the rulers: for it suppresses feelings of rivalry, of *ressentiment*, of envy —the all too natural feelings of the underprivileged—it even deifies a life of slavery, subjection, poverty, sickness, and inferiority for them under the ideal of humility and obedience. This explains why the ruling classes (or races) and individuals have at all times upheld the cult of selflessness, the gospel of the lowly, the "God on the cross."

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[101] This section was put to use by Nietzsche in *Twilight,* section 33 (*Portable Nietzsche,* p. 533 ff). Cf. also Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics,* 1169a: "The good man ought to be a lover of self, since he will then act nobly, and so both benefit himself and aid his fellows; but the bad man ought not to be a lover of self, since he will follow his base passions, and injure both himself and his neighbors" (tr. Rackham, Loeb Classical Library).

The preponderance of an altruistic mode of valuation is the consequence of an instinct that one is ill-constituted. The value judgment here is at bottom: "I am not worth much": a merely physiological value judgment; even more clearly: the feeling of impotence, the absence of the great affirmative feelings of power (in muscles, nerves, ganglia). This value judgment is translated into a moral or a religious judgment, according to the culture of this class (—the predominance of religious and moral judgments is always a sign of a lower culture—): it seeks to establish itself by relating to spheres in which it recognizes the concept "value" in general. The interpretation by means of which the Christian sinner believes he understands himself is an attempt to justify his lack of power and self-confidence: he would rather consider himself guilty than feel bad for no reason: it is a symptom of decay to require interpretations of this sort at all.

In other cases, the underprivileged man seeks the reason not in his "guilt" (as the Christian does), but in society: the socialist, the anarchist, the nihilist—in as much as they find their existence something of which someone must be *guilty*, they are still the closest relations of the Christian, who also believes he can better endure his sense of sickness and ill-constitutedness by finding someone whom he can make responsible for it. The instinct of revenge and *ressentiment* appears here in both cases as a means of enduring, as the instinct of self-preservation: just as is the preference for altruistic theory and practice.

Hatred of egoism, whether it be one's own (as with Christians) or another's (as with socialists), is thus revealed as a value judgment under the predominating influence of revenge; on the other hand, as an act of prudence for the self-preservation of the suffering by an enhancement of their feelings of cooperation and solidarity—

Finally, even that release of *ressentiment* in the judging, rejecting, punishing of egoism (one's own or another's) is also, as already indicated, an instinct of self-preservation on the part of the underprivileged. *In summa*: the cult of altruism is a specific form of egoism that regularly appears under certain physiological conditions.

When the socialist with a fine indignation demands "justice," "right," "equal rights," he is merely acting under the impress of his inadequate culture that cannot explain why he is suffering: on the other hand, he enjoys himself; if he felt better he would refrain from crying out: he would then find pleasure in other things. The same applies to the Christian: he condemns, disparages, curses the "world"—himself not excluded. But that is no reason for taking his clamor seriously. In both cases we are in the presence of invalids who feel better for crying out, for whom defamation is a relief.

374 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

Every society has the tendency to reduce its opponents to caricatures—at least in imagination—and, as it were, to starve them. Such a caricature is, e.g., our "criminal." Within the aristocratic Roman order of values, the Jew was reduced to a caricature. Among artists, the "philistine and bourgeois" become caricatures; among the pious, the godless; among aristocrats, the man of the people. Among immoralists it is the moralist: Plato, for example, becomes a caricature in my hands.

375 (*1883-1888*)

All the drives and powers that morality praises seem to me to be essentially the same as those it defames and rejects: e.g., justice as will to power, will to truth as a tool of the will to power.

376 (*1883-1888*)

Man's growing inwardness. Inwardness grows as powerful drives that have been denied outward release by the establishment of peace and society seek compensation by turning inward in concert with the imagination. The thirst for enmity, cruelty, revenge, violence turns back, is repressed;[102] in the desire for knowledge there is avarice and conquest; in the artist there reappears the repressed[103] power to dissimulate and lie; the drives are transformed into demons whom one fights, etc.

377 (*1883-1888*)

Falsity.— Every sovereign instinct has the others for its tools, retainers, flatterers: it never lets itself be called by its *ugly* name: and it countenances no praise in which it is not also praised indirectly. All praise and blame in general crystallizes around every sovereign instinct to form a rigorous order and etiquette. This is *one* of the causes of falsity.

Every instinct that struggles for mastery but finds itself under a yoke requires for itself, as strengthening and as support for its self-esteem, all the beautiful names and recognized values: so, as a rule, it ventures forth under the name of the "master" it is combatting and from whom it wants to get free (e.g., the fleshly desires or the desires for power under the dominion of Christian values).— This is the *other* cause of falsity.

Perfect naiveté reigns in both cases: the falsity does not become conscious. It is a sign of a broken instinct when man sees the driving force and its "expression" ("the mask") as separate things—a sign of self-contradiction, and victorious far less often. Absolute innocence in bearing, word, affect, a "good conscience" in falsity, the certainty with which one grasps the greatest and most splendid words and postures—all this is necessary for victory.

In the other case: when one has extreme clearsightedness one needs the genius of the actor and tremendous training in self-control if one is to achieve victory. That is why priests are the most skillful *conscious* hypocrites; then princes, whom rank and ancestry have endowed with a kind of acting ability. Thirdly, men of society, diplomats. Fourthly, women.

Basic idea: falsity seems so profound, so omnisided, the will so clearly opposed to direct self-knowledge and the calling of things by their right names, that it is very highly probable that truth, will to truth is really something else and only a disguise. (The need for faith is the greatest brake-shoe on truthfulness.)

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[102] *Tritt zurück.*

[103] *Zurückgetretene.* This note on "*Die* Verinnerlichung *des Menschen*" should be compared with section 16 of the second essay in the *Genealogy of Morals,* where the same phrase is used and discussed.

378 (*1883-1888*)

"Thou shalt not lie": one demands truthfulness. But acknowledgement of the factual (refusal to let oneself be lied to) has been greatest precisely among liars: they have recognized that just this popular "truthfulness" is *not* a fact. What is said is always too much or too little: the demand that one should denude oneself with every word one says is a piece of naiveté.

One says what one thinks, one is "truthful," only under certain conditions: namely, that one is understood (*inter pares*),[104] and understood with good will (once again *inter pares*). One conceals oneself in presence of the unfamiliar: and he who wants to attain something says what he would like to have thought of him, but *not* what he thinks. ("The powerful always lie.")

379 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The great nihilistic counterfeiting through artful misuse of moral values:

a. Love as depersonalization; also pity.

b. Only the most depersonalized intellect ("the philosopher") knows the truth, "the true being and nature of things."

c. The genius, the great human beings, are great because they do not seek their own advantage: the value of a man increases in proportion as he denies himself.

d. Art as the work of the "pure free-willed subject"; misunderstanding of "objectivity."

e. Happiness as the end of life: virtue as means to an end.

The pessimistic condemnation of life by Schopenhauer is a moral one. Transference of herd standards into the realm of metaphysics.

The "individuum" meaningless, necessitating an origin in the "in-itself" (and an explanation of his existence as an "aberration"); parents only "accidental cause."— We are paying for the fact that science has not understood the individuum: he comprises the entirety of life hitherto in one development, and is not its *result*.

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[104] Among equals.

380 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

1. Systematic falsification of history; so that it may provide the proof of moral valuation:

   a. decline of a people and corruption;[105]
   b. rise of a people and virtue;
   c. zenith of a people ("its culture") as consequence of moral elevation.

2. Systematic falsification of great human beings, the great creators, the great epochs:

   one desires that faith should be the distinguishing mark of the great: but slackness, skepticism, "immorality," the right to throw off a faith, belong to greatness (Caesar, also Homer, Aristophanes, Leonardo, Goethe). One always suppresses the main thing, their "freedom of will"—

381 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Great lie in history: as if the corruption of the church were the cause of the Reformation! Only pretext and self-deception on the part of the instigators—strong needs were present whose brutality very much required a spiritual cloak.[106]

382 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

Schopenhauer interpreted high intellectuality as liberation from the will; he did not *want* to see the freedom from moral prejudice which is part of the emancipation of the great spirit, the typical immorality of the genius; he artfully posited the only thing he held in honor, the moral value of "depersonalization," as the condition of spiritual activity, of "objective" viewing. "Truth," even in art, appears after the withdrawal of the will—

I see a fundamentally different valuation cutting across all the moral idiosyncrasies: I know nothing of such an absurd distinction between "genius" and the moral and immoral world of the will. The moral man is a lower species than the immoral, a weaker species; indeed—he is a type in regard to morality, but not a type in himself; a copy, a good copy at best—the measure of his value lies outside him. I assess a man by the quantum of power and abundance of his will: not by its enfeeblement and extinction; I regard a philosophy which teaches denial of the will as a teaching of defamation and slander— *I assess the power of a will by how much resistance, pain, torture it endures and knows how to turn to its advantage; I do not account the evil and painful character of existence a reproach to it, but hope rather that it will one day be more evil and painful than hitherto*—[107]

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[105] Cf. section 334 above; also 41-44 and *Twilight*, Chapter VI (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 492 *ff*).

[106] See 150n above.

The high point of the spirit imagined by Schopenhauer was to attain to the recognition that there is no meaning in anything, in short, to *recognize* what the good man already instinctively *does*— He denies the possibility of a higher kind of intellect—he took his insight for a *non plus ultra.* Here spirituality is placed much lower than goodness; its highest value (e.g., as art) would be to urge and prepare moral conversion: absolute domination of moral values.—

Beside Schopenhauer I would characterize *Kant*: nothing Greek, absolutely antihistorical (his passage on the French Revolution) and a moral fanatic (Goethe's passage on radical evil). Saintliness was in the background in his case, too.

I need a critique of the *saint*—

Hegel's value. "Passion."—

Shopkeeper's philosophy of Mr. Spencer; complete absence of an ideal, except that of the mediocre man.

Fundamental instinctive principle of all philosophers and historians and psychologists: everything of value in man, art, history, science, religion, technology must be proved to be of *moral value, morally* conditioned, in aim, means and outcome. Everything understood in the light of the supreme value: e.g., Rousseau's question concerning civilization: "Does man become *better* through it?"—an amusing question, since the reverse is obvious and is precisely that which speaks in *favor* of civilization.

383 (*March-June 1888*)

Religious morality.— Affect, great desire, the passion for power, love, revenge, possessions—: moralists want to extinguish and uproot them, to "purify" the soul of them.

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[107] Italics supplied. In the original only "power" and "will" are emphasized. Sections 382-88 are of exceptional interest.

The logic is: the desires often produce great misfortune— consequently they are evil, reprehensible. A man must free himself from them: otherwise he cannot be a *good* man—

This is the same logic as: "if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out." In the particular case in which that dangerous "innocent from the country," the founder of Christianity, recommended this practice to his disciples, the case of sexual excitation, the consequence is, unfortunately, not only the loss of an organ but the *emasculation* of a man's character— And the same applies to the moralist's madness that demands, instead of the restraining of the passions, their extirpation. Its conclusion is always: only the castrated man is a good man.

Instead of taking into service the great sources of strength, those impetuous torrents of the soul that are so often dangerous and overwhelming, and economizing them, this most shortsighted and pernicious mode of thought, the moral mode of thought, wants to make them dry up.[108]

384 (*1885-1886*)

Overcoming of the affects?— No, if what is implied is their weakening and extirpation. But putting them into service: which may also mean subjecting them to a protracted tyranny (not only as an individual, but as a community, race, etc.). At last they are confidently granted freedom again: they love us as good servants and go voluntarily wherever our best interests lie.

385 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Moral intolerance is an expression of weakness in a man: he is afraid of his own "immorality," he must deny his strongest drives because he does not yet know how to employ them. Thus the most fruitful regions of the earth remain uncultivated the longest:— the force is lacking that could here become master—

386 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

There are very naive peoples and men who believe that continual fine weather is something desirable: even today they believe, in *rebus moralibus*,[109] that the "good man," and nothing but the "good man," is something desirable—and that the course of human evolution is directed toward the survival of the "good man" only (and that one must bend all one's efforts in that direction—). This is in the highest degree an *uneconomic* thought and, as stated, the acme of naiveté, nothing but the expression of the pleasing effect produced by the "good man" (—he arouses no fear, he permits one to relax, he gives what one is able to take).[110]

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[108] A section of the utmost importance for the understanding of Nietzsche's opposition to Christianity and his contrast of Dionysus and Christ.

From a superior viewpoint one desires the contrary: the ever-increasing dominion of evil, the growing emancipation of man from the narrow and fear-ridden bonds of morality, the increase of force, in order to press the mightiest natural powers—the affects—into service.

387 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The whole conception of an order of rank among the passions: as if the right and normal thing were for one to be guided by reason—with the passions as abnormal, dangerous, semi-animal, and, moreover, so far as their aim is concerned, nothing other than desires for pleasure—

Passion is degraded (1) as if it were only in unseemly cases, and not necessarily and always, the motive force; (2) in as much as it has for its object something of no great value, amusement—

The misunderstanding of passion and reason, as if the latter were an independent entity and not rather a system of relations between various passions and desires; and as if every passion did not possess its quantum of reason—

388 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

How, under the impress of the ascetic morality of depersonalization, it was precisely the affects of love, goodness, pity, even those of justice, magnanimity, heroism, that were necessarily misunderstood:[111]

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[109] Moral matters.

[110] The reading "nothing but the expression" is doubtful, as the words in the MS are somewhat illegible.

In the first edition (1901) only the first paragraph was printed (as section 225). In the MS the second paragraph does not follow the first; it appears earlier in the same notebook, preceded by the words: "The same kind of man who wishes us 'good weather' also wishes only for 'good men' and, quite generally, for good qualities—at least the ever-growing dominion of what is good."

Schlechta ignores 1911, p. 504, and also p. 486, and reprints the text of the standard editions.

See also section 881 below.

It is richness in personality, abundance in oneself, overflowing and bestowing, instinctive good health and affirmation of oneself, that produce great sacrifice and great love: it is strong and godlike selfhood from which these affects grow, just as surely as do the desire to become master, encroachment, the inner certainty of having a right to everything. What according to common ideas are opposite dispositions are rather *one* disposition; and if one is not firm and brave within oneself, one has nothing to bestow and cannot stretch out one's hand to protect and support—

How was one able so to transform these instincts that man thought valuable that which was directed against his self? when he sacrificed his self to another self. Oh the psychological wretchedness and mendaciousness that has hitherto laid down the law in the church and in church-infected philosophy!

If man is sinful through and through, then he ought only to hate himself. Fundamentally, he would have to treat his fellow men on the same basis as he treats himself; charity needs to be justified—its justification lies in the fact that God has commanded it.— It follows from this, that all the natural instincts of man (the instinct of love, etc.) appear to be forbidden in themselves and only after they have been denied are they restored to their rights on the basis of obedience to God—Pascal, the admirable logician of Christianity, went so far! consider his relations to his sister. "*Not* to make oneself love"[112] seemed Christian to him.

389 (*1883-1888*)

Let us consider the cost of such a moral canon ("an ideal"). (Its enemies are—well? The "egoists.")

The melancholic astuteness in self-disparagement in Europe (Pascal, La Rochefoucauld)—the inner enfeeblement, discouragement, self-vexation of the non-herd animals—

the perpetual emphasizing of the qualities of mediocrity as the most valuable (modesty in rank and file, the tool-like nature)—

the bad conscience associated with all that is self-glorifying and original;

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[111] In the MS, after the colon, doubly underlined, "Main Chapter."

[112] Or: loved.

therefore displeasure; therefore the world of the more strongly constituted made gloomy!

herd-consciousness transferred to philosophy and religion; also its timorousness.

Let us leave aside the psychological impossibility of a purely selfless action!

390 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

My final proposition is: that the *actual* man represents a much higher value than the "desirable" man of any ideal hitherto; that all *"desiderata"* with reference to man have been absurd and dangerous excesses through which a single type of man tried to establish *his* conditions of preservation and growth as a law for all mankind; that every *"desideratum"* of this kind ever brought into a position of dominance has reduced the value of man, his strength, his certainty of the future; that the nook-intellectuality and poverty of spirit of man is most apparent, even today, when he *desires;* that man's ability to posit values has hitherto been too little developed for him to be just, not merely to the "desirable" values, but to the real values of man; that the ideal has hitherto been the actual force for disparaging the world and man, the poisonous vapor over reality, the great *seduction to nothingness*—

D. Critique of the Words: Improvement, Perfecting, Elevation

391 (*1885-1886*)

Standard by which the value of moral evaluation is to be determined.

The fundamental fact that has been overlooked: the contradiction between "becoming more moral" and the elevation and strengthening of the type man.

Homo natura. The "will to power."

392 (*March-June 1888*)

Moral values as illusory values compared with physiological values.

393 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Thought about the most universal subjects is always behind the times: the ultimate *"desiderata"* for mankind, for example, have never really been grasped as a problem by philosophers. They all naively postulate the "improvement" of man as if an intuition answered for us the question *why* we ought to "improve." To what extent is it desirable that man should become more virtuous? or cleverer? or happier? Provided we do not already know the "wherefore" of mankind, such an outlook has no meaning; and if one desires one of these things, who knows, perhaps one is precluded from desiring the others. Is an increase in virtuousness compatible with an increase in cleverness and insight? *Dubito*;[113] only too often I shall have occasion to show the reverse. Has virtuousness as a goal not hitherto been in the most rigorous sense incompatible with being happy? does it not, on the contrary, require misfortune, self-denial and self-mistreatment as a necessary means? And if the deepest insight were the goal, would one not then have to renounce the increase of happiness? and choose danger, adventure, mistrust, seduction as the road to insight?— And if one desires happiness, well, perhaps one has to become one of the "poor in spirit."

394 (*March-June 1888*)

The universal deception and cheating in the realm of so-called moral improvement.— We do not believe that a man will become another if he is not that other already; i.e., if he is not, as is often the case, a multiplicity of persons, at least the embryos of persons. In this case, one can bring a different role into the foreground and draw "the former man" back— The aspect is changed, not the essence— That someone ceases to perform certain actions is a mere *fatum brutum*[114] that permits the most various interpretations. It is not always the case that the habit of a certain act is broken, the ultimate reason for it removed. He who is a criminal through fate and facility unlearns nothing, but learns more and more: and a long abstinence even acts as a tonic to his talent—

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[113] I doubt [it].

[114] Brute fate.

For society, to be sure, all that is of interest is precisely that someone no longer performs certain actions: to this end it removes him from those conditions in which he *can* perform certain actions; that is wiser, in any event, than to attempt the impossible, namely, to disrupt the fatality by which he is thus and thus. The church—and in this it has done nothing but succeed and inherit from the philosophy of antiquity—proceeding from a different standard and desiring to save a "soul," the "eternal destiny" of a soul, first believes in the expiatory power of punishment and then in the obliterating power of forgiveness: both are deceptions of religious prejudice—punishment does not expiate, forgiveness does not extinguish, what is done is not undone. That someone forgets something is certainly not evidence that something has ceased to exist—

A deed produces its consequences, within the man and outside the man, regardless of whether it is considered as punished, "expiated," "forgiven" and "extinguished," regardless of whether the church has in the meantime promoted the doer to a saint. The church believes in things that do not exist, in "souls;" it believes in effects that do not exist, in divine effects; it believes in states that do not exist, in sin, in redemption, in the salvation of the soul: it stays everywhere on the surface, at signs, gestures, words to which it gives an arbitrary meaning. It possesses a thoroughly thought-out method of psychological counterfeiting.

395 (*1887-1888*)

—"Illness makes men better": this famous opinion, which one encounters throughout the centuries, in the mouth of the sage as often as in the mouth and maw of the people, makes one wonder. As to whether it is valid, one would like to ask: were morality and illness originally connected, perhaps? The "improvement of man," regarded as a whole, e.g., the undeniable softening, humanizing, mellowing of the European within the last millennium—is it perhaps the result of long hidden and mysterious suffering and failure, abstinence, stunting? Has "illness" made the European "better"? Or, in other words; is our morality—our modern sensitive European morality, which may be compared with the morality of the Chinese—the expression of a physiological regression?—

For one cannot deny that every period in history in which "man" has shown himself in exceptional splendor and power at once assumed an impetuous, dangerous, and eruptive character under which humanity fared ill; and perhaps in those cases in which it seems otherwise, all that was lacking was the courage or subtlety to take psychology into the depths and to find there, too, the universal law: "the healthier, stronger, richer, more fruitful, more enterprising a man feels, the more 'immoral' he will be, too." A painful thought! in which one certainly ought not to indulge! If, however, one goes along with it for just a few moments, how astonishing the future seems then! What would then be paid for more dearly than precisely that which we are promoting with all our strength—the humanizing, the "improvement," the growing "civilization" of man? Nothing would be more costly than virtue: for one would in the end have turned the earth into a hospital: and ultimate wisdom would be "everyone as everyone else's nurse." To be sure, one would then possess that much-desired "peace on earth"! But how little "delight in each other"! How little beauty, high spirits, daring, danger! How few "works" for the sake of which life on earth is worth while! And, alas, no more "deeds" whatever! All *great* works and deeds that have remained and have not been washed away by the waters of time—were they not all in the profoundest sense immoralities?—

396 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

The priests—and with them the semi-priests, the philosophers—have at all times called true any teaching whose educative effect was beneficial or seemed beneficial—which "improved." In this they resemble a naive quack and miracle man of the people, who, because he has used a poison as a cure, denies it is a poison—"By their fruits shall ye know them—namely, our 'truths' ": that has been the reasoning of the priests to this day. With fateful results, they have expended their subtlety to make the "proof of power" (or "from their fruits") pre-eminent, even decisive, above all other forms of proof. "What makes good must be good; what is good cannot lie"—that is their relentless conclusion—: "what bears good fruit must be true: there is no other criterion of truth"—

But if "making better" counts as an argument, then making worse must count as a refutation. One can prove an error to be an error by testing the lives of those who espouse it: a mistake, a vice can refute— This most indecent form of opposition, from behind and below, the doglike form of opposition, has not died out either: the priests, in so far as they are psychologists, have never discovered anything more interesting than to sniff at the secrets of their adversaries—they demonstrate their Christianity by looking about the "world" for filth. Especially with the first men of the world, with the "geniuses": one will remember how Goethe has been attacked in Germany at all times (Klopstock and Herder were the first to provide a "good example" of this—kind sticks to kind).

397 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

One must be very immoral in order to make morals by deeds— The means of the moralist are the most terrible means that have ever been employed; he who has not the courage for immorality in deeds is fit for anything, but he is not fit to be a moralist.

Morality is a menagerie; its presupposition is that iron bars can be more profitable than freedom, even for the prisoners; its other presupposition is that there exist animal-trainers who are not afraid of terrible means—who know how to handle red-hot iron. This frightful species which takes up the fight against the wild animal is called "priest."

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Man, imprisoned in an iron cage of errors, became a caricature of man, sick, wretched, ill-disposed toward himself, full of hatred for the impulses of life, full of mistrust of all that is beautiful and happy in life, a walking picture of misery: this artificial, arbitrary, *recent* abortion that the priests have pulled up out of their soil, the "sinner": how shall we be able, in spite of all, to *justify* this phenomenon?

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In order to be fair to morality, we must put two zoological concepts in its place: *taming* of the beast and *breeding* of a particular species.

The priests have pretended at all times that they want to "improve"— But we others would laugh if an animal-trainer spoke of his "improved" animals. In most cases, the taming of a beast is achieved through the harming of a beast: the moral man, too, is not a better man but only a weaker one. But he is less harmful—[115]

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[115] Cf. *Twilight*, "The 'Improvers' of Mankind" (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 501 *ff*).

398 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

What I want to make clear by all the means in my power:

a. that there is no worse confusion than the confusion of breeding with taming: which is what has been done— Breeding, as I understand it, is a means of storing up the tremendous forces of mankind so that the generations can build upon the work of their forefathers—not only outwardly, but inwardly, organically growing out of them and becoming something stronger—

b. that it is extraordinarily dangerous to believe that mankind as a whole will progress and grow stronger if individuals become flabby, equal, average— Mankind is an abstraction: the goal of breeding, even in the case of a single individual, can only be the *stronger* man (—the man without breeding is weak, extravagant, unstable—).

6. Further Considerations for a Critique of Morality

399 (*1885-1886*)

These are the demands I make upon you—however ill they may sound to you: that you should undertake a critique of the moral evaluations themselves. That you should call a halt to the moral impulse, which here demands submission and not a critique, with the question: "why submission?" That you should regard this demand for a "wherefore?", for a critique of morality, as precisely your present form of morality, as the sublimest form of morality, which does honor to you and to your age. That our honesty, our will not to deceive *ourselves*, must prove itself: why *not*?— Before what tribunal? The will not to let oneself be deceived is of different origin: a caution against being overpowered, exploited—one of life's instincts of self-defense.[116]

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[116] The last sentence, omitted from all editions, has here been restored, and the penultimate sentence revised, in acordance with the MS and 1911, p. 504.

For the contrast implicit in the last two sentences see also *The Gay Science,* Book V, section 344, which is discussed at length in my *Nietzsche,* Chapter 12, section III.

400 (*1883-1888*)

The three *assertions*:

The ignoble is the higher (protest of the "common man");
the antinatural is the higher (protest of the underprivileged);
the average is the higher (protest of the herd, of the "mediocre").

Thus in the history of morality a will to power finds expression, through which now the slaves and oppressed, now the ill-constituted and those who suffer from themselves, now the mediocre attempt to make those value judgments prevail that are favorable to *them*.

To this extent, the phenomenon of morality is, from a biological standpoint, highly suspicious. Morality has developed hitherto at the expense of: the rulers and their specific instincts, the well-constituted and beautiful natures, those who are in any sense independent and privileged.

Morality is therefore an opposition movement against the efforts of nature to achieve a higher type. Its effect is: mistrust of life in general (in so far as its tendencies are considered "immoral")—hostility toward the senses (in so far as the supreme values are considered to be opposed to the supreme instincts)—degeneration and self-destruction of "higher natures," because it is precisely in them that the conflict becomes *conscious*.

401 (*March-June 1888*)

The Values That Have Been on Top Hitherto

Morality as the supreme value, in all phases of philosophy (even among the skeptics). Result: this world is good for nothing, there must be a "real world."

What really determines the supreme value here? What is morality really? The instinct of decadence; it is the exhausted and disinherited who in this way take their revenge and play the master—

Historical proof: the philosophers always decadents, always in the service of the nihilistic religions.

The instinct of decadence which appears as will to power. Introduction of its system of means: absolute immorality of means.

General insight: supreme values hitherto are a special case of the will to power; morality itself is a special case of immorality.

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Why the Opposing Values Always Succumbed

1. How was this really possible? Question: why did life, physiological well-constitutedness everywhere succumb? Why was there no affirmative philosophy, no affirmative religion?—

The historical signs of such movements: the pagan religion. Dionysus versus the "Crucified." The Renaissance. Art.

2. The strong and the weak: the healthy and the sick; the exception and the rule. There is no doubt who is the stronger—

General aspect of history: Is man therefore an exception in the history of life?—Objection to Darwinism. The means the weak employ to keep themselves on top have become instincts, "humanity," "institutions"—

3. Proof of this dominion in our political instincts, in our social value judgments, in our arts, in our science.

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The declining instincts have become master over the ascending instincts— The will to nothingness has become master over the will to life!

—Is this true? is there perhaps not a stronger guarantee of life in this victory of the weak and mediocre?—is it perhaps only a means in the total movement of life, a slackening of tempo? a self-defense against something even worse?

—Suppose the strong had become master in everything, and even in moral valuation: let us draw the consequences of how they would think about sickness, suffering, sacrifice! Self-contempt on the part of the weak would be the result; they would try to disappear and extinguish themselves. And would this be *desirable*?—and would we really want a world in which the influence of the weak, their subtlety, consideration, spirituality, *pliancy* was lacking?—

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We have seen two "wills to power" in conflict (in this special case: we had a principle, that of considering right those who hitherto succumbed, and wrong those who hitherto prevailed): we have recognized the "real world" as a "false world" and morality as a form of immorality. We do *not* say: "The stronger is wrong."

We have grasped what it was that determined supreme value and why it became master over the opposing valuation—: it was stronger numerically.

Now let us purify the opposite valuation of the infection and half-measures of the degeneration characteristic of the form in which it is known to us.

Restoration of nature: moraline-free.

402 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

Morality a useful error; more clearly in the case of the greatest and least prejudiced of its advocates, a lie that is considered necessary.

403 (*1886-1887*)

One may admit the truth to oneself to the point where one is sufficiently elevated no longer to require the disciplinary school of [moral][116] error— When one judges existence morally, it disgusts.

One should not invent unreal persons, e.g., one should not say "nature is cruel." Precisely the insight that no such central responsible being exists is a relief!

Evolution of man. a. To gain power over nature and in addition a certain power over oneself. (Morality was needed that man might prevail in his struggle with nature and the "wild animal.")

b. If power has been attained over nature, one can employ this power in the further free development of oneself: will to power as self-elevation and strengthening.

404 (*1886-1887*)

Morality as an illusion of the species, designed to motivate the individual to sacrifice himself to the future: apparently allowing him an infinite value, so that by means of this self-consciousness he should tyrannize over and keep down other sides of his nature and find it hard to be content with himself.

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[116] Placed in brackets above because this word, although found in all previous editions, including Schlechta's, is not found in the MS.

Profoundest gratitude for that which morality has achieved hitherto: but now it is only a burden which may become a fatality! Morality itself, in the form of honesty, compels us to deny morality.

405 (*1885-1886*)

End[117]

To what an extent the self-destruction of morality is still a part of its own force. We Europeans have in us the blood of those who died for their faith; we have taken morality to be serious and awesome, and there is nothing that we have not in some way sacrificed to it. On the other hand: our spiritual subtlety has essentially been attained through conscience-vivisection. We do not yet know the "wither" toward which we are driven once we have detached ourselves from our old soil. But it was from this same soil that we acquired the force which now drives us forth into the distance, into adventures, thrusting us into the boundless, the untried, the undiscovered—we have no choice left, we have to be conquerors once we no longer have any country in which we are at home, in which we would want to "preserve" things. A concealed Yes drives us that is stronger than all our No's. Our strength itself will no longer endure us in the old decaying soil: we venture away, we venture *ourselves*: the world is still rich and undiscovered, and even to perish is better than to become half-hearted and poisonous. Our strength itself drives us to sea, where all suns have hitherto gone down: we *know* of a new world—

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[117] This heading, though in the MS, has been deleted in all previous editions, including Schlechta's.

III. CRITIQUE OF PHILOSOPHY

1. General Observations

406 (*1885-1886*)

Let us get rid of a few superstitions about philosophers that have been common so far!

407 (*1884*)

Philosophers are prejudiced against appearance, change, pain, death, the corporeal, the senses, fate and bondage, the aimless.

They believe first in: absolute knowledge, (2) in knowledge for the sake of knowledge, (3) in an association between virtue and happiness, (4) in the comprehensibility of human actions. [They are][118] led by instinctive moral definitions in which former cultural conditions are reflected (more dangerous ones).

408 (*1884*)

What do philosophers lack? (a)[119] an historical sense, (b) knowledge of physiology, (c) a goal in the future— The ability to formulate a critique without any irony or moral condemnation.

409 (*1885*)

Philosophers (1) have had from the first a wonderful capacity for the *contradictio in adjecto*; (2) they have trusted in concepts as completely as they have mistrusted the senses: they have not stopped to consider that concepts and words are our inheritance from ages in which thinking was very modest and unclear.

What dawns on philosophers last of all: they must no longer accept concepts as a gift, nor merely purify and polish them, but first *make* and *create* them, present them and make them convincing. Hitherto one has generally trusted one's concepts as if they were a wonderful dowry from some sort of wonderland: but they are, after all, the inheritance from our most remote, most foolish as well as most intelligent ancestors. This piety toward what we find in us is perhaps part of the moral element in knowledge. What is needed above all is an absolute skepticism toward all inherited concepts (of the kind that one philosopher *perhaps* possessed—Plato, of course—for he taught the reverse).

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[118] Not in the MS. The German editors made other minor changes in this note.

[119] Although the MS has (a), (b), (c), all previous editions have 1, 2, 3.

410 (*1885-1886*)

For the Preface[120]

Deeply mistrustful of the dogmas of epistemology, I loved to look now out of this window, now out of that; I guarded against settling down with any of these dogmas, considered them harmful—and finally: is it likely that a tool is *able* to criticize its own fitness?— What I noticed was rather that no epistemological skepticism or dogmatism had ever arisen free from ulterior motives—that it acquires a value of the second rank as soon as one has considered what it was that *compelled* the adoption of this point of view.

Fundamental insight: Kant as well as Hegel and Schopenhauer—the skeptical-epochistic attitude as well as the historicizing, as well as the pessimistic—have a *moral* origin. I saw no one who had ventured a critique of moral value feelings: and I soon turned my back on the meagre attempts made to arrive at a description of the origin of these feelings (as by the English and German Darwinists).

How can Spinoza's position, his denial and rejection of moral value judgments, be explained? (It was one consequence of his theodicy!)

411 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. 1888*)

Morality as supreme devaluation.— *Either* our world is the work and expression (*modus*) of God: in which case it must be supremely perfect (Leibniz's conclusion)—and one never doubted that one knew what constituted perfection—in which case evil must be only apparent (Spinoza is more radical, applying this to the concepts good and evil), or must proceed from God's supreme purpose (—perhaps as consequence of a particular mark of favor by God, who allows a choice between good and evil: the privilege of not being an automaton; "freedom" at the risk of making a mistake, of choosing wrongly—e.g., see Simplicius in his commentary on Epictetus).

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[120] This heading has been deleted in all previous editions. This section is discussed in my *Nietzsche*, Chapter 2, section II.

Or our world is imperfect, evil and guilt are actual and determined and absolutely inherent in its nature; in which case it cannot be the *real* world: in which case knowledge is only the way to a denial of it, for the world is an error which can be known to be an error. This is the opinion of Schopenhauer on the basis of Kantian presuppositions. Pascal is even more desperate: he comprehended that, in that case, even knowledge must be corrupt and falsified—that *revelation* was needed even to understand that the world ought to be denied.

412 (*1883-1888*)

Because we are used to unconditional authorities we have come to need unconditional authorities:—this need is so strong that, even in a critical age such as Kant's, it showed itself superior to the need for criticism and was, in a certain sense, able to subject the entire work of critical reason and put it to its own uses.— It proved its superiority once again in the following generation, which was necessarily drawn by its historical instinct toward a relativity of all authority, by pressing into its service even the Hegelian philosophy of evolution, history re-baptized philosophy, and presenting history as the progressive self-revelation, self-surpassing of moral ideas. Since Plato, philosophy has been dominated by morality. Even in his predecessors, moral interpretations play a decisive role (with Anaximander, the perishing of all things as punishment for their emancipation from pure being; with Heraclitus, the regularity of phenomena as witness to the moral-legal character of the whole world of becoming).

413 (*1885*)

Ulterior moral motives have hitherto most obstructed the course of philosophy.

414 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)[121]

In all ages, one has taken "beautiful feelings" for arguments, the "heaving bosom" for the bellows of divinity, convictions for a "criterion of truth," the need of an opponent for a question mark against wisdom: this falsehood, this counterfeiting, permeates the whole history of philosophy. The skeptics—respectable but rare—excepted, an instinct for intellectual integrity is nowhere evident. At last even Kant tried in all innocence to make this thinkers' corruption scientific by means of the concept "practical reason": he invented a reason expressly for those cases in which one would not need to bother about reason: namely, when the needs of the heart, when morality, when "duty" speaks.

415 (*1885-1886*)

Hegel: his popular side the doctrine of war and great men. Right is with the victorious: they represent the progress of mankind. Attempt to prove the dominion of morality by means of history.

Kant: a realm of moral values, withdrawn from us, invisible, real.

Hegel: a demonstrable development, a becoming-visible of the moral realm.

Let us not be deceived either in the Kantian or in the Hegelian manner:—we no longer *believe* in morality, as they did, and consequently we have no need to found a philosophy with the aim of justifying morality. Neither the critical nor the historicist philosophy has any charm for us in *this* respect:—so what charm has it, then?—

416 (*1885-1886*)

The significance of German philosophy (Hegel): to evolve a pantheism through which evil, error, and suffering are not felt as arguments against divinity. This grandiose project has been misused by the existing powers (state, etc.), as if it sanctioned the rationality of whoever happened to be ruling.

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[121] Utilized in *Antichrist*, section 12 (*Portable Nietzsche*, pp. 578-79).

Schopenhauer, on the other hand, appears as a stubborn morality-man who, in order to justify his moral valuation, finally becomes a world-denier. Finally a "mystic."

I myself have attempted an *aesthetic* justification: how is the ugliness of the world possible?— I took the will to beauty, to persist in like forms, for a temporary means of preservation and recuperation: fundamentally, however, the eternally-creative appeared to me to be, as the eternal compulsion to destroy, associated with pain. The ugly is the form things assume when we view them with the will to implant a meaning, a new meaning, into what has become meaningless: the accumulated force which compels the creator to consider all that has been created hitherto as unacceptable, ill-constituted, worthy of being denied, ugly!—

417 (*1883-1888*)

My first solution: Dionysian wisdom. Joy in the destruction of the most noble and at the sight of its progressive ruin: in reality joy in what is coming and lies in the future, which triumphs over existing things, however good. Dionysian: temporary identification with the principle of life (including the voluptuousness of the martyr).

My innovations.— Further development of pessimism: intellectual pessimism; critique of morality, disintegration of the last consolation. Knowledge of the signs of decay: veils with illusion every firm action; culture isolates, is unjust and therefore strong.

1. My endeavor to oppose decay and increasing weakness of personality. I sought a new *center.*
2. Impossibility of this endeavor recognized.
3. Thereupon I advanced further down the road of disintegration—where I found new sources of strength for individuals. We have to be destroyers!—— I perceived that the state of disintegration, in which individual natures can perfect themselves as never before—is an image and isolated example of existence in general. To the paralyzing sense of general disintegration and incompleteness I opposed the *eternal recurrence.*

418 (*1883-1888*)

One seeks a picture of the world in that philosophy in which we feel freest; i.e., in which our most powerful drive feels free to function. This will also be the case with me!

419 (*1885*)

German philosophy as a whole—Leibniz, Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, to name the greatest—is the most fundamental form of *romanticism* and homesickness there has ever been: the longing for the best that ever existed. One is no longer at home anywhere; at last one longs back for that place in which alone one can be at home, because it is the only place in which one would want to be at home: the *Greek* world! But it is in precisely that direction that all bridges are broken—except the rainbow-bridges of concepts! And these lead everywhere, into all the homes and "fatherlands" that existed for Greek souls! To be sure, one must be very subtle, very light, very thin to step across these bridges! But what happiness there is already in this will to spirituality, to ghostliness almost! How far it takes one from "pressure and stress," from the mechanistic awkwardness of the natural sciences, from the market hubbub of "modern ideas"! One wants to go *back*, through the Church Fathers to the Greeks, from the north to the south, from the formulas to the Forms; one still relishes the exit from antiquity, Christianity, as an entrance to it, as in itself a goodly piece of the old world, as a glittering mosaic of ancient concepts and ancient value judgments. Arabesques, flourishes, rococo of scholastic abstractions—still better, that is to say subtler and thinner, than the peasant and mob reality of the European north, still a protest of higher spirituality against the peasants' war and mob rebellion that has become master of spiritual taste in northern Europe and has found its leader in the great "unspiritual man," Luther: in this respect, German philosophy is a piece of counter-Reformation, even of Renaissance, at least will to Renaissance, will to go on with the discovery of antiquity, the digging up of ancient philosophy, above all of the pre-Socratics—the most deeply buried of all Greek temples! A few centuries hence, perhaps, one will judge that all German philosophy derives its real dignity from being a gradual reclamation of the soil of antiquity, and that all claims to "originality" must sound petty and ludicrous in relation to that higher claim of the Germans to have joined anew the bond that seemed to be broken, the bond with the Greeks, the hitherto highest type of man. Today we are again getting close to all those fundamental forms of world interpretation devised by the Greek spirit through Anaximander, Heraclitus, Parmenides, Empedocles, Democritus, and Anaxagoras—we are growing more Greek by the day; at first, as is only fair, in concepts and evaluations, as Hellenizing ghosts, as it were: but one day, let us hope, also in our bodies! Herein lies (and has always lain) my hope for the German character!

420 (*1884*)

I do not wish to persuade anyone to philosophy: it is inevitable, it is perhaps also desirable, that the philosopher should be a *rare* plant. I find nothing more repugnant than didactic praise of philosophy, as one finds it in Seneca, or worse, Cicero. Philosophy has little to do with virtue. Permit me to say that the scholar and scientist,[122] too, are fundamentally different from the philosopher.— What I desire is that the genuine concept of the philosopher should not utterly perish in Germany. There are so many half-hearted creatures of all kinds in Germany who would be glad to conceal their ill-constitutedness beneath so noble a name.

421 (*1884*)

I have to set up the most difficult ideal of the philosopher. Learning is not enough! The scholar is the herd animal in the realm of knowledge—who inquires because he is ordered to and because others have done so before him.—

422 (*1885*)

Superstition about philosophers: confusion with scholars and scientists. As if values were inherent in things and all one had to do was grasp them! To what extent they study under the direction[123] of given values (their hatred of appearance, the body, etc.). Schopenhauer concerning morality (mockery of utilitarianism). At last, confusion goes so far that one regards Darwinism as philosophy: and now the scholars and scientists dominate. Even Frenchmen like Taine inquire, or think they inquire, without being already in possession of a standard of values. Prostration before "facts," a kind of cult. In reality, they destroy the existing evaluations.

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[122] "Scholar and scientist": *der wissenschaftliche Mensch.*

[123] *Einflüsterung*: Peter Gast's conjecture; MS illegible.

Explanation of this misunderstanding. The man who can command rarely appears: he misinterprets himself. One positively *wants* to repudiate one's own authority and assign it to circumstances.— In Germany, the esteem of the critic belongs to the history of awakening *manhood.* Lessing, etc. (Napoleon on Goethe). As a matter of fact, this movement was again reversed by German romanticism; and the fame of German philosophy depends on that, as if the danger of skepticism had thus been removed and faith could be proved. Both tendencies culminate in Hegel: at bottom, he generalized German criticism and German romanticism—a kind of dialectical fatalism, but in honor of the spirit, in fact with the submission of the philosopher to reality. The critic prepares the way: no more!

With Schopenhauer the task of the philosopher dawns: the determination of value; still under the domination of eudaemonism. The ideal of pessimism.

423 (*March-June 1888*)

Theory and practice.[124]— Fateful distinction, as if there were an actual *drive for knowledge* that, without regard to questions of usefulness and harm, went blindly for the truth; and then, separate from this, the whole world of *practical* interests—

I tried to show, on the other hand, what instincts have been active behind all these *pure* theoreticians—how they have all, under the spell of their instincts, gone fatalistically for something that was "truth" *for them*—for them and only for them. The conflict between different systems, including that between epistemological scruples, is a conflict between quite definite instincts (forms of vitality, decline, classes, races, etc.).

The so-called drive for knowledge can be traced back to a drive to appropriate and conquer: the senses, the memory, the instincts, etc. have developed as a consequence of this drive. The quickest possible reduction of the phenomena, economy, the accumulation of the spoils of knowledge (i.e., of world appropriated and made manageable)—

Morality is such a curious science because it is in the highest degree *practical*: so that the position of pure knowledge, scientific integrity, is at once abandoned as soon as the claims of morality must be answered. Morality says: I *need* many answers—reasons, arguments; scruples can come afterward, or not at all—.

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[124] Cf. section 458 below.

"How should one act?"— If one considers that one is dealing with a sovereignly developed type that has "acted" for countless millennia, and in which everything has become instinct, expediency, automatism, fatality, then the urgency of this moral question must actually seem ridiculous.

"How should one act?"— Morality has always been a misunderstanding: in reality, a species fated to act in this or that fashion wanted to justify itself, by dictating its norm as the universal norm—

"How should one act?" is not a cause but an effect. Morality follows, the ideal comes at the end.

—On the other hand, the appearance of moral scruples (in other words: the becoming-conscious of the values by which one acts) betrays a certain sickliness; strong ages and peoples do not reflect on their rights, on the principles on which they act, on their instincts and reasons. Becoming-conscious is a sign that real morality, i.e., instinctive certainty in actions, is going to the devil— Every time a new world of consciousness is created, the moralists are a sign of damage, impoverishment, disorganization.— The deeply instinctive are shy of logicizing duties: among them are found Pyrrhonic opponents of dialectics and of knowability in general— A virtue is *refuted* with a "for"—

Thesis: the appearance of moralists belongs to an age in which morality is coming to an end.

Thesis: the moralist disintegrates the moral instincts, however much he may suppose himself to be their restorer.

Thesis: that which really drives the moralist is not the moral instincts but the *instincts of decadence* translated into the formulas of morality— (he regards it as corruption when the instincts become uncertain).

Thesis: the *instincts of decadence*, which, through the moralists, want to become master over the instinctive morality of strong races and ages, are

1. the instincts of the weak and underprivileged;
2. the instincts of the exceptions, the solitaries, the abandoned, of the *abortus*[125] in what is lofty and what is petty.
3. the instincts of those habituated to suffering, who need

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[125] Abortion.

a noble interpretation of their condition and therefore must know as little as possible about physiology.

424 (*1885*)

The tartuffery of scientific manners.[126]—— One must not affect scientific manners where the time has not yet come to be scientific; but even the genuine investigator has to abandon the vanity of affecting a kind of method for which fundamentally the time has not yet come. Just as he must not "falsify" things and thoughts at which he has arrived in another way by imposing on them a false arrangement of deduction and dialectic. Thus Kant falsified in his "morality" his inner psychological tendency; a more recent example is Herbert Spencer's ethics.—

One should not conceal and corrupt the facts of how our thoughts have come to us. The profoundest and least exhausted books will probably always have something of the aphoristic and unexpected character of Pascal's *Pensées*. The driving forces and evaluations have long lain below the surface; what comes out is effect.

I fight all the tartuffery of false scientific manners:

1. in the demonstration, if it does not correspond to the genesis of thoughts;
2. in the claims to methods that are perhaps not yet possible at a certain stage of science;
3. in the claims to objectivity, to cold impersonality, where, as in the case of all valuations, we describe ourselves and our inner experiences in a couple of words. There are ludicrous forms of vanity, e.g., that of Saint-Beuve, who worried all his life that he had now and then exhibited real warmth and passion either "for" or "against," and would gladly have lied that fact out of his life.

425 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

"Objectivity" in the philosopher: moral indifference toward oneself, blindness toward good or ill consequences: lack of scruples about using dangerous means; perversity and multiplicity of character considered and exploited as an advantage.

My profound indifference toward myself: I desire no advantage from my insights and do not avoid the disadvantages that accompany them.— Here I include what might be called *corruption* of the character; this perspective is beside the point: I use my character, but try neither to understand nor to change it—the personal calculus of virtue has not entered my head for a moment. It seems to me that one shuts the door on knowledge as soon as one becomes interested in one's own case—or, worse, the "salvation of one's soul"!— One must not take one's morality too seriously and not let oneself be deprived of a modest right to its opposite—

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[126] *Wissenschaftlichkeit.*

A sort of inherited wealth of morality is perhaps presupposed here: one senses that one can squander a lot of it and throw it out the window without really impoverishing oneself. Never to feel tempted to admire "beautiful souls"; always to know oneself their superior. To encounter the monsters of virtue with an inward mockery; *déniaiser la vertu*[127]—a secret pleasure.

To revolve about oneself; no desire to become "better" or in any way "other." Too interested not to throw the tentacles or nets of every morality out to things—.

426 (*March-June 1888*)

Toward a psychology of the psychologist. Psychologists as they are possible only beginning with the nineteenth century: no longer those loafers who look a mere three or four steps ahead and are almost content to burrow inside themselves. We psychologists of the future—we have little patience with introspection: we almost take it for a sign of degeneration when an instrument tries "to know itself": we are instruments of knowledge and would like to possess all the naiveté and precision of an instrument—consequently, we must not analyze ourselves, "know" ourselves. First mark of the self-preservative instinct of the great psychologist: he never seeks himself, he has no eyes for himself, no interest or curiosity in himself[128]— The great egoism of our dominating will requires that we shut our eyes to ourselves—that we must seem to be "impersonal," "*désintéressé,*" "objective"!—oh, how much we are the opposite of this! Just because we are to an eccentric degree psychologists.

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[127] To best virtue.

[128] Cf. *Twilight,* Chapter I, section 35: "A psychologist must turn his eyes from himself to eye anything at all." (*Portable Nietzschce,* p. 471.)

We are no Pascals, we are not especially interested in the "salvation of the soul," in our own happiness, in our own virtue.— We have neither the time nor the curiosity to rotate about ourselves in that way. Considered more deeply, the case is different yet: we mistrust from the heart all navel gazing, because to us self-observation counts as a form of degeneration of the psychological genius, as a question mark against the instinct of the psychologist: just as surely as a painter's eye is degenerate if it is governed by the will to see for the sake of seeing.

2. Critique of Greek Philosophy

427 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The appearance of the Greek philosophers from Socrates onwards is a symptom of decadence; the anti-Hellenic instincts come to the top——

The "Sophist" is still completely Hellenic—including Anaxagoras, Democritus, the great Ionians—but as a transitional form. The *polis* loses its faith in the uniqueness of its culture, in its right to rule over every other *polis*— One exchanges cultures, i.e., "the gods"—one thereby loses faith in the sole prerogative of the *deus autochthonus*. Good and evil of differing origin are mingled: the boundary between good and evil is blurred— This is the "Sophist"—

The "philosopher," on the other hand, is the *reaction*: he desires the *old* virtue. He sees the grounds of decay[129] in the decay of institutions, he desires *old* institutions;—he sees the decay in the decay of authority: he seeks new authorities (travels abroad, into foreign literatures, into exotic religions—); he desires the ideal *polis* after the concept *"polis"* has had its day (approximately as the Jews held firm as a "people" after they had fallen into slavery). They are interested in all tyrants: they want to restore virtue by *force majeure*.

Gradually everything genuinely Hellenic is made responsible for the state of decay (and Plato is just as ungrateful to Pericles, Homer, tragedy, rhetoric, as the prophets were to David and Saul). The decline of Greece is understood as an objection to the foundations of Hellenic culture: basic error of philosophers—. Conclusion: the Greek world perishes. Cause: Homer, myth, the ancient morality, etc.

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[129] "Of decay": uncertain reading; MS illegible.

The anti-Hellenic development of the philosophers' value judgment:—the Egyptian ("life after death" as a court of law—); the Semitic (the "dignity of the sage," the "sheik");—the Pythagoreans, the subterranean cults, silence, terrorization with a beyond, mathematics; the religious valuation, a kind of traffic with the cosmos;—the priestly, ascetic, transcendental;—dialectic—surely a repellent and pedantic concept splitting already in Plato?—Decline of good taste in spiritual matters: one is already insensitive to the ugliness and noisiness of all direct dialectics.

Two decadence movements and extremes run side by side: (a) sensual, charmingly wicked decadence, loving art and show, and (b) gloomy religio-moral pathos, Stoic self-hardening, Platonic slander of the senses, preparation of the soil for Christianity.

428 (*March-June 1888*)

How far psychologists have been corrupted by the moral idiosyncrasy:—not one of the ancient philosophers had the courage for a theory of the "unfree will" (i.e., for a theory that denies morality);—no one had the courage to define the typical element in pleasure, every sort of pleasure ("happiness") as the feeling of power: for to take pleasure in power was considered immoral; —no one had the courage to conceive virtue as a consequence of immorality (of a will to power) in the service of the species (or of the race or *polis*), for the will to power was considered immorality.

In the entire evolution of morality, truth never appears: all the conceptual elements employed are fictions; all the *psychologica* accepted are falsifications; all the forms of logic dragged into this realm of lies are sophistries. What distinguishes moral philosophers themselves is a complete absence of cleanliness and intellectual self-discipline: they take "beautiful feelings" for arguments: they regard their "heaving bosom" as the bellows of divinity— Moral philosophy is the scabrous period in the history of the spirit.[130]

The first great example: in the name of morality, under the patronage or morality, an unheard-of wrong was perpetrated, in fact a piece of decadence in every respect. One cannot insist too strongly upon the fact that the great Greek philosophers represent the decadence of every kind of Greek excellence and make it contagious— "Virtue" made completely abstract was the greatest seduction to make oneself abstract: i. e., to detach oneself.

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[130] Cf. section 414 above.

It is a very remarkable moment: the Sophists verge upon the first *critique of morality*, the first *insight* into morality:—they juxtapose the multiplicity (the geographical relativity) of the moral value judgments;—they let it be known that every morality can be dialetically justified; i.e., they divine that all attempts to give reasons for morality are necessarily *sophistical*— a proposition later proved on the grand scale by the ancient philosophers, from Plato onwards (down to Kant);—they postulate the first truth that a "morality-in-itself," a "good-in-itself" do not exist, that it is a swindle to talk of "truth" in this field.

Where was intellectual integrity in those days?

The Greek culture of the Sophists had developed out of all the Greek instincts; it belongs to the culture of the Periclean age as necessarily as Plato does *not*: it has its predecessors in Heraclitus, in Democritus, in the scientific types of the old philosophy; it finds expression in, e.g., the high culture of Thucydides. And— it has ultimately shown itself to be right: every advance in epistemological and moral knowlege has reinstated the Sophists— Our contemporary way of thinking is to a great extent Heraclitean, Democritean, and Protagorean: it suffices to say it is Protagorean, because Protagoras represented a synthesis of Heraclitus and Democritus.

(Plato: a great Cagliostro—remember how Epicurus judged him;[131] how Timon, the friend of Pyrrho, judged him—— Is Plato's integrity beyond question?— But we know at least that he wanted to have *taught* as absolute truth what he himself did not regard as even conditionally true: namely, the separate existence and separate immortality of "souls.")

429 (*March-June 1888*)

The Sophists are no more than realists: they formulate the values and practices common to everyone on the level of values—

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[131] See *Beyond Good and Evil*, section 7 (New York: Vintage, 1966); also section 434 below.

they possess the courage of all strong spirits to *know* their own immorality—

Do you suppose perchance that these little Greek free cities, which from rage and envy would have liked to devour each other, were guided by philanthropic and righteous principles? Does one reproach Thucydides for the words he put into the mouths of the Athenian ambassadors when they negotiated with the Melians on the question of destruction or submission?

Only complete Tartuffes could possibly have talked of virtue in the midst of this terrible tension—or men living apart, hermits, refugees, and emigrants from reality—people who negated in order to be able to live themselves—

The Sophists were Greeks: when Socrates and Plato took up the cause of virtue and justice, they were *Jews* or I know not what— Grote's tactics in defense of the Sophists are false: he wants to raise them to the rank of men of honor and ensigns of morality—but it was their honor not to indulge in any swindle with big words and virtues—

430 (*March-June 1888*)

The great rationality of all education in morality has always been that one tried to attain to the certainty of an instinct: so that neither good intentions nor good means had to enter consciousness as such. As the soldier exercises, so should man learn to act. In fact, this unconsciousness belongs to any kind of perfection: even the mathematician employs his combinations unconsciously—

What, then, is the significance of the reaction of Socrates, who recommended dialectics as the road to virtue and made mock when morality did not know how to justify itself logically?— As if this were not part of its value—without unconsciousness it is no good—

Positing proofs as the presupposition for personal excellence in virtue signified nothing less than the disintegration of Greek instincts. They are themselves types of disintegration, all these great "virtuous men" and word-spinners.

In praxi, this means that moral judgments are torn from their conditionality, in which they have grown and alone possess any meaning, from their Greek and Greek-political ground and soil, to be denaturalized under the pretense of sublimation. The great concepts "good" and "just" are severed from the presuppositions to which they belong and, as liberated "ideas," become objects of dialectic. One looks for truth in them, one takes them for entities or signs of entities: one *invents* a world where they are at home, where they originate—

In summa: the mischief has already reached its climax in Plato— And then one had need to invent the abstractly perfect man as well:—good, just, wise, a dialectician—in short, the scarecrow of the ancient philosopher: a plant removed from all soil; a humanity without any particular regulating instincts; a virtue that "proves" itself with reasons. The perfectly absurd "individuum" in itself! unnaturalness of the first water—

In short, the consequence of the denaturalization of moral values was the creation of a degenerate type of man—"the good man," "the happy man," "the wise man."— Socrates represents a moment of the profoundest perversity in the history of values.

431 (*1885-1886 and 1888*)

Socrates.[132]— This reversal of taste in favor of dialectics is a great question mark. What was it that really happened?— Socrates, the *roturier*[133] who accomplished it, achieved by means of it victory over a more noble taste, the taste of the nobility:— the mob achieved victory with dialectics. Before Socrates, the dialectical manner was repudiated in good society; one believed it compromised one; youth was warned against it. Why this display of reasons? Why should one demonstrate? Against others one possessed authority. One commanded: that sufficed. Among one's own, *inter pares,* one possessed tradition, *also* an authority: and, finally, one "understood one another"! One simply had no place for dialectic. Besides, one mistrusted such public presentation of one's arguments. Honest things do not display their reasons in that way. There is something indecent about showing all one's cards. What can be "demonstrated" is of little worth.—

The instinct of all party orators knows, moreover, that dialectics inspire mistrust, that they are very unconvincing. Nothing is easier to expunge than the effect of a dialectician. Dialectics can only be an emergency measure. One must experience an emergency, one must be obliged to *extort* one's rights: otherwise one makes no use of dialectics. That is why the Jews were dialecticians, why Reynard the Fox was one, why Socrates was one. One has a merciless weapon in one's hand. One can tyrannize with it. One compromises when one conquers. One leaves it to one's victim to prove that he is not an idiot. One makes others furious and helpless, while one remains the embodiment of cool, triumphant reasonableness oneself—one deprives one's opponent's intelligence of potency.—

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[132] The last paragraph of this section comes from a different notebook. The first paragraphs were utilized—in part *verbatim*—in *Twilight,* Chapter II, sections 5-6 (*Portable Nietzsche,* pp. 475-76). For a detailed discussion of Nietzsche's highly complex attitude toward Socrates, see Kaufmann's *Nietzsche,* chapter 13.

[133] Nonaristocrat.

The irony of the dialectician is a form of mob revenge: the ferocity of the oppressed finds an outlet in the cold knife-thrust of the syllogism—

In Plato, as a man of overexcitable sensuality and enthusiasm, the charm of the concept had grown so strong that he involuntarily honored and deified the concept as an ideal Form. Intoxication by dialectic: as the consciousness of exercising mastery over oneself by means of it——as a tool of the will to power.

432[134] (*March-June 1888*)

The problem of Socrates.— The two antitheses: the tragic disposition, the Socratic disposition—measured according to the law of life.

To what extent the Socratic disposition is a phenomenon of decadence: to what extent, however, a robust health and strength is still exhibited in the whole *habitus*, in the dialectics, efficiency, and self-discipline of the scientific man (—the health of the plebeian; his wickedness, *esprit frondeur*,[135] his cunning, his *canaille au fond*[136] are held in check by shrewdness; "ugly").

Making ugly: self-mockery, dialectical dryness, shrewdness as tyrant in opposition to a "tyrant" (instinct). Everything is exaggerated, eccentric, caricature, in Socrates, a *buffo* with the instincts of Voltaire. He discover a new form of *agon*;[137] he is the first fencing master to the leading circles of Athens; he represents nothing but the highest form of shrewdness: he calls it "virtue" (—he divined it to be deliverance: he was not shrewd from choice, it was *de rigueur*[138]); to have oneself under control, so as to go into battle with reasons and not with affects (—the cunning of Spinoza—the unravelling of the errors caused by affects);—to discover that one can capture anyone in whom one produces affects, to discover that affects proceed illogically; practice in self-mockery, so as to damage the feeling of rancor at its roots.

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[134] This section and the immediately following one (433) are found together in the same notebook and were utilized in *Twilight*, Chapter II (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 473 *ff*).

[135] Censorious spirit.

[136] Plebeian at bottom.

[137] Contest.

I try to understand from what partial and idiosyncratic states the Socratic problem derives: his equalization of reason = virtue = happiness. It was with this absurdity of a doctrine of identity that he fascinated: the philosophers of antiquity never again freed themselves from this fascination—

Absolute lack of objective interest: hatred for science; the idiosyncrasy of feeling oneself as a problem. Socrates' acoustic hallucination: morbid element. When the spirit is rich and independent it most resists any preoccupation with morality. How came it that Socrates was a monomaniac in regard to morality?— In emergencies, "practical" philosophy steps at once to the fore. Morality and religion as chief interests are signs of an emergency.

433[139] (*March-June 1888*)

—Shrewdness, clarity, severity and logicality as weapons against the ferocity of the drives. These must be dangerous and threaten destruction: otherwise there would be no sense in developing shrewdness to the point of making it into a tyrant. To make a tyrant of shrewdness:—but for that the drives must be tyrants. This is the problem.— In those days it was a very timely problem. Reason became = virtue = happiness.

Solution: The Greek philosophers rest on the same fundamental facts of inner experience as Socrates: five steps from excess, from anarchy, from intemperance—all men of decadence. They need him as a physician: logic as will to power, to self-mastery, to "happiness." The ferocity and anarchy of the instincts in the case of Socrates is a symptom of decadence. The superfetation of logic and of clarity of reason included. Both are abnormalities, both belong together.

Critique. Decadence betrays itself in this preoccupation with

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[138] Unavoidable.

[139] See footnote to the preceding section.

"happiness" (i.e., with "salvation of the soul," i.e., to feel one's condition as a danger). The fanaticism of its interest in "happiness" indicates the pathological nature of the hidden cause: it was a life-or-death interest. To be reasonable or perish was the alternative before which they all stood. The moralism of the Greek philosophers indicates that they felt themselves to be in danger—

434 (*March-June 1888*)

Why everything resolved itself into play-acting.— The rudimentary psychology that considered only the *conscious* motives of men (as causes), that took "consciousness" for an attribute of the soul, that sought a will (i.e., an intention) behind all action: it needed, first, only to answer "Happiness" to the question: What do men want? (one dared not say "Power": that would have been immoral);—consequently there is in all the actions of men the intention of attaining happiness. Secondly: if man does in fact not achieve happiness, why is it? Because he blunders in respect of the means.— What is unfailingly the means to happiness? Answer: virtue.— Why virtue?— Because it is supremely rational and because rationality makes it impossible to err in the choice of means: it is as *reason* that virtue is the way to happiness. Dialectic is the constant occupation of virtue, because it excludes all clouding of the intellect and all affects.

In fact, man does *not* want "happiness." Pleasure is a feeling of power: if one excludes the affects, then one excludes the states that give the highest feeling of power, consequently of pleasure. The highest rationality is a cold, clear state very far from giving that feeling of happiness that intoxication of any kind brings with it—

The philosophers of antiquity combat everything that intoxicates—that impairs the absolute coldness and neutrality of the consciousness— They were consistent with their false presupposition: that consciousness is the exalted, the supreme state, the precondition of perfection—whereas the opposite is true——

To the extent that it is willed, to the extent that it is conscious, there is no perfection in action of any kind. The philosophers of antiquity were the greatest duffers in practice because they condemned themselves to be duffers in theory— *In praxi,* everything resolved itself into play-acting;—and whoever saw through this, e.g., Pyrrho, judged as everyone did, namely that in goodness and integrity "little people" were far superior to philosophers.

All the more profound natures of antiquity were disgusted with the philosophers of virtue: they were looked upon as quarrelsome and play actors. (Judgment on Plato: that of Epicurus,[140] that of Pyrrho).

Result: little people are superior to them in their way of living, in patience, in goodness and mutual assistance:—approximately the claim made by Dostoevsky or Tolstoy for his muzhiks: they are more philosophical in practice, they meet the exigencies of life more courageously—

435 (*March-June 1888*)

Toward a critique of the philosopher.— It is a self-deception of philosophers and moralists to imagine that they escape decadence by opposing it. That is beyond their will; and, however little they acknowledge it, one later discovers that they were among the most powerful promoters of decadence.

[Let us take][141] the philosophers of Greece, e.g., Plato. He severed the instincts from the *polis*, from contest, from military efficiency, from art and beauty, from the mysteries, from belief in tradition and ancestors— He was the seducer of the nobility: he was himself seduced by the *roturier* Socrates— He negated all the presuppositions of the "noble Greek" of the old stamp, made dialectic an everyday practice, conspired with tyrants, pursued politics of the future and provided the example of the most complete severance of the instincts from the past. He is profound, passionate in everything *anti*-Hellenic—

These great philosophers represent one after the other the typical forms of decadence: the moral-religious idiosyncrasy, anarchism, nihilism (*adiaphora*),[142] cynicism, obduracy, hedonism, reaction.

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[140] Cf. section 428 above; also *Beyond*, section 7.

[141] Placed in brackets because not in the MS although found in all editions. After "Plato" the MS continues "the man of the good. But he. . . ." The reading "the man" is uncertain as the two words were crossed out by Nietzsche and are illegible. Near the end, the following lines in the MS have been omitted in all editions: "Why does none of them dare to deny the freedom of the will? They are all preoccupied with their 'salvation of the soul'—what is truth to them!"

[142] Indifference.

The question of "happiness," of "virtue," of "salvation of the soul" is the expression of physiological contradictoriness in these types of decline: their instincts lack a center of gravity, a purpose.

436 (*1885-1886*)

To what extent dialectic and faith in reason still rest on moral prejudices. With Plato we are, as former inhabitants of an intelligible world of the good, still in possession of a heritage from that time: divine dialectic, as proceeding from the good, leads to all things good (—therefore, as it were, "backwards"—). Even Descartes had a notion of the fact that in a fundamentally Christian-moral mode of thought, which believes in a *good* God as the creator of things, only God's veracity *guarantees* to us the judgments of our senses. Apart from a religious sanction and guarantee of our senses and rationality—where should we derive a right to trust in existence! That thinking is a measure of actuality—that what cannot be thought, *is* not—is a rude *non plus ultra* of a moralistic trustfulness (in an essential truth-principle at the bottom of things), in itself a mad assumption, which experience contradicts every moment. We are altogether unable to think anything at all just as it *is*—

437 (*March-June 1888*)

The real philosophers of Greece are those before Socrates[143] (—with Socrates something changes). They are all noble persons, setting themselves apart from people and state,[144] traveled, serious to the point of somberness, with a slow glance, no strangers to state affairs and diplomacy. They anticipate all the great conceptions of things: they themselves represent these conceptions, they bring themselves into a system. Nothing gives a higher idea of the Greek spirit than this sudden fruitfulness in types, than this involuntary completeness in the erection of the great possibilities of the philosophical ideal.— I seen only one original figure in those that came after: a late arrival but necessarily the last—the nihilist Pyrrho:—his instinct was opposed to all that had come to the top in the meantime: the Socratics, Plato, the artist's optimism[145] of Heraclitus. (Pyrrho goes back, through Protagoras, to Democritus—).

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[143] This view was taken up by Karl Jaspers in his *Psychologie der Weltanschauungen* (1919) and by Martin Heidegger in *Platons Lehre von der Wahrheit* ("Plato's Doctrine of Truth," 1942).

[144] Word not clear in the MS: possibly "custom" (*Sitte*) rather than "state" (*Staat*).

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Sagacious weariness: Pyrrho. To live a lowly life among the lowly. No pride. To live in the common way; to honor and believe what all believe. On guard against science and spirit, also against all that inflates—

Simple: indescribably patient, carefree, mild. *Apatheia,*[146] or rather *praótes.*[147] A Buddhist for Greece, grown up amid the tumult of the schools; a latecomer; weary; the protest of weariness against the zeal of the dialecticians; the unbelief of weariness in the importance of all things. He had seen Alexander, he had seen the Indian penitents. To such refined latecomers, everything lowly, everything poor, even everything idiotic is seductive. It has a narcotic effect: it relaxes (Pascal). On the other hand, in the midst of the crowd and confounded with everyone else, they feel a little warmth: these weary people need warmth—

To overcome contradiction; no contest; no will to distinction; to deny the Greek instincts. (Pyrrho lived with his sister who was a midwife.) To disguise wisdom so that it no longer distinguishes; to cloak it in poverty and rags; to perform the lowliest offices: to go to market and sell suckling pigs—

Sweetness; light; indifference; no virtues that require gestures: to be everyone's equal even in virtue: ultimate self-overcoming, ultimate indifference.

Pyrrho, like Epicurus, two forms of Greek decadence: related, in hatred for dialectics and for all theatrical virtues—these two together were in those days called philosophy—; deliberately holding in low esteem that which they loved; choosing common, even despised names for it; representing a state in which one is neither sick nor well, neither alive nor dead—

Epicurus more naive, idyllic, grateful; Pyrrho more traveled, experienced, nihilistic— His life was a protest against the great doctrine of identity (happiness = virtue = knowledge). One cannot promote the right way of life through science: wisdom does not make "wise"— The right way of life does not want happiness, turns away from happiness—

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[145] The word is illegible and this reading highly questionable.

[146] Apathy.

[147] Gentleness.

438 (*Spring 1888*)

The struggle against the "old faith" as undertaken by Epicurus was, in a strict sense, a struggle against pre-existing Christianity— a struggle against the old world grown senile and sick, already gloomy, moralized, soured by feelings of guilt.

Not the "moral corruption" of antiquity, but precisely its *moralization* is the prerequisite through which alone Christianity could become master of it. Moral fanaticism (in short: Plato) destroyed paganism, by revaluing its values and poisoning its innocence.—

We ought finally to understand that what was then destroyed was *higher* than what became master!—

Christianity has grown out of psychological decay, could only take root in decayed soil.

439 (*March-June 1888*)

Scientific manners: as training or as instinct.—In the Greek philosophers I see a decline of the instincts: otherwise they could not have blundered so far as to posit the *conscious* state as *more valuable*. Intensity of consciousness stands in inverse ratio to ease and speed of cerebral transmission. Among Greek philosophers the reverse opinion about instinct prevailed: which is always a sign of weakened instincts.

We must in fact seek perfect life where it has become least conscious (i.e., least aware of its logic, its reasons, its means and intentions, its utility). The return to the facts of *bon sens,* of the *bon homme,* of the "little people" of all kinds. The stored-up integrity and shrewdness of generations which are never conscious of their principles and are even a little afraid of principles. The demand for a virtue that reasons is not reasonable— A philosopher is compromised by such a demand.

440 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

When morality—that is to say subtlety, caution, bravery, equity—has been as it were stored up through the practice of a whole succession of generations, then the total force of this accumulated virtue radiates even into that sphere where integrity is most seldom found, into the spiritual sphere. In all becoming-conscious there is expressed a discomfiture of the organism; it has to try something new, nothing is sufficiently adapted for it, there is toil, tension, strain—all this *constitutes* becoming-conscious—

Genius resides in instinct; goodness likewise. One acts perfectly only when one acts instinctively. Even from the viewpoint of morality, all conscious thinking is merely tentative, usually the reverse of morality. Scientific integrity is always ruptured when the thinker begins to reason: try the experiment of putting the wisest men on the most delicate scales by making them talk about morality—

It could be proved that all conscious thinking would also show a far lower standard of morality than the thinking of the same man when it is directed by his instincts.[148]

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[148] According to 1911, p. 505, "This aph. [*sic.* In fact these are not "aphorisms" but mere notes] replaces aph. 243 of the old vol. XV [the first edition of *The Will to Power,* published in 1901], which represents another formulation of the same content." Here is the other version:

"When enough subtlety, bravery, caution, and moderation have been collected through the practice of a long chain of generations, then the instinctive power of such incorporated virtue radiates even into the most spiritual matters—and that phenomenon becomes visible which we call *intellectual integrity.* This is very rare: among philosophers it is lacking.

"One can take the scientific manner or, morally speaking the *intellectual integrity of a thinker,* the subtlety, bravery, caution, and moderation that have become instinct in him and transposed even into the most spiritual matters, and place them on the most delicate scales—by letting him talk about morality: then the most famous philosophers show that their scientific manner is as yet only a conscious affair, a beginning, a 'good will,' something laborious—and as soon as their instincts begin to speak, as soon as they moralize, it is all over with the discipline and subtlety of their conscience.

"The scientific manner—whether mere training and external or the final result of long discipline and moral practice: in the former case it abdicates as soon as the instincts speak (e.g., the religious instincts or those of the concept of duty); in the latter case it replaces these instincts and no longer grants them admission, feeling they represent *uncleanliness* and *seductions*—"

Although omitted in most editions, this version is printed in an appendix in both the Grossoktav edition and the Musarion edition, as #1074. Schlechta omits it. It is included here not only as a matter of principle but also for three additional reasons: (1) it is interesting to see how the editors of the various editions proceeded; (2) it is even more interesting to be able to compare two alternative drafts from Nietzsche's hand; and (3) parts of this draft compare very favorably with the one included in the text.

441 (*March-June 1888*)

The struggle against Socrates, Plato, all the Socratic schools, proceeds from the profound instinct that one does not make men better when one represents to them that virtue is demonstrable and asks for reasons—

Ultimately, it is the measly fact that the agonal instinct in all these born dialecticians compelled them to glorify their personal ability as the highest quality and to represent all other good things as conditioned by it. The anti-scientific spirit of this entire "philosophy": it is determined to be in the right.

442 (*March-June 1888*)

This is extraordinary. We find from the beginning of Greek philosophy onwards a struggle against science with the means of an epistemology or skepticism: and with what object? Always for the good of *morality*—

(Hatred for physicists and physicians.) Socrates, Aristippus, the Megarian school, the Cynics, Epicurus, Pyrrho—a general assault on knowledge for the good of morality—

(Hatred for dialectics also.) A problem remains: they approach the Sophists in order to get rid of science. On the other hand, the physicists are all so completely subjected as to take up the schema of truth,[149] of real being, into the fundamentals of their science; e.g., the atom, the four elements (juxtaposition of beings to explain multiplicity and change—). Contempt for objective interest is taught: return to the practical interest, the personal utility of all knowledge—

The struggle against science is directed against (1) its pathos (objectivity), (2) its means (i.e., against its utility), (3) its results (as childish).

It is the same struggle that is later conducted by the church in the name of piety: the church inherited the entire arsenal of antiquity for its struggle. Epistemology played in this the same role as it did in the case of Kant, in the case of the Indians— One does not want to be troubled by it: one wants one's hands free for one's "course."

What were they really defending themselves against? Against obligation, against legality, against the compulsion to go hand in hand— I believe one calls this *freedom*—

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[149] "Truth" is an uncertain reading of an illegible word.

Decadence manifests itself in this: the instinct of solidarity is so degenerate that solidarity is felt as tyranny: they want no authority, no solidarity, no lining up with the rank and file to adopt its ignobly slack pace. They hate the measured step, the tempo of science, they hate the lack of urgency, the perserverance, the indifference to himself of the man of science.

443 (*March-June 1888*)

Fundamentally, morality is hostile to science: Socrates was so already—and for this reason, that science takes things seriously that have nothing to do with "good" and "evil," consequently makes the feeling for "good" and "evil" seem less important. For morality demands that the whole man and all his forces should stand in its service: it considers it a squandering on the part of one not rich enough to squander when man concerns himself seriously with plants and stars. This is why scientific procedures rapidly declined in Greece once Socrates had introduced into science the disease of moralizing; the height attained in the disposition of a Democritus, Hippocrates, and Thucydides was not attained a second time.

444 (*March-June 1888*)

Problem of the philosopher and the man of science.— Influence of age; depressive habits (staying-at-home à la Kant; overwork; insufficient nourishment of the brain; reading). More essentially: whether a tendency toward generalities is not already a symptom of decadence; objectivity as disintegration of the will (—to be *able* to stand so distant—) This presupposes a great *adiaphora* in regard to the powerful drives: a kind of isolation, exceptional stance, resistance in regard to the normal drives.

Type: desertion of the homeland; further and further afield; increasing exoticism; the old imperatives become dumb——; certainly this continual questioning "whither?" ("happiness") is a sign of disengagement from forms of organization, of a breaking loose.

Problem: whether the man of science is more of a symptom of decadence than the philosophers:—he is not disengaged as a whole, only a part of him is absolutely dedicated to knowledge, trained to one corner and perspective—he needs *all* the virtues of a strong race and health, great severity, manliness, shrewdness. He is a symptom more of a higher multiplicity of culture than of its weariness. The scholar of decadence is a *bad* scholar. While the philosopher of decadence has counted, hitherto at least, as the typical philosopher.

445 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

Nothing is rarer among philosophers than *intellectual integrity*: perhaps they say the opposite, perhaps they even believe it. But a condition of their entire occupation is that only certain truths are admitted; they know that which they *have* to prove; that they are at one over these "truths" is virtually their means of recognizing one another as philosophers. There are, e.g., moral truths. But a faith in morals is not a proof of morality: there are cases—and the case of the philosopher is one—in which such a faith is simply a piece of *immorality*.

446 (*March-June 1888*)

What, then, is regressive in the philosopher?— That he teaches that *his* qualities are the necessary and sole qualities for the attainment of the "highest good" (e.g., dialectic, as with Plato). That he orders men of all kinds *gradatim*[150] up to *his* type as the highest. That he despises what is generally esteemed—that he opens up a gulf between priestly values and worldly values. That he *knows* what is true, what God is, what the goal is, what the way is—

The typical philosopher is here an absolute dogmatist;—if he has need of skepticism, it is so as to be able to speak dogmatically about his main interest.

447 (*March-June 1888*)

The philosopher in opposition to his rivals; e.g., in opposition to science: then he becomes a skeptic; then he reserves to himself a form of knowledge that he denies the man of science; then he goes hand in hand with the priest so as not[151] to arouse the suspicion of atheism, materialism; he regards an attack on himself as an attack on morality, virtue, religion, order—he knows how to discredit his opponents as "seducers" and "underminers": then he goes hand in hand with power.

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[150] By degrees.

[151] "Not" is missing in the MS but was very reasonably inserted by the German editors.

The philosopher in a struggle with other philosophers—he tries to compel them to appear as anarchists, unbelievers, opponents of authority. *In summa*: in so far as he struggles, he struggles just as a priest does, just as priesthood does.

3. Truth and Error of Philosophers

448 (*Manuscript source uncertain*)[152]

Philosophy defined by Kant as "the science of the limitations of reason"!!

449 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Philosophy as the art of discovering truth: according to Aristotle. Contradicted by the Epicureans, who made use of Aristotle's sensualistic theory of knowledge: they rejected the search for truth with irony; "Philosophy as an art of *living*."

450 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The three great naiveties:
Knowledge as a means to happiness (as if—),
as a means to virtue (as if—),
as a means to "denial of life"—to the extent that it is a means to disappointment—(as if—)

451 (*Manuscript source uncertain*)[153]

That there should be a "truth" which one could somehow approach—!

452 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

Error and ignorance are fateful.— The view that *truth is*

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[152] Therefore omitted by Schlechta.

[153] Therefore omitted by Schlechta.

found and that ignorance and error are at an end is one of the most potent seductions there is. Supposing it is believed, then the will to examination, investigation, caution, experiment is paralyzed: it can even count as criminal, namely as *doubt* concerning truth—

"Truth" is therefore more fateful than error and ignorance, because it cuts off the forces that work toward enlightenment and knowledge.

The affect of *laziness* now takes the side of "truth"— ("thinking is distress, misery!"); as do order, rule, happiness in possessing, pride in wisdom—vanity *in summa*:—it is more comfortable to obey than to examine; it is more flattering to think "I possess the truth" than to see only darkness around one—above all: it is reassuring, it gives confidence, it alleviates life—it "improves" the character, to the extent that it lessens mistrust. "Peace of soul," "a quiet conscience": all inventions made possible only by presupposing that *truth has been found*.— "By their fruits shall ye know them"— "Truth" is truth, *for* it makes men *better*— The process goes on: everything good, all success, is placed to the credit of "truth."

This is the *proof of strength*:[154] the happiness, the contentment, the well-being of the community, as of the individual, are henceforth understood as the consequence of belief in morality— The converse: ill success is attributed to lack of faith—.

453 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

The causes of error lie just as much in the good will [as in the ill will[155]] of man—: in a thousand cases he conceals reality from himself, he falsifies it, so as not to suffer from his good [or ill][156] will. E.g., God as the director of human destiny: or the interpretation of his own petty destiny as if everything were contrived and sent with a view to the salvation of his soul—this lack of "philology," which to a more subtle intellect would have to count as uncleanliness and counterfeiting, is, on the average, performed under the inspiration of good will. Good will, "noble feelings," "lofty states" are in the means they employ just as much counterfeiters and deceivers as the affects repudiated by morality and called egoistic: love, hate, revenge.

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[154] See *Antichrist*, sections 50 *ff* (*Portable Nietzsche*); also in connection with sections 453-57.

[155] Interpolated by Nietzsche, brackets mine.

[156] Interpolated by German editors, brackets mine.

Errors are what mankind has had to pay for most dearly: and, on the whole, it is the errors of "good will" which have harmed it most profoundly. The illusion that makes happy is more pernicious than that which has immediate bad consequences: the latter sharpens and purifies[157] reason and makes it more mistrustful —the former lulls it to sleep.—

Beautiful feelings, sublime agitations, are, physiologically speaking, among the narcotics: their misuse has precisely the same consequences as the misuse of any other opiate—neurasthenia—

454 (*1888*)

Error is the most expensive luxury that man can permit himself; and if the error happens to be a physiological error, then it is perilous to life. What, consequently, has man hitherto paid for most dearly? For his "truths": for they have all been errors *in physiologicis*—

455 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

Psychological confusions:—the demand for belief—confused with the "will to truth" (e.g., in the case of Carlyle).[158] But in the same way, the demand for unbelief has been confused with the "will to truth" (—the need to get free from a belief, for a hundred reasons: to be in the right against some "believers"). What inspires the skeptic? *Hatred* of the dogmatist—or a need for rest, a weariness, as in the case of Pyrrho.

The advantages that one anticipated from truth were advantages resulting from belief in it:—in itself, that is, truth could be altogether painful, harmful, fateful—. One likewise disputed the "truth" only when one promised oneself advantages from one's victory—e.g., freedom from the ruling powers.

The methods of truth were not invented from motives of truth, but from motives of power, of wanting to be superior.

How is truth proved? By the feeling of enhanced power[159]—

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[157] Reading uncertain, word illegible.

[158] Cf. *Twilight*, "Skirmishes," section 12 (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 521).

[159] After "power" three illegible words follow in the MS: "of certainty, faith—"?

by utility—by indispensability—in short, by advantages (namely, presuppositions concerning what truth *ought* to be like for us to recognize it). But that is a prejudice: a sign that truth is not involved at all—

What, e.g., is the meaning of the "will to truth" in the case of the Goncourts?[160] in the case of the naturalists?— Critique of "objectivity."

Why know: why not rather be deceived?— What one always wanted was faith—and *not* truth— Faith is created by means antithetical to the methods of research—: they even exclude the latter—.

456 (*March-June 1888*)

A Certain degree of faith serves us today as an *objection* to what is believed—even more as a question mark against the spiritual health of the believer.

457 (*Jan-Fall 1888*)

Martyrs.— In order to combat anything founded on reverence, the attacker must be possessed of a somewhat audacious, relentless, even shameless disposition— Now if one considers that mankind has for millennia sanctified as truths only what was error, that is has even branded any critique of these as a sign of a wicked disposition, then one is bound to confess with regret that a goodly amount of *immorality* was needed to provide the initiative for aggression, in other words for *reason*—

These immoralists should be forgiven for always having posed as "martyrs to truth": the truth is that it was not the drive to truth which made them negate, but disintegration, sacrilegious skepticism, pleasure in adventure—. In other cases, it is personal rancor that drives them into the domain of problems—they combat problems in order to be in the right against particular people. But it is revenge above all that science has been able to employ—the revenge of the oppressed, those who had been pushed aside and, in fact, oppressed by the *prevailing* truth—

Truth, that is to say, the scientific method, was grasped and promoted by those who divined in it a weapon of war—an instrument of destruction— To make their opposition honorable, they needed, moreover, an apparatus similar in kind to that used by those they were attacking:—they adopted the concept "truth" just as ostentatiously and unconditionally as their opponents—they became fanatics, at least they posed as such, because no other pose was taken seriously. What remained to be done was accomplished by persecution, passion and the insecurity of the persecuted—hatred grew and consequently the precondition for remaining scientific was diminished. Ultimately, they all wanted to be right in the same absurd fashion as their opponents— The words "conviction," "faith," the pride of martyrdom—these are the least favorable states for the advancement of knowledge. The opponents of truth at last reaccepted the entire subjective manner of deciding questions of truth, namely by poses, sacrifices, heroic resolutions—and thus prolonged the dominion of antiscientific methods. As martyrs they compromised their own deed.

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[160] Cf. *Twilight,* "Skirmishes," section 7 (*Portable Nietzsche,* p. 517).

458 (*March-June 1888*)[101]

Dangerous distinction between "theoretical" and "practical," e.g., in the case of Kant, but also in the case of the ancients:—they act as if pure spirituality presented them with the problems of knowledge and metaphysics;—they act as if practice must be judged by its own measure, whatever the answer of theory may be.

Against the former I direct my *psychology of philosophers*: their most alienated calculations and their "spirituality" are still only the last pallid impression of a physiological fact; the voluntary is absolutely lacking, everything is instinct, everything has been directed along certain lines from the beginning—

Against the latter I ask whether we know of any other method of acting well than always thinking well; the latter *is* an action, and the former presupposes thought. Have we a different method for judging the value of a way of life from judging the value of a theory: by induction, by comparison?—

The naive believe that we are better equipped here, that here we know what is "good"—philosophers repeat it. We conclude that a faith is here at work, nothing more—

"One must act; *consequently* rules of conduct are needed"—said even the skeptics of antiquity. The urgent need for a decision as an argument for considering something *true*!

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[101] Cf. section 423 above.

"One must *not* act"—said their more consistent brothers, the Buddhists, and conceived a rule of conduct to liberate one from actions—

To accommodate oneself, to live as the "common man" lives, to hold right and good what *he* holds right: this is to submit to the herd instinct. One must take one's courage and severity so far as to feel such a submission as a *disgrace*. Not to live with two different standards!— Not to separate theory and practice!—

459 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

That nothing formerly held true is true— What was formerly despised as unholy, forbidden, contemptible, fateful—all these flowers grow today along the lovely paths of truth.

This entire old morality concerns us no more: there is not a concept in it that still deserves respect. We have outlived it—we are no longer coarse and naive enough to have to let ourselves be deceived in this fashion— In more polite words: we are too virtuous for it— And if truth in the old sense was "truth" only because the old morality affirmed it, had a right to affirm it, then it follows that we no longer have need of any former truths, either— Our criterion of truth is by no means morality: we *refute* an opinion by showing it to be dependent on morality, to be inspired by noble feelings.

460 (*March-June 1888*)

All these values are empirical and conditional. But he who believes in them, who reverences them, refuses to recognize just this characteristic of them. Philosophers believe one and all in these values, and one form their reverence took was the attempt to make *a priori* truths of them. The falsifying character of reverence—

Reverence is the supreme test of integrity: but in the entire history of philosophy there *is* no intellectual integrity—but only "love of the good"—

The absolute lack of methods of testing the value of these values; secondly: reluctance to test values, to take them as being in any way conditional.— In the case of moral values, all the antiscientific instincts came together with the object of *excluding* science—

4. Further Considerations for a Critique of Philosophy

461 (*March-June 1888*)

Why philosophers are slanderers.— The treacherous and blind hostility of philosophers towards the senses[162]—how much of mob and middle class there is in this hatred!

The common people always consider an abuse of which they feel the ill consequences as an objection to that which is abused: all insurrectionary movements aimed against principles, whether political or economic, argue thus, with the idea of representing an abuse as being necessary to, and inherent in, the principle.

It is a miserable story: man seeks a principle through which he can despise men—he invents a world so as to be able to slander and bespatter this world: in reality, he reaches every time for nothingness and construes nothingness as "God," as "truth," and in any case as judge and condemner of *this* state of being—

If one wants a proof of how profoundly and thoroughly the actually barbarous needs of man seek satisfaction, even when he is tamed and "civilized," one should take a look at the "leitmotifs" of the entire evolution of philosophy:—a sort of revenge on reality, a malicious destruction of the valuations by which men live, an unsatisfied soul that feels the tamed state as a torture and finds a voluptuous pleasure in a morbid unraveling of all the bonds that tie it to such a state.

The history of philosophy is a secret raging against the preconditions of life, against the value feelings of life, against partisanship in favor of life. Philosophers have never hesitated to affirm a world provided it contradicted this world and furnished them with a pretext for speaking ill of this world. It has been hitherto the grand school of slander; and it has imposed itself to such an extent that today our science, which proclaims itself the advocate of life, has accepted the basic slanderous position and treated this world as apparent, this chain of causes as merely phenomenal. What is it really that hates here?

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[162] At this point the German editors saw fit to omit the following lines: "It is *not* the senses that deceive. Our nose, of which, as far as I know, no philosopher has ever spoken with due respect, is as yet the most delicate scientific [*physikalisch*] instrument in existence: it is capable of registering vibrations where even the spectroscope fails."

This section, including the passage just cited, was utilized by Nietzsche in *Twilight*, Chapters III and IV.

I fear it is still the Circe of philosophers, morality, that has here bewitched them into having to be slanderers forever— They believed in moral "truths," they found there the supreme values—what else could they do but deny existence more firmly the more they got to know it?— For this existence is immoral— And this life depends upon immoral preconditions: and all morality *denies* life—.

Let us abolish the real world: and to be able to do this we first have to abolish the supreme value hitherto, morality— It suffices to demonstrate that even morality is immoral, in the sense in which immorality has always been condemned. If the tyranny of former values is broken in this way, if we have abolished the "real world," then a new order of values must follow of its own accord.

The apparent world and the world invented by a lie—this is the antithesis. The latter has hitherto been called the "real world," "truth," "God." This is what we have to abolish.

Logic of my conception:

1. Morality as supreme value (master over all phases of philosophy, even over the skeptics). Result: this world is good for nothing, it is not the "real world."

2. What here determines the supreme value? What is morality, really?— The instinct of decadence; it is the exhausted and disinherited who *take revenge* in this fashion. Historical proof: philosophers are always decadents—in the service of the *nihilistic* religions.

3. The instinct of decadence which appears as will to power. Proof: the absolute immorality of means throughout the entire history of morality.

General insight: the highest values hitherto are a special case of the will to power; morality itself is a special case of immorality.[103]

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[103] The short last paragraph was taken by the editors from another more detailed section. At this point the MS had merely: "In this whole movement we have recognized merely a special case of the will to power." The first edition (1901) followed the MS.

Schlechta omits the lines deleted in all other editions; he follows the standard edition and not the manuscript in the final paragraph; and he

462 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Fundamental innovations: In place of "moral values," purely naturalistic values. Naturalization of morality.

In place of "sociology," a theory of the forms of domination.

In place of "society," the culture complex, as my chief interest (as a whole or in its parts).

In place of "epistemology," a perspective theory of affects (to which belongs a hierarchy of the affects; the affects transfigured; their superior order, their "spirituality").

In place of "metaphysics" and religion, the theory of eternal recurrence (this as a means of breeding and selection).

463 (*1885*)

My precursors: Schopenhauer; to what extent I deepened pessimism and by devising its extremest antithesis first really experienced it.

Then: the ideal artists, that after-product of the Napoleonic movement.

Then: the higher Europeans, predecessors of great politics.

Then: the Greeks and their origins.[164]

464 (*1885*)

I have named those who were unknowingly my workers and precursors. But where may I look with any kind of hope for my kind of philosopher himself, at the least for my need of new philosophers?[165] In that direction alone where a noble mode of thought is dominant, such as believes in slavery and in many degrees of bondage as the precondition of every higher culture; where a

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prints the second half of the section, beginning with "The history of philosophy . . ." (along with the conclusion that does not belong to it) a couple of pages before the first half.

[164] The MS goes on: "In *The Birth of Tragedy* I gave hints concerning the relation of 'distress' and 'art'; personal education of the philosopher in solitude. The Dionysian."

Schlechta not only omits these lines, following the example of all previous editors; he also omits the second paragraph—in which, incidentally, the MS has "Napol." instead of Napoleonic."

[165] Cf. *Beyond Good and Evil,* sections 211 *f.*

creative mode of thought dominates that does not posit the happiness of repose, the "Sabbath of Sabbaths" as a goal for the world, and honors even in peace the means to new wars;[100] a mode of thought that prescribes laws for the future, that for the sake of the future is harsh and tyrannical towards itself and all things of the present; a reckless, "immoral" mode of thought, which wants to develop both the good and the bad qualities in man to their fullest extent, because it feels it has the strength to put both in their right place—in the place where each needs the other. But he who thus looks for philosophers today, what prospect has he of finding what he is looking for? Is it not likely that, even with the best Diogenes lantern, he will search about in vain all day and all night? The age possesses the *reverse* instincts; it wants, first and above all, comfort; it wants, in the second place, publicity and that great actors' hubbub, that great drum banging that appeals to its funfair tastes; it wants, thirdly, that everyone should fall on his face in the profoundest subjection before the greatest of all lies—it is called "equality of men"—and honor exclusively those virtues that *level and equalize*. But the rise of the philosopher, as I understand him, is therewith rendered altogether impossible, notwithstanding that it is thought in all innocence to be favorable to him. Indeed, all the world bewails today the evil situation of the philosopher in *earlier* times, hemmed in between the stake, bad conscience, and the arrogant wisdom of the Church Fathers: the truth, however, is that precisely this was a much more favorable condition for the education of a powerful, comprehensive, cunning and audaciously daring spirituality than the conditions of life at present. Today, another kind of spirit, namely the spirit of the demagogue, the spirit of the actor, perhaps also the scholarly beaver- and ant-like spirit, finds conditions favorable. But things are so much the worse even for superior artists: for are they not, almost all of them, perishing from a lack of inner discipline? They are no longer tyrannized over from without by a church's tables of absolute values or those of a court; thus they also no longer learn to develop their "inner tyrants," their will. And what is true of artists is true in a higher and more fateful sense of philosophers. For where are there free spirits today? Show me a free spirit today!—

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[100] Cf. *Zarathustra,* I, "On War and Warriors" and my commentary on the parallel passage in my translation (*Portable Nietzsche,* p. 158 *ff*); also my *Nietzsche,* Chapter 12, section VII.

Many, if not most, of the ideas in this section are developed in *Zarathustra* and *Beyond Good and Evil.*

465 (*Summer-Fall 1888*)

I understand by "freedom of spirit" something quite definite: being a hundred times superior[167] to philosophers and other disciples of "truth" in severity towards oneself, in cleanliness and courage, in the unconditional will to say No where it is dangerous to say No—I treat previous philosophers as contemptible libertines hiding in the cloak of the woman "truth."

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[167] This word is not found in the MS but was very reasonably supplied by the German editors.

BOOK THREE

PRINCIPLES OF A NEW EVALUATION

I. THE WILL TO POWER AS KNOWLEDGE[1]

1. Method of Inquiry

466 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

It is not the victory of science that distinguishes our nineteenth century, but the victory of scientific method over science.

467 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

History of scientific method, considered by Auguste Comte as virtually philosophy itself.

468 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The great methodologists: Aristotle, Bacon, Descartes, Auguste Comte.

469 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

The most valuable insights are arrived at last; but the most valuable insights are *methods.*

All the methods, all the presuppositions of our contemporary science were for millennia regarded with the profoundest contempt; on their account one was excluded from the society of respectable people—one was considered as an "enemy of God," as a reviler of the highest ideal, as "possessed."

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[1] Much of the material in this part was utilized by Nietzsche in the first chapter of *Beyond Good and Evil,* published in 1886, and in *Twilight of the Idols* (completed in the early fall of 1888), especially in the chapter "The Four Great Errors" and—some of the sections on the "true" and the "apparent" world—in the chapters " 'Reason' in Philosophy" and "How the 'True World' Finally Became a Fable." But there are also many ideas and a great many formulations that were not included in any of the books Nietzsche finished—presumably in most cases because Nietzsche was not fully satisfied with his notes. *What follows, then, does not represent his final point of view; but some of his most interesting suggestions are to be found only in these sections.*

We have had the whole pathos of mankind against us—our conception of what "truth" should be, what service of truth should be, our objectivity, our method, our silent, cautious, mistrustful ways were considered perfectly contemptible—

At bottom, it has been an aesthetic taste that has hindered mankind most: it believed in the picturesque effect of truth, it demanded of the man of knowledge that he should produce a powerful effect on the imagination.

This looks as if an antithesis has been achieved, a leap made; in reality, the schooling through moral hyperbole prepared the way step by step for that milder of pathos that became incarnate in the scientific character—

The conscientiousness in small things, the self-control of the religious man were a preparatory school for the scientific character: above all, the disposition that takes problems seriously, regardless of the personal consequences—

2. The Epistemological Starting Point

470 (*1885-1886*)

Profound aversion to reposing once and for all in any one total view of the world. Fascination of the opposing point of view: refusal to be deprived of the stimulus of the enigmatic.

471 (*1885-1886*)

The presupposition that things are, at bottom, ordered so morally that human reason must be justified—is an ingenuous presupposition and a piece of naiveté, the after-effect of belief in God's veracity—God understood as the creator of things.— These concepts an inheritance from a former existence in a beyond——

472 (*1883-1888*)

Contradiction of the alleged "facts of consciousness." Observation is a thousand times more difficult, error perhaps a condition of observation in general.

473 (*1886-1887*)

The intellect cannot criticize itself, simply because it cannot be compared with other species of intellect and because its capacity to know would be revealed only in the presence of "true reality," i.e., because in order to criticize the intellect we should have to be a higher being with "absolute knowledge." This presupposes that, distinct from every perspective kind of outlook or sensual-spiritual appropriation, something exists, an "in-itself."— But the psychological derivation of the belief in things forbids us to speak of "things-in-themselves."

474 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

That a sort of adequate relationship subsists between subject and object, that the object is something that if seen from within would be a subject, is a well-meant invention which, I think, has had its day. The measure of that of which we are in any way conscious is totally dependent upon the coarse utility of its becoming-conscious: how could this nook-perspective of consciousness permit us to assert anything of "subject" and "object" that touched reality!—

475 (*1885-1886*)

Critique of modern philosophy: erroneous starting point, as if there existed "facts of consciousness"—and no phenomenalism in introspection.

476 (*1884*)

"Consciousness"—to what extent the idea of an idea, the idea of will, the idea of a feeling (known to ourselves alone) are totally superficial! Our inner world, too, "appearance"!

477 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

I maintain the phenomenality of the inner world, too: everything of which we become conscious is arranged, simplified, schematized, interpreted through and through—the actual process of inner "perception," the causal connection between thoughts, feelings, desires, between subject and object, are absolutely hidden from us—and are perhaps purely imaginary. The "apparent *inner* world" is governed by just the same forms and procedures as the "outer" world. We never encounter "facts": pleasure and displeasure are subsequent and derivative intellectual phenomena—

"Causality" eludes us; to suppose a direct causal link beween thoughts, as logic does—that is the consequence of the crudest and clumsiest observation. Between two thoughts all kinds of affects play their game: but their motions are too fast, therefore we fail to recognize them, we deny them—

"Thinking," as epistemologists conceive it, simply does not occur: it is a quite arbitrary fiction, arrived at by selecting one element from the process and eliminating all the rest, an artificial arrangement for the purpose of intelligibility—

The "spirit," something that thinks: where possible even "absolute, pure spirit"—this conception is a second derivative of that false introspection which believes in "thinking": first an act is imagined which simply does not occur, "thinking," and secondly a subject-substratum in which every act of thinking, and nothing else, has its origin: that is to say, both the deed and the doer are fictions.

478 (*March-June 1888*)

One must not look for phenomenalism in the wrong place: nothing is more phenomenal (or, more clearly:) nothing is so much deception as this inner world which we observe with the famous "inner sense."

We have believed in the will as cause to such an extent that we have from our personal experience introduced a cause into events in general (i.e., intention a cause of events—).

We believe that thoughts as they succeed one another in our minds stand in some kind of causal relation: the logician especially, who actually speaks of nothing but instances which never occur in reality, has grown accustomed to the prejudice that thoughts *cause* thoughts—.

We believe—and even our philosopers still believe—that pleasure and pain are causes of reactions, that the purpose of pleasure and pain is to occasion reactions. For millennia, pleasure and the avoidance of displeasure have been flatly asserted as the *motives* for every action. Upon reflection, however, we should concede that everything would have taken the same course, according to exactly the same sequence of causes and effects, if these states "pleasure and displeasure" had been absent, and that one is simply deceiving oneself if one thinks they cause anything at all: they are epiphenomena with a quite diffferent object than to evoke reactions; they are themselves effects within the instituted process of reaction.

In summa: everything of which we become conscious is a terminal phenomenon, an end—and causes nothing; every successive phenomenon in consciousness is completely atomistic— And we have sought to understand the world through the reverse conception—as if nothing were real and effective but thinking, feeling, willing!—

479 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

The phenomenalism of the "inner world." Chronological inversion, so that the cause enters consciousness later than the effect.— We have learned that pain is projected to a part of the body without being situated there—we have learned that sense impressions naively supposed to be conditioned by the outer world are, on the contrary, conditioned by the inner world; that we are always unconscious of the real activity of the outer world— The fragment of outer world of which we are conscious is born after an effect from outside has impressed itself upon us, and is subsequently projected as its "cause"—

In the phenomenalism of the "inner world" we invert the chronological order of cause and effect. The fundamental fact of "inner experience" is that the cause is imagined after the effect has taken place— The same applies to the succession of thoughts: —we seek the reason for a thought before we are conscious of it; and the reason enters consciousness first, and then its consequence— Our entire dream life is the interpretation of complex feelings with a view to possible causes—and in such way that we are conscious of a condition only when the supposed causal chain associated with it has entered consciousness.

The whole of "inner experience" rests upon the fact that a cause for an excitement of the nerve centers is sought and imagined—and that only a cause thus discovered enters consciousness: this cause in no way corresponds to the real cause—it is a groping on the basis of previous "inner experiences," i.e., of memory. But memory also maintains the habit of the old interpretations, i.e., of erroneous causality—so that the "inner experience" has to contain within it the consequences of all previous false causal fictions. Our "outer world" as we project it every moment is indissolubly tied to the old error of the ground: we interpret it by means of the schematism of "things," etc.

"Inner experience" enters our consciousness only after it has found a language the individual understands—i.e., a translation of a condition into conditions familiar to him—; "to understand" means merely: to be able to express something new in the language of something old and familiar. E.g., "I feel unwell"—such a judgment presupposes a great and late neutrality of the observer—; the simple man always says: this or that makes me feel unwell—he makes up his mind about his feeling unwell only when he has seen a reason for feeling unwell.— I call that a *lack of philology;* to be able to read off a text as a text without interposing an interpretation is the last-developed form of "inner experience"—perhaps one that is hardly possible—

480 (*March-June 1888*)

There exists neither "spirit," nor reason, nor thinking, nor consciousness, nor soul, nor will, nor truth: all are fictions that are of no use. There is no question of "subject and object," but of a particular species of animal that can prosper only through a certain relative rightness; above all, regularity of its perceptions (so that it can accumulate experience)—

Knowledge works as a tool of power. Hence it is plain that it increases with every increase of power—

The meaning of "knowledge": here, as in the case of "good" or "beautiful," the concept is to be regarded in a strict and narrow anthropocentric and biological sense. In order for a particular species to maintain itself and increase its power, its conception of reality must comprehend enough of the calculable and constant for it to base a scheme of behavior on it. The utility of preservation—not some abstract-theoretical need not to be deceived—stands as the motive behind the development of the organs of knowledge —they develop in such a way that their observations suffice for our preservation. In other words: the measure of the desire for knowledge depends upon the measure to which the will to power grows in a species: a species grasps a certain amount of reality in order to become master of it, in order to press it into service.

3. Belief in the "Ego." The Subject

481 (*1883-1888*)

Against positivism, which halts at phenomena—"There are only *facts*"—I would say: No, facts is precisely what there is not, only interpretations. We cannot establish any fact "in itself": perhaps it is folly to want to do such a thing.

"Everything is subjective," you say; but even this is interpretation. The "subject" is not something given, it is something added and invented and projected behind what there is.— Finally, is it necessary to posit an interpreter behind the interpretation? Even this is invention, hypothesis.

In so far as the word "knowledge" has any meaning, the world is knowable; but it is *interpretable* otherwise, it has no meaning behind it, but countless meanings.— "Perspectivism."

It is our needs that interpret the world; our drives and their For and Against. Every drive is a kind of lust to rule; each one has its perspective that it would like to compel all the other drives to accept as a norm.

482 (*1886-1887*)

We set up a word at the point at which our ignorance begins, at which we can see no further, e.g., the word "I," the word "do," the word "suffer":—these are perhaps the horizon of our knowledge, but not "truths."

483 (*1885*)

Through thought the ego is posited; but hitherto one believed as ordinary people do, that in "I think" there was something of immediate certainty, and that this "I" was the given *cause* of thought, from which by analogy we understood all other causal relationships. However habitual and indispensable this fiction may have become by now—that in itself proves nothing against its imaginary origin: a belief can be a condition of life and nonetheless be false.[2]

484 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

"There is thinking: therefore there is something that thinks": this is the upshot of all Descartes' argumentation. But that means positing as "true *a priori*" our belief in the concept of substance—that when there is thought there has to be something "that thinks" is simply a formulation of our grammatical custom that adds a doer to every deed. In short, this is not merely the substantiation of a fact but a logical-metaphysical postulate— Along the lines followed by Descartes one does not come upon something absolutely certain but only upon the fact of a very strong belief.

If one reduces the proposition to "There is thinking, therefore there are thoughts," one has produced a mere tautology: and precisely that which is in question, the "reality of thought," is not touched upon—that is, in this form the "apparent reality" of thought cannot be denied. But what Descartes desired was that thought should have, not an *apparent* reality, but a reality *in itself*.

485 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The concept of substance is a consequence of the concept of the subject: not the reverse! If we relinquish the soul, "the subject," the precondition for "substance" in general disappears. One acquires degrees of being, one loses that which *has* being.

Critique of "reality": where does the "more or less real," the gradation of being in which we believe, lead to?—

The degree to which we feel life and power (logic and coherence of experience) gives us our measure of "being," "reality," not-appearance.

The subject: this is the term for our belief in a unity underlying all the different impulses of the highest feeling of reality: we understand this belief as the *effect* of one cause—we believe so firmly in our belief that for its sake we imagine "truth," "reality," "substantiality" in general.— "The subject" is the fiction that many similar states in us are the effect of one substratum: but it is we who first created the "similarity" of these states; our adjusting them and making them similar is the fact, not their similarity (—which ought rather to be denied—).

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[2] Cf. sections 487 and 493 and *Beyond*, section 4. This section, not in Nietzsche's handwriting, was evidently dictated.

486 (*1885-1886*)

One would have to know what *being* is, in order to decide whether this or that is real (e.g., "the facts of consciousness"); in the same way, what *certainty* is, what *knowledge* is, and the like.— But since we do not know this, a critique of the faculty of knowledge is senseless: how should a tool be able to criticize itself when it can use only itself for the critique? It cannot even define itself![3]

487 (*1883-1886*)

Must all philosophy not ultimately bring to light the preconditions upon which the process of reason depends?—our belief in the "ego" as a substance, as the sole reality from which we ascribe reality to things in general? The oldest "realism" at last comes to light: at the same time that the entire religious history of mankind is recognized as the history of the soul superstition. Here we come to a limit: our thinking itself involves this belief (with its distinction of substance, accident; deed, doer, etc.); to let it go means: being no longer able to think.

But that a belief, however necessary it may be for the preservation of a species, has nothing to do with truth, one knows from the fact that, e.g., we have to believe in time, space, and motion, without feeling compelled to grant them absolute reality.

488 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Psychological derivation of our belief in reason.— The concept "reality," "being," is taken from our feeling of the "subject."

"The subject": interpreted from within ourselves, so that the ego counts as a substance, as the cause of all deeds, as a doer.

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[3] Cf. section 473.

The logical-metaphysical postulates, the belief in substance, accident, attribute, etc., derive their convincing force from our habit of regarding all our deeds as consequences of our will—so that the ego, as substance, does not vanish in the multiplicity of change.— But there is no such thing as will.—

We have no categories at all that permit us to distinguish a "world in itself" from a "world of appearance." All our categories of reason are of sensual origin: derived from the empirical world. "The soul," "the ego"—the history of these concepts shows that here, too, the oldest distinction ("breath," "life")—

If there is nothing material, there is also nothing immaterial. The concept no longer contains anything.

No subject "atoms." The sphere of a subject constantly growing or decreasing, the center of the system constantly shifting; in cases where it cannot organize the appropriate mass, it breaks into two parts. On the other hand, it can transform a weaker subject into its functionary without destroying it, and to a certain degree form a new unity with it. No "substance," rather something that in itself strives after greater strength, and that wants to "preserve" itself only indirectly (it wants to *surpass* itself—).

489 (*1886-1887*)

Everything that enters consciousness as "unity" is already tremendously complex: we always have only a semblance of unity.

The phenomenon of the body is the richer, clearer, more tangible phenomenon: to be discussed first, methodologically, without coming to any decision about its ultimate significance.

490 (*1885*)

The assumption of one single subject is perhaps unnecessary; perhaps it is just as permissible to assume a multiplicity of subjects, whose interaction and struggle is the basis of our thought and our consciousness in general? A kind of aristocracy of "cells" in which dominion resides? To be sure, an aristocracy of equals, used to ruling jointly and understanding how to command?

My hypotheses: The subject as multiplicity.

Pain intellectual and dependent upon the judgment "harmful": projected.

The effect always "unconscious": the inferred and imagined cause is projected, *follows* in time.

Pleasure is a kind of pain.

The only force that exists is of the same kind as that of the will: a commanding of other subjects, which thereupon change.

The continual transitoriness and fleetingness of the subject. "Mortal soul."

Number as perspective form.

491 (*1885-1886*)

Belief in the body is more fundamental than belief in the soul: the latter arose from unscientific reflection on [the agonies of][4] the body (something that leaves it. Belief in the truth of dreams—).

492 (*1885*)

The body and physiology the starting point: why?— We gain the correct idea of the nature of our subject-unity, namely as regents at the head of a communality (not as "souls" or "life forces"), also of the dependence of these regents upon the ruled and of an order of rank and division of labor as the conditions that make possible the whole and its parts. In the same way, how living unities continually arise and die and how the "subject" is not eternal; in the same way, that the struggle expresses itself in obeying and commanding, and that a fluctuating assessment of the limits of power is part of life. The relative ignorance in which the regent is kept concerning individual activities and even disturbances within the communality is among the conditions under which rule can be exercised. In short, we also gain a valuation of *not-knowing,* of seeing things on a broad scale, of simplification and falsification, of perspectivity. The most important thing, however, is: that we understand that the ruler and his subjects are of the same kind, all feeling, willing, thinking—and that, wherever we see or divine movement in a body, we learn to conclude that there is a subjective, invisible life appertaining to it. Movement is symbolism for the eye; it indicates that something has been felt, willed, thought.

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[4] The words I have placed in brackets were interpolated by the German editors, on the basis of one of Nietzsche's other notes.

The danger of the direct questioning of the subject *about* the subject and of all self-reflection of the spirit lies in this, that it could be useful and important for one's activity to interpret oneself *falsely*. That is why we question the body and reject the evidence of the sharpened senses: we try, if you like, to see whether the inferior parts themselves cannot enter into communication with us.

4. Biology of the Drive to Knowledge. Perspectivism

493 (*1885*)

Truth is the kind of error without which a certain species of life could not live. The value for *life* is ultimately decisive.[5]

494 (*1885*)

It is improbable that our "knowledge" should extend further than is strictly necessary for the preservation of life. Morphology shows us how the senses and the nerves, as well as the brain, develop in proportion to the difficulty of finding nourishment.

495

If the morality of "thou shalt not lie" is rejected, the "sense for truth" will have to legitimize itself before another tribunal:—as a means of the preservation of man, as *will to power*.

Likewise our love of the beautiful: it also is our shaping will. The two senses stand side-by-side; the sense for the real is the means of acquiring the power to shape things according to our wish. The joy in shaping and reshaping—a primeval joy! We can comprehend only a world that we ourselves have made.

496 (*1884*)

Of the multifariousness of knowledge. To trace one's own relationship to many other things (or the relationship of kind)—how should that be "knowledge" of other things! The way of knowing and of knowledge is itself already part of the conditions of existence: so that the conclusion that there could be no other kind of intellect (for us) than that which preserves us is precipitate: this actual condition of existence is perhaps only accidental and perhaps in no way necessary.

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[5] Cf. sections 483 and 487; but also 172.

Our apparatus for acquiring knowledge is not *designed* for "knowledge."

497 (*1884*)

The most strongly believed a priori "truths" are for me—*provisional assumptions*; e.g., the law of causality, a very well acquired habit of belief, so much a part of us that not to believe in it would destroy the race. But are they for that reason truths? What a conclusion! As if the preservation of man were a proof of truth!

498 (*1884*)

To what extent even our intellect is a consequence of conditions of existence—: we would not have it if we did not *need* to have it, and we would not have it *as it is* if we did not need to have it *as it is,* if we could live *otherwise.*

499 (*1885*)

"Thinking" in primitive conditions (pre-organic) is the crystallization of forms, as in the case of crystal.— In *our* thought, the essential feature is fitting new material into old schemas (= Procrustes' bed), *making* equal what is new.

500 (*1885-1886*)

Sense perceptions projected "outside": "inside" and "outside"—does the *body* command here—?

The same equalizing and ordering force that rules in the idioplasma, rules also in the incorporation of the outer world: our sense perceptions are already the result of this assimiliation and equalization in regard to *all* the past in us; they do not follow directly upon the "impression"—

501 (*1886-1887*)

All thought, judgment, perception, considered as comparison, has as its precondition a "*positing* of equality," and earlier still a "*making* equal." The process of making equal is the same as the process of incorporation of appropriated material in the amoeba.

"Memory" late, in so far as here the drive to make equal seems already to have been subdued: differentiation is preserved. Remembering as a process of classification and pigeonholing: who is active?

502 (*1885*)

One must revise one's ideas about *memory*: here lies the chief temptation to assume a "soul," which, outside time, reproduces, recognizes, etc. But that which is experienced lives on "in the memory"; I cannot help it if it "comes back," the will is inactive in this case, as in the coming of any thought. Something happens of which I become conscious: now something similar comes—who called it? roused it?

503 (*1884*)

The entire apparatus of knowledge is an apparatus for abstraction and simplification—directed not at knowledge but at taking possession of things: "end" and "means" are as remote from its essential nature as are "concepts." With "end" and "means" one takes possession of the process (one invents a process that can be grasped); with "concepts," however, of the "things" that constitute the process.

504 (*1883-1888*)

Consciousness—beginning quite externally, as coordination and becoming conscious of "impressions"—at first at the furthest distance from the biological center of the individual; but a process that deepens and intensifies itself, and continually draws nearer to that center.

505 (*1885-1886*)

Our perceptions, as we understand them: i.e., the sum of all those perceptions the becoming-conscious of which was useful and essential to us and to the entire organic process—therefore not all perceptions in general (e. g., not the electric); this means: we have senses for only a selection of perceptions—those with which we have to concern ourselves in order to preserve ourselves. *Consciousness is present only to the extent that consciousness is useful.* It cannot be doubted that *all sense perceptions are permeated with*[6] *value judgments* (useful and harmful—consequently, pleasant or unpleasant). Each individual color is also for us an expression of value (although we seldom admit it, or do so only after a protracted impression of exclusively the same color; e.g., a prisoner in prison, or a lunatic). Thus insects also react differently to different colors: some like [this color, some that];[7] e.g., ants.

506 (*1884*)

First *images*—to explain how images arise in the spirit. Then *words,* applied to images. Finally *concepts,* possible only when there are words—the collecting together of many images in something nonvisible but audible (word). The tiny amount of emotion to which the "word" gives rise, as we contemplate similar images for which *one* word exists—this weak emotion is the common element, the basis of the concept. That weak sensations are regarded as alike, sensed *as being the same,* is the fundamental fact. Thus confusion of two sensations that are close neighbors, as we take note of these sensations; but *who* is taking note? Believing is the primal beginning even in every sense impression: a kind of affirmation the first intellectual activity! A "holding-true" in the beginning! Therefore it is to be explained: how "holding-true" arose! What sensation lies *behind* "true"?

507 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The *valuation* "I believe that this and that is so" as the *essence* of *"truth."* In valuations are expressed conditions of preservation and growth. All our organs of knowledge and our senses are developed only with regard to conditions of preservation and growth. Trust in reason and its categories, in dialectic, therefore the valuation of logic, proves only their usefulness for life, proved by experience—*not* that something is true.

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[6] Emphasis mine, to call attention to an exceptionally interesting statement. In the original the preceding sentence *is* emphasized, but in this one only "value judgments."

[7] The words I have placed in brackets were substituted for Nietzsche's "them" by the German editors.

That a great deal of *belief* must be present; that judgments may be ventured; that doubt concerning all essential values is *lacking*—that is the precondition of every living thing and its life. Therefore, what is needed is that something must be held to be true—*not* that something *is* true.

"The *real* and the *apparent* world"—I have traced this antithesis back to *value* relations. We have projected the conditions of *our* preservation as predicates of being in general. Because we have to be stable in our beliefs if we are to prosper, we have made the "real" world a world not of change and becoming, but one of being.

5. Origin of Reason and Logic

508 (*1883-1888*)

Originally a chaos of ideas. The ideas that were consistent with one another remained, the greater number perished—and are perishing.

509 (*1883-1888*)

The earthly kingdom of desires out of which logic grew: the herd instinct in the background. The assumption of similar cases presupposes "similar souls." For the purpose of mutual agreement and dominion.

510 (*1883-1888*)

On the *origin of logic*. The fundamental inclination to posit as equal, to *see* things as equal, is modified, held in check, by consideration of usefulness and harmfulness, by considerations of success: it adapts itself to a milder degree in which it can be satisfied without at the same time denying and endangering life. This whole process corresponds exactly to that external, mechanical process (which is its symbol) by which protoplasm makes what it appropriates equal to itself and fits it into its own forms and files.

511 (*1885-1886*)

Equality and similarity.

1. The coarser organ sees much apparent equality;
2. the spirit *wants* equality, i.e., to subsume a sense impression into an existing series: in the same way as the body *assimilates* inorganic matter.

Toward an understanding of logic:

> *the will to equality is the will to power*—the belief that something is thus and thus (the essence of *judgment*) is the consequence of a will that as much as possible *shall be* equal.

512 (*1885*)

Logic is bound to the condition: assume there are identical cases. In fact, to make possible logical thinking and inferences, this condition must first be treated fictitously as fulfilled. That is: the will to logical truth can be carried through only after a fundamental *falsification* of all events is assumed. From which it follows that a drive rules here that is capable of employing both means, firstly falsification, then the implementation of its own point of view: logic does *not* spring from will to truth.

513 (*Fall 1886*)

The inventive force that invented categories labored in the service of our needs, namely of our need for security, for quick understanding on the basis of signs and sounds, for means of abbreviation:—"substance," "subject," "object," "being," "becoming" have nothing to do with metaphysical truths.—

It is the powerful who made the names of things into law, and among the powerful it is the greatest artists in abstraction who created the categories.

514 (*March-June 1888*)

A morality, a mode of living tried and *proved* by long experience and testing, at length enters consciousness as a law, as *dominating*— And therewith the entire group of related values and states enters into it: it becomes venerable, unassailable, holy, true;

it is part of its development that its origin should be forgotten— That is a sign it has become master—

Exactly the same thing could have happened with the categories of reason: they could have prevailed, after much groping and fumbling, through their relative utility— There came a point when one collected them together, raised them to consciousness as a whole—and when one commanded them, i.e., when they had the effect of a command— From then on, they counted as a priori, as beyond experience, as irrefutable. And yet perhaps they represent nothing more than the expediency of a certain race and species —their utility alone is their "truth"—

515 (*March-June 1888*)

Not "to know" but to schematize—to impose upon chaos as much regularity and form as our practical needs require.

In the formation of reason, logic, the categories, it was *need* that was authoritative: the need, not to "know," but to subsume, to schematize, for the purpose of intelligibility and calculation— (The development of reason is adjustment, invention, with the aim of making similar, equal—the same process that every sense impression goes through!) No pre-existing "idea" was here at work, but the utilitarian fact that only when we see things coarsely and made equal do they become calculable and usable to us— Finality in reason is an effect, not a cause: life miscarries with any other kinds of reason, to which there is a continual impulse—it becomes difficult to survey—too unequal—

The categories are "truths'" only in the sense that they are conditions of life for us: as Euclidean space is a conditional[8] "truth." (Between ourselves: since no one would maintain that there is any necessity for men to exist, reason, as well as Euclidean space, is a mere idiosyncracy of a certain species of animal, and one among many—)

The subjective compulsion not to contradict here is a biological compulsion: the instinct for the utility of inferring as we do infer is part of us, we almost *are* this instinct— But what naiveté to extract from this a proof that we are therewith in possession of a "truth in itself"!— Not being able to contradict is proof of an incapacity, not of "truth."

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[8] MS: *bedingt* (conditioned); printed versions: *bedingende* (conditioning). The editors took their cue from Kant, not from Nietzsche's next sentence.

516 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

We are unable to affirm and to deny one and the same thing: this is a subjective empirical law, not the expression of any "necessity" but only of an inability.

If, according to Aristotle, the law of contradiction is the most certain of all principles, if it is the ultimate and most basic, upon which every demonstrative proof rests, if the principle of every axiom lies in it; then one should consider all the more rigorously what *presuppositions* already lie at the bottom of it. Either it asserts something about actuality, about being, as if one already knew this from another source; that is, as if opposite attributes *could* not be ascribed to it. Or the proposition means: opposite attributes *should* not be ascribed to it. In that case, logic would be an imperative, not to know the true, but to posit and arrange a world that shall be called true by us.

In short, the question remains open: are the axioms of logic adequate to reality or are they a means and measure for us to *create* reality, the concept "reality," for ourselves?— To affirm the former one would, as already said, have to have a previous knowledge of being—which is certainly not the case. The proposition therefore contains no *criterion of truth*, but an *imperative* concerning that which *should* count as true.

Supposing there were no self-identical *"A"*, such as is presupposed by every proposition of logic (and of mathematics), and the *"A"* were already mere appearance, then logic would have a merely apparent world as its condition. In fact, we believe in this proposition under the influence of ceaseless experience which seems continually to confirm it. The "thing"— that is the real substratum of *"A"; our belief in things* is the precondition of our belief in logic. The *"A"* of logic is, like the atom, a reconstruction of the thing— If we do not grasp this, but make of logic a criterion of true being, we are on the way to positing as realities all those hypostases: substance, attribute, object, subject, action, etc.; that is, to conceiving a metaphysical world, that is, a "real world" (*—this, however, is the apparent world once more—*).

The very first acts of thought, affirmation and denial, holding true and holding not true, are, in as much as they presuppose, not only the habit of holdings things true and holding them not true, but a right to do this, already dominated by the belief that we can gain possession of knowledge, that judgments really can hit upon the truth;—in short, logic does not doubt its ability to assert something about the true-in-itself (namely, that it *cannot* have opposite attributes).

Here reigns the coarse sensualistic prejudice that sensations teach us truths about things—that I cannot say at the same time of one and the same thing that it is hard and that it is soft. (The instinctive proof "I cannot have two opposite sensations at the same time"—quite coarse and false.)

The conceptual ban on contradiction proceeds from the belief that we are *able* to form concepts, that the concept not only designates the essence of a thing but *comprehends* it— In fact, logic (like geometry and arithmetic) applies only to fictitious entities that we have created. Logic is the attempt to comprehend the actual world by means of a scheme of being posited by ourselves; more correctly, to make it formulatable and calculable for us—

517 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

In order to think and infer it is necessary to assume beings: logic handles only formulas for what remains the same. That is why this assumption would not be proof of reality: "beings" are part of our perspective. The "ego" as a being (—not affected by becoming and development).

The fictitious world of subject, substance, "reason," etc., is needed—: there is in us a power to order, simplify, falsify, artificially distinguish. "Truth" is the will to be master over the multiplicity of sensations:—to classify phenomena into definite categories. In this we start from a belief in the "in-itself" of things (we take phenomena as *real*).

The character of the world in a state of becoming as incapable of formulation, as "false," as "self-contradictory." Knowledge and becoming exclude one another. Consequently, "knowledge" must be something else: there must first of all be a will to make knowable, a kind of becoming must itself create the deception of beings.

518 (*1885-1886*)

If our "ego" is for us the sole being, after the model of which we fashion and understand all being: very well! Then there would be very much room to doubt whether what we have here is not a perspective illusion—an apparent unity that encloses everything like a horizon. The evidence of the body reveals a tremendous multiplicity; it is allowable, for purposes of method, to employ the more easily studied, richer phenomena as evidence for the understanding of the poorer. Finally: supposing everything is becoming, then knowledge is possible only on the basis of belief in being.

519 (*1883-1888*)

If there "is only one being, the ego" and all other "being" is fashioned after its model—if, finally, belief in the "ego" stands or falls with belief in logic, i.e., the metaphysical truth of the categories of reason; if, on the other hand, the ego proves to be something in a state of becoming: then—

520 (*1885*)

Continual transition forbids us to speak of "individuals," etc; the "number" of beings is itself in flux. We would know nothing of time and motion if we did not, in a coarse fashion, believe we see what is at "rest" beside what is in motion. The same applies to cause and effect, and without the erroneous conception of "empty space" we should certainly not have acquired the conception of space. The principle of identity has behind it the "apparent fact" of things that are the same. A world in a state of becoming could not, in a strict sense, be "comprehended" or "known"; only to the extent that the "comprehending" and "knowing" intellect encounters a coarse, already-created world, fabricated out of mere appearances but become firm to the extent that this kind of appearance has preserved life—only to this extent is there anything like "knowledge"; i.e., a measuring of earlier and later errors by one another.

521 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

On "logical semblance"— The concepts "individual" and "species" equally false and merely apparent. "Species" expresses only the fact that an abundance of similar creatures appear at the same time and that the tempo of their further growth and change is for a long time slowed down, so actual small continuations and increases are not very much noticed (—a phase of evolution in which the evolution is not visible, so an equilibrium *seems* to have been attained, making possible the false notion *that a goal has been attained*—and that evolution has a goal—).

The form counts as something enduring and therefore more valuable; but the form has merely been invented by us; and however often "the same form is attained," it does not mean that it *is* the same form—what appears is always something new, and it is only we, who are always comparing, who include the new, to the extent that it is similar to the old, in the unity of the "form." As if a *type* should be attained and, as it were, was intended by and inherent in the process of formation.

Form, species, law, idea, purpose—in all these cases the same error is made of giving a false reality to a fiction, as if events were in some way obedient to something—an artificial distinction is made in respect of events between that which acts and that toward which the act is directed (but this "which" and this "toward" are only posited in obedience to our metaphysical-logical dogmatism: they are not "facts").

One should not understand this compulsion to construct concepts, species, forms, purposes, laws ("a world of identical cases") as if they enabled us to fix the *real world;* but as a compulsion to arrange a world for ourselves in which our existence is made possible:—we thereby create a world which is calculable, simplified, comprehensible, etc., for us.

This same compulsion exists in the sense activities that support reason—by simplification, coarsening, emphasizing, and elaborating, upon which all "recognition," all ability to make oneself intelligible rests. Our needs have made our senses so precise that the "same apparent world" always reappears and has thus acquired the semblance of reality.

Our subjective compulsion to believe in logic only reveals that, long before logic itself entered our consciousness, we did nothing but introduce its postulates into events: now we discover them in events—we can no longer do otherwise—and imagine that this compulsion guarantees something connected with "truth." It is we who created the "thing," the "identical thing," subject, attribute, activity, object, substance, form, after we had long pursued the process of making identical, coarse and simple. The world seems logical to us because we have made it logical.

522 (*1886-1887*)

Ultimate solution.— We believe in reason: this, however, is the philosophy of gray *concepts*. Language depends on the most naive prejudices.

Now we read disharmonies and problems into things because we think *only* in the form of language—and thus believe in the "eternal truth" of "reason" (e.g., subject, attribute, etc.)

We cease to think when we refuse to do so under the constraint of language; we barely reach the doubt that sees this limitation as a limitation.

Rational thought is interpretation according to a scheme that we cannot throw off.

6. Consciousness

523 (*March-June 1888*)

Nothing is more erroneous than to make of psychical and physical phenomena the two faces, the two revelations of one and the same substance. Nothing is explained thereby: the concept "substance" is perfectly useless as an explanation. Consciousness in a subsidiary role, almost indifferent, superfluous, perhaps destined to vanish and give way to a perfect automatism—

When we observe only the inner phenomena we may be compared with the deaf-and-dumb, who divine through movements of the lips the words they do not hear. From the phenomena of the inner sense we conclude the existence of invisible and other phenomena that we would apprehend if our means of observation were adequate and that one calls the nerve current.

We[9] lack any sensitive organs for this inner world, so we sense a thousandfold complexity as a unity; so we introduce causation where any reason for motion and change remains invisible to us —the sequence of thoughts and feelings is only their becoming-visible in consciousness. That this sequence has anything to do with a causal chain is completely unbelievable: consciousness has never furnished us with an example of cause and effect.

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[9] Not a real sentence in the MS where this paragraph begins: "That an inner world, for which we lack . . ."

524 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The role of "consciousness."— It is essential that one should not make a mistake over the role of "consciousness": it is our relation with the "outer world" that evolved it. On the other hand, the direction or protection and care in respect of the co-ordination of the bodily functions does *not* enter our consciousness; any more than spiritual accumulation: that a higher court rules over these things cannot be doubted—a kind of directing committee on which the various chief desires make their votes and power felt. "Pleasure," "displeasure" are hints from this sphere; also the act of will; also ideas.

In summa: That which becomes conscious is involved in causal relations which are entirely withheld from us—the sequence of thoughts, feelings, ideas in consciousness does not signify that this sequence is a causal sequence; but apparently it is so, to the highest degree. Upon this *appearance* we have founded our whole idea of spirit, reason, logic, etc. (—none of these exist: they are fictitious syntheses and unities), and projected these *into* things and *behind* things!

Usually, one takes consciousness itself as the general sensorium and supreme court; nonetheless, it is only a means of communication: it is evolved through social intercourse and with a view to the interests of social intercourse— "Intercourse" here understood to include the influences of the outer world and the reactions they compel on our side; also our effect upon the outer world. It is not the directing agent, but an organ of the directing agent.

525 (*1888*)

My proposition compressed into a formula that smells of antiquity, Christianity, scholasticism, and other muskiness: in the concept "God as *spirit*," God as perfection is *negated*—

526 (*March-June 1888*)

Where a certain unity obtains in the grouping of things, one has always posited *spirit* as the cause of this coordination: for which notion there is no ground whatever. Why should the idea of a complex fact be one of the conditions of this fact? or why should the *notion* of a complex fact have to precede it as its cause?—

We shall be on our guard against explaining purposiveness in terms of spirit: there is no ground whatever for ascribing to spirit the properties of organization and systematization. The nervous system has a much more extensive domain; the world of consciousness is added to it. Consciousness plays no role in the total process of adaptation and systematization.

527 (*1886-1887*)

Physiologists, like philosophers, believe that consciousness increases in value in proportion as it increases in clarity: the clearest consciousness, the most logical and coldest thinking, is supposed to be of the *first* rank. However—by what measure is this value determined?— In regard to release of will, the most superficial, most simplified thinking is the most useful—it could therefore—etc. (because it leaves few motives over).

Precision in action is antagonistic to far-seeing providentiality, the judgments of which are often uncertain: the latter is led by the deeper instinct.

528 (*1886-1887*)

Principal error of psychologists: they regard the indistinct idea as a lower kind of idea than the distinct: but that which removes itself from our consciousness and for that reason becomes obscure *can* on that account be perfectly clear in itself. Becoming obscure is a matter of perspective of consciousness.

529 (*March-June 1888*)

Tremendous blunders:

1. the absurd overestimation of consciousness, the transfor-

mation of it into a unity, an entity: "spirit," "soul," something that feels, thinks, wills—

2. spirit as cause, especially wherever purposiveness, system, co-ordination appear;

3. consciousness as the highest achieveable form, as the supreme kind of being, as "God";

4. will introduced wherever there are effects;

5. the "real world" as a spiritual world, as accessible through the facts of consciousness;

6. knowledge as uniquely the faculty of consciousness wherever there is knowledge at all.

Consequences:

every advance lies in an advance in becoming conscious; every regression in becoming unconscious; (—becoming unconscious was considered a falling back to the desires and senses —as becoming animal—)

one approaches reality, "real being," through dialectic; one distances oneself from it through the instincts, senses, mechanism—

to resolve man into spirit would mean to make him into God: spirit, will, goodness—all one;

all good must proceed from spirituality, must be a fact of consciousness;

any advance toward the better can only be an advance in becoming conscious.

7. Judgment. True—False

530 (*1883-1888*)

In the case of Kant, theological prejudice, his unconscious dogmatism, his moralistic perspective, were dominant, directing, commanding.

The *prōton pseudos:*[10] how is the fact of knowledge possible? is knowledge a fact at all? what is knowledge? If we do not know what knowledge is, we cannot possibly answer the question whether there is knowledge.— Very well! But if I do not already "know" whether there is knowledge, whether there can be knowledge, I cannot reasonably put the question "what is knowledge?" Kant

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[10] First falsehood or original error.

believes in the fact of knowledge: what he wants is a piece of naiveté: knowledge of knowledge!

"Knowledge is judgment!" But judgment is a belief that something is thus and thus! And *not* knowledge! "All knowledge consists of synthetic judgments" of *universal* validity (the case is thus and not otherwise in every case), of *necessary* validity (the opposite of the assertion can never occur).

The legitimacy of belief in knowledge is always presupposed: just as the legitimacy of the feelings of conscience-judgments is presupposed. Here moral ontology is the dominant prejudice.

The conclusion is therefore:

1. there are assertions that we consider universally valid and necessary;

2. necessity and universal validity cannot be derived from experience;

3. consequently they must be founded, not upon experience, but upon something else, and derive from another source of knowledge!

(Kant infers (1) there are assertions which are valid only under a certain condition; (2) this condition is that they derive, not from experience, but from pure reason.)

Therefore: the question is, whence do we derive our reasons for believing in the truth of such assertions? No, how our belief is caused! But the origin of a belief, of a strong conviction, is a psychological problem: and a *very* narrow and limited experience often produces such a belief! It already presupposes that there is not *"data a posteriori"* but also *data a priori,* "preceding experience." Necessity and universal validity could never be given to us by experience: why does that mean that they are present without any experience at all?

There are no isolated judgments!

An isolated judgment is never "true," never knowledge; only in the connection and relation of many judgments is there any surety.

What distinguishes the true from the false belief? What is knowledge? He "knows" it, that is heavenly!

Necessity and universality can never be given by experience! Thus they are independent of experience, prior to all experience! That insight that occurs a priori, therefore independently of all experience, out of sheer reason, is "a *pure* form of knowledge"!

"The basic laws of logic, the law of identity and the law of contradiction, are forms of pure knowledge, because they precede all experience."— But these are not forms of knowledge at all! they are regulative articles of belief.

To establish the a priori character (the pure rationality) of the judgments of mathematics, space must be conceived as a form of pure reason.

Hume had declared: "There are no synthetic a priori judgments." Kant says: But there are! Those of mathematics! And if there are such judgments, perhaps there is also metaphysics, a knowledge of things by pure reason!

Mathematics is possible under conditions under which metaphysics is *never* possible. All human knowlege is either experience or mathematics.

A judgment is synthetic; i.e., it connects different ideas.

It is a priori; i.e., every connection is a universally valid and necessary one, which can never be given by sense perception but only through pure reason.

If there are to be synthetic a priori judgments, then reason must be in a position to make connections: connection is a form. Reason must possess the capacity of giving form.

531 (*1885-1886*)

Judgment is our oldest belief, our most habitual holding-true or holding-untrue, an assertion or denial, a certainty that something is thus and not otherwise, a belief that here we really "know"—what is it that is believed true in all judgments?

What are attributes?— We have not regarded change in us as change but as an "in itself" that is foreign to us, that we merely "perceive": and we have posited it, not as an event, but as a being, as a "quality"—and in addition invented an entity to which it adheres; i.e., we have regarded the *effect* as something that *effects*, and this we have regarded as a being. But even in this formulation, the concept "effect" is arbitrary: for those changes that take place in us, and that we firmly believe we have not ourselves caused, we merely infer to be effects, in accordance with the conclusion: "every change must have an author";—but this conclusion is already mythology: it separates that which effects from the effecting. If I say "lightning flashes," I have posited the flash once as an activity and a second time as a subject, and thus added to the event a being that is not one with the event but is rather fixed, *is*, and does not "become."— To regard an event as an "effecting," and this as being, that is the double error, or interpretation, of which we are guilty.

532 (*1885*)

Judgment—this is the belief: "This and that are so." Thus there is in every judgment the avowal of having encountered an "identical case": it therefore presupposes comparison with the aid of memory. The judgment does not produce the appearance of an identical case. Rather it believes it perceives one: it works under the presupposition that identical cases exist. Now, what is that function that must be much older and must have been at work much earlier, that makes cases identical and similar which are in themselves dissimilar? What is that second function, which on the basis of the first, etc. "Whatever arouses the same sensation is the same": but what is it that makes sensations the same, "accepts" them as the same? There could be no judgments at all if a kind of equalization were not practiced within sensations: memory is possible only with a continual emphasizing of what is already familiar, experienced.— Before judgment occurs, the process of assimilation must already have taken place; thus here, too, there is an intellectual activity that does not enter consciousness, as pain does as a consequence of a wound. Probably an inner event corresponds to each organic function; hence assimilation, rejection, growth, etc.

Essential: to start from the *body* and employ it as guide. It is the much richer phenomenon, which allows of clearer observation. Belief in the body is better established than belief in the spirit.

"No matter how strongly a thing may be believed, strength of belief is no criterion of truth." But what is truth? Perhaps a kind of belief that has become a condition of life? In that case, to be sure, strength could be a criterion; e.g., in regard to causality.

533 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Logical certainty, transparency, as criterion of truth (*"omne illud verum est, quod clare et distincte percipitur."*[11]—Descartes):

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[11] All that is true which is perceived clearly and distinctly.

with that, the mechanical hypothesis concerning the world is desired and credible.

But this is a crude confusion: like *simplex sigillum veri.*[12] How does one know that the real nature of things stands in *this* relation to our intellect?— Could it not be otherwise? that it is the hypothesis that gives the intellect the greatest feeling of power and security, that is most preferred, valued and consequently characterized as true?— The intellect posits its freest and strongest capacity and capability as criterion of the most valuable, consequently of the true—

"True": from the standpoint of feeling—: that which excites the feeling most strongly ("ego");

from the standpoint of thought—: that which gives thought the greatest feeling of strength;

from the standpoint of touch, seeing, hearing—: that which calls for the greatest resistance.

Thus it is the highest degrees of performance that awaken belief in the "truth," that is to say reality, of the object. The feeling of strength, of struggle, of resistance convinces us that there is something that is here being resisted.

534 (*1887-1888*)

The criterion of truth resides in the enhancement of the feeling of power.

535 (*1885*)[13]

"Truth": this, according to my way of thinking, does not necessarily denote the antithesis of error, but in the most fundamental cases only the posture of various errors in relation to one another. Perhaps one is older, more profound than another, even ineradicable, in so far as an organic entity of our species could not live without it; while other errors do not tyrannize over us in this way as conditions of life, but on the contrary when compared with such "tyrants" can be set aside and "refuted."

An assumption that is irrefutable—why should it for that reason be "true"? This proposition may perhaps outrage logicians, who posit *their* limitations as the limitations of things: but I long ago declared war on this optimism of logicians.

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[12] Simplicity is the seal of truth.

[13] MS not in Nietzsche's hand; evidently dictated.

536 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

Everything simple is merely imaginary, is not "true." But whatever is real, whatever is true, is neither one nor even reducible to one.

537 (*1885-1888*)

What is truth?—Inertia; that hypothesis which gives rise to contentment; smallest expenditure of spiritual force, etc.

538 (*1883-1888*)

First proposition. The easier mode of thought conquers the harder mode;—as dogma: *simplex sigillum veri.—Dico:*[14] to suppose that clarity proves anything about truth is perfect childishness—

Second proposition. The doctrine of being, of things, of all sorts of fixed unities is a hundred times easier than the doctrine of becoming, of development—

Third proposition. Logic was intended as facilitation; as a means of expression—not as truth— Later it acquired the effect of truth—

539 (*March-June 1888*)

Parmenides said, "one cannot think of what is not";—we are at the other extreme, and say "what can be thought of must certainly be a fiction."[15]

540 (*1885*)

There are many kinds of eyes. Even the sphinx has eyes—and consequently there are many kinds of "truths," and consequently there is no truth.

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[14] I say.

[15] In the MS an incomplete sentence follows: "thinking has no relation [reading uncertain] to what is real, but only to. . . ."

541 (*March-June 1888*)
Inscriptions for the Door of a Modern Madhouse

"What is thought necessarily is morally necessary." Herbert Spencer.

"The ultimate test of the truth of a proposition is the inconceivability of its negation." Herbert Spencer.[16]

542 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

If the character of existence should be false—which would be possible—what would truth, all our truth, be then?— An unconscionable falsification of the false? The false raised to a higher power?—

543 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

In a world that is essentially false, truthfulness would be an antinatural tendency: such a tendency could have meaning only as a means to a higher power of falsehood. In order for a world of the true, of being, to be invented, the truthful man would first have to be created (including the fact that such a man believes himself "truthful").

Simple, transparent, not in contradiction with himself, durable, remaining always the same, without wrinkle, volt, concealment, form: a man of this kind conceives a world of being as "God" in his own image.

For truthfulness to be possible, the whole sphere of man must be very clean, small and, respectable; advantage in every sense must be with the truthful man.— Lies, deception, dissimulation must arouse astonishment—

544 (*1885-1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

Increase in "dissimulation" proportionate to the rising order of rank of creatures. It seems to be lacking in the inorganic world—power against power, quite crudely—cunning begins in the organic world; plants are already masters of it. The highest human beings, such as Caesar, Napoleon (Stendhal's remark on him),[17] also the higher races (Italians), the Greeks (Odysseus); a thousandfold craftiness belongs to the essence of the enhancement of man— Problem of the actor. My Dionysus ideal— The perspective of all organic functions, all the strongest instincts of life: the force in all life that *wills* error; error as the precondition even of thought. Before there is "thought" there must have been "invention";[18] the *construction* of identical cases, of the appearance of sameness, is more primitive than the *knowledge* of sameness.

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[16] Quotations translated from Nietzsche's German.

8. Against Causalism

545 (*1885*)

I believe in absolute space as the substratum of force: the latter limits and forms. Time eternal. But space and time do not exist in themselves. "Changes" are only appearances (or sense processes for us); if we posit the recurrence of these, however regular, nothing is established thereby except this simple fact, that it has always happened thus. The feeling that *post hoc* is *propter hoc* can easily be shown to be a misunderstanding; it is comprehensible. But appearances cannot be "causes"!

546 (*1885-1886*)

The interpretation of an event as either an act or the suffering of an act (—thus every act a suffering) says: every change, every becoming-other, presupposes an author and someone upon whom "change" is effected.

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[17] Nietzsche copied a passage from Stendhal's *Vie de Napoléon* ("Life of Napoleon," Preface, p. *xv*) into another notebook: *"Une croyance presque instinctive chez moi c'est que tout homme puissant ment quand il parle et à plus forte raison quand il écrit"* (An almost instinctive faith with me that every powerful man lies when he speaks and the more when he writes).

[18] *Bevor "gedacht" wird, muss schon "gedichtet" worden sein.* The phrase *Das Volk der Dichter und Denker* (*gedacht* is the past participle of *denken*) means "the people of thinkers and poets," and *dichten* usually means writing poetry. But the title of Goethe's autobiographical *Dichtung und Wahrheit* means "Fiction and Truth" no less than "Poetry and Truth," and *erdichten* generally means to make up, to invent. In the present work *erdichtet* has generally been rendered as invented; but this is a good place to insist that this translation loses some essential overtones: the emphatic contrast with reality-in-itself is intended by Nietzsche, but he also means to stress the quasi-poetic function of the imagination.

547 (*1885-1886*)

Psychological history of the concept "subject." The body, the thing, the "whole" construed by the eye, awaken the distinction between a deed and a doer; the doer, the cause of the deed, conceived ever more subtly, finally left behind the "subject."

548 (*1885-1886*)

Our bad habit of taking a mnemonic, an abbreviative formula, to be an entity, finally as a cause, e.g., to say of lightning "it flashes." Or the little word "I." To make a kind of perspective in seeing the cause of seeing: that was what happened in the invention of the "subject," the "I"!

549 (*1885*)

"Subject," "object," "attribute"—these distinctions are fabricated and are now imposed as a schematism upon all the apparent facts. The fundamental false observation is that I believe it is *I* who do something, suffer something, "have" something, "have" a quality.

550 (*1885-1886*)

In every judgment there resides the entire, full, profound belief in subject and attribute, or in cause and effect (that is, as the assertion that every effect is an activity and that every activity presupposes an agent); and this latter belief is only a special case of the former, so there remains as the fundamental belief the belief that there are subjects, that everything that happens is related attributively to some subject.[19]

I notice something and seek a reason for it; this means originally: I seek an intention in it, and above all someone who has intentions, a subject, a doer: every event a deed—formerly one saw intentions in all events, this is our oldest habit. Do animals also possess it? As living beings, must they not also rely on interpretations based on *themselves?*—

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[19] The first paragraph represents a collage from two similar versions and was put together by the German editors.

The question "why?" is always a question after the *causa finalis,*[20] after the "what for?" We have no "sense for the *causa efficiens*":[21] here Hume was right; habit (but not only that of the individual!) makes us expect that a certain often-observed occurrence will follow another: nothing more! That which gives the extraordinary firmness to our belief in causality is not the great habit of seeing one occurrence following another but our inability to interpret events otherwise than as events caused by intentions. It is belief in the living and thinking as the only effective force—in will, in intention—it is belief that every event is a deed, that every deed presupposes a doer, it is belief in the "subject." Is this belief in the concept of subject and attribute not a great stupidity?

Question: is intention the cause of an event? Or is that also illusion?

Is it not the event itself?

551 (*March-June 1888*)

Critique of the concept "cause."[22]— We have absolutely no experience of a cause; psychologically considered, we derive the entire concept from the subjective conviction that *we* are causes, namely, that the arm moves— But that is an error. We separate ourselves, the doers, from the deed, and we make use of this pattern everywhere—we seek a doer for every event. What is it we have done? We have misunderstood the feeling of strength, tension, resistance, a muscular feeling that is already the beginning of the act, as the cause, or we have taken the will to do this or that for a cause because the action follows upon it—cause, i.e.,——

There is no such thing as "cause"; some cases in which it seemed to be given us, and in which we have projected it out of ourselves in order to understand an event, have been shown to be self-deceptions. Our "understanding of an event" has consisted in our inventing a subject which was made responsible for something that happens and for how it happens. We have combined our feeling of will, our feeling of "freedom," our feeling of responsibility and our intention to perform an act, into the concept "cause": *causa efficiens* and *causa finalis* are fundamentally one.

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[20] Final cause or purpose.

[21] Efficient cause.

[22] Before the beginning of this section Nietzsche later added: "I require the starting point of 'will to power' as the origin of motion. Hence motion may not be conditioned from the outside—not caused——I require beginnings and centers of motion from which the will spreads—" (1911, p. 507).

We believed that an effect was explained when a condition was detected in which the effect was already inherent. In fact, we invent all causes after the schema of the effect: the latter is known to us— Conversely, we are not in a position to predict of any thing what it will "effect." The thing, the subject, will, intention—all inherent in the conception "cause." We search for things in order to explain why something has changed. Even the atom is this kind of super-added "thing" and "primitive subject"—

At length we grasp that things—consequently atoms, too—effect nothing: because they do not exist at all—that the concept of causality is completely useless.— A necessary sequence of states does not imply a causal relationship between them (—that would mean making their effective capacity leap from 1 to 2, to 3, to 4, to 5). There are neither causes nor effects. Linguistically we do not know how to rid ourselves of them. But that does not matter. If I think of the muscle apart from its "effects," I negate it—

In summa: an event is neither effected nor does it effect. *Causa* is a capacity to produce effects that has been super-added to the events—

Interpretation by causality a deception— A "thing" is the sum of its effects, synthetically united by a concept, an image. In fact, science has emptied the concept causality of its content and retained it as a formula of an equation, in which it has become at bottom a matter of indifference on which side cause is placed and on which side effect. It is asserted that in two complex states (constellations of force) the quanta of force remain constant.

The *calculability of an event* does not reside in the fact that a rule is adhered to, or that a necessity is obeyed, or that a law of causality has been projected by us into every event: it resides in the *recurrence of "identical cases."*

There is no such thing as a sense of causality, as Kant thinks. One is surprised, one is disturbed, one desires something familiar to hold on to— As soon as we are shown something old in the new, we are calmed. The supposed instinct for causality is only fear of the unfamiliar and the attempt to discover something familiar in it—a search, not for causes, but for the familiar.

552 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Against determinism and teleology.— From the fact that something ensues regularly and ensues calculably, it does not follow that it ensues *necessarily*. That a quantum of force determines and conducts itself in every particular case in one way and manner does not make it into an "unfree will." "Mechanical necessity" is not a fact: it is we who first interpreted it into events. We have interpreted the formulatable character of events as the consequence of a necessity that rules over events. But from the fact that I do a certain thing, it by no means follows that I am compelled to do it. Compulsion in things certainly cannot be demonstrated: the rule proves only that one and the same event is not another event as well. Only because we have introduced subjects, "doers," into things does it appear that all events are the consequences of compulsion exerted upon subjects—exerted by whom? again by a "doer." Cause and effect—a dangerous concept so long as one thinks of something that causes and something upon which an effect is produced.

a. Necessity is not a fact but an interpretation.

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b. When one has grasped that the "subject" is not something that creates effects, but only a fiction, much follows.

It is only after the model of the subject that we have invented the reality of things and projected them into the medley of sensations. If we no longer believe in the effective subject, then belief also disappears in effective things, in reciprocation, cause and effect between those phenomena that we call things.

There also disappears, of course, the world of effective atoms: the assumption of which always depended on the supposition that one needed subjects.

At last, the "thing-in-itself" also disappears, because this is fundamentally the conception of a "subject-in-itself." But we have grasped that the subject is a fiction. The antithesis "thing-in-itself" and "appearance" is untenable; with that, however, the concept "appearance" also disappears.

*

c. If we give up the effective subject, we also give up the object upon which effects are produced. Duration, identity with itself, being are inherent neither in that which is called subject nor in that which is called object: they are complexes of events apparently durable in comparison with other complexes—e.g., through the difference in tempo of the event (rest—motion, firm—loose: opposites that do not exist in themselves and that actually express only variations in degree that from a certain perspective appear to be opposites. There are no opposites:[23] only from those of logic do we derive the concept of opposites—and falsely transfer it to things).

d. If we give up the concept "subject" and "object," then also the concept "substance"—and as a consequence also the various modifications of it, e.g., "matter," "spirit," and other hypothetical entities, "the eternity and immutability of matter," etc. We have got rid of *materiality.*

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From the standpoint of morality, the world is false. But to the extent that morality itself is a part of this world, morality is false.

Will to truth is a making firm, a making true and durable, an abolition of the false character of things, a reinterpretation of it into beings. "Truth" is therefore not something there, that might be found or discovered—but something that must be created and that gives a name to a process, or rather to a will to overcome that has in itself no end—introducing truth, as a *processus in infinitum,* an active determining—not a becoming-conscious of something that is in itself firm and determined. It is a word for the "will to power."

Life is founded upon the premise of a belief in enduring and regularly recurring things; the more powerful life is, the wider must be the knowable world to which we, as it were, attribute being. Logicizing, rationalizing, systematizing as expedients of life.

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[23] Cf. *Beyond,* section 2.

Man projects his drive to truth, his "goal" in a certain sense, outside himself as a world that has being, as a metaphysical world, as a "thing-in-itself," as a world already in existence. His needs as creator invent the world upon which he works, anticipate it; this anticipation (this "belief" in truth) is his support.

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All events, all motion, all becoming, as a determination of degrees and relations of force, as a *struggle*—

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As soon as we imagine someone who is responsible for our being thus and thus, etc. (God, nature), and therefore attribute to him the intention that we should exist and be happy or wretched, we corrupt for ourselves the *innocence of becoming*.[24] We then have someone who wants to achieve something through us and with us.

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The "welfare of the individual" is just as imaginary as the "welfare of the species": the former is *not* sacrificed to the latter, species viewed from a distance is just as transient as the individual. "Preservation of the species" is only a consequence of the growth of the species, i.e., the overcoming of the species on the road to a stronger type.

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[Theses.—][25] That the apparent "purposiveness" ("that purposiveness which endlessly surpasses all the arts of man") is merely the consequence of the will to power manifest in all events; that becoming stronger involves an ordering process which looks like a sketchy purposiveness; that apparent ends are not intentional but, as soon as dominion is established over a lesser power and the latter operates as a function of the greater power, an order of rank, of organization is bound to produce the appearance of an order of means and ends.

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[24] *Unschuld des Werdens*—used as a title for a popular German two-volume edition of selections from Nietzsche's notes not included in *The Will to Power.*

[25] The word I have placed in brackets was supplied by the German editors.

Against apparent "*necessity*":

—this is only an expression for the fact that a force is not also something else.

Against apparent "*purposiveness*":

—the latter only an expression for an order of spheres of power and their interplay.

9. Thing-in-Itself and Appearance

553 (*1886-1887*)

The sore spot of Kant's critical philosophy has gradually become visible even to dull eyes: Kant no longer has a right to his distinction "appearance" and "thing-in-itself"—he had deprived himself of the right to go on distinguishing in this old familiar way, in so far as he rejected as impermissible making inferences from phenomena to a cause of phenomena—in accordance with his conception of causality and its purely intra-phenomenal validity—which conception, on the other hand, already anticipates this distinction, as if the "thing-in-itself" were not only inferred but *given.*

554 (*1885-1886*)

Causalism.[26]— It is obvious that things-in-themselves cannot be related to one another as cause and effect, nor can appearance be so related to appearance; from which it follows that in a philosophy that believes in things-in-themselves and appearances the concept "cause and effect" *cannot be applied.* Kant's mistakes——In fact, the concept "cause and effect" derives, psychologically speaking, only from a mode of thought that believes that always and everywhere will operates upon will—that believes only in living things and fundamentally only in "*souls*" (and *not* in things). Within the mechanistic view of the world (which is logic and its application to space and time), that concept is reduced to the formulas of mathematics—with which, as one must emphasize again and again, nothing is ever comprehended, but rather designated and distorted.[27]

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[26] Title omitted in all printed versions.

555 (*1885-1886*)

Against the scientific prejudice.[28]— The biggest fable of all is the fable of knowledge. One would like to know what things-in-themselves are; but behold, there are no things-in-themselves! But even supposing there were an in-itself, an unconditioned thing, it would for that very reason be unknowable! Something unconditioned cannot be known; otherwise it would not be unconditioned! Coming to know, however, is always "placing oneself in a conditional relation to something"——one who seeks to know the unconditioned desires that it should not concern him, and that this same something should be of no concern to anyone. This involves a contradiction, first, between *wanting* to know and the desire that it not concern us (but why know at all, then?) and, secondly, because something that is of no concern to anyone *is* not at all, and thus cannot be known at all.—

Coming to know means "to place oneself in a conditional relation to something"; to feel oneself conditioned by something and oneself to condition it—it is therefore under all circumstances establishing, denoting, and making-conscious of conditions (not forthcoming entities, things, what is "in-itself").

556 (*1885-1886*)

A "thing-in-itself" just as perverse as a "sense-in-itself," a "meaning-in-itself." There are no "facts-in-themselves," for a sense must always be projected into them before there can be "facts."

The question "what is that?" is an imposition of meaning from some other viewpoint. "Essence," the "essential nature," is something perspective and already presupposes a multiplicity. At the bottom of it there always lies "what is that for *me*?" (for us, for all that lives, etc.)

A thing would be defined once all creatures had asked "what is that?" and had answered their question. Supposing one single creature, with its own relationships and perspectives for all things, were missing, then the thing would not yet be "defined."

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[27] *Bezeichnet, verzeichnet*: the last word *could* also mean "registered," but in this context certainly doesn't.

[28] Title omitted in all previous versions.

In short: the essence of a thing is only an *opinion* about the "thing." Or rather: "it is considered" is the real "it is," the sole "this is."

One may not ask: "who then interprets?" for the interpretation itself is a form of the will to power, exists (but not as a "being" but as a process, a becoming) as an affect.

The origin of "things" is wholly the work of that which imagines, thinks, wills, feels. The concept "thing" itself just as much as all its qualities.— Even "the subject" is such a created entity, a "thing" like all others: a simplification with the object of defining the force which posits, invents, thinks, as distinct from all individual positing, inventing, thinking as such. Thus a capacity as distinct from all that is individual—fundamentally, action collectively considered with respect to all anticipated actions (action and the probability of similar actions).

557 (*1885-1886*)

The properties of a thing are effects on other "things":
if one removes other "things," then a thing has no properties,
i.e., there is no thing without other things,
i.e., there is no "thing-in-itself."

558 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The "thing-in-itself" nonsensical. If I remove all the relationships, all the "properties," all the "activities" of a thing, the thing does not remain over; because thingness has only been invented by us owing to the requirements of logic, thus with the aim of defining, communication (to bind together the multiplicity of relationships, properties, activities).

559 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

"Things that have a constitution in themselves"—a dogmatic idea with which one must break absolutely.

560 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

That things possess a constitution in themselves quite apart from interpretation and subjectivity, is a quite idle hypothesis: it presupposes that interpretation and subjectivity are not essential, that a thing freed from all relationships would still be a thing.

Conversely, the apparent *objective* character of things: could it not be merely a difference of degree within the subjective?—that perhaps that which changes slowly presents itself to us as "objectively" enduring, being, "in-itself"—that the objective is only a false concept of a genus and an antithesis *within* the subjective?

561 (*1885-1886*)

Suppose all unity were unity only as an organization? But the "thing" in which we believe was only invented as a foundation for the various attributes. If the thing "effects," that means: we conceive all the other properties which are present and momentarily latent, as the cause of the emergence of one single property; i.e., we take the sum of its properties—"*x*"—as cause of the property "*x*": which is utterly stupid and mad!

All unity is unity only as organization and co-operation—just as a human community is a unity—as opposed to an atomistic anarchy, as a pattern of domination that *signifies* a unity but *is* not a unity.

562 (*1883-1888*)

"In the development of thought a point had to be reached at which one realized that what one called the properties of things were sensations of the feeling subject: at this point the properties ceased to belong to the thing." The "thing-in-itself" remained. The distinction between the thing-in-itself and the thing-for-us is based on the older, naive form of perception which granted energy to things; but analysis revealed that even force was only projected into them, and likewise—substance. "The thing affects a subject"? Root of the idea of substance in language, not in beings outside us! The thing-in-itself is no problem at all!

Beings will have to be thought of as sensations that are no longer based on something devoid of sensation.

In motion, no new *content* is given to sensation. That which is, cannot contain motion: therefore it is a *form* of being.

N.B. The explanation of an event can be sought firstly:
through mental images of the event that precede it (aims);

secondly: through mental images that succeed it (the mathematical-physical explanation).

One should not confuse the two. Thus: the physical explanation, which is a symbolization of the world by means of sensation and thought, can in itself never account for the origin of sensation and thought; rather physics must construe the world of feeling consistently as lacking feeling and aim—right up to the highest human being. And teleology is only a history of purposes and never physical!

563 (*1886-1887*)

Our "knowing" limits itself to establishing quantities; but we cannot help feeling these differences in quantity as qualities. Quality is a perspective truth for *us;* not an "in-itself."

Our senses have a definite quantum as a mean within which they function; i.e., we sense bigness and smallness in relation to the conditions of our existence. If we sharpened or blunted our senses tenfold, we should perish; i.e., with regard to making possible our existence we sense even relations between magnitudes as qualities.

564 (*1885-1886*)

Might all quantities not be signs of qualities? A greater power implies a different consciousness, feeling, desiring, a different perspective; growth itself is a desire to be more; the desire for an increase in quantum grows from a *quale;*[29] in a purely quantitative world everything would be dead, stiff, motionless.—The reduction of all qualities to quantities is nonsense: what appears is that the one accompanies the other, an analogy—

565 (*Fall 1886*)

Qualities are insurmountable barriers for us; we cannot help feeling that mere quantitative differences are something fundamentally distinct from quantity, namely that they are *qualities* which can no longer be reduced to one another. But everything for which the word "knowledge" makes any sense refers to the domain of reckoning, weighing, measuring, to the domain of quantity; while, on the other hand, all our sensations of value (i.e., simply our sensations) adhere precisely to qualities, i.e., to our perspective "truths" which belong to us alone and can by no means be "known"! It is obvious that every creature different from us senses different qualities and consequently lives in a different world from that in which we live. Qualities are an idiosyncrasy peculiar to man; to demand that our human interpretations and values should be universal and perhaps constitutive values is one of the hereditary madnesses of human pride.

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[29] How constituted? or of what quality?

566 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The "real world," however one has hitherto conceived it—it has always been the apparent world *once again*.[30]

567 (*March-June 1888*)

The apparent world, i.e., a world viewed according to values; ordered, selected according to values, i.e., in this case according to the viewpoint of utility in regard to the preservation and enhancement of the power of a certain species of animal.

The perspective therefore decides the character of the "appearance"! As if a world would still remain over after one deducted the perspective! By doing that one would deduct relativity!

Every center of force adopts a perspective toward the entire remainder, i.e., its own particular valuation, mode of action, and mode of resistance. The "apparent world," therefore, is reduced to a specific mode of action on the world, emanating from a center.

Now there is no other mode of action whatever; and the "world" is only a word for the totality of these actions. Reality consists precisely in this particular action and reaction of every individual part toward the whole—

No shadow of a right remains to speak here of *appearance*—

The specific mode of reacting is the only mode of reacting; we do not know how many and what kinds of other modes there are.

But there is no "other," no "true," no essential being—for this would be the expression of a world *without* action and reaction—

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[30] This section and those immediately following should be compared with *Twilight*, Chapters III and IV (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 479 *ff*).

The antithesis of the apparent world and the true world is reduced to the antithesis "world" and "nothing."—

568 (*March-June 1888*)

Critique of the concept "true and apparent world."— Of these, the first is a mere fiction, constructed of fictitious entities.

"Appearance" itself belongs to reality: it is a form of its being; i.e., in a world where there is no being, a certain calculable world of identical cases must first be created through appearance: a tempo at which observation and comparison are possible, etc.

Appearance is an arranged and simplified world, at which our practical instincts have been at work; it is perfectly true for *us;* that is to say, we live, we are able to live in it: proof of its truth for us—

the world, apart from our condition of living in it, the world that we have not reduced to our being, our logic and psychological prejudices, does not exist as a world "in-itself"; it is essentially a world of relationships; under certain conditions it has a differing aspect from every point; its being is essentially different from every point; it presses upon every point, every point resists it—and the sum[31] of these is in every case quite incongruent.

The measure of power determines what being possesses the other measure of power; in what form, force, constraint it acts or resists.

Our particular case is interesting enough: we have produced a conception in order to be able to live in a world, in order to perceive just enough to endure it—

569 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Our psychological perspective is determined by the following:

1. that communication is necessary, and that for there to be communication something has to be firm, simplified, capable of precision (above all in the [so-called][32] *identical* case). For it to be communicable, however, it must be experienced as adapted, as "recognizable." The material of the senses adapted by the understanding, reduced to rough outlines, made similar, sub-

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[31] The reading of this word is doubtful.

[32] The word I have placed in brackets was supplied by the German editors.

sumed under related matters. Thus the fuzziness and chaos of sense impressions are, as it were, logicized;

2. the world of "phenomena" is the adapted world which we feel to be real. The "reality" lies in the continual recurrence of identical, familiar, related things in their logicized character, in the belief that here we are able to reckon and calculate;

3. the antithesis of this phenomenal world is not "the true world," but the formless unformulable world of the chaos of sensations—*another kind* of phenomenal world, a kind "unknowable" for us;

4. questions, what things "in-themselves" may be like, apart from our sense receptivity and the activity of our understanding, must be rebutted with the question: how could we know that things exist? "Thingness" was first created by us. The question is whether there could not be many other ways of creating such an apparent world—and whether this creating, logicizing, adapting, falsifying is not itself the best-guaranteed reality; in short, whether that which "posits things" is not the sole reality; and whether the "effect of the external world upon us" is not also only the result of such active subjects— The other "entities" act upon us; our adapted apparent world is an adaptation and overpowering of their actions; a kind of defensive measure. The subject alone is demonstrable; hypothesis that only subjects exist—that "object" is only a kind of effect produced by a subject upon a subject—a *modus* of *the subject.*

10. Metaphysical Need

570 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

If one is a philosopher as men have always been philosophers, one cannot see what has been and becomes—one sees only what *is.* But since nothing *is,* all that was left to the philosopher as his "world" was the imaginary.

571 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

To assert the existence as a whole of things of which we know nothing whatever, precisely because there is an advantage in not being able to know anything of them, was a piece of naiveté of Kant, resulting from needs, mainly moral-metaphysical.

572 (*1883-1888*)

An artist cannot endure reality, he looks away from it, back: he seriously believes that the value of a thing resides in that shadowy residue one derives from colors, form, sound, ideas; he believes that the more subtilized, attenuated, transient a thing or a man is, the more valuable he becomes; the less real, the more valuable. This is Platonism, which, however, involved yet another bold reversal: Plato measured the degree of reality by the degree of value and said: The more "Idea," the more being. He reversed the concept "reality" and said: "What you take for real is an error, and the nearer we approach the 'Idea,' the nearer we approach 'truth.' "— Is this understood? It was the greatest of rebaptisms; and because it has been adopted by Christianity we do not recognize how astonishing it is. Fundamentally, Plato, as the artist he was, preferred appearance to being! lie and invention to truth! the unreal to the actual! But he was so convinced of the value of appearance that he gave it the attributes "being," "causality" and "goodness," and "truth," in short everything men value.

The concept of value itself considered as a cause: first insight.

The ideal granted all honorific attributes: second insight.

573 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

The idea of the "true world" or of "God" as absolutely immaterial, spiritual, good, is an emergency measure necessary while the opposite instincts are still all-powerful—

The degree of moderation and humanity attained is exactly reflected in the humanization of the gods: the Greeks of the strongest epoch, who were not afraid of themselves but rejoiced in themselves, brought their gods close to all their own affects—.

The spiritualization of the idea of God is therefore far from being a sign of *progress*: one is heartily conscious of this when considering Goethe—in his case, the vaporization of God into virtue and spirit is felt as being on a *coarser* level—

574 (*1883-1888*)

Senselessness of all metaphysics as the derivation of the conditioned from the unconditioned.

It is in the nature of thinking that it thinks of and invents the unconditioned as an adjunct to the conditioned; just as it thought of and invented the "ego" as an adjunct to the multiplicity of its processes; it measures the world according to magnitudes posited by itself—such fundamental fictions as "the unconditional," "ends and means," "things," "substances," logical laws, numbers and forms.

There would be nothing that could be called knowledge if thought did not first re-form the world in this way into "things," into what is self-identical. Only because there is thought is there untruth.

Thought cannot be derived, any more than sensations can be; but that does not mean that its primordiality or "being-in-itself" has been proved! all that is established is that we cannot get beyond it, because we *have* nothing but thought and sensation.

575 (*1885-1886*)

"Knowledge" is a referring back: in its essence a *regressus in infinitum*. That which comes to a standstill (at a supposed *causa prima*, at something unconditioned, etc.) is laziness, weariness——

576 (*1883-1888*)

Psychology of metaphysics: the influence of timidity.

That which has been feared the most, the cause of the most powerful suffering (lust to rule, sex, etc.),[83] has been treated by men with the greatest amount of hostility and eliminated from the "true" world. Thus they have eliminated the affects one by one —posited God as the antithesis of evil, that is, placed reality in the negation of the desires and affects (i.e., in *nothingness*).

In the same way, they have hated the irrational, the arbitrary, the accidental (as the causes of immeasurable physical suffering). As a consequence, they negated this element in being-in-itself and conceived it as absolute "rationality" and "purposiveness."

In the same way, they have feared change, transitoriness: this expresses a straitened soul, full of mistrust and evil experiences (the case of Spinoza: an opposite kind of man would account change a stimulus).

A creature overloaded and *playing* with force would call precisely the affects, irrationality, and change good in a eudaemonistic sense, together with their consequences: danger, contrast, perishing, etc.

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[83] Cf. the chapter "On the Three Evils" in *Zarathustra*, III (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 298 *ff*).

577 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Against the value of that which remains eternally the same (*vide* Spinoza's naiveté; Descartes' also), the values of the briefest and most transient, the seductive flash of gold on the belly of the serpent *vita*[34]—

578 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Moral values even in theory of knowledge:
trust in reason—why not mistrust?
the "true world" is supposed to be the good world—why?
appearance, change, contradiction, struggle devalued as immoral; desire for a world in which these things are missing;
the transcendental world invented, in order that a place remains for "moral freedom" (in Kant);
dialectic a way to virtue (in Plato and Socrates: evidently because Sophistry counted as the way to immorality);
time and space ideal: consequently "unity" in the essence of things; consequently no "sin," no evil, no imperfection —a justification of God;
Epicurus denied the possibility of knowledge, in order to retain moral (or hedonistic) values as the highest values. Augustine, later Pascal ("corrupted reason"), did the same for the benefit of Christian values;
Descartes' contempt for everything that changes; also that of Spinoza.

579 (*1883-1888*)

Psychology of metaphysics.— This world is apparent: consequently there is a true world;—this world is conditional: consequently there is an unconditioned world;—this world is full of contradiction: consequently there is a world free of contradiction;—this world is a world of becoming: consequently there is a world of being:—all false conclusions (blind trust in reason: if *A* exists, then the opposite concept *B* must also exist). It is suffering that inspires these conclusions: fundamentally they are *desires* that such a world should exist; in the same way, to imagine another, more valuable world is an expression of hatred for a world that makes one suffer: the *ressentiment* of metaphysicians against actuality is here creative.

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[34] Life.

Second series of questions: *for what* is there suffering?—and from this a conclusion is derived concerning the relation of the true world to our apparent, changing, suffering, contradictory world: (1) Suffering as a consequence of error: how is error possible? (2) Suffering as a consequence of guilt: how is guilt possible? (—experiences derived from nature or society universalized and projected to the sphere of "in-itself"). If, however, the conditioned world is causally conditioned by the unconditioned world, then freedom to err and incur guilt must also be conditioned by it: and again one asks, *what for?*— The world of appearance, becoming, contradiction, suffering, is therefore *willed: what for*?

The error in these conclusions: two opposite concepts are constructed—because one of them corresponds to a reality, the other "must" also correspond to a reality. "Whence should one derive this opposite concept if this were not so?"— Reason is thus a source of revelation concerning being-in-itself.

But the origin of these antitheses need not necessarily go back to a supernatural source of reason: it is sufficient to oppose to it the real genesis of the concepts. This derives from the practical sphere, the sphere of utility; hence the strength of the faith it inspires (one would perish if one did not reason according to this mode of reason; but this is no "proof" of what it asserts).

The preoccupation with suffering on the part of metaphysicians—is quite naive. "Eternal bliss": psychological nonsense. Brave and creative men *never* consider pleasure and pain as ultimate values—they are epiphenomena: one must *desire* both if one is to achieve anything—. That they see the problem of pleasure and pain in the foreground reveals something weary and sick in metaphysicians and religious people. Even morality is so important to them only because they see in it an essential condition for the abolition of suffering.

In the same way, their preoccupation with appearance and error: cause of suffering, superstition that happiness attends truth (confusion: happiness in "certainty," in "faith").

580 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

To what extent the basic epistemological positions (materialism, idealism) are consequences of evaluations: the source of the supreme feelings of pleasure ("feelings of value") as decisive also for the problem of reality!

—The measure of positive knowledge is quite subsidiary or a matter of indifference: as witness the development of India.

The Buddhistic negation of reality in general (appearance = suffering) is perfectly consistent: undemonstrability, inaccessibility, lack of categories not only for a "'world-in-itself," but an insight into the erroneous procedures by means of which this whole concept is arrived at. "Absolute reality," "being-in-itself" a contradiction. In a world of becoming, "reality" is always only a simplification for practical ends, or a deception through the coarseness of organs, or a variation in the tempo of becoming.

Logical world-denial and nihilation[35] follow from the fact that we have to oppose non-being with being and that the concept "becoming" is denied. (*"Something"* becomes.)

581 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Being and becoming.— "Reason," evolved on a sensualistic basis, on the prejudices of the senses, i.e., in the belief in the truth of the judgments of the senses.

"Being" as universalization of the concept "life" (breathing), "having a soul," "willing, effecting," "becoming."

The antithesis is: "not to have a soul," "not to become," "not to will." Therefore: "being" is *not* the antithesis of non-being, appearance, nor even of the dead (for only something that can live can be dead).

The "soul," the "ego" posited as primeval fact, and introduced everywhere where there is any becoming.

582 (*1885-1887*)

Being—we have no idea of it apart from the idea of "living."—How can anything dead "be"?

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[35] *Nihilisierung.*

583 (*March-June 1888*)

(A)

I observe with astonishment that science has today resigned itself to the apparent world; a real world—whatever it may be like—we certainly have no organ for knowing it.

At this point we may ask: by means of what organ of knowledge can we posit even this antithesis?—

That a world accessible to our organs is also understood to be dependent upon these organs, that we understand a world as being subjectively conditioned,[36] is not to say that an objective world is at all possible. Who compels us to think that subjectivity is real, essential?

The "in-itself" is even an absurd conception; a "constitution-in-itself" is nonsense; we possess the concept "being," "thing," only as a relational concept—

The worst thing is that with the old antithesis "apparent" and "true" the correlative value judgment "lacking in value" and "absolutely valuable" has developed.

The apparent world is not counted as a "valuable" world; appearance is supposed to constitute an objection to supreme value. Only a "true" world can be valuable in itself—

Prejudice of prejudices! Firstly, it would be possible that the true constitution of things was so hostile to the presuppositions of life, so opposed to them, that we needed appearance in order to be able to live— After all, this is the case in so many situations; e.g., in marriage.

Our empirical world would be determined by the instincts of self-preservation even as regards the limits of its knowledge: we would regard as true, good, valuable that which serves the preservation of the species—

a. We possess no categories by which we can distinguish a true from an apparent world. (There might only be an apparent world, but not *our* apparent world.)

b. Assuming the *true* world, it could still be a world less valuable for us; precisely the quantum of illusion might be of a higher rank on account of its value for our preservation. (Unless appearance as such were grounds for condemnation?)

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[36] The reading of "understand" and "conditioned" is uncertain.

c. That a correlation exists between degrees of value and degrees of reality (so that the supreme values also possess the supreme reality) is a metaphysical postulate proceeding from the presupposition that we *know* the order of rank of values; namely, that this order of rank is a *moral* order— Only with this presupposition is truth necessarily part of the definition of all the highest values.

(B)

It is of cardinal importance that one should abolish the *true* world. It is the great inspirer of doubt and devaluator in respect of the world *we are*: it has been our most dangerous attempt yet to assassinate life.

War on all presuppositions on the basis of which one has invented a true world. Among these is the presupposition that moral values are the supreme values.

The supremacy of moral valuation would be refuted if it could be shown to be the consequence of an immoral valuation —as a special case of actual immorality—it would thus reduce itself to an appearance, and as appearance it would cease to have any right as such to condemn appearance.

(C)

The "will to truth" would then have to be investigated psychologically: it is not a moral force, but a form of the will to power. This would have to be proved by showing that it employs every *immoral* means: metaphysicians above all—.

We are today faced with testing the assertion that moral values are the supreme values. Method in investigation is attained only when all moral prejudices have been overcome:—it represents a victory over morality—

584 (*March-June 1888*)

The aberration of philosophy is that, instead of seing in logic and the categories of reason means toward the adjustment of the world for utilitarian ends (basically, toward an expedient *falsification*), one believed one possessed in them the criterion of truth and *reality*. The "criterion of truth" was in fact merely the biological utility of such a system of systematic falsification; and since a species of animals knows of nothing more important than its own preservation, one might indeed be permitted to speak here of "truth." The naiveté was to take an anthropocentric idiosyncrasy as the *measure of things,* as the rule[37] for determining "real" and "unreal": in short, to make absolute something conditioned. And behold, suddenly the world fell apart into a "true" world and an "apparent" world: and precisely the world that man's reason had devised for him to live and settle in was discredited. Instead of employing the forms as a tool for making the world manageable and calculable, the madness[38] of philosophers divined that in these categories is presented the concept of that world to which the one in which man lives does not correspond— The means were misunderstood as measures of value, even as a condemnation of their real intention—

The intention was to deceive oneself in a useful way; the means, the invention of formulas and signs by means of which one could reduce the confusing multiplicity to a purposive and manageable schema.

But alas! now a moral category was brought into play: no creature wants to deceive itself, no creature may deceive—consequently there is only a will to truth. What is "truth"?

The law of contradiction provided the schema: the true world, to which one seeks the way, cannot contradict itself, cannot change, cannot become, has no beginning and no end.

This is the greatest error that has ever been committed, the essential fatality of error on earth: one believed one possessed a criterion of reality in the forms of reason—while in fact one possessed them in order to become master of reality, in order to misunderstand reality in a shrewd manner—

And behold: now the world became false, and precisely on account of the properties that constitute its reality: change, becoming, multiplicity, opposition, contradiction, war. And then the entire fatality was there:

1. How can one get free from the false, merely apparent world? (—it was the real, the only one);

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[37] "Rule": uncertain reading.

[38] "Madness": very doubtful conjecture; in the original, two illegible words.

2. how can one become oneself as much as possible the antithesis of the character of the apparent world? (Concept of the perfect creature as an antithesis to the real creature; more clearly, as the contradiction of life—)

The whole tendency of values was toward slander of life; one created a confusion of idealist dogmatism and knowledge in general: so that the opposing party also was always attacking *science.*

The road to science was in this way doubly blocked: once by belief in the "true" world, and again by the opponents of this belief. Natural science, psychology was (1) condemned with regard to its objects, (2) deprived of its innocence—

In the actual world, in which everything is bound to and conditioned by everything else, to condemn and think away anything means to condemn and think away everything. The expression "that should not be," "that should not have been," is farcical— If one thinks out the consequences, one would ruin the source of life if one wanted to abolish whatever was in some respect harmful or destructive. Physiology teaches us better!

—We see how morality (a) poisons the entire conception of the world, (b) cuts off the road to knowledge, to science, (c) disintegrates and undermines all actual instincts (in that it teaches that their roots are immoral).

We see at work before us a dreadful tool of decadence that props itself up by the holiest names and attitudes.

585 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

Tremendous self-examination: becoming conscious of oneself, not as individuals but as mankind. Let us reflect, let us think back; let us follow the highways and byways!

(A)

Man seeks "the truth": a world that is not self-contradictory, not deceptive, does not change, a *true* world—a world in which one does not suffer; contradiction, deception, change—causes of suffering! He does not doubt that a world as it ought to be exists; he would like to seek out the road to it. (Indian critique: even the "ego" as apparent, as not real.)

Whence does man here derive the concept *reality*?— Why is it that he derives *suffering* from change, deception, contradiction? and why not rather his happiness?—

Contempt, hatred for all that perishes, changes, varies—whence comes this valuation of that which remains constant? Obviously, the will to truth is here merely the desire for a world of the constant.

The senses deceive, reason corrects the errors; consequently, one concluded, reason is the road to the constant; the least sensual ideas must be closest to the "true world."— It is from the senses that most misfortunes come—they are deceivers, deluders, destroyers.—

Happiness can be guaranteed only by being; change and happiness exclude one another. The highest desire therefore contemplates unity with what has being. This is the formula for: the road to the highest happiness.

In summa: the world as it ought to be exists; this world, in which we live, is an error—this world of ours ought not to exist.

Belief in what has being is only a consequence: the real *primum mobile* is disbelief in becoming, mistrust of becoming, the low valuation of all that becomes—

What kind of man reflects in this way? An unproductive, suffering kind, a kind weary of life. If we imagine the opposite kind of man, he would not need to believe in what has being; more, he would despise it as dead, tedious, indifferent—

The belief that the world as it ought to be *is,* really exists, is a belief of the unproductive who do *not desire to create a world* as it ought to be. They posit it as already available, they seek ways and means of reaching it. "Will to truth"—*as the impotence of the will to create.*

To know that something *is* thus and thus:
To act so that something *becomes* thus and thus:
} Antagonism in the degree of power in different natures.

The fiction of a world that corresponds to our desires: psychological trick and interpretation with the aim of associating everything we honor and find pleasant with this true world.

"Will to truth" at this stage is essentially an art of interpretation: which at least requires the power to interpret.

This same species of man, grown one stage poorer, no longer possessing the strength to interpret, to create fictions, produces *nihilists.* A nihilist is a man who judges of the world as it is that it ought *not* to be, and of the world as it ought to be that it does not exist.[39] According to this view, our existence (action, suffering, willing, feeling) has no meaning: the pathos of "in vain" is the nihilists' pathos—at the same time, as pathos, an inconsistency on the part of the nihilists.

Whoever is incapable of laying his will into things, lacking will and strength, at least lays some *meaning* into them, i.e., the faith that there is a will in them already.[40]

It is a measure of the degree of strength of will to what extent one can do without meaning in things, to what extent one can endure to live in a meaningless world *because one organizes a small portion of it oneself.*

The philosophical objective outlook can therefore be a sign that will and strength are small. For strength organizes what is close and closest; "men of knowledge," who desire only to ascertain what is, are those who cannot *fix* anything *as it ought to be.*

Artists, an intermediary species: they at least fix an image of that which ought to be; they are productive, to the extent that they actually alter and transform; unlike men of knowledge, who leave everything as it is.[41]

Connection between philosophers and the pessimistic religions: the same species of man (—they ascribe the highest degree of reality to the most highly valued things—).

Connection between philosophers and moral men and their evaluations (—the moral interpretation of the world as meaning: after the decline of the religious meaning—).

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[39] This remarkable definition furnishes a splendid illustration of the inadequacy of the present systematic arrangement of *The Will to Power:* it is separated by hundreds of pages from Book I, which is supposed to contain the sections on nihilism. But ever so many of Nietzsche's sections are relevant to a great many topics, and he was plainly no system-thinker. Cf. my discussion of "Nietzsche's Method" in Chapter 2 of my *Nietzsche,* especially section II.

[40] This epigram was included with slight changes in *Twilight,* as aphorism 18 in Chapter I (*Portable Nietzsche,* p. 469).

[41] This formulation invites comparison with Ludwig Wittgenstein's admonition: "Philosophy must not in any way, however slight, interfere with the ordinary use of language; in the end, philosophy can only describe it. . . . It leaves everything as it is" (*Philosophical Investigations,* New York: Macmillan, 1953, # 124). Also with the last of Karl Marx's "Theses Against Feuerbach": "The philosophers have merely interpreted the world differently; but what matters is to change it."

Overcoming of philosophers through the destruction of the world of being: intermediary period of nihilism: before there is yet present the strength to reverse values and to deify becoming and the apparent world as the only world, and to call them good.

(B)

Nihilism as a normal phenomenon can be a symptom of increasing *strength* or of increasing *weakness*:

partly, because the strength to create, to will, has so increased that it no longer requires these total interpretations and introductions of meaning ("present tasks," the state, etc.);

partly because even the creative strength to create meaning has declined and disappointment becomes the dominant condition. The incapability of believing in a "meaning," "unbelief."

What does science mean in regard to both possibilities?

1. As a sign of strength and self-control, as being able to do without healing, comforting worlds of illusion;
2. as undermining, dissecting, disappointing, weakening.

(C)

Belief in truth, the need to have a hold on something believed true, psychological reduction apart from all previous value feelings. Fear, laziness.

The same way, *unbelief*: reduction. To what extent it acquires a new value if a true world does not exist (—thus the value feelings that hitherto have been squandered on the world of being, are again set free).

586 (*March-June 1888*)

The "True" *and the* "Apparent World"

(A)

The seductions that proceed from this concept are of three kinds:

a. an *unknown* world:—we are adventurers, inquisitive—that which is known seems to weary us (—the danger of this concept lies in its insinuation that "this" world is known to us—);

b. *another* world, where things are different; something in us calculates, our still submission, our silence, lose their value—perhaps everything will turn out well, we have not hoped in vain—the world where things are different, where we ourselves—who knows?—are different—

c. a *true* world: this is the most amazing trick and attack that has ever been perpetrated upon us; so much has become encrusted in the word "true," and involuntarily we make a present of all this to the "true world": the true world must also be a truthful world, one that does not deceive us, does not make fools of us: to believe in it is virtually to be compelled to believe in it (—out of decency, as is the case among people worthy of confidence—).

*

The concept "the unknown world" insinuates that *this* world is "known" to us (is tedious—);

the concept "another world" insinuates that the world could be otherwise—abolishes necessity and fate (useless to submit oneself—to adapt oneself—);

the concept "the true world" insinuates that this world is untruthful, deceptive, dishonest, inauthentic, inessential—and consequently also not a world adapted to our needs (—inadvisable to adapt oneself to it; better to resist it).

*

We therefore elude "this" world in three ways:

a. by our inquisitiveness—as if the more interesting part were elsewhere;

b. by our submission—as though it were not necessary to submit oneself—as if this world were not a necessity of the ultimate rank:

c. by our sympathy and respect—as if this world did not deserve them, were impure, were not honest with us—

In summa: we have revolted in three ways: we have made an "*x*" into a critique of the "known world."

(B)

First step toward sobriety: to grasp to what extent we have been seduced—for things could be exactly the reverse:

a. the *unknown* world could be a stupid and meaner form of existence—and "this" world might be rather enjoyable by comparison;

b. the *other* world, far from taking account of our desires which would find no fulfillment in it, could be among the mass of things that make *this* world possible for us: to get to know it might be a means of making us contented;

c. the true world: but who is it really who tells us that the apparent world must be of less value than the true one? Does our instinct not contradict this judgment? Does man not eternally create a fictitious world for himself because he wants a better world than reality? *Above all:* how do we arrive at the idea that our world is *not* the true world?—it could be that the other world is the "apparent" one (in fact the Greeks thought of, e.g., a *shadow kingdom,* an *apparent existence,* beside true existence). And finally: what gives us the right to posit, as it were, degrees of reality? This is something different from an unknown world—it is already a wanting to know something of the unknown— The "other," the "unknown" world—very good! But to say "true world" means "to *know* something of it"— That is the *opposite* of the assumption of an *"x"* world—

In summa: the world *"x"* could be in every sense more tedious, less human, and less worthy than this world.

It would be another thing to assert the existence of *"x"* worlds, i.e., of every possible world besides this one. But this has *never been asserted*—

(C)

Problem: why the notion of another world has always been unfavorable for, or critical of "this" world—what does this indicate?—

For a people proud of itself, whose life is ascending, always thinks of another kind of being as a lower, less valuable kind of being; it regards the strange, the unknown world as its enemy, as its opposite; it feels no inquisitiveness, it totally rejects the strange— A people would never admit that another people was the "true people."—

It is symptomatic that such a distinction should be at all possible—that one takes this world for the "apparent" one and the other world as "true."

The places of origin of the notion of "another world":

- the philosopher, who invents a world of reason, where reason and the logical functions are adequate: this is the origin of the "true" world;
- the religious man, who invents a "divine world": this is the origin of the "denaturalized, anti-natural" world;
- the moral man, who invents a "free world": this is the origin of the "good, perfect, just, holy" world.

What the three places of origin have in common: the psychological blunder, the physiological confusions.

By what attributes is the "other world," as it actually appears in history, distinguished? By the stigmata of philosophical, religious, moral prejudice.

The "other world," as illumined by these facts, as a synonym for nonbeing, nonliving, not wanting to live—

General insight: it is the instinct of life-weariness, and not that of life, which has created the "other world."

Consequence: philosophy, religion, and morality are *symptoms of decadence.*[42]

11. Biological Value of Knowledge

587 (*1885-1886*)

It might seem as though I had evaded the question of "certainty." The opposite is true; but by inquiring after the criterion of certainty I tested the scales upon which men have weighed in general hitherto—and that the question of certainty itself is a dependent question, a question of the second rank.

588 (*1883-1886*)

The question of values is more *fundamental* than the question of certainty: the latter becomes serious only by presupposing that the value question has already been answered.

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[42] In the MS an earlier version of *Twilight*, Chapter III, section 6, follows at this point. All of the sections dealing with the contrast of the "true" and the "apparent" world should be considered as background material for *Twilight*, Chapters III and IV (*Portable Nietzsche*, pp. 479 *ff* and 485 *ff*); but these sections contain many interesting passages that did not find their way into the book.

Being and appearance, psychologically considered, yield no "being-in-itself," no criterion of "reality," but only for grades of appearance measured by the strength of the *interest* we show in an appearance.

There is no struggle for existence between ideas and perceptions, but a struggle for dominion: the idea that is overcome is not annihilated, only driven back or subordinated. There is no annihilation in the sphere of spirit—[43]

589 (*1885-1886*)

"Ends and means"
"Cause and effect"
"Subject and object"
"Acting and suffering"
"Thing-in-itself and appearance"

as interpretations (not as facts) and to what extent perhaps *necessary* interpretations? (as required for "preservation")—all in the sense of a will to power.

590 (*1885-1886*)

Our values are interpreted *into* things.

Is there then any *meaning* in the in-itself? !

Is meaning not necessarily relative meaning and perspective?

All meaning is will to power (all relative meaning resolves itself into it).

591 (*1885*)

The desire for "solid facts"—epistemology: how much pessimism there is in it!

592 (*1883-1888*)

The antagonism between the "true world," as revealed by pessimism, and a world possible for life—here one must test the rights of truth. It is necessary to measure the meaning of all these "ideal drives" against *life* to grasp what this antagonism really is: the struggle of sickly, despairing life that cleaves to a beyond, with healthier, more stupid and mendacious, richer, less degenerate life. Therefore it is not "truth" in struggle with life but *one* kind of life in struggle with another.— But it wants to be the higher kind!— Here one must demonstrate the need for an order of rank—that the first problem is the *order of rank of different kinds of life.*

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[43] *Es gibt im Geistigen keine Vernichtung* might have been written by Hegel—or by Freud.

593 (*1885-1886*)

To transform the belief "it *is* thus and thus" into the will "it *shall become* thus and thus."

12. Science

594 (*1883-1888*)

Science—this has been hitherto a way of putting an end to the complete confusion in which things exist, by hypotheses that "explain" everything—so it has come from the intellect's dislike of chaos.— This same dislike seizes me when I consider myself: I should like to form an image of the inner world, too, by means of some schema, and thus triumph over intellectual confusion. Morality has been a simplification of this kind: it taught that men were known, familiar.— Now we have destroyed morality—we have again become completely obscure to ourselves! I know that I know nothing of myself. Physics proves to be a boon for the heart: science (as the way to knowledge) acquires a new charm after morality has been eliminated—and because it is here alone that we find consistency, we have to construct our life so as to preserve it. This yields a sort of practical reflection on the conditions of our existence as men of knowledge.

595 (*1884*)

Our presuppositions: no God: no purpose: finite force. Let us guard against thinking out and prescribing the mode of thought necessary to lesser men! !

596 (*1886-1887*)

No "moral education" of the human race: but an enforced schooling in [scientific][44] errors is needed, because "truth" disgusts and makes one sick of life—unless man is already irrevocably launched upon his path and has taken his honest insight upon himself with a tragic pride.

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[44] The word I have placed in brackets was added by the German editors.

597 (*1886-1887*)

The presupposition of scientific work: belief in the unity and perpetuity of scientific work, so the individual may work at any part, however small, confident that his work will not be in vain.

There is one great paralysis: to work *in vain,* to struggle in vain.——

*

The accumulative epochs, in which force and means of power are discovered that the future will one day make use of; science an intermediary station, at which the more intermediary, more multifarious, more complicated natures find their most natural discharge and satisfaction—all those who should avoid *action.*

598 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

A philosopher recuperates differently and with different means: he recuperates, e.g., with nihilism. Belief that there is no truth at all, the nihilistic belief, is a great relaxation for one who, as a warrior of knowledge, is ceaselessly fighting ugly truths. For truth is ugly.[45]

599 (*1885-1886*)

The "meaninglessness of events": belief in this is the consequence of an insight into the falsity of previous interpretations, a generalization of discouragement and weakness—not a *necessary* belief.

The immodesty of man: to deny meaning where he sees none.

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[45] Another version, written a few months later, is printed in 1911, p. 508: "For a warrior of knowledge, who is always fighting ugly truths, the belief *that there is no truth at all* is a great bath and relaxation.— Nihilism is our kind of leisure."

Cf. the chapter "On War and Warriors" in *Zarathustra,* I (*Portable Nietzsche,* p. 158 *ff*). And note the deliberate antithesis, especially of the formulation in the text, to the romantic identification of truth and beauty.

600 (*1885-1886*)

No limit to the ways in which the world can be interpreted; every interpretation a symptom of growth or of decline.

Inertia needs unity (monism); plurality of interpretations a sign of strength. Not to desire to deprive the world of its disturbing and enigmatic character!

601 (*1885-1886*)

Against peaceableness and the desire for reconciliation.[46] The attempt at monism belongs here.

602 (*1884*)

This perspective world, this world for the eye, tongue, and ear, is very false, even if compared for[47] a very much more subtle sense-apparatus. But its intelligibility, comprehensibility, practicability, and beauty begin to cease if we refine our senses; just as beauty ceases when we think about historical processes; the order of purpose is already an illusion. It suffices that the more superficially and coarsely it is conceived, the more valuable, definite, beautiful, and significant the world appears. The deeper one looks, the more our valuations disappear—meaninglessness approaches! We have *created* the world that possesses values! Knowing this, we know, too, that reverence for truth is already the consequence of an illusion—and that one should value more than truth the force that forms, simplifies, shapes, invents.

"Everything is false! Everything is permitted!"

Only with a certain obtuseness of vision, a will to simplicity, does the beautiful, the "valuable" appear: in itself, it is I know not what.

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[46] This note helps to illuminate the chapter "On War and Warriors" in *Zarathustra.*

[47] Unless either "compared" or "for" represents a misreading of the MS, Nietzsche would seem to have slipped.

The quotation comprising the next paragraph should be compared with "Nothing is true, everything is permitted," in *Genealogy* III, section 24; see also my notes on that section.

603 (*1885*)

That the destruction of an illusion does not produce truth but only one more piece of ignorance, an extension of our "empty space," an increase of our "desert"[48]—

604[49] (*1885-1886*)

"Interpretation," the introduction of meaning—not "explanation" (in most cases a new interpretation over an old interpretation that has become incomprehensible, that is now itself only a sign). There are no facts, everything is in flux, incomprehensible, elusive; what is relatively most enduring is—our opinions.

605 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The ascertaining of "truth" and "untruth," the ascertaining of facts in general, is fundamentally different from creative positing, from forming, shaping, overcoming, willing, such as is of the essence of philosophy. To introduce a meaning—this task still remains to be done, assuming there is no meaning yet. Thus it is with sounds, but also with the fate of peoples: they are capable of the most different interpretations and direction toward different goals.

On a yet higher level is to *posit a goal* and mold facts according to it; that is, active interpretation and not merely conceptual translation.

606 (*1885-1886*)

Ultimately, man finds in things nothing but what he himself has imported into them: the finding is called science, the importing—art, religion, love, pride. Even if this should be a piece of childishness, one should carry on with both and be well disposed toward both—some should find; others—*we* others!—should import!

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[48] The German editors made a complete sentence of this note by adding "We know" at the beginning.

[49] At the beginning of this note Peter Gast placed the question, printed in all editions: "What alone can knowledge be?"

607 (*Spring-Fall 1886*)

Science: its two sides:
in regard to the individual;
in regard to the cultural complex (level);
—valuations from one side or the other are mutually antagonistic.

608 (*1886-1887*)

The development of science resolves the "familiar" more and more into the unfamiliar:—it desires, however, the reverse, and proceeds from the instinct to trace the unfamiliar back to the familiar.

In summa, science is preparing a sovereign ignorance, a feeling that there is no such thing as "knowing," that it was a kind of arrogance to dream of it, more, that we no longer have the least notion that warrants our considering "knowledge" even a possibility—that "knowing" itself is a contradictory idea. We translate a primeval mythology and vanity of mankind into the hard fact: "knowledge-in-itself" is as impermissible a concept as is "thing-in-itself." Seduction by "number and logic," seduction by "laws."

"Wisdom" as the attempt to get beyond perspective valuations (i.e., beyond the "will to power"): a principle hostile to life and decadent, a symptom as among the Indians, etc., of the weakening of the power of appropriation.

609 (*1884*)

It is not enough that you understand in what ignorance man and beast live; you must also have and acquire the *will* to ignorance. You need to grasp that without this kind of ignorance life itself would be impossible, that it is a condition under which alone the living thing can preserve itself and prosper: a great, firm dome of ignorance must encompass you.

610 (*1884*)

Science—the transformation of nature into concepts for the purpose of mastering nature—belongs under the rubric "means."

But the purpose and will of man must grow in the same way, the intention in regard to the whole.

611 (*1883-1888*)

We find that the strongest and most constantly employed faculty at all stages of life is thought—even in every act of perceiving and apparent passivity! Evidently, it thus becomes most powerful and demanding, and in the long run it tyrannizes over all other forces. Finally it becomes "passion-in-itself."

612 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

To win back for the man of knowledge the right to great affects! after self-effacement and the cult of "objectivity" have created a false order of rank in this sphere, too. Error reached its peak when Schopenhauer taught: the only way to the "true," to knowledge, lies precisely in getting free from affects, from will; the intellect liberated from will cannot but see the true, real essence of things.

The same error *in arte:*[50] as if everything were beautiful as soon as it is viewed without will.

613 (*Fall 1888*)

Competition between affects and the dominion of one of the affects over the intellect.

614 (*1884*)

To "humanize" the world, i.e., to feel ourselves more and more masters within it—

615 (*1884*)

Among a higher kind of creatures, knowledge, too, will acquire new forms that are not yet needed.

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[50] In art. About this section, see also the Appendix, below.

616 (*1885-1886*)

That the value of the world lies in our interpretation (—that other interpretations than merely human ones are perhaps somewhere possible—); that previous interpretations have been perspective valuations by virtue of which we can survive in life, i.e., in the will to power, for the growth of power; that every elevation of man brings with it the overcoming of narrower interpretations; that every strengthening and increase of power opens up new perspectives and means believing in new horizons—this idea permeates my writings. The world with which we are concerned is false, i.e., is not a fact but a fable and approximation on the basis of a meager sum of observations; it is "in flux," as something in a state of becoming, as a falsehood always changing but never getting near the truth: for—there is no "truth."

617 (*1883-1885*)[51]

To impose upon becoming the character of being—that is the supreme will to power.

Twofold falsification, on the part of the senses and of the spirit, to preserve a world of that which is, which abides, which is equivalent, etc.

That *everything recurs*[52] is the closest *approximation of a world of becoming to a world of being*:—high point of the meditation.

From the values attributed to being proceed the condemnation of and discontent with becoming, after such a world of being had first been invented.

The metamorphoses of what has being (body, God, ideas, laws of nature, formulas, etc.)

"Beings" as appearance; reversal of values; appearance was that which conferred value—.

Knowledge-in-itself in a world of becoming is impossible; so how is knowledge possible? As error concerning oneself, as will to power, as will to deception.

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[51] Gast entitled this section *"Recapitulation,"* and all printed versions retain this title.

[52] A reference to Nietzsche's doctrine of the eternal recurrence of the same events. Cf. sections 55 and 1,057 *ff*.

Becoming as invention, willing, self-denial, overcoming of oneself: no subject but an action, a positing, creative, no "causes and effects."

Art as the will to overcome becoming, as "eternalization," but shortsighted, depending on the perspective: repeating in miniature, as it were, the tendency of the whole.

Regarding that which all life reveals as a diminutive formula for the total tendency; hence a new definition of the concept "life" as will to power.

Instead of "cause and effect" the mutual struggle of that which becomes, often with the absorption of one's opponent; the number of becoming elements not constant.

Uselessness of old ideals for the interpretation of the totality of events, once one knows the animal origin and utility of these ideals; all, moreover, contradictory to life.

Uselessness of the mechanistic theory—it gives the impression of meaninglessness.

The entire idealism of mankind hitherto is on the point of changing suddenly into nihilism—into the belief in absolute *worth*lessness, i.e., *meaning*lessness.

The destruction of ideals, the new desert; new arts by means of which we can endure it, we amphibians.

Presupposition: bravery, patience, no "turning back," no haste to go forward. (N.B. Zarathustra adopts a parodistic attitude toward all former values as a consequence of his abundance.)

II. THE WILL TO POWER IN NATURE[53]

1. The Mechanistic Interpretation of the World[54]

618 (*1885*)

Of all the interpretations of the world attempted hitherto, the mechanistic one seems today to stand victorious in the foreground. It evidently has a good conscience on its side; and no science believes it can achieve progress and success except with the aid of mechanistic procedures. Everyone knows these procedures: one leaves "reason" and "purpose" out of account as far as possible, one shows that, given sufficient time, anything can evolve out of anything else, and one does not conceal a malicious chuckle when "apparent intention" in the fate of a plant or an egg yolk is once again traced back to pressure and stress: in short, one pays heartfelt homage to the principle of the greatest possible stupidity, if a playful expression may be allowed concerning such serious matters. Meanwhile, a presentiment, or anxiety, is to be noted among select spirits involved in this movement, as if the theory had a hole in it that might sooner or later prove to be its final hole: I mean the shrill one through which one whistles in an extreme emergency.[55] One cannot "explain" pressure and stress themselves, one cannot get free of the *actio in distans*:[56]—one has lost the belief in being able to explain at all, and admits with a wry expression that description and not explanation is all that is possible, that the dynamic interpretation of the world, with its denial of "empty space" and its little clumps of atoms, will shortly come to dominate physicists; though an inner quality in *dynamis*——

619 (*1885*)

The victorious concept "force," by means of which our physicists have created God and the world, still needs to be completed: an inner will must be ascribed to it, which I designate as "will to power," i.e., as an insatiable desire to manifest power; or as the employment and exercise of power, as a creative drive, etc. Physicists cannot eradicate "action at a distance" from their principles; nor can they eradicate a repellent force (or an attracting one). There is nothing for it: one is obliged to understand all motion, all "appearances," all "laws," only as symptoms of an inner event and to employ man as an analogy to this end. In the case of an animal, it is possible to trace all its drives to the will to power; likewise all the functions of organic life to this one source.

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[53] Much of this material has no close parallels in Nietzsche's books.

[54] For a discussion of this section see my *Nietzsche*, Chapter 9, section I.

[55] "Whistling out of the final hole" is a German expression for extreme emergencies.

[56] Action at a distance. *Dynamis*, at the end of this section, means *power*, energy, potency.

620 (*1885-1886*)

Has a *force* ever been demonstrated? No, only *effects* translated into a completely foreign language. We are so used, however, to regularity in succession that its oddity no longer seems odd to us.

621 (*1885-1886*)

A force we cannot imagine is an empty word and should be allowed no rights of citizenship in science; like the so-called purely mechanistic forces of attraction and repulsion, which are intended to make it possible for us to form an image of the world, no more!

622 (*1885-1886*)

Pressure and stress, something unspeakably late, derivative, un-primeval. For they presuppose something that holds together and is *able* to exert pressure and stress! But how can it hold together?

623 (*March-June 1888*)

There is nothing unchanging in chemistry: this is only appearance, a mere school prejudice. We have *slipped in* the unchanging, my physicist friends, deriving it from metaphysics as always. To assert that diamond, graphite, and carbon are identical is to read off the facts naively from the surface. Why? Merely because no loss in substance can be shown on the scales! Very well, they have something in common; but the activity of molecules during the transformation, which we cannot see or weigh, turns one material into something different—with specifically different properties.

624 (*1883-1888*)

Against the physical *atom*.— To comprehend the world, we have to be able to calculate it; to be able to calculate it, we have to have constant causes; because we find no such constant causes in actuality, we invent them for ourselves—the atoms. This is the origin of atomism.

The calculability of the world, the expressibility of all events in formulas—is this really "comprehension"? How much of a piece of music has been understood when that in it which is calculable and can be reduced to formulas has been reckoned up?— And "constant causes," things, substances, something "unconditioned"; *invented*—what has one achieved?

625 (*March-June 1888*)

The mechanistic concept of "motion" is already a translation of the original process into the sign language of sight and touch.

The concept "atom," the distinction between the "'seat of a driving force and the force itself," is a sign language derived from our logical-psychical world.

We cannot change our means of expression at will: it is possible to understand to what extent they are mere signs. The demand for an adequate mode of expression is senseless: it is of the essence of a language, a means of expression, to express a mere relationship—

The concept "truth" is nonsensical. The entire domain of "true-false" applies only to relations, not to an "in-itself"— There is no "essence-in-itself" (it is only relations that constitute an essence—), just as there can be no "knowledge-in-itself."

626 (*1883-1886*)

"The sensation of force cannot proceed from motion: sensation in general cannot proceed from motion."

"It is only an apparent experience that speaks in favor of this: in a substance (brain), sensations are produced by transmitted motion (stimuli). But produced? Would this prove that the sensation did not exist there at all? so that its appearance would have to be conceived as a creative act on the part of the motion? The sensationless state of this substance is only a hypothesis! it is not experienced!— Sensation is thus a *property* of substance: there are substances that have sensations."

"Do we discover from certain substances that they have *no* sensations? No, we only fail to discover *that* they have any. It is impossible to derive sensation from a substance without sensation."— Oh what overhastiness!

627 (*1885-1886*)

"Attraction" and "repulsion" in a purely mechanistic sense are complete fictions: a word. We cannot think of an attraction divorced from an *intention*.— The will to take possession of a thing or to defend oneself against it and repel it—that, we "understand": that would be an interpretation of which we could make use.

In short: the psychological necessity for a belief in causality lies in the inconceivability of an event divorced from intent; by which naturally nothing is said concerning truth or untruth (the justification of such a belief)! The belief in *causae*[67] falls with the belief in télē[68] (against Spinoza and his causalism).

628 (*1885-1886*)

It is an illusion that something is *known* when we possess a mathematical formula for an event: it is only designated, described; nothing more!

629 (*1883-1888*)

If I reduce a regular event to a formula, I have foreshortened, facilitated, etc., the description of the whole phenomenon. But I have established no "law," I have raised the question how it happens that something here repeats itself: that the formula corresponds to a complex of initially unknown forces and discharges of force, is a supposition; it is mythology to think that forces here obey a law, so that, as a consequence of their obedience, we have the same phenomenon each time.

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[67] Efficient causes.

[68] Final causes; purposes.

630 (*1885*)

I beware of speaking of chemical "laws": that savors of morality. It is far rather a question of the absolute establishment of power relationships: the stronger becomes master of the weaker, in so far as the latter cannot assert its degree of independence—here there is no mercy, no forbearance, even less a respect for "laws"!

631 (*1885-1886*)

The unalterable sequence of certain phenomena demonstrates no "law" but a power relationship between two or more forces. To say "But this relationship itself remains constant" is to say no more than "One and the same force cannot also be another force."— It is a question, not of succession, but of interpenetration, a process in which the individual successive moments are not related to one another as cause and effect—

The separation of the "deed" from the "doer," of the event from someone who produces events, of the process from a something that is not process but enduring, substance, thing, body, soul, etc.—the attempt to comprehend an event as a sort of shifting and place-changing on the part of a "being," of something constant: this ancient mythology established the belief in "cause and effect" after it had found a firm form in the functions of language and grammar.

632 (*1885-1886*)

"Regularity" in succession is only a metaphorical expression, *as if* a rule were being followed here; not a fact. In the same way "conformity with a law." We discover a formula by which to express an ever-recurring kind of result: we have therewith discovered no "law," even less a force that is the cause of the recurrence of a succession of results. That something always happens thus and thus is here interpreted as if a creature always acted thus and thus as a result of obedience to a law or a lawgiver, while it would be free to act otherwise were it not for the "law." But precisely this thus-and-not-otherwise might be inherent in the creature, which might behave thus and thus, not in response to a law, but because it is constituted thus and thus. All it would mean is: something cannot also be something else, cannot do now this and now something else, is neither free nor unfree but simply thus and thus. *The mistake lies in the fictitious insertion of a subject.*

633 (*March-June 1888*)

Two successive states, the one "cause," the other "effect": this is false. The first has nothing to effect, the second has been effected by nothing.

It is a question of a struggle between two elements of unequal power: a new arrangement of forces is achieved according to the measure of power of each of them. The second condition is something fundamentally different from the first (not its effect): the essential thing is that the factions in struggle emerge with different quanta of power.

634 (*March-June 1888*)

Critique of the mechanistic theory.— Let us here dismiss the two popular concepts "necessity" and "law": the former introduces a false constraint into the world, the latter a false freedom. "Things" do not behave regularly, according to a *rule*: there are no things (—they are fictions invented by us); they behave just as little under the constraint of necessity. There is no obedience here: for that something is as it is, as strong or as weak, is not the consequence of an obedience or a rule or a compulsion—

The degree of resistance and the degree of superior power—this is the question in every event: if, for our day-to-day calculations, we know how to express this in formulas and "laws," so much the better for us! But we have not introduced any "morality" into the world by the fiction that it is obedient—.

There is no law: every power draws its ultimate consequence at every moment. Calculability exists precisely because things are unable to be other than they are.

A quantum of power is designated by the effect it produces and that which it resists. The adiaphorous state is missing, though it is thinkable. It is essentially a will to violate and to defend oneself against violation. Not self-preservation: every atom affects the whole of being—it is thought away if one thinks away this radiation of power-will. That is why I call it a quantum of "will to power": it expresses the characteristic that cannot be thought out of the mechanistic order without thinking away this order itself.

A translation of this world of effect into a visible world—a world for the eyes—is the conception "motion." This always carries the idea that *something* is moved—this always supposes, whether as the fiction of a little clump of atom or even as the abstraction of this, the dynamic atom, a thing that produces effects—i.e., we have not got away from the habit into which our senses and language seduce us. Subject, object, a doer added to the doing, the doing separated from that which it does: let us not forget that this is mere semeiotics and nothing real. Mechanistic theory as a theory of motion is already a translation into the sense language of man.[59]

635 (*March-June 1888*)

We need "unities" in order to be able to reckon: that does not mean we must suppose that such unities exist. We have borrowed the concept of unity from our "ego" concept—our oldest article of faith. If we did not hold ourselves to be unities, we would never have formed the concept "thing." Now, somewhat late, we are firmly convinced that our conception of the ego does not guarantee any actual unity. In order to sustain the theory of a mechanistic world, therefore, we always have to stipulate to what extent we are employing two fictions: the concept of *motion* (taken from our sense language) and the concept of the *atom* (= unity, deriving from our psychical "experience"): the mechanistic theory presupposes a sense prejudice and a psychological prejudice.

Mechanistic theory formulates consecutive appearances, and it does so semeiotically, in terms of the senses and of psychology (that all effect is motion; that where there is motion *something* is moved); it does not touch upon the causal force.

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[59] In the MS section 635 follows immediately, without break; but the German editors divided this notebook entry into two sections.

Cf. my note 54 above.

The mechanistic world is imagined as only sight and touch imagine a world (as "moved")—so as to be calculable—thus causal unities are invented, "things" (atoms) whose effect remains constant (—transference of the false concept of subject to the concept of the atom).

The following are therefore phenomenal: the injection of the concept of number, the concept of the thing (concept of the subject), the concept of activity (separation of cause from effect), the concept of motion (sight and touch): our eye and our psychology are still part of it.

If we eliminate these additions, no things remain but only dynamic quanta, in a relation of tension to all other dynamic quanta: their essence lies in their relation to all other quanta, in their "effect" upon the same. The will to power not a being, not a becoming, but a *pathos*[60]—the most elemental fact from which a becoming and effecting first emerge—

636 (*March-June 1888*)

Physicists believe in a "true world" in their own fashion: a firm systematization of atoms in necessary motion, the same for all beings—so for them the "apparent world" is reduced to the side of universal and universally necessary being which is accessible to every being in its own way (accessible and also already adapted—made "subjective"). But they are in error. The atom they posit is inferred according to the logic of the perspectivism of consciousness—and is therefore itself a subjective fiction. This world picture that they sketch differs in no essential way from the subjective world picture: it is only construed with more extended senses, but with *our* senses nonetheless— And in any case they left something out of the constellation without knowing it: precisely this necessary perspectivism by virtue of which every center of force—and not only man—construes all the rest of the world from its own viewpoint, i.e., measures, feels, forms, according to its own force— They forgot to include this perspective-setting force in "true being" —in school language: the subject. They think this is "evolved," added later; but even the chemist needs it: it is being specific, definitely acting and reacting thus and thus, as may be the case.

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[60] Occasion, event, passion, suffering, destiny are among the meanings of this Greek word. A comparison of the sections in this part with Whitehead's philosophy of occasions and events would be fruitful.

Perspectivism is only a complex form of specificity. My idea is that every specific body strives to become master over all space and to extend its force (—its will to power:) and to thrust back all that resists its extension. But it continually encounters similar efforts on the part of other bodies and ends by coming to an arrangement ("union") with those of them that are sufficiently related to it: thus they then conspire together for power. And the process goes on—

637 (*1885*)

Even in the domain of the inorganic an atom of force is concerned only with its neighborhood: distant forces balance one another. Here is the kernel of the perspective view and why a living creature is "egoistic" through and through.

638 (*1885-1886*)

Supposing that the world had a certain quantum of force at its disposal, then it is obvious that every displacement of power at any point would affect the whole system—thus together with sequential causality there would be a contiguous and concurrent dependence.

639 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The sole way of maintaining a meaning for the concept "God" would be: God *not* as the driving force, but God as a maximal state, as an epoch—a point in the evolution of the will to power by means of which further evolution just as much as previous evolution up to him could be explained.

Regarded mechanistically, the energy of the totality of becoming remains constant; regarded economically, it rises to a high point and sinks down again in an eternal circle. This "will to power" expresses itself in the interpretation, in the manner in which force is used up; transformation of energy into life, and "life at its highest potency," thus appears as the goal. The same quantum of energy means different things at different stages of evolution.

That which constitutes growth in life is an ever more thrifty and more far-seeing economy, which achieves more and more with less and less force— As an ideal, the principle of the smallest expenditure—

That the world is not striving toward a stable condition is the only thing that has been proved. Consequently one must conceive its climactic condition in such a way that it is not a condition of equilibrium—

The absolute necessity of similar events occurring in the course of one world, as in all others, is in eternity *not* a determinism ruling events, but merely the expression of the fact that the impossible is not possible; that a certain force cannot be anything other than this certain force; that it can react to a quantum of resisting force only according to the measure of its strength;—event and necessary event is a *tautology*.

2. The Will to Power as Life

A. The Organic Process

640 (*1883-1888*)

Man thinks of himself as having been present when the organic world originated: what was there to be perceived by sight and touch when this event took place? What can be reduced to figures? What laws are revealed in the motions? Thus: man wants to arrange all events as events accessible to sight and touch, consequently as motions: he wants to find formulas so as to simplify the tremendous quantity of his experiences. Reduction of all events to the level of the man of the senses and the mathematician. It is a question of an inventory of human experiences—under the supposition that man, or rather the human eye and ability to form concepts, are the eternal witness of all things.

641 (*1883-1888*)

A multiplicity of forces, connected by a common mode of nutrition, we call "life." To this mode of nutrition, as a means of making it possible, belong all so-called feelings, ideas, thoughts; i.e., (1) a resistance to all other forces; (2) an adjustment of the same according to form and rhythm; (3) an estimate in regard to assimilation or excretion.

642 (*1885*)

The connection between the inorganic and the organic must lie in the repelling force exercised by every atom of force. "Life" would be defined as an enduring form of processes of the establishment of force, in which the different contenders grow unequally. To what extent resistance is present even in obedience; individual power is by no means surrendered. In the same way, there is in commanding an admission that the absolute power of the opponent has not been vanquished, incorporated, disintegrated. "Obedience" and "commanding" are forms of struggle.

643 (*1885-1886*)

The will to power *interprets* (—it is a question of interpretation when an organ is constructed): it defines limits, determines degrees, variations of power. Mere variations of power could not feel themselves to be such: there must be present something that wants to grow and interprets the value of whatever else wants to grow. Equal *in that*— In fact, interpretation is itself a means of becoming master of something. (The organic process constantly presupposes interpretations.)

644 (*1883-1888*)

Greater complexity, sharp differentiation, the contiguity of developed organs and functions with the disappearance of the intermediate members—if that is perfection, then there is a will to power in the organic process by virtue of which dominant, shaping, commanding forces continually extend the bounds of their power and continually simplify within these bounds: the imperative grows.

"Spirit" is only a means and tool in the service of higher life, of the enhancement of life; and as for the good, as Plato (and after him Christianity) understood it, it seems to me to be actually a life-endangering, life-calumniating, life-denying principle.

645 (*1885*)

That "heredity," as something quite unexplained, cannot be employed as an explanation but only to describe and fix a problem. The same applies to "power of adaptation." Indeed, the morphological presentation, even if it were complete, explains nothing, but only describes a tremendous fact. How an organ can be employed to achieve something is not explained. In these matters, the assumption of *causae finales* explains as little as the assumption of *causae efficientes*. The concept of *"causa"* is only a means of expression, nothing more; a means of description.

646 (*1885*)

There are analogies; e.g., a memory analogous to our memory that reveals itself in heredity and evolution and forms. An inventiveness in the application of tools to new ends analogous to our inventiveness and experimentation, etc.

That which we call our "consciousness" is innocent of any of the essential processes of our preservation and our growth; and no head is so subtle that it could construe more than a machine —to which every organic process is far superior.

647 (*1883-1888*)

Against Darwinism.[61]— The utility of an organ does not explain its origin; on the contrary! For most of the time during which a property is forming it does not preserve the individual and is of no use to him, least of all in the struggle with external circumstances and enemies.

What, after all, is "useful"? One must ask "useful in relation to what?" E.g., that which is useful for the long life of the individual might be unfavorable to its strength and splendor; that which preserves the individual might at the same time arrest and halt its evolution. On the other hand, a *deficiency*, a *degeneration*, can be of the highest utility in so far as it acts as a stimulant to other organs. In the same way, a state of need can be a condition of existence, in so far as it reduces an individual to that measure of expenditure which holds it together but prevents it from squandering itself.— The individual itself as a struggle between parts (for food, space, etc.): its evolution tied to the victory or predominance of individual parts, to an atrophy, a "becoming an organ" of other parts.

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[61] Cf. sections 684 and 685.

The influence of "external circumstances" is overestimated by Darwin to a ridiculous extent: the essential thing in the life process is precisely the tremendous shaping, form-creating force working from within which *utilizes* and *exploits* "external circumstances"— The new forms molded from within are not formed with an end in view; but in the struggle of the parts a new form is not left long without being related to a partial usefulness and then, according to its use, develops itself more and more completely.[62]

648 (*1883-1888*)

"Useful" in respect of acceleration of the tempo of evolution is a different kind of "useful" from that in respect of the greatest possible stability and durability of that which is evolved.

649 (*1883-1888*)

"Useful" in the sense of Darwinist biology means: proved advantageous in the struggle with others. But it seems to me that the feeling of increase, the feeling of becoming stronger, is itself, quite apart from any usefulness in the struggle, the real *progress*: only from this feeling does there arise the will to struggle—

650 (*1885-1886*)

Physiologists should think again before positing the "instinct of preservation" as the cardinal drive in an organic creature. A living thing wants above all to *discharge* its force: "preservation" is only a consequence of this.— Beware of *superfluous* teleological principles! The entire concept "instinct of preservation" is one of them.

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[62] The MS continues: "If only that had been preserved which proved useful *all the time*, then above all the noxious, destructive, disintegrating capacities—the senseless, accidental, . . ."

651 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

One cannot ascribe the most basic and primeval activities of protoplasm to a will to self-preservation, for it takes into itself absurdly more than would be required to preserve it; and, above all, it does not thereby "preserve itself," it falls apart— The drive that rules here has to explain precisely this absence of desire for self-preservation: "hunger" is an interpretation based on far more complicated organisms (—hunger is a specialized and later form of the drive, an expression of a division of labor in the service of a higher drive that rules over it).

652 (*March-June 1888*)

It is not possible to take hunger as the *primum mobile*,[63] any more than self-preservation. To understand hunger as a consequence of undernourishment means: hunger as the consequence of a will to power that no longer achieves mastery. It is by no means a question of replacing a loss—only later, as a result of the division of labor, after the will to power has learned to take other roads to its satisfaction, is an organism's need to appropriate *reduced* to hunger, to the need to replace what has been lost.

653 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The false "altruism" of biologists is ridiculous: propagation among amoebas seems to be the throwing off of ballast, a pure advantage. The excretion of useless material.

654 (*1885-1886*)

A protoplasm divides in two when its power is no longer adequate to control what it has appropriated: procreation is the consequence of an impotency.

When, from hunger, the males seek out the females and are united with them, procreation is the consequence of a hunger.

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[63] First motive.

655 (*1885*)

The weaker presses to the stronger from a need for nourishment; it wants to get under it, if possible to become one with it. The stronger, on the contrary, drives others away; it does not want to perish in this manner; it grows and in growing it splits itself into two or more parts. The greater the impulse toward unity, the more firmly may one conclude that weakness is present; the greater the impulse towards variety, differentiation, inner decay, the more force is present.

The drive to approach—and the drive to thrust something back are the bond, in both the inorganic and the organic world. The entire distinction is a prejudice.

The will to power in every combination of forces, defending itself against the stronger, lunging at the weaker, is more correct. N.B.: Processes as "entities."[64]

656 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The will to power can manifest itself only against resistances; therefore it seeks that which resists it—this is the primeval tendency of the protoplasm when it extends pseudopodia and feels about. Appropriation and assimilation are above all a desire to overwhelm, a forming, shaping and reshaping, until at length that which has been overwhelmed has entirely gone over into the power domain of the aggressor and has increased the same.— If this incorporation is not successful, then the form probably falls to pieces; and the duality appears as a consequence of the will to power: in order not to let go what has been conquered, the will to power divides itself into two wills (in some cases without completely surrendering the connection between its two parts).

"Hunger" is only a narrower adaptation after the basic drive for power has won a more spiritual form.

657 (*1886-1887*)

What is "passive"?— To be hindered from moving forward: thus an act of resistance and reaction.

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[64] Or: as "essence" (*Die Prozesse als "Wesen"*).

What is "active"?—reaching out for power.

"Nourishment"—is only derivative; the original phenomenon is: to desire to incorporate everything.

"Procreation"—only derivative; originally: where one will was not enough to organize the entire appropriated material, there came into force an opposing will which took in hand the separation; a new center of organization, after a struggle with the original will.

"Pleasure"—as a feeling of power (presupposing displeasure).

658 (*1885*)

1. The organic functions translated back to the basic will, the will to power—and understood as offshoots.

2. The will to power specializes as will to nourishment, to property, to tools, to servants (those who obey) and masters: the body as an example.— The stronger will directs the weaker. There is absolutely no other kind of causality than that of will upon will. Not explained mechanistically.

3. Thinking, feeling, willing in all living beings. What is a pleasure but: an excitation of the feeling of power by an obstacle (even more strongly by rhythmic obstacles and resistances)—so it swells up. Thus all pleasure includes pain.— If the pleasure is to be very great, the pains must be very protracted and the tension of the bow tremendous.

4. The spiritual functions. Will to shape, to assimilate, etc.

B. Man

659 (*1885*)

The evidence of the body.— Granted that the "soul" is an attractive and mysterious idea which philosophers have rightly abandoned only with reluctance—perhaps that which they have since learned to put in its place is even more attractive, even more mysterious. The human body, in which the most distant and most recent past of all organic development again becomes living and corporeal, through which and over and beyond which a tremendous inaudible stream seems to flow: the body is a more astonishing idea than the old "soul." In all ages, there has been more faith in the body, as our most personal possession, our most certain being, in short our ego, than in the spirit (or the "soul," or the subject, as school language now has it instead of soul). It has never occurred to anyone to regard his stomach as a strange or, say, a divine stomach: but to conceive his ideas as "inspired," his evaluations as "implanted by a God," his instincts as activity in a half-light—for this tendency and taste in men there are witnesses from all ages of mankind. Even now there is ample evidence among artists of a sort of wonderment and respectful suspension of judgment when they are faced with the question of the means by which they achieved their best work and from which world the creative idea came to them; when they ask this, they exhibit somethink like innocence and childlike shamefacedness; they hardly dare to say "it came from me, it was my hand that threw the dice."

Conversely, even those philosophers and religious teachers who had the most compelling ground in their logic and piety to consider their bodies a deception (and, indeed, as a deception overcome and done with) could not help acknowledging the foolish fact that the body has not gone away; of which the strangest witnesses are to be found partly in Paul, partly in the Vedanta philosophy. But what, after all, does *strength of belief* mean? It could still be a very foolish belief!— This should be reflected on:—

And after all, if belief in the body is only the result of an inference: supposing it were a false inference, as the idealists assert, is it not a question mark against the spirit itself that it should be the cause of such false inferences? Supposing multiplicity, space and time, and motion (and whatever else may be the presuppositions of a belief in what is bodily) were errors—what mistrust would this arouse against the spirit that had prompted such presuppositions? Let is suffice that, for the present, belief in the body is always a stronger belief than belief in the spirit; and whoever desires to undermine it, also undermines at the same time most thoroughly belief in the authority of the spirit!

660 (*1885-1886*)

The Body as a Political Structure.

The aristocracy in the body, the majority of the rulers (struggle between cells and tissues).

Slavery and division of labor: the higher type possible only through the subjugation of the lower, so that it becomes a function.

Pleasure and pain not opposites. The feeling of power.

"Nourishment" only a consequence of insatiable appropriation, of the will to power.

"Procreation," the crumbling that supervenes when the ruling cells are incapable of organizing that which has been appropriated.

It is the shaping force that desires an ever new supply of "material" (more "force"). The masterpiece of the construction of an organism from an egg.

"Mechanistic interpretation": desires nothing but quantities; but force is to be found in quality. Mechanistic theory can therefore only *describe* processes, not explain them.

"Purpose." One should start from the"sagacity" of plants.

Concept of "perfecting": *not* only greater complexity, but greater *power* (—does not have to be merely greater mass—).

Inference concerning the evolution of mankind: perfecting consists in the production of the most powerful individuals, who will use the great mass of people as their tools (and indeed the most intelligent and most pliable tools).

661 (*1883-1888*)

Why is all activity, even that of a sense, associated with pleasure? Because before it an obstacle, a burden existed? Or rather because all doing is an overcoming, a becoming master, and increases the feeling of power?— Pleasure in thinking.— Ultimately, it is not only the feeling of power, but the pleasure in creating and in the thing created; for all activity enters our consciousness as consciousness of a "work."

662 (*1883-1888*)

Creation—as selection and finishing of the thing selected. (This is the essential thing in every act of will.)

663 (*1885-1886*)

All events that result from intention are reducible to the intention to increase power.

664 (*1883-1888*)

When we do something there arises a feeling of force,[65] often even before the deed, occasioned by the idea of what is to be done (as at the sight of an enemy or an obstacle to which we feel ourselves equal): it is always an accompanying feeling. We instinctively think that this feeling of force is the cause of the action, that it is "the force." Our belief in causality is belief in force and its effect; a transference from our experience; and we identify force and the feeling of force.— Force, however, never moves things; the force we feel "does not set the muscles in motion." "We have no idea, no experience, of such a process."— "Just as we have no experience of force as the cause of motion, so we have no experience of the *necessity* of any motion." Force is supposed to be that which compels! "We experience only that one thing follows upon another.— We have no experience of either compulsion or arbitrariness in the following of one thing upon another." Causality is created only by thinking compulsion into the process. A certain "comprehension" is the consequence, i.e., we have made the process more human, "more familiar": the familiar is the familiar habit of human compulsion associated with the feeling of force.

665 (*1883-1888*)

I have the intention of raising my arm: supposing I know as little of the physiology of the human body and the mechanical laws of its motion as the man in the street, what could really be more vague, pale, uncertain than this intention, when compared with what follows upon it? And suppose I am the most astute of mechanics and specially instructed in the formulas applicable here, I should not be able to raise my arm one whit the better or the worse. Our "knowledge" and our "deed" lie in this case coldly apart, as if in two different domains.—

On the other hand: Napoleon executed a plan of campaign —what does that mean? Here everything pertaining to the execution of the plan is *known,* because everything has to be transmitted by command; but here, too, subordinates are presupposed who interpret and apply the general plan to the needs of the moment, measure of force, etc.

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[65] *Kraftgefühl* could also be translated: feeling of strength.

666 (*1883-1888*)

From time immemorial we have ascribed the value of an action, a character, an existence, to the *intention*, the *purpose* for the sake of which one has acted or lived: this age-old idiosyncrasy finally takes a dangerous turn—provided, that is, that the absence of intention and purpose in events comes more and more to the forefront of consciousness. Thus there seems to be in preparation a universal disvaluation: "Nothing has any meaning"—this melancholy sentence means "All meaning lies in intention, and if intention is altogether lacking, then meaning is altogether lacking, too." In accordance with this valuation, one was constrained to transfer the value of life to a "life after death," or to the progressive development of ideas or of mankind or of the people or beyond mankind; but with that one had arrived at a *progressus in infinitum* of purposes: one was at last constrained to make a place for oneself in the "world process" (perhaps with the dysdaemonistic[69] perspective that it was a process into nothingness).

In this regard, "purpose" requires a more vigorous critique: one must understand that an action is never caused by a purpose; that purpose and means are interpretations whereby certain points in an event are emphasized and selected at the expense of other points, which, indeed, form the majority; that every single time something is done with a purpose in view, something fundamentally different and other occurs; that every purposive action is like the supposed purposiveness of the heat the sun gives off: the enormously greater part is squandered; a part hardly worth considering serves a "purpose," has "meaning"; that a "purpose" and its "means" provide an indescribably imprecise description, which can, indeed, issue commands as a prescription, as a "will," but which presupposes a system of obedient and trained tools, which in place of indefinite entities posit nothing but fixed magnitudes (i.e., we imagine a system of shrewder but narrower intellects that posit purposes and means, in order to be able to ascribe to our only known "purpose" the role of the "cause of an action," to which procedure we really have no right: it would mean solving a problem by placing the solution in a world inaccessible to our observation—).

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[69] Nietzsche's coinage, after "eu-daemon," "eu-daemonism," which means "good spirit," "an ethic of happiness." "Dys-" is the antonym of "eu-" and means "ill" or "bad." Hence: evil-spirited or unhappy.

Finally: why could "a purpose" not be an epiphenomenon in the series of changes in the activating forces that bring about the purposive action—a pale image sketched in consciousness beforehand that serves to orient us concerning events, even as a symptom of events, *not* as their cause?— But with this we have criticized the will itself: is it not an illusion to take for a cause that which rises to consciousness as an act of will? Are not all phenomena of consciousness merely terminal phenomena, final links in a chain, but apparently conditioning one another in their succession on one level of consciousness? This could be an illusion—

667 (*1883-1888*)

Science does *not* ask what drives us to this will: it rather denies that will is exercised, and holds that something quite different occurs—in short, that the belief in "will" and "purpose" is an illusion. It does not inquire after the *motives* of an action, as if these had been present in consciousness before the action; but it first breaks up the action into a group of mechanistic phenomena and seeks the previous history of this mechanistic motion—but it does not seek it in feeling, sensation, thinking. It can never take the explanation from this quarter: sensation is precisely the material that is to be explained.— Its problem is: to explain the world *without* taking sensations as causes; for that would mean: considering sensations as the cause of sensations. Its task is certainly not accomplished.

Therefore: either no will—the hypothesis of science—or free will. The latter assumption the dominant feeling from which we cannot get loose, even if the scientific hypothesis were proved true.

The popular belief in cause and effect is founded on the presupposition that free will is the cause of every effect: it is only from this that we derive the feeling of causality. Thus there is also in it the feeling that every cause is *not* an effect but always only a cause—if the will is the cause. "Our acts of will are not necessary"— this idea is contained in the concept "will." What is necessary is the effect following upon the cause—that is what we feel. That our willing, too, is in every case a compulsion is a hypothesis.

668 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

"Willing" is not "desiring," striving, demanding: it is distinguished from these by the affect of commanding.

There is no such thing as "willing," but only a willing *something*: one must not remove the aim from the total condition—as epistemologists do. "Willing" as they understand it is as little a reality as "thinking": it is a pure fiction.

It is part of willing that something is commanded (—which naturally does not mean that the will is "effected").

That state of tension by virtue of which a force seeks to discharge itself—is not an example of "willing."

669 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

"Displeasure" and "pleasure" are the most stupid means imaginable of expressing judgments: which naturally does not mean that the judgments made audible in this manner must be stupid. The abandonment of all substantiation and logicality, a Yes or No in the reduction to a passionate desire to have or a rejection, an imperative abbreviation whose utility is unmistakable: this is pleasure and displeasure. It originates in the central sphere of the intellect; its presupposition is an infinitely speeded-up perception, ordering, subsumption, calculating, inferring: pleasure and displeasure are always terminal phenomena, not "causes."

The decision about what arouses pleasure and what arouses displeasure depends upon the degree of power: something that in relation to a small quantum of power appears dangerous and seems to require the speediest defense, can evoke, given the consciousness of greater power, a voluptuous excitation and a feeling of pleasure.

All feelings of pleasure and displeasure presuppose a calculation of utility and harmfulness to the whole; in other words, a sphere where an end (a state) is desired and means for it are selected. Pleasure and displeasure are never "basic facts."

Feelings of pleasure and displeasure are reactions of the will (affects), in which the intellectual center fixes the value of certain changes which have occurred in relation to the value of the whole; at the same time the introduction of counteractions.

670 (*1883-1888*)

The belief in "affects."— Affects are a construction of the intellect, an invention of causes that do not exist. All general bodily feelings that we do not understand are interpreted intellectually; i.e., a reason is sought in persons, experiences, etc., for why one feels this way or that. Thus something disadvantageous, dangerous, or strange is posited as the cause of our ill humor; in fact, it is added on to ill humor, in order to render our condition comprehensible. Frequent rushes of blood to the brain accompanied by a choking sensation are *interpreted* as "anger": persons and things that rouse us to anger are means of relieving our physiological condition.— Subsequently, after long habituation, certain incidents are so regularly associated with certain general feelings that the sight of certain incidents arouses the corresponding feeling and in particular brings with it this congestion of blood, production of semen, etc., through closeness of association. We then say that "the affect is aroused."

Judgments already inhere in "pleasure" and "displeasure"; stimuli are differentiated according to whether or not they further the feeling of power.

The belief in willing. To posit a belief as the cause of a mechanistic motion is to believe in miracles. The consistency of science demands that, once we have made the world thinkable by means of little images, we should also make the affects, desires, will, etc., thinkable, i.e., deny them and treat them as errors of the intellect.

671 (*1883-1888*)

Freedom of will or no freedom of will?— There is no such thing as "will"; it is only a simplifying conception of understanding, as is "matter."

All actions must first be made possible mechanically before they are willed. Or: the "purpose" *usually* comes into the mind only after everything has been prepared for its execution. The end is an "inner" "stimulus"—no more.

672 (*1883-1888*)

The most recent history of an action relates to this action: but further back lies a prehistory which covers a wider field: the individual action is at the same time a part of a much more extensive, *later* fact. The briefer and the more extended processes are not separated—

673 (*1883-1888*)

Theory of chance. The soul a selective and self-nourishing entity, perpetually extremely shrewd and creative (this creative force is usually overlooked! is conceived only as "passive").

To recognize the active force, the creative force in the chance event:—chance itself is only the clash of creative impulses.

674 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

In the tremendous multiplicity of events within an organism, the part which becomes conscious to us is a mere means: and the little bit of "virtue," "selflessness," and similar fictions are refuted radically by the total balance of events. We should study our organism in all its immorality—

The animal functions are, as a matter of principle, a million times more important than all our beautiful moods and heights of consciousness: the latter are a surplus, except when they have to serve as tools of those animal functions. The entire *conscious* life, the spirit along with the soul, the heart, goodness, and virtue—in whose service do they labor? In the service of the greatest possible perfection of the means (means of nourishment, means of enhancement) of the basic animal functions: above all, the enhancement of life.

What one used to call "body" and "flesh" is of such unspeakably greater importance: the remainder is a small accessory. The task of spinning on the chain of life, and in such a way that the thread grows ever more powerful—that is the task.

But consider how heart, soul, virtue, spirit practically conspire together to subvert this systematic task—as if *they* were the end in view!— The degeneration of life is conditioned essentially by the extraordinary proneness to error of consciousness: it is held in check by instinct the least of all and therefore blunders the longest and the most thoroughly.

To measure whether existence has value according to the pleasant or unpleasant feelings aroused in this consciousness: can one think of a madder extravagance of vanity? For it is only a means—and pleasant or unpleasant feelings are also only means!

What is the objective measure of value? Solely the quantum of enhanced and organized power.[67]

675 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

[The value of devaluing.— What I demand is][68] that one should take the doer back into the deed after having conceptually removed the doer and thus emptied the deed; that one should take doing *something*, the "aim," the "intention," the "purpose," back into the deed after having artificially removed all this and thus emptied the deed.

All "purposes," "aims," "meaning" are only modes of expression and metamorphoses of one will that is inherent in all events: the will to power. To have purposes, aims, intentions, *willing* in general, is the same thing as willing to be stronger, willing to grow—and, in addition, willing the means to this.

The most universal and basic instinct in all doing and willing has for precisely this reason remained the least known and most hidden, because *in praxi* we always follow its commandments, because we *are* this commandment—

All valuations are only consequences and narrow perspectives in the service of this one will: valuation itself is only this will to power.

A critique of being from the point of view of any one of these values is something absurd and erroneous. Even supposing that a process of decline begins in this way, this process still stands in the service of this will.

To appraise being itself! But this appraisal itself is still this being!—and if we say no, we still do what we *are*.

One must comprehend the absurdity of this posture of judging existence, and then try to understand what is really involved in it. It is symptomatic.

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[67] In the MS the text continues: "according to what happens in all events, a will for more . . ."

[68] The words I have placed in brackets were added by Peter Gast.

676 (*1883-1888*)

On the Origin of Our Evaluations

We can analyze our body spatially, and then we gain precisely the same image of it as we have of the stellar system, and the distinction between the organic and inorganic is no longer noticeable. Formerly, one explained the motions of the stars as effects produced by entities conscious of a purpose. One no longer needs this explanation, and in regard to bodily motions and changes, too, one has long since abandoned the belief in an explanation by means of a consciousness that determines purposes. By far the greater number of motions have nothing whatever to do with consciousness; nor with sensation. Sensations and thoughts are something extremely insignificant and rare in relation to the countless number of events that occur every moment.

On the other hand, we perceive that a purposiveness rules over the smallest events that is beyond our understanding: planning, selectivity, co-ordination, reparation, etc. In short, we discover an activity that would have to be ascribed to a far higher and more comprehensive intellect than we know of. We learn to think less highly of all that is conscious; we unlearn responsibility for ourselves, since we as conscious, purposive creatures, are only the smallest part of us. Of the numerous influences operating at every moment, e.g., air, electricity, we sense almost nothing: there could well be forces that, although we never sense them, continually influence us. Pleasure and pain are very rare and scarce appearances compared with the countless stimuli that a cell or organ exercises upon another cell or organ.

We are in the phase of modesty of consciousness. Ultimately, we understand the conscious ego itself only as a tool in the service of a higher, comprehensive intellect; and then we are able to ask whether all conscious willing, all conscious purposes, all evaluations are not perhaps only means through which something essentially different from what appears in consciousness is to be achieved. We think: it is a question of our pleasure and displeasure——but pleasure and displeasure could be means through which we have to achieve something that lies outside our consciousness.—— It must be shown to what extent everything conscious remains on the surface; how an action and the image of an action differ, how little one knows of what precedes an action; how fantastic are our feelings of "freedom of will," "cause and effect"; how thoughts and images are, like words, only signs of thoughts; the inexplicability of every action; the superficiality of all praise and blame; how essential fiction and conceits are in which we dwell consciously; how all our words refer to fictions (our affects, too), and how the bond between man and man depends on the transmission and elaboration of these fictions; while fundamentally the real bond (through procreation) goes its unknown way. Does this belief in common fictions really *change* men? Or is the entire realm of ideas and evaluations itself only an expression of unknown changes? *Are* there really will, purposes, thoughts, values? Is the whole of conscious life perhaps only a reflected image? And even when evaluation seems to determine the nature of a man, fundamentally something quite different is happening! In short: supposing that purposiveness in the work of nature could be explained without the assumption of an ego that posits purposes: could *our* positing of purposes, our willing, etc., not perhaps be also only a language of signs for something altogether different, namely something that does not will and is unconscious? Only the faintest reflection of that natural expediency in the organic but not different from it?

Put briefly: perhaps the entire evolution of the spirit is a question of the body; it is the history of the development of a higher body that emerges into our sensibility. The organic is rising to yet higher levels. Our lust for knowledge of nature is a means through which the body desires to perfect itself. Or rather: hundreds of thousands of experiments are made to change the nourishment, the mode of living and of dwelling of the body; consciousness and evaluations in the body, all kinds of pleasure and displeasure, are signs of these changes and experiments. In the long run, it is not a question of man at all: he is to be overcome.

677 (*1883-1888*)

To What Extent Interpretations of the World are Symptoms of a Ruling Drive

The *artistic* view of the world: to sit down to contemplate life. But any analysis of the aesthetic outlook is lacking: its reduction to cruelty, a feeling of security, playing the judge and standing outside, etc. One must examine the artist himself, and his psychology (critique of the drive to play as a release of force, a pleasure in change, in impressing one's soul on something foreign, the absolute egoism of the artist, etc.) What drives he sublimates.

The *scientific* view of the world: critique of the psychological need for science. The desire to make comprehensible; the desire to make practical, useful, exploitable—to what extent anti-aesthetic. Only value, what can be counted and calculated. How an average type of man seeks to gain the upper hand in this way. Dreadful when *history* is appropriated in this way—the realm of the superior, of those who judge. What drives they sublimate!

The *religious* view of the world: critique of the religious man. He is *not* necessarily the moral man, but the man of powerful exaltations and deep depressions who interprets the former with gratitude or suspicion and does not derive them from himself (—not the latter either). Essentially the man who feels himself "unfree," who sublimates his moods, his instincts of subjection.

The *moral* view of the world: The feelings of a social order of rank are projected into the universe: irremovability, law, classification and co-ordination, because they are valued the highest, are also sought in the highest places—above the universe or behind the universe.

What is common to all: the ruling drives want to be viewed also as the highest courts of value in general, indeed as creative and ruling powers. It is clear that these drives either oppose or subject each other (join together synthetically or alternate in dominating). Their profound antagonism is so great, however, that where they *all* seek satisfaction, a man of profound mediocrity must result.

678 (*1883-1888*)

Whether the origin of our apparent "knowledge" is not to be sought solely in older evaluations which have become so much part of us that they belong to our basic constitution? So that what really happens is only that newer needs grapple with the results of the oldest needs?

The world seen, felt, interpreted as thus and thus so that organic life may preserve itself in this perspective of interpretation. Man is not only a single individual but one particular line of the total living organic world. That *he* endures proves that a species of interpretation (even though accretions are still being added) has also endured, that the system of interpretation has not changed. "Adaptation."

Our "dissatisfaction," our "ideal," etc., is perhaps the consequence of this incorporated piece of interpretation, of our perspective point of view; perhaps organic life will in the end perish through it—even as the division of labor in organisms is accompanied by a withering and weakening of the parts, and finally leads to the death of the whole. The destruction of organic life, even in its highest form, must follow the same pattern as the destruction of the individual.

679 (*1883-1888*)

Individuation, judged from the standpoint of the theory of descent, demonstrates a continual falling apart of one into two, and also the continual passing away of individuals who carry forward the evolution: by far the greater number die out every time ("the body").

The basic phenomenon: countless individuals sacrificed for the sake of a few, to make them possible.— One must not let oneself be deceived; it is just the same with peoples and races: they constitute the "body" for the production of isolated valuable individuals, who carry on the great process.

680 (*1883-1888*)

Against the theory that the isolated individual has in view the advantage of the species, of his posterity, at the cost of his own advantage: that is only an appearance.

The tremendous importance the individual accords to the sexual instinct is not a result of its importance for the species, but arises because procreation is the real achievement of the individual and consequently his highest interest, his highest expression of power (not judged from the consciousness but from the center of the whole individuation).

681 (*1883-1888*)

Basic errors of biologists hitherto: it is not a question of the species but of more powerful individuals. (The many are only a means).

Life is not the adaptation of inner circumstances to outer ones, but will to power, which, working from within, incorporates and subdues more and more of that which is "outside."

These biologists carry forward moral evaluations (—the "higher value of altruism," hostility against the lust to dominate, against war, against what is not useful, against orders of rank and class).

682 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

In natural science, the moral depreciation of the ego goes hand in hand with an overestimation of the species. But the species is something just as illusory as the ego: one had made a false distinction. The ego is a hundred times more than merely a unit in the chain of members; it is this chain itself, entirely; and the species is a mere abstraction from the multiplicity of these chains and their partial similarity. That the individual is sacrificed to the species, as has so often been asserted, is certainly not a fact; rather only an example of false interpretation.

683 (*March-June 1888*)

Formula for the superstitious belief in "progress," by a famous physiologist of the cerebral activities:

"*L'animal ne fait jamais de progrès comme espèce. L'homme seul fait de progrès comme espèce.*"[68]

684 (*March-June 1888*)

Anti-Darwin. The domestication of man: what definite value can it have? or has domestication in general any definite value?—There are grounds for denying the latter.

The school of Darwin certainly makes a great effort to convince us of the reverse: it wants to show that the effect of domestication can become profound, even fundamental. In the meantime, we stick to our old opinion: up to now, domestication has produced only quite superficial effects—when it has not produced degeneration. And everything that eludes the hand and discipline of man returns almost at once to its natural state. The type remains constant: one cannot "*'dénaturer la nature.*"

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[68] "Animals never progress as a species. Only man progresses as a species."

One counts on the struggle for existence, the death of the weaker creatures and the survival of the most robust and gifted; consequently one imagines a continual growth in perfection. We have convinced ourselves, conversely, that in the struggle for existence chance serves the weak as well as the strong; that cunning often prevails over strength; that the fruitfulness of the species stands in a notable relation to its chances of destruction—

One credits natural selection at the same time with the power of slow and endless metamorphosis; one wants to believe that every advantage is inherited and grows stronger and stronger with succeeding generations (whereas heredity is so capricious that—); one observes the fortunate adaptation of certain creatures to very special conditions of life, and one explains that these adaptations result from the influence of the milieu.

But one nowhere finds any example *of unconscious selection* (absolutely not). The most disparate individuals unite with one another, the extremes are submerged in the mass. Everything competes to preserve its type; creatures with exterior markings to protect them from danger do not lose them when they encounter conditions in which they live without danger— When they live in places in which their dress ceases to hide them they do not by any means adapt to the new milieu.

One has so exaggerated the selection of the most beautiful that it greatly exceeds the drive to beauty in our own race! In fact, the most beautiful mate with utterly disinherited creatures, and the biggest with the smallest. We almost always see males and females take advantage of any chance encounter, exhibiting no selectivity whatsoever.— Modification through food and climate —but in reality a matter of complete indifference.

There are no *transitional forms.*—

Different species derived from one. Experience says that one type becomes master again.[69]

One asserts the increasing evolution of creatures. All grounds are lacking. Every type has its limits; beyond these there is no evolution. Up to this point, absolute regularity.

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[69] This paragraph is omitted in all editions, including Schlechta's, but printed in the back of 1911, p. 508 *f*, with the explanation: "What is missing in the text could be deciphered in full only recently, and is uncertain on account of its difficulty."

Primitive creatures are said to be the ancestors of those now existing. But a look at the fauna and flora of the Tertiary merely permits us to think of an as yet unexplored country that harbors types that do not exist elsewhere, while those existing elsewhere are missing.[70]

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My general view.— *First proposition:* man as a species is not progressing. Higher types are indeed attained, but they do not last. The level of the species is *not* raised.

Second proposition: man as a species does not represent any progress compared with any other animal. The whole animal and vegetable kingdom does not evolve from the lower to the higher—but all at the same time, in utter disorder, over and against each other. The richest and most complex forms— for the expression "higher type" means no more than this—perish more easily: only the lowest preserve an apparent indestructibility. The former are achieved only rarely and maintain their superiority with difficulty; the latter are favored by a compromising fruitfulness.

Among men, too, the higher types, the lucky strokes of evolution, perish most easily as fortunes change. They are exposed to every kind of decadence: they are extreme, and that almost means decadents.

The brief spell of beauty, of genius, of Caesar, is *sui generis:* such things are not inherited. The *type* is hereditary; a type is nothing extreme, no "lucky stroke"—

This is not due to any special fatality or malevolence of nature, but simply to the concept "higher type": the higher type represents an incomparably greater complexity—a greater sum of co-ordinated elements: so its disintegration is also incomparably more likely. The "genius" is the sublimest machine there is—consequently the most fragile.

Third proposition: the domestication (the "culture") of man does not go deep— Where it does go deep it at once becomes degeneration (type: the Christian). The "savage" (or, in moral terms, the evil man) is a return to nature—and in a certain sense his recovery, his *cure* from "culture"—

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[70] The immediately preceding note applies to this paragraph, too. The criticisms of Darwin should be compared with sections 647 and 685.

685 (*March-June 1888*)

Anti-Darwin.— What surprises me most when I survey the broad destinies of man is that I always see before me the opposite of that which Darwin and his school see or *want* to see today: selection in favor of the stronger, better-constituted, and the progress of the species. Precisely the opposite is palpable: the elimination of the lucky strokes, the uselessness of the more highly developed types, the inevitable dominion of the average, even the *sub-average* types. If we are not shown why man should be an exception among creatures, I incline to the prejudice that the school of Darwin has been deluded everywhere.

That will to power in which I recognize the ultimate ground and character of all change provides us with the reason why selection is not in favor of the exceptions and lucky strokes: the strongest and most fortunate are weak when opposed by organized herd instincts, by the timidity of the weak, by the vast majority. My general view of the world of values shows that it is not the lucky strokes, the select types, that have the upper hand in the supreme values that are today placed over mankind; rather it is the decadent types—perhaps there is nothing in the world more interesting than this *unwelcome* spectacle—

Strange though it may sound, one always has to defend[71] the strong against the weak; the fortunate against the unfortunate; the healthy against those degenerating and afflicted with hereditary taints. If one translates reality into a morality, this morality is: the mediocre are worth more than the exceptions; the decadent forms more than the mediocre; the will to nothingness has the upper hand over the will to life—and the overall aim is, in Christian, Buddhist, Schopenhauerian terms: "better *not* to be than to be."

I rebel against the translation of reality into a morality: therefore I abhor Christianity with a deadly hatred, because it created sublime words and gestures to throw over a horrible reality the cloak of justice, virtue, and divinity—

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[71] The printed text has "prove" (*beweisen*); but the word is illegible, and this is a mere conjecture (1911, p. 509) and makes little sense.

I see all philosophers, I see science kneeling before a reality that is the reverse of the struggle for existence as taught by Darwin's school—that is to say, I see on top and surviving everywhere those who compromise life and the value of life.— The error of the school of Darwin becomes a problem to me: how can one be so blind as to see so badly at *this* point?

That *species* represent any progress is the most unreasonable assertion in the world: so far they represent one level. That the higher organisms have evolved from the lower has not been demonstrated in a single case. I see how the lower preponderate through their numbers, their shrewdness, their cunning—I do not see how an accidental variation gives an advantage, at least not for so long a period; why an accidental change should grow so strong would be something else needing explanation.

I find the "cruelty of nature," of which so much is said, in another place: she is cruel towards her children of fortune, she spares and protects and loves *les humbles,* just as—[72]

In summa: growth in the *power* of a species is perhaps guaranteed less by a preponderance of its children of fortune, of strong members, than by a preponderance of average and lower types— The latter possess great fruitfulness and duration; with the former comes an increase in danger, rapid wastage, speedy reduction in numbers.

686 (*1884*)

Man hitherto—as it were, an embryo of the man of the future;—all the form-giving forces directed toward the latter are present in the former; and because they are tremendous, the more a present-day individual determines the future, the more he will suffer. This is the profoundest conception of suffering: the form-giving forces are in painful collision.— The isolation of the individual ought not to deceive us: something flows on *underneath* individuals. That the individual feels himself isolated is itself the most powerful goad in the process towards the most distant goals: his search for *his* happiness is the means that holds together and moderates the form-giving forces, so they do not destroy themselves.

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[72] "Just as" is omitted in all editions.

687 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Superabundant force in *spirituality*, setting *itself* new goals; by no means merely commanding and leading on behalf of the lower world or the preservation of the organism, the "individual."

We are *more* than the individuals: we are the whole chain as well, with the tasks of all the futures of that chain.

3. Theory of the Will to Power and of Values

688 (*March-June 1888*)

Unitary conception of psychology.— We are accustomed to consider the development of an immense abundance of forms compatible with an origin in unity.

[My theory would be:—][73] that the will to power is the primitive form of affect, that all other affects are only developments of it;

that it is notably enlightening to posit *power* in place of individual "happiness" (after which every living thing is supposed to be striving): "there is a striving for power, for an increase of power";—pleasure is only a symptom of the feeling of power attained, a consciousness of a difference (—there is no striving for pleasure: but pleasure supervenes when that which is being striven for is attained: pleasure is an accompaniment, pleasure is not the motive—);

that all driving force is will to power, that there is no other physical, dynamic or psychic force except this.

In our science, where the concept of cause and effect is redued to the relationship of equivalence, with the object of proving that the same quantum of force is present on both sides, the driving force is lacking: we observe only results, and we consider them equivalent in content and force[74]—

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[73] The words I have placed in brackets were added by the German editors but are uncritically reproduced in all editions, including Schlechta's.

These ideas, as well as many of those developed in the following sections, down through 715, are discussed in Chapter 9, "Power versus Pleasure," of my *Nietzsche*.

[74] The immediately following words in the MS are omitted in all editions: "We spare ourselves the question of the *simplification* of a change. . . ."

It is simply a matter of experience that change never ceases: we have not the slightest inherent reason for assuming that one change must follow upon another. On the contrary: a condition once achieved would seem to be obliged to preserve itself if there were not in it a capacity for desiring not to preserve itself—Spinoza's law of "self-preservation" ought really to put a stop to change: but this law is false, the opposite is true. It can be shown most clearly that every living thing does everything it can not to preserve itself but to become *more*—

689 (*March-June 1888*)

Critique of the concept: cause.[75]— From a psychological point of view the concept "cause" is our feeling of power resulting from the so-called act of will—our concept "effect" the superstition that this feeling of power is the motive power itself—

A condition that accompanies an event and is itself an effect of the event is projected as the "sufficient reason" for the event;—the relation of tensions in our feeling of power (pleasure as the feeling of power), of a resistance overcome—are they illusions?—

If we translate the concept "cause" back to the only sphere known to us, from which we have derived it, we cannot imagine any change that does not involve a will to power. We do not know how to explain a change except as the encroachment of one power upon another power.

Mechanics shows us only the results, and then only in images (motion is a figure of speech). Gravity itself has no mechanistic cause, since it itself is the ground of mechanistic results.

The will to accumulate force is special to the phenomena of life, to nourishment, procreation, inheritance—to society, state, custom, authority. Should we not be permitted to assume this will as a motive cause in chemistry, too?—and in the cosmic order?

Not merely conservation of energy, but maximal economy in use, so the only reality is the will to grow stronger of every center of force—not self-preservation, but the will to appropriate, dominate, increase, grow stronger.

The possibility of science should be *proved* by a principle of causality?[76] "From like causes like effects"— "A permanent law governing things"—"An invariable order"?— Because something is calculable, does that mean it is necessary?

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[75] I have restored the title found in the MS. In the printed texts a title devised by Peter Gast has been substituted: "Will to power and causalism."

If something happens thus and not otherwise, that does not imply a "principle," "law," "order," [but the operation of][77] quanta of force the essence of which consists in exercising power against other quanta of force.

Can we assume a striving for power divorced from a sensation of pleasure and displeasure, i.e., divorced from the feeling of enhanced or diminished power? Is mechanism only a sign language for the *internal* factual world of struggling and conquering quanta of will? All the presuppositions of mechanistic theory —matter, atom, gravity, pressure and stress—are not "facts-in-themselves" but interpretations with the aid of psychical fictions.

Life, as the form of being most familiar to us, is specifically a will to the accumulation of force; all the processes of life depend on this: nothing wants to preserve itself, everything is to be added and accumulated.

Life as a special case (hypothesis based upon it applied to the total character of being—) strives after a *maximal feeling of power;* essentially a striving for more power; striving is nothing other than striving for power; the basic and innermost thing is still this will. (Mechanics is merely the semeiotics of the results.)

690 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

One cannot discover the cause of there being any evolution at all by studying evolution; one should not wish to think of it as "becoming," even less as having become— The "will to power" cannot have become.

691 (*1885-1886*)

What has been the relation of the total organic process to the rest of nature?— That is where its fundamental will stands revealed.

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[76] At this point the following marginal comment is found in the MS: "Over the belief in cause and effect one always forgets the main thing: the event itself. One has posited an agent, one has hypothesized the event again." The reading is uncertain.

[77] The words I have placed in brackets are found in all editions but not in the MS.

692 (*March-June 1888*)

Is "will to power" a *kind* of "will" or identical with the concept "will"? Is it the same thing as desiring? or *commanding*? Is it that "will" of which Schopenhauer said it was the "in-itself of things"?

My proposition is: that the will of psychology hitherto is an unjustified generalization, that this will *does not exist at all*, that instead of grasping the idea of the development of one definite will into many forms, one has eliminated the character of the will by subtracting from it its content, its "whither?"—this is in the highest degree the case with *Schopenhauer*: what he calls "will" is a mere empty word. It is even less a question of a "will to live"; for life is merely a special case of the will to power; —it is quite arbitrary to assert that everything strives to enter into *this* form of the will to power.

693 (*March-June 1888*)

If the innermost essence of being is will to power, if pleasure is every increase of power, displeasure every feeling of not being able to resist or dominate; may we not then posit pleasure and displeasure as cardinal facts? Is will possible without these two oscillations of Yes and No?— But *who* feels pleasure?— But *who* wants power?— Absurd question, if the essence itself is power-will and consequently feelings of pleasure and displeasure! Nonetheless: opposites, obstacles are needed; therefore, relatively, encroaching units—

694 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The measure of failure and fatality must grow with the resistance a force seeks to master; and as a force can expend itself only on what resists it, there is necessarily an *ingredient of displeasure* in every action. But this displeasure acts as a lure of life and strengthens the will to power!

695 (*March-June 1888*)

If pleasure and displeasure relate to the feeling of power, then life must represent a growth in power, so that the difference caused by this growth must enter consciousness— If one level of power were maintained, pleasure would have only lowerings of this level by which to set its standards, only states of displeasure—not states of pleasure— The will to grow is of the essence of pleasure: that power increases, that the difference enters consciousness.

From a certain point onwards, in decadence, the opposite difference enters consciousness, the decrease: the memory of former moments of strength depresses present feelings of pleasure —comparison now *weakens* pleasure.

696 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

It is *not* the satisfaction of the will that causes pleasure (I want to fight this superficial theory—the absurd psychological counterfeiting of the nearest things—), but rather the will's forward thrust and again and again becoming master over that which stands in its way. The feeling of pleasure lies precisely in the dissatisfaction of the will, in the fact that the will is never satisfied unless it has opponents and resistance.— "The happy man": a herd ideal.

697 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The normal dissatisfaction of our drives, e.g., hunger, the sexual drive, the drive to motion, contains in it absolutely nothing depressing; it works rather as an agitation of the feeling of life, as every rhythm of small, painful stimuli strengthens it, (whatever pessimists may say). This dissatisfaction, instead of making one disgusted with life, is the great stimulus to life.

(One could perhaps describe pleasure in general as a rhythm of little unpleasurable stimuli.)

698 (*Summer-Fall 1883*)

Kant said: "I subscribe entirely to these sentences of Count

Verri (*Sull' indole del piacere e del dolore;* 1781): *Il solo principio motore dell' uomo è il dolore. Il dolore precede ogni piacere. Il piacere non è un essere positivo.*"[78]

699 (*March-June 1888*)

Pain is something different from pleasure—I mean it is *not* its opposite.

If the essence of "pleasure" has been correctly described as a feeling of more power (hence as a feeling of difference, presupposing a comparison), this does not yet furnish a definition of the essence of "displeasure." The false opposites in which the people, and *consequently* language, believes, have always been dangerous hindrances to the advance of truth. There are even cases in which a kind of pleasure is conditioned by a certain *rhythmic sequence* of little unpleasurable stimuli: in this way a very rapid increase of the feeling of power, the feeling of pleasure, is achieved. This is the case, e.g., in tickling, also the sexual tickling in the act of coitus: here we see displeasure at work as an ingredient of pleasure. It seems, a little hindrance that is overcome and immediately followed by another little hindrance that is again overcome—this game of resistance and victory arouses most strongly that general feeling of superabundant, excessive power that constitutes the essence of pleasure.

The opposite, an increase in the sensation of pain through the introduction of little pleasurable stimuli, is lacking; for pleasure and pain are not opposites.

Pain is an *intellectual* occurrence in which a definite judgment is expressed—the judgment *"harmful,"* in which a long experience is summarized. There is no pain as such. It is not being wounded that hurts; but the experience of the bad consequences being wounded can have for the whole organism expresses itself in that profound shock that is called displeasure; (in the case of harmful influences with which former men were unacquainted, e.g., those of new combinations of poisonous chemicals, pain bears no witness—and we are lost).

The really specific thing in pain is always the protracted shock, the lingering vibrations of a terrifying *choc* in the cerebral center of the nervous system:— one does not really suffer from the cause of pain (any sort of injury, for example), but from the protracted disturbance of equilibrium that occurs as a result of the *choc*. Pain is a sickness of the cerebral nerve centers—pleasure is certainly not a sickness.

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[78] *On the Nature of Pleasure and Pain:* The only moving principle of man is pain. Pain precedes every pleasure. Pleasure is not a positive state.

That pain is the cause of reflex actions has appearance and even the prejudice of philosophers in its favor; but, if one observes it closely, in cases of sudden pain the reflex comes noticeably earlier than the sensation of pain. It would go ill with me if, when I stumbled, I had to wait for the fact to ring the bell of consciousness and for instructions how to act to be telegraphed back. What I notice with the greatest possible clarity is rather that the reflex of my foot follows first to prevent my falling, and then, at a measurable distance in time, the sudden sensation of a kind of painful wave in the front part of my head. Thus one does *not* react to the pain. Pain is subsequently projected to the wounded place—but the nature of this local pain is nonetheless not an expression of the kind of the local injury; it is a mere place-sign corresponding to the force and pitch of the injury the nerve centers have received. That as a result of this *choc* the muscular strength of the organism is measurably lowered does not warrant our seeking the *essence* of pain in a diminution of the feeling of power.

To repeat it again, one does *not* react to pain; displeasure is not a "cause" of action. Pain itself is a reaction, the reflex is another and *earlier* reaction—both originate in different places—

700 (*1883-1888*)

Intellectual nature of pain: it does not indicate what has been damaged at the moment, but the value of the damage in relation to the individual as a whole.

Whether there are pains from which "the species" and *not* the individual suffers—?

701 (*Nov. 1887-March 1883*)

"The sum of displeasure outweighs the sum of pleasure; consequently it would be better if the world did not exist"— "The world is something that rationally should not exist because it causes the feeling subject more displeasure than pleasure"—chatter of this sort calls itself pessimism today!

Pleasure and displeasure are accidentals, not causes; they are value judgments of the second rank, derived from a ruling value—"useful," "harmful," speaking in the form of feelings, and consequently absolutely sketchy and dependent. For with every "useful," "harmful," one still has to ask in a hundred different ways: "for what?"

I despise this *pessimism of sensibility*: it is itself a sign of deeply impoverished life.[79]

702 (*March-June 1888*)

Man does *not* seek pleasure and does not avoid displeasure: one will realize which famous prejudice I am contradicting. Pleasure and displeasure are mere consequences, mere epiphenomena—what man wants, what every smallest part of a living organism wants, is an increase of power. Pleasure or displeasure follow from the striving after that; driven by that will it seeks resistance, it needs something that opposes it— Displeasure, as an obstacle to its will to power, is therefore a normal fact, the normal ingredient of every organic event; man does not avoid it, he is rather in continual need of it; every victory, every feeling of pleasure, every event, presupposes a resistance overcome.

Let us take the simplest case, that of primitive nourishment: the protoplasm extends it pseudopodia in search of something that resists it—not from hunger but from will to power.[80] Thereupon it attempts to overcome, appropriate, assimilate what it encounters: what one calls "nourishment" is merely a derivative phenomenon, an application of the original will to become *stronger*.

Displeasure thus does not merely not have to result in a diminution of our feeling of power, but in the average case it actually stimulates this feeling of power—the obstacle is the stimulus of this will to power.

703 (*March-June 1888*)

One has confused displeasure with one *kind* of displeasure, with exhaustion; the latter does indeed represent a profound diminution and reduction of the will to power, a measurable loss of force. That is to say: there exists (a) displeasure as a means of stimulating the increase of power, and (b) displeasure following an overexpenditure of power; in the first case a stimulus, in the second the result of an excessive stimulation— Inability to resist is characteristic of the latter kind of displeasure: a challenge to that which resists belongs to the former— The only pleasure still felt in the condition of exhaustion is falling asleep; victory is the pleasure in the other case—

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[79] The MS continues: "I shall never permit such a meager [——] as Hartmann to speak of his 'philosophical pessimism.' " Printed in 1911, p. 509, with the noun omitted. Eduard von Hartmann (1842-1906) tried to synthesize Schopenhauer and Hegel. His books include *Philosophie des Unbewussten* (*Philosophy of the Unconscious*), 1869; 12th ed., 1923.

[80] The words that immediately follow in the MS have been omitted in all editions: "Duality as the consequence of too weak a unity."

The great confusion on the part of psychologists consisted in not distinguishing beween these two kinds of pleasure—that of falling asleep and that of victory. The exhausted want rest, relaxation, peace, calm—the happiness of the nihilistic religions and philosophies; the rich and living want victory, opponents overcome, the overflow of the feeling of power across wider domains than hitherto. All healthy functions of the organism have this need—and the whole organism[81] is such a complex of systems struggling for an increase of the feeling of power——

704 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

How does it happen that the basic articles of faith in psychology are one and all the most arrant misrepresentations and counterfeits? "Man strives after happiness," e.g.—how much of that is true? In order to understand what "life" is, what kind of striving and tension life is, the formula must apply as well to trees and plants as to animals. "What does a plant strive after?"—but here we have already invented a false unity which does not exist: the fact of a millionfold growth with individual and semi-individual initiatives is concealed and denied if we begin by positing a crude unity "plant." That the very smallest "individuals" cannot be understood in the sense of a "metaphysical individuality" and atom, that their spere of power is continually changing—that is the first thing that becomes obvious; but does each of them strive after happiness when it changes in this way?—

But all expansion, incorporation, growth means striving against something that resists; motion is essentially tied up with states of displeasure; that which is here the driving force must in any event desire something else if it desires displeasure in this way and continually looks for it.— For what do the trees in a jungle fight each other? For "happiness"?— *For power!*—

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[81] The words that immediately follow in the MS have been omitted in all editions: "up to the age of puberty."

Man, become master over the forces of nature, master over his own savagery and licentiousness (the desires have learned to obey and be useful)—man, in comparison with a pre-man—represents a tremendous quantum of *power*—*not* an increase in "happiness"! How can one claim that he has *striven* for happiness?—

705 (*1883-1888*)[82]

As I say this I see above me, glittering under the stars, the tremendous rat's tail of errors that has hitherto counted as the highest inspiration of humanity: "All happiness is a consequence of virtue, all virtue is a consequence of free will!"

Let us reverse the values: all fitness the result of fortunate organization, all freedom the result of fitness (—freedom here understood as facility in self-direction. Every artist will understand me).

706 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

"The value of life."— Life is a unique case; one must justify all existence and not only life—the justifying principle[83] is one that explains life, too.

Life is only a *means* to something; it is the expression of forms of the growth of power.

707 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

The "*conscious* world" cannot serve as a starting point for values: need for an "*objective*" positing of values.

In relation to the vastness and multiplicity of collaboration and mutual opposition encountered in the life of every organism, the *conscious* world of feelings, intentions, and valuations is a small section. We have no right whatever to posit this piece of consciousness as the aim and wherefore of this total phenomenon of life: becoming conscious is obviously only one more means toward the unfolding and extension of the power of life. Therefore it is a piece of naiveté to posit pleasure or spirituality or morality or any other particular of the sphere of consciousness as the highest value —and perhaps even to justify "the world" by means of this.

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[82] In the MS this section follows immediately upon the text of *Twilight*, "The Four Great Errors," section 2.

[83] "The last three lines are crossed out in the MS": 1911, p. 510. Unless "three" is a misprint (for two), the deletion would begin at the point indicated.

This is my *basic objection* to all philosophic-moralistic cosmo- and theodicies, to all *wherefores* and *highest values* in philosophy and theology hitherto. One kind of means has been misunderstood as an end; conversely, life and the enhancement of its power has been debased to a means.

If we wished to postulate a goal adequate to life, it could not coincide with any category of conscious life; it would rather have to explain all of them as a means to itself—

The "denial of life" as an aim of life, an aim of evolution! Existence as a great stupidity! Such a lunatic interpretation is only the product of measuring life by aspects of consciousness (pleasure and displeasure, good and evil). Here the means are made to stand against the end—the "unholy," absurd, above all unpleasant means—: how can an end that employs such means be worth anything! But the mistake is that, instead of looking for a purpose that explains the *necessity* of such means, we presuppose in advance a goal that actually *excludes* such means; i.e., we take a desideratum in respect of certain means (namely pleasant, rational, and virtuous ones) as a norm, on the basis of which we posit what general purpose would be desirable—

The fundamental mistake is simply that, instead of understanding consciousness as a tool and particular aspect of the total life, we posit it as the standard and the condition of life that is of supreme value: it is the erroneous perspective of *a parte ad totum*[84] —which is why all philosophers are instinctively trying to imagine a total consciousness, a consciousness involved in all life and will, in all that occurs, a "spirit," "God." But one has to tell them that precisely this turns life into a monstrosity; that a "God" and total sensorium would altogether be something on account of which life would have to be condemned— Precisely that we have *eliminated* the total consciousness that posited ends and means, is our great relief—with that we are no longer *compelled* to be pessimists— *Our* greatest *reproach* against existence was the *existence of God*—

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[84] From a part to the whole.

708 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

[*On the value of "becoming."*—][85] If the motion of the world aimed at a final state, that state would have been reached. The sole fundamental fact, however, is that it does not aim at a final state; and every philosophy and scientific hypothesis (e.g., mechanistic theory) which necessitates such a final state is *refuted* by this fundamental fact.

I seek a conception of the world that takes this fact into account. Becoming must be explained without recourse to final intentions; becoming must appear justified at every moment (or incapable of being evaluated; which amounts to the same thing); the present must absolutely not be justified by reference to a future, nor the past by reference to the present. "Necessity" not in the shape of an overreaching, dominating total force, or that of a prime mover; even less as a necessary condition for something valuable. To this end it is necessary to deny a total consciousness of becoming, a "God," to avoid bringing all events under the aegis of a being who feels and knows but does not *will*: "God" is useless if he does not want anything, and moreover this means positing a summation of displeasure and unlogic which would debase the total value of "becoming." Fortunately such a summarizing power is missing (—a suffering and all-seeing God, a "total sensorium" and "cosmic spirit"[86] would be the greatest objection to being).

More strictly: one must admit nothing that has being—because then becoming would lose its value and actually appear meaningless and superfluous.

Consequently one must ask how the illusion of being could have arisen (was bound to arise);

likewise: how all value judgments that rest on the hypothesis that there are beings are disvalued.

But here one realizes that this hypothesis of beings is the source of all world-defamation (—the "better world," the "true world," the "world beyond," the "thing-in-itself.")

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[85] This title was inserted by Peter Gast.

[86] *"Allgeist."*

1. Becoming does not aim at a *final state,* does not flow into "being."

2. Becoming is not a merely *apparent state;* perhaps the world of beings is mere appearance.

3. Becoming is of equivalent value every moment; the sum of its values always remains the same; in other words, it has no value at all, for anything against which to measure it, and in relation to which the word "value" would have meaning, is lacking. *The total value of the world cannot be evaluated;* consequently philosophical pessimism belongs among comical things.

709 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

That we do not make our *"desiderata"* judges of being!

That we do not also set up terminal forms of evolution (e.g., spirit) as another "in-itself" behind evolution!

710 (*March-June 1888*)

Our knowledge has become scientific to the extent that it is able to employ number and measure. The attempt should be made to see whether a scientific order of values could be constructed simply on a numerical and mensural scale of force— All other "values" are prejudices, naiveties, misunderstandings.— They are everywhere *reducible* to this numerical and mensural scale of force. The ascent on this scale represents every rise in value; the descent on this scale represents diminution in value.

Here one has appearance and prejudice against one. (For moral values are only apparent values compared with physiological values.)

711 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Where the point of view of "value" is inadmissible:—

That in the "process of the totality" the labor of man is of no account, because a total process (considered as a system—) does not exist at all;

that there is no "totality"; that no evaluation of human existence, of human aims, can be made in regard to something that does not exist;

that "necessity," "causality," "purposiveness," are useful *unrealities*;[87]

that *not* "increase in consciousness" is the aim, but enhancement of power—and in this enhancement the utility of consciousness is included; the same applies to pleasure and displeasure;

that one does not take the means as the supreme measure of value (therefore not states of consciousness, such as pleasure and pain, if becoming conscious itself is only a means—);

that the world is not an organism at all, but chaos; that the evolution of "spirituality" is only a means towards the relative duration of the organization;

that all "desirability" has no meaning in relation to the total character of being.

712 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

"God" as the moment of culmination: existence an eternal deifying and un-deifying. But in that not a high point of value, but a high point of power.

Absolute exclusion of mechanism and matter: both are only expressions of lower stages, the most despiritualized form of affect (of "will to power").[88]

Retreat from the high-point in becoming (the highest spiritualization of power on the most slavish ground) to be represented as a consequence of this highest force, which, turning against itself when it no longer has anything left to organize, expends its force on disorganization—

a. The ever-increasing conquest of societies and subjection of them by a smaller but more powerful number;

b. the ever-increasing conquest of the priviliged and stronger and the consequent rise of democracy, and ultimately anarchy of the elements.

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[87] *Nützliche "Scheinbarkeiten."*

[88] The words that immediately follow in the MS have been omitted in all editions:

"The world made stupid, as an aim, as a consequence of the will to power which makes the elements as independent of each other as possible. Beauty as a sign of the habituation and pampering [*Gewöhnung und Verwöhnung*] of the victorious; what is ugly as the expression of many defeats (within the organism). No heredity! The chain as a *whole* changing—"

On the margin of the same page:

" 'Beautiful' has a delightful effect on the feeling of pleasure; one need only think of the transfiguring power of 'love.' Might not the transfigured and perfect, conversely, mildly excite sensuality, so life has the effect of a pleasant feeling?—"

713 (*March-June 1888*)

Value is the highest quantum of power that a man is able to incorporate—a man: not mankind! Mankind is even a means sooner than an end. It is a question of the type: mankind is merely the experimental material, the tremendous surplus of failures: a field of ruins.[89]

714 (*Manuscript source uncertain*)

Value words are banners raised where a *new bliss* has been found—a new *feeling*.

715 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The standpoint of "value" is the standpoint of conditions of preservation and enhancement for complex forms of relative life-duration within the flux of becoming.

There are no durable ultimate units, no atoms, no monads: here, too, "beings" are only introduced by us (from perspective grounds of practicality and utility).

"Forms of domination"; the sphere of that which is dominated continually growing or periodically increasing and decreasing according to the favorability or unfavorability of circumstances (nourishment—).

"Value" is essentially the standpoint for the increase or decrease of these dominating centers ("multiplicities" in any case; but "units" are nowhere present in the nature of becoming).[90]

Linguistic means of expression are useless for expressing "becoming"; it accords with our inevitable need to preserve ourselves to posit a crude world of stability, of "things," etc. We may venture to speak of atoms and monads in a relative sense; and it is certain that the smallest world is the most durable— There is no will: there are treaty drafts of will[91] that are constantly increasing or losing their power.

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[89] The image of the field of ruins is also found in the early "meditation" on *Schopenhauer as Educator* (1874), section 6. For detailed discussion see my *Nietzsche*, Chapter 5, section III.

[90] The words that immediately follow in the MS are omitted in all editions: "—a quantum of power, a becoming, in so far as none of it has the character of 'being'—in so far—"

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[91] *Willens-Punktationen:* meaning unclear; perhaps the point is that the will is not a single entity but more like a constantly shifting federation or alliance of drives.

III. THE WILL TO POWER AS SOCIETY AND INDIVIDUAL

1. Society and State

716 (*March-June 1888*)

Basic principle: only individuals feel themselves responsible. Multiplicities are invented in order to do things for which the individual lacks the courage. It is for just this reason that all communalities and societies are a hundred times more upright and instructive about the nature of man than is the individual, who is too weak to have the courage for his own desires—

The whole of "altruism" reveals itself as the prudence of the private man: societies are not "altruistic" towards one another— The commandment to love one's neighbor has never yet been extended to include one's actual neighbor. That relationship is still governed by the words of Manu: "We must consider all countries that have common borders with us, and their allies, too, as our enemies. For the same reason, we must count all *their* neighbors as being well-disposed toward us."

The study of society is so invaluable because man as society is much more naive than man as a "unit." "'Society" has never regarded virtue as anything but a means to strength, power, and order.

How simple and dignified is Manu when he says: "Virtue could scarcely endure by its own strength. Fundamentally it is only the fear of punishment that keeps men within bounds and leaves everyone in peaceful possession of his own."[92]

717 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The state organized immorality—*internally*: as police, penal law, classes, commerce, family; *externally*: as will to power, to war, to conquest, to revenge.

How does it happen that the state will do a host of things that the individual would never countenance?— Through division of responsibility, of command, and of execution. Through the interposition of the virtues of obedience, duty, patriotism, and loyalty. Through upholding pride, severity, strength, hatred, revenge—in short, all typical characteristics that contradict the herd type.

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[92] The two quotations—in the second and in the last paragraphs—were inserted by Peter Gast.

718 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

None of you has the courage to kill a man, or even to whip him, or even to—but the tremendous machine of the state overpowers the individual, so he repudiates responsibility for what he does (obedience, oath, etc.)

—Everything a man does in the service of the state is contrary to his nature.

—in the same way, everything he learns with a view to future state service is contrary to his nature.

This is achieved through division of labor (so that no one any longer possesses the full responsibility):

the lawgiver—and he who enacts the law;

the teacher of discipline—and those who have grown hard and severe under discipline.

719 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

A division of labor among the affects within society: so individuals and classes produce an incomplete, but for that reason more useful kind of soul. To what extent certain affects have remained almost rudimentary in every type within society (with a view to developing another affect more strongly).

Justification of morality:

economic (the intention to exploit individual strength to the greatest possible extent to prevent the squandering of everything exceptional);

aesthetic (the formation of firm types, together with pleasure in one's own type);

political (the art of enduring the tremendous tension between differing degrees of power);

physiological (as a pretended high evaluation in favor of the underprivileged or mediocre—for the preservation of the weak).

720 (*1886-1887*)

The most fearful and fundamental desire in man, his drive for power—this drive is called "freedom"— must be held in check the longest. This is why ethics, with its unconscious instinct for education and breeding, has hitherto aimed at holding the desire for power in check: it disparages the tyrannical individual and with its glorification of social welfare and patriotism emphasizes the power-instinct of the herd.

721 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Inability to acquire power: its hypocrisy and shrewdness: as obedience (subordination, pride in duty, morality—); as submission, devotion, love (idealization, deification of him who commands as compensation and indirect self-transfiguration); as fatalism, resignation; as "objectivity"; as self-tyranny (Stoicism, asceticism, "emancipation from the self," "sanctification"); as criticism, pessimism, indignation, torment; as "beautiful soul," "virtue," "self-deification," "detachment," "unspotted by the world," etc. (—the insight into an inability to acquire power disguised as *dédain*). In all this there is expressed the need to exercise some sort of power nonetheless, or to create for oneself the temporary appearance of power—as intoxication.

Men who want power for the sake of the happiness power provides: political parties.

Other men who want power even accompanied by obvious disadvantages and sacrifices in happiness and well-being: the ambitious.

Other men who want power merely because it would otherwise fall into other hands upon which they do not want to be dependent.

722 (*1886-1887*)

Critique of "justice" and "equality before the law": what is really supposed to be *abolished* through this? Tension, enmity, hatred.— But it is an error to suppose that "happiness" will be increased in this way: Corsicans, e.g., enjoy more happiness than Continentals.

723 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Reciprocity, the hidden intention to claim reward: one of the most insidious forms of the diminution of the value of man. It brings with it that "equality" which depreciates the distancing gulf as immoral—

724 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

What "useful" means is entirely dependent upon the *intention,* the wherefore? The intention, the "goal," is again entirely dependent on the degree of power. Therefore utilitarianism is not a foundation but only a theory of consequences, and absolutely cannot be made obligatory for everyone.

725 (*Summer-Fall 1883*)

Formerly one had the theory of the state as a calculating utility: now one has the practice as well!— The age of kings is past because the peoples are no longer worthy of them: they do not *want* to see the symbol of their ideal in kings, but a means for their profit.— That is the whole truth!

726 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Attempt on my part to grasp the absolute rationality of social judgment and evaluation (naturally without the desire to deduce moral conclusions).

the degree of psychological falsity and opacity needed to sanctify the affects essential for preservation and enhancement of power (in order to create a good conscience for them).

the degree of stupidity needed to maintain the possibility of common rules and valuations (in addition education, supervision of the elements of culture, training).

the degree of inquisition, mistrust, and intolerance needed to deal with the exceptions as criminals and to suppress them—to give them a bad conscience, so they suffer their exceptionalness as a disease.

727 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Morality essentially a shield, a means of defense; to this extent a sign of the immature (armored, stoical).

The mature man has, above all, weapons: he attacks.

Instruments of war transformed into instruments of peace (from scales and armor, feathers and hair).

728 (*March-June 1888*)

It is part of the concept of the living that it must grow—that it must extend its power and consequently incorporate alien forces. Intoxicated by moral narcotics, one speaks of the right of the individual to *defend* himself; in the same sense one might also speak of his right to attack: for both—and the second even more than the first—are necessities for every living thing:—aggressive and defensive egoism are not matters of choice, to say nothing of "free will," but the fatality of life itself.

In this case it is all the same whether one has in view an individual or a living body, an aspiring "society." The right to punish (or the self-defense of society) is at bottom called a "right" owing to a misuse of the word. A right is acquired through treaties—but self-protection and self-defense do not rest on the basis of a treaty. At least a people might just as well designate as a right its need to conquer, its lust for power, whether by means of arms or by trade, commerce and colonization—the right to growth, perhaps. A society that definitely and *instinctively* gives up war and conquest is in decline: it is ripe for democracy and the rule of shopkeepers— In most cases, to be sure, assurances of peace are merely narcotics.

729 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The maintenance of the military state is the last means of all of acquiring or maintaining the great tradition with regard to the supreme type of man, the strong type. And all concepts that perpetuate enmity and difference in rank between states (e.g., nationalism, protective tariffs) may appear sanctioned in this light.

730 (*1885-1886*)

That something longer-lasting than an individual should endure, that a *work* should endure which has perhaps been created by an individual: to that end, every possible kind of limitation, one-sidedness, etc., must be imposed upon the individual.

By what means? Love, reverence, gratitude toward the person who created the work helps; or that our forefathers fought for it; or that my descendants will be guaranteed only if I guarantee this work (e.g., the *polis*). Morality is essentially the means of ensuring the duration of something beyond individuals, or rather through an enslavement of the individual. It is obvious that the perspective from below will produce quite different expressions from that from above.

A complex of power: how is it maintained? By the fact that many generations sacrifice themselves for it; i.e.,—[93]

731 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The continuum: "marriage, property, language, tradition, tribe, family, people, state" are continuums of lower and higher orders. Their economy resides in the preponderance of the advantages of uninterrupted work and of multiplicity over the disadvantages: the higher cost of exchange between parts or of making them last. (Multiplication of the effective parts, which, however, often remain unemployed; thus a higher cost of acquisition and a not inconsiderable cost in maintenance.) The advantage resides in the fact that interruptions are avoided and losses that would arise from them are saved. Nothing is more costly than a beginning.

"The greater the advantages for existence, the greater the cost of maintenance and production (food and propagation); the greater, too, the danger and probability of perishing before the high point is reached."

732 (*Summer-Fall 1888*)

Marriage in the bourgeois sense of the word—I mean, in the most respectable sense of the word "marriage"—is not a matter of love, any more than it is a question of money; no institution can be founded on love. It is a question of society's granting permission to two people to gratify their sexual desires with one another, under certain conditions, to be sure, but conditions that keep the interests of society in view. It is obvious that a certain attraction between the parties and very much good will—will to patience, compatibility, care for one another—will be among the presuppositions of such a contract; but one should not misuse the word love to describe this! For two lovers in the complete and strong sense of the word sexual gratification is not essential and is really no more than a symbol: for one party, as already said, a symbol of unconditional submission, for the other a symbol of assent to this, a sign of taking possession.

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[93] In all previous editions the section ends: ". . . for it."

In marriage in the aristocratic, old aristocratic sense of the word it was a question of the breeding of a race (is there still an aristocracy today? *Quaeritur*[94])— thus of the maintenance of a fixed, definite type of ruling man: man and woman were sacrificed to this point of view. It is obvious that love was not the first consideration here; on the contrary! and not even that measure of mutual good will that is a condition of the good bourgeois marriage. What was decisive was the interest of a family, and beyond that—the class. We would shiver a little at the coldness, severity, and calculating clarity of such a noble concept of marriage as has ruled in every healthy aristocracy, in ancient Athens as in the eighteenth century, we warm-blooded animals with sensitive hearts, we "moderns"! Precisely this is why love as a passion—in the great meaning of the word—was *invented* for the aristocratic world and in it, where constraint and privation were greatest[95]—

733 (*1888*)

On the future of marriage:—an additional tax (on inheritance), also additional war service for bachelors from a certain age onwards and increasing (within the community);

advantages of all kinds for fathers who bring many boys into the world: possibly a plural vote;

a medical certificate preceding every marriage and endorsed by the communal authorities, several definite questions must be answered by the couple and by doctors ("family history"—);

as an antidote to prostitution (or as its ennoblement): marriages for a period, legalized (for years, for months), with guarantees for the children;

every marriage warranted and sanctioned by a certain number of trusted men of the community, as a matter of concern to the community.[96]

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[94] One asks.

[95] This section and the next should be compared with *Twilight*, "Skirmishes," section 39 (*Portable Nietzsche*, pp. 543-44).

[96] See the preceding footnote.

734 (*Summer-Fall 1888*)

Also a commandment of the love of man.— There are cases in which a child would be a crime: in the case of chronic invalids and neurasthenics of the third degree. What should one do in such cases?— One might at least try encouraging them to chastity, perhaps with the aid of *Parsifal* music: Parsifal himself, this typical idiot, had only too many reasons not to propagate himself. The trouble is that a certain inability to "control" oneself (—*not* to react to stimuli, even to very slight sexual stimuli) is one of the most regular consequences of general exhaustion. One would be mistaken, for example, to think of a Leopardi as chaste. The priest, the moralist play a hopeless game in such cases; it would make more sense to go to a pharmacy. After all, society has a *duty* here: few more pressing and fundamental demands can be made upon it. Society, as the great trustee of life, is responsible to life itself for every miscarried life—it also has to pay for such lives: consequently it ought to prevent them. In numerous cases, society ought to prevent procreation: to this end, it may hold in readiness, without regard to descent, rank, or spirit, the most rigorous means of constraint, deprivation of freedom, in certain circumstances castration.—

The Biblical prohibition "thou shalt not kill!" is a piece of naiveté compared with the seriousness of the prohibition of life to decadents: "thou shalt not procreate!"— Life itself recognizes no solidarity, no "equal rights," between the healthy and the degenerate parts of an organism: one must excise the latter—or the whole will perish.— Sympathy for decadents, equal rights for the ill-constituted—that would be the profoundest immorality, that would be antinature itself as morality![97]

735 (*1887; rev. 1888*)

There are delicate and sickly inclined natures, so-called idealists, who cannot achieve anything better than a crime, *cru, vert:*[98] it is the great justification of their little, pale existences, a payment for a protracted cowardice and mendaciousness, a moment at least of strength: afterwards they perish of it.[99]

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[97] This section was originally meant to be included in *Twilight,* under the title *"My categorical imperative."* The printer's proof, corrected by Nietzsche, is preserved along with the MS. But then Nietzsche withdrew this section.

[98] Raw, green.

736 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

In our civilized world, we learn to know almost only the wretched criminal, crushed by the curse and the contempt of society, mistrustful of himself, often belittling and slandering his deed, a miscarried type of criminal; and we resist the idea that all great human beings have been criminals (only in the grand and not in a miserable style), that crime belongs to greatness (—for that is the experience of those who have tried the reins and of all who have *descended* deepest into great souls—). To be "free as a bird" from tradition, the conscience of duty—every great human being knows this danger. But he also desires it: he desires a great goal and therefore also the means to it.[100]

737 (*March-June 1888*)

Ages in which one leads men with *reward* and *punishment* have a low, still primitive kind of man in view: it is as if they were children—

Within our late culture, fatality and degeneration are something that completely abolishes all meaning of reward and punishment— This real determination of action through reward and punishment presupposes young, strong, forceful races. In old races, the impulses are so irresistible that a mere idea is quite powerless;—to be unable to offer resistance where a stimulus is given, but to *have* to respond to it: this extreme susceptibility of decadents renders such systems of punishment and improvement perfectly meaningless.

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The concept "improvement" rests on the presupposition of a normal and strong man, whose individual action must in some way be balanced in order not to lose him [to the community],[101] in order not to have him as an enemy.

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[99] Possibly a comment on Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment.* See also the next footnote and section 740 below.

[100] Cf. *Twilight,* "Skirmishes," section 45, which deals at greater length with "*The criminal and what is related to him*" and says: "The testimony of Dostoevsky is relevant . . .—Dostoevsky, the only psychologist, incidentally, from whom I had something to learn . . ." (*Portable Nietzsche,* pp. 549-51). Cf. also section 740 below. See also the Appendix, below.

738 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Effect of a *prohibition.*— Every power that forbids, that knows how to arouse fear in those to whom something is forbidden, creates a "bad conscience" (that is, the desire for something combined with the consciousness of danger in satisfying it, with the necessity for secrecy, for underhandedness, for caution). Every prohibition worsens the character of those who do not submit to it willingly, but only because they are compelled.

739 (*March-June 1888*)

"Reward and punishment."— They stand together, they fall together. Today one does not want to be rewarded, one will not acknowledge the right of anyone to punish— One has put oneself on a war footing: one desires something, one meets with opposition, one can perhaps gain what one wants most reasonably if one gets along—if one draws up a contract.

A modern society, in which every individual has drawn up his "contract"—the criminal breaks a contract— That would be a clear concept. But then one could not tolerate within a society anarchists and those who oppose the form of that society or principle—

740 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Crime belongs to the concept "revolt against the social order." One does not "punish" a rebel; one *suppresses* him. A rebel can be a miserable and contemptible man; but there is nothing contemptible in a revolt as such—and to be a rebel in view of contemporary society does not in itself lower the value of a man. There are even cases in which one might have to honor a rebel, because he finds something in our society against which war ought to be waged—he awakens us from our slumber.

If a criminal perpetrates an individual act against an individual this does not demonstrate that his whole instinct is not in a state of war with the whole order: his deed as a mere symptom.

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[101] The words I have placed in brackets were added by the German editors.

One should reduce the concept "punishment" to the concept: suppression of a revolt, security measures against the suppressed (total or partial imprisonment). But one should not express contempt through punishment: a criminal is in any case a man who risks his life, his honor, his freedom—a man of courage. Neither should one take punishment to be a penance; or as a payment, as if an exchange relationship existed between guilt and punishment—punishment does not purify, *for* crime does not sully.

One should not deprive the criminal of the possibility of making his peace with society; provided he does not belong to the race of criminals. In that case one should make war on him even before he has committed any hostile act (first operation as soon as one has him in one's power: his castration).

One should not hold against the criminal his bad manners or the low level of his intelligence. Nothing is more common than that he should misunderstand himself (for often his rebellious instinct, the rancor of the *déclassé*, has not reached consciousness, *faute le lecture*),[102] that he should slander and dishonor his deed under the influence of fear and failure—quite apart from those cases in which, psychologically speaking, the criminal surrenders to an uncomprehended drive and by some subsidiary action ascribes a false motive to his deed (perhaps by a robbery when what he wanted was blood).[103]

One should beware of assessing the value of a man according to a single deed. Napoleon warned against this. For our *haut-relief* deeds are quite especially insignificant. If men like us have no crime, e.g., murder, on our conscience—why is it? Because a few opportune circumstances were lacking. And if we did it, what would that indicate about our value? In a way one would despise us if one thought we had not the strength to kill a man under certain circumstances. In almost all crimes some qualities also find expression which ought not to be lacking in a man. It was not without justification that Dostoevsky said of the inmates of his Siberian prisons that they formed the strongest and most valuable part of the Russian people.[104] If with us the criminal is an ill-nourished and stunted plant, this is to the dishonor of our social relationships; in the age of the Renaissance the criminal throve and acquired for himself his own kind of virtue—virtue in the Renaissance style, to be sure, *virtù*, moraline-free virtue.

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[102] For lack of reading.

[103] Cf. *Zarathustra* I, "On the Pale Criminal" (*Portable Nietzsche,* p. 149 *ff*), and *Crime and Punishment*; but when Nietzsche wrote *Zarathustra,* he had not even heard of Dostoevsky. For the details concerning his reading of Dostoevsky, see my notes on *Genealogy,* essay III, sections 15 and 24.

One can enhance only those men whom one does not treat with contempt; moral contempt causes greater indignity and harm than any crime.

741 (*1883-1888*)

The derogatory element first entered into punishment when certain penalties became associated with contemptible men (e.g., slaves). Those punished most were contemptible men, and at length punishment came to contain something derogatory.

742 (*March-June 1888*)

In ancient penal law a *religious* concept was at work: that of the expiatory power of punishment. Punishment purifies: in the modern world it sullies. Punishment is a payment: one is really *rid* of that for which one was *willing* to suffer so much. Provided there is a belief in this power of punishment, there follows a profound sense of relief which is really very close to a new health, a restoration. One has not only made one's peace with society again, one has also regained one's self-respect and feels—"pure."

Today punishment isolates even more than the crime; the fatality behind a crime has grown so great that it has grown incurable. One emerges from punishment as an *enemy* of society. From then on, it has one more enemy.

Jus talionis[105] can be dictated by the spirit of retribution (i.e., by a kind of moderation of the instinct for revenge); but with Manu, e.g., it is the need to possess an equivalent in order to *expiate*, in order to be "free" again in a religious sense.

743 (*1885-1886*)

My rather radical question mark set against all modern penal codes is this: if the punishment should hurt in proportion to the magnitude of the crime—and fundamentally that is what all of you want!—you would have to measure the susceptibility to pain of every criminal. Does that not mean: a previously determined punishment for a crime, a penal code, ought not to exist at all? But considering that one would scarcely be able to determine a criminal's degrees of pleasure and displeasure, wouldn't one have to do without punishment in practice? What a loss! Isn't it? Consequently——

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[104] Cf. *Twilight*, "Skirmishes," section 45 (*Portable Nietzsche*, pp. 549-51), and section 736 above.

[105] The law of talion.

744 (*1883-1888*)

Ah, the philosophy of right! A science that, like all moral science, has not even reached the cradle yet!

One still misunderstands, e.g., even among jurists who think themselves enlightened, the oldest and most valuable significance of punishment—one does not know it at all; and as long as jurisprudence does not put itself on a new footing, namely on that of comparative history and anthropology, it will persist in the useless struggle between fundamentally false abstractions that today pass for "philosophy of right" and that are all based on contemporary man. This contemporary man, however, is so intricate, also in his legal evaluations, that he permits the most varied interpretations.

745 (*1883-1888*)

An old Chinese said he had heard that when empires were doomed they had many laws.

746 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Schopenhauer wanted rascals to be castrated and silly geese to be shut up in convents: from what point of view would this be desirable? The rascal has this advantage over many other men, that he is not mediocre; and the fool has this advantage over us, that he does not suffer at the sight of mediocrity.

It would be more desirable that the gulf should be made wider; so rascality and folly should increase. In this way human nature would be expanded— But, after all, this is dictated by necessity; it does not depend on whether we desire it or not. Folly, rascality increase: that is part of "progress."

747 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

In contemporary society a great deal of consideration, of tact and forbearance, of good-natured respect for the rights of others, even for the claims of others, is quite widespread; even more, a certain benevolent instinctive estimation of human value in general, which finds expression in trustfulness and credit of all kinds. Respect for man—and not merely for virtuous men—is perhaps what divides us most sharply from a Christian evaluation. It seems to us ironic to a degree when we still hear morals preached; a man lowers himself in our eyes and becomes comical if he preaches morals.

This moral liberality is one of the best signs of our age. When we discover cases in which it is noticeably lacking, this strikes us as a kind of sickness (the case of Carlyle in England, the case of Ibsen in Norway, the case of Schopenhauerian[?][106] pessimism[?] throughout Europe[?]). If anything can reconcile us to our age, it is the great amount of immorality it permits itself without thinking any the worse of itself. On the contrary! What constitutes the superiority of culture over unculture? of the Renaissance over the Middle Ages, for example?— One thing alone; the great amount of *admitted* immorality. From this it follows of necessity what all the heights of human evolution must represent to the eye of the moral fanatic: the *non plus ultra* of corruption (—consider Savonarola's judgment of Florence, Plato's judgment of Periclean Athens, Luther's[?] judgment[?] of Rome, Rousseau's judgment of Voltaire's society, the German judgment *contra* Goethe).

748 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

A little fresh air! This absurd condition of Europe shall not go on much longer! Is there any idea at all behind this bovine nationalism? What value can there be now, when everything points to wider and more common interests, in encouraging this boorish self-conceit? And this in a state of affairs in which spiritual dependency and disnationalization meet the eye and in which the value and meaning of contemporary culture lie in mutual blending and fertilization!— And the "new *Reich*" again founded on the most threadbare and despised ideas: equal rights and universal suffrage.

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[106] The five words followed by question marks in brackets represent uncertain but extremely plausible readings.

The struggle for advantage within a state of affairs that is no good; this culture of big cities, newspapers, feverishness and "pointlessness"—!

The economic unification of Europe is coming of necessity—and also, as a reaction, a peace party—

A party of peace, without sentimentality, that forbids itself and its children to wage war; forbids recourse to the courts; that provokes struggle, contradiction, persecution against itself: a party of the oppressed, at least for a time; soon the big party. Opposed to feelings of revenge and resentment.

A war party, equally principled and severe toward itself, proceeding in the opposite direction—

749[107] (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

The princes of Europe should consider carefully whether they can do without our support. We immoralists—we are today the only power that needs no allies in order to conquer: thus we are by far the strongest of the strong. We do not even need to tell lies: what other power can dispense with that? A powerful seduction fights on our behalf, the most powerful perhaps that there has ever been—the seduction of truth—"Truth"? Who has forced this word on me? But I repudiate it; but I disdain this proud word: no, we do not need even this; we shall conquer and come to power even without truth. The spell that fights on our behalf, the eye of Venus that charms and blinds even our opponents, is *the magic of the extreme,* the seduction that everything extreme exercises: we immoralists—we are the most extreme.

750 (*1884*)

The rotted ruling classes have ruined the image of the ruler. The "state" as a court of law is a piece of cowardice, because the great human being is lacking to provide a standard of measurement. Finally, the sense of insecurity grows so great that men cower in the dust before *any* forceful will that commands. N.B.

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[107] In the MS this section is crossed out.

Scorn for the kings with the virtues of petty virtuous people.[108]

751 (*March-June 1888*)

"The will to power" is so hated in democratic ages that their entire psychology seems directed toward belittling and defaming it. The type of the great ambitious man who thirsts after honor is supposed to be Napoleon! And Caesar! And Alexander!— As if these were not precisely the great *despisers* of honor!

And Helvétius demonstrates to us that men strive after power so as to possess the enjoyments available to the powerful: he understands this striving for power as will to enjoyment! as hedonism!

752 (*1884*)

According to whether a people feels "right, vision, the gift of leadership, etc., belong to the few" or "to the many"—there will be an oligarchic or a democratic government.

Monarchy represents the belief in one man who is utterly superior, a leader, savior, demigod.

Aristocracy represents the belief in an elite humanity and higher caste.

Democracy represents the disbelief in great human beings and an elite society: "Everyone is equal to everyone else." "At bottom we are one and all self-seeking cattle and mob."

753 (*1885*)

I am opposed to 1. socialism, because it dreams quite naively of "the good, true, and beautiful" and of "equal rights" (—anarchism also desires the same ideal, but in a more brutal fashion);

2. parliamentary government and the press, because these are the means by which the herd animal becomes master.

754 (*1884*)

The arming of the people—is ultimately the arming of the mob.

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[108] The last sentence, beginning with NB, has been omitted in all editions.

755 (*1884*)

How ludicrous I find the socialists, with their nonsensical optimism concerning the "good man," who is waiting to appear from behind the scenes if only one would abolish the old "order" and set all the "natural drives" free.

And the party opposed to them is just as ludicrous, because it does not admit the element of violence in the law, the severity and egoism in every kind of authority. " 'I and my kind' want to rule and survive; whoever degenerates will be expelled or destroyed"—this is the basic feeling behind every ancient legislation.

The idea of a higher kind of man is hated more than monarchs. Anti-aristocratic: that assumes hatred of monarchy only as a mask—

756 (*1885-1886*)

How treacherous all parties are!—they bring to light something about their leaders which the latter have perhaps always taken great care to hide under a bushel.

757 (*1884*)

Modern socialism wants to create the secular counterpart to Jesuitism: *everyone* a perfect instrument. But the purpose, the wherefore? has not yet been ascertained.

758 (*Summer-Fall 1883*)

Slavery today: a piece of barbarism! Where are those *for whom* they work? One must not always expect the contemporaneity of the two complementary castes.

Utility and pleasure are *slave theories* of life: the "blessing of work" is the self-glorification of slaves.— Incapacity for *otium.*[100]

759 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

One has no right to existence or to work, to say nothing of a right to "happiness": the individual human being is in precisely the same case as the lowest worm.

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[100] Leisure.

760 (*Fall 1888*)

We must think of the masses as unsentimentally as we think of nature: they preserve the species.

761 (*1885-1886*)

To look upon the distress of the masses with an ironic melancholy: they want something *we* are capable of—ah!

762 (*1885*)

European democracy represents a release of forces only to a very small degree. It is above all a release of laziness, of weariness, of *weakness*.

763 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

From the future of the worker.[110]— Workers should learn to feel like soldiers. An honorarium, an income, but no pay!

No relation between payment and achievement! But the individual, each according to his kind, should be so placed that he can achieve the highest that lies in his power.

764 (*1882*)

The workers shall live one day as the bourgeois do now—but *above* them, distinguished by their freedom from wants, the *higher caste*: that is to say, poorer and simpler, but in possession of power.

For *lower* men the reverse valuation obtains; it is a question of implanting "virtues" in them. Absolute commands; terrible means of compulsion; to tear them away from the easy life. The others may *obey*; and their vanity demands that they appear to be dependent, not on great men, but on *"principles."*

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[110] This title was supplied by the German editors, who found it in a list Nietzsche had made of his notes.

765 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

"Redemption from all guilt"

One speaks of the "profound injustice" of the social pact; as if the fact that this man is born in favorable circumstances, that in unfavorable ones, were in itself an injustice; or even that it is unjust that this man should be born with these qualities, that man with those. Among the most honest of these opponents of society it is asserted: "we ourselves, with all our bad, sick, criminal qualities, which we admit to, are only the inescapable *consequences* of a long suppression of the weak by the strong"; they make the ruling classes responsible for their characters. And they threaten, they rage, they curse; they become virtuous from indignation—they do not want to have become bad men, *canaille,* for nothing.

This pose, an invention of the last few decades, is also called pessimism, as I hear; the pessimism of indignation. Here the claim is made to judge history, to divest it of its fatality, to discover responsibility behind it, guilty men in it. For this is the rub: one needs guilty men. The underprivileged, the decadents of all kinds are in revolt on account of themselves and need victims so as not to quench their thirst for destruction by destroying themselves (—which would perhaps be reasonable). To this end, they need an appearance of justice, i.e., a theory through which they can shift the responsibility for their existence, for their being thus and thus, on to some sort of scapegoat. This scapegoat can be God—in Russia there is no lack of such atheists from *ressentiment*—or the social order, or education and training, or the Jews, or the nobility, or those who have turned out well in any way. "It is a crime to be born in favorable circumstances; for thus one has disinherited the others, pushed them aside, condemned them to vice, even to *work*— How can *I* help it that I am wretched! But somebody must be responsible, *otherwise it would be unberable!*"

In short, the pessimism of indignation invents responsibility in order to create a *pleasant* feeling for itself—revenge—"Sweeter than honey" old Homer called it.—

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That such a theory is no longer rightly understood, that is to say despised, is a consequence of the bit of *Christianity* that we all still have in our blood; so we are tolerant toward things merely because they smell somewhat Christian from a distance— The socialists appeal to the Christian instincts, that is their most subtle piece of shrewdness.

Christianity has accustomed us to the superstitious concept of the "soul," the "immortal soul," soul-monads that really are at home somewhere else and have only by chance fallen, as it were into this or that condition, into the "earthly" and become "flesh"; but their essence is not held to be affected, to say nothing of being conditioned, by all this. Social, family, historical circumstances are for the soul only incidental, perhaps embarrassments; in any event, it is not produced by them. With this idea, the individual is made transcendent; as a result, he can attribute a senseless importance to himself.

In fact, it was Christianity that first invited the individual to play the judge of everything and everyone; megalomania almost became a duty: one has to enforce *eternal* rights against everything temporal and conditioned! What of the state! What of society! What of historical laws! What of physiology! What speaks here is something beyond becoming, something unchanging throughout history, something immortal, something divine: a *soul*!

Another Christian concept, no less crazy, has passed even more deeply into the tissue of modernity: the concept of the "equality of souls before God." This concept furnishes the prototype of all theories of equal rights: mankind was first taught to stammer the proposition of equality in a religious context, and only later was it made into morality: no wonder that man ended by taking it seriously, taking it practically!—that is to say, politically, democratically, socialistically, in the spirit of the pessimism of indignation.

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Wherever responsibilities have been sought it was the *instinct of revenge* that sought. This instinct of revenge has so mastered mankind in the course of millennia that the whole of metaphysics, psychology, conception of history, but above all morality, is impregnated with it. As far as man has thought, he has introduced the bacillus of revenge into things. He has made even God ill with it, he has *deprived existence* in general *of its innocence*; namely, by tracing back every state of being thus and thus to a will, an intention, a responsible act. The entire doctrine of the will, this most fateful *falsification* in psychology hitherto, was essentially invented for the sake of punishment. It was the social *utility* of punishment that guaranteed this concept its dignity, its power, its truth. The originators of this psychology—the psychology of will—are to be sought in the classes that administered the penal law, above all among the priests at the head of the oldest communality: they wanted to create for themselves a right to take revenge—they wanted to create a right for *God* to take revenge. To this end, man was conceived of as "free"; to this end, every action had to be conceived of as willed, the origin of every action as conscious. But these sentences refute the old psychology.[111]

Today, when Europe seems to have entered upon the opposite course, when we halcyonians especially are trying with all our might to withdraw, banish, and extinguish the concepts of guilt and punishment from the world, when our most serious endeavor is to purify psychology, morality, history, nature, social institutions and sanctions, and even God of this filth—whom must we recognize as our most natural antagonists? Precisely those apostles of revenge and *ressentiment,* those pessimists from indignation *par excellence,* who make it their mission to sanctify their filth under the name of "indignation."

We others, who desire to restore innocence to becoming, would like to be the missionaries of a cleaner idea: that no one has given man his qualities, neither God, nor society, nor his parents and ancestors, nor he himself—that no one is to *blame* for him.

There is no being that could be held responsible for the fact that anyone exists at all, that anyone is thus and thus, that anyone was born in certain circumstances, in a certain environment.— It is a tremendous restorative that such a being is lacking.

We are *not* the result of an eternal intention, a will, a wish: we are *not* the product of an attempt to achieve an "ideal of perfection" or an "ideal of happiness" or an "ideal of virtue"—any more than we are a blunder on the part of God that must frighten even him (an idea with which, as is well known, the Old Testament begins). There is no place, no purpose, no meaning, on which we can shift the responsibility for our being, for our being thus and thus. Above all: no one could do it; one cannot judge, measure, compare the whole, to say nothing of denying it! Why not?— For five reasons, all accessible even to modest intellects; for example, *because nothing exists besides the whole*—

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[111] Uncertain reading.

And, to say it again, this is a tremendous restorative; this constitutes the innocence of all existence.[112]

2. The Individual

766 (*1886-1887*)

Basic error: to place the goal in the herd and not in single individuals! The herd is a means, no more! But now one is attempting to understand the herd as an individual and to ascribe to it a higher rank than to the individual—profound misunderstanding! ! ! Also to characterize that which makes herdlike, sympathy, as the more valuable side of our nature!

767 (*1883-1888*)

The individual is something quite new which creates new things, something absolute; all his acts are entirely his own.

Ultimately, the individual derives the values of his acts from himself; because he has to interpret in a quite individual way even the words he has inherited. His interpretation of a formula at least is personal, even if he does not create a formula: as an interpreter he is still creative.

768 (*1882*)

The "ego" subdues and kills: it operates like an organic cell: it is a robber and violent. It wants to regenerate itself—pregnancy. It wants to give birth to its god and see all mankind at his feet.

769 (*Fall 1888*)

Every living thing reaches out as far from itself with its force as it can, and overwhelms what is weaker: thus it takes pleasure in itself. The increasing "humanizing" of this tendency consists in this, that there is an ever subtler sense of how hard it is really to incorporate another: while a crude injury done him certainly demonstrates our power over him, it at the same time estranges his will from us even more—and thus makes him less easy to subjugate.

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[112] The suggestion in 1911, p. 511, that the last sentences should be compared with VIII, 149, which is *Twilight*, "Skirmishes," section 38 (*Portable Nietzsche*, pp. 541-43), seems unhelpful. But section 765 *was* utilized in *Twilight*, "The Four Great Errors," sections 7-8 (*Portable Nietzsche*, pp. 499-501).

770 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

The degreee of resistance that must be continually overcome in order to remain on top is the measure of freedom, whether for individuals or for societies—freedom understood, that is, as positive power, as will to power. According to this concept, the highest form of individual freedom, of sovereignty, would in all probability emerge not five steps from its opposite,[113] where the danger of slavery hangs over existence like a hundred swords of Damocles. Look at history from this viewpoint: the ages in which the "individual" achieves such ripe perfection, i.e., *freedom,* and the classic type of the *sovereign man is* attained—oh no! they have never been humane ages!

One must have no choice: either on top—or underneath, like a worm, mocked, annihilated, trodden upon. One must oppose tyrants to become a tyrant, i.e., *free.* It is no small advantage to live under a hundred swords of Damocles: that way one learns to dance, one attains "freedom of movement."

771 (*1883-1888*)

Man, more than any animal, originally altruistic: hence his slow development (child) and lofty culture; hence, too, his extraordinary, ultimate kind of egoism.— Beasts of prey are much more individual.

772 (*Spring-Fall 1880*)

[*Critique of "selfishness."*—][114] The involuntary naiveté of La Rochefoucauld, who thought he was saying something bold, free and paradoxical—in those days "truth" in psychological matters was something that aroused astonishment— Example: *"les grandes âmes ne sont pas celles qui ont moins de passions et plus de vertus que les âmes communes, mais seulement celles qui ont de plus grands desseins."*[115]— To be sure, John Stuart Mill (who calls Chamfort the nobler and more philosophical La Rouchefoucauld of the eighteenth century—) sees in him only an astute observer of all that in the human breast that derives from "habitual selfishness," and adds: "a noble spirit will be unable to convince himself of the need to impose upon himself a constant contemplation of commonness and baseness, unless it were to show over what corrupting influences a lofty mind and nobility of character are able to triumph."

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[113] Cf. *Twilight,* section 38 (*Portable Nietzsche,* pp. 541-43). See footnote 112 above, but even here the correct reference would be VIII, 150.

[114] The title was added by Peter Gast.

773 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Morphology of self-esteem

First viewpoint: to what extent feelings of sympathy and community are the lower, preparatory stage at a time when personal self-esteem and individual initiative in evaluation are not yet possible.

Second viewpoint: to what extent the height of collective self-esteem, pride in the distinction of the clan, the feeling of inequality, the aversion to mediation, equality of rights, reconciliation, is a school for individual self-reliance; that is, in so far as it compels the individual to represent the pride of the whole: he has to speak and act with extreme respect for himself in so far as he represents the community in his own person. Also when the individual feels like the instrument and mouthpiece of the deity.

Third viewpoint: to what extent these forms of depersonalization in fact give the person a tremendous importance, in so far as higher powers employ him; religious awe before oneself the condition of the prophet and poet.

Fourth viewpoint: to what extent responsibility for the whole trains the individual to, and permits him, a broad view, a stern and terrible hand, a circumspection and coolness, a grandeur of bearing and gesture, which he would not permit himself on his own behalf.

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[115] Great souls are not those with fewer passions and more virtues than common souls, but only those with greater designs.—The Mill quotation has been retranslated from Nietzsche's German.

In summa: collective self-esteem is the great preparatory school for personal sovereignty. The noble class is that which inherits this training.

774 (*1883-1888*)

The *disguised* forms of the will to power:

1. Desire for freedom, independence, also for equilibrium, peace, co-ordination. Also the hermit, "spiritual freedom." In the lowest form: will to exist at all, "the drive to self-preservation."

2. Enrollment, so as to satisfy the will to power in a larger whole: submission, making oneself indispensable and useful to those in power; love, as a secret path to the heart of the more powerful—so as to dominate him.

3. The sense of duty, conscience, the imaginary consolation of outranking those who actually possess power; the recognition of an order of rank that permits judgment even of the more powerful; self-condemnation; the invention of new tables of value (Jews: classical example).

775 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Praise and gratitude as will to power.[116]— Praise and gratitude on the occasions of harvest, good weather, victory, marriage, peace:—all these festivals require a subject upon which the feeling can be discharged. One desires that all good things that happen to one should have been *done* to one: one desires a *doer*. The same applies to works of art: one is not satisfied with them alone: one praises the doer.

What, then is praise? A sort of restoration of balance in respect of benefits received, a giving in return, a demonstration of *our* power—for those who praise affirm, judge, evaluate, pass sentence: they claim the right of being *able* to affirm, of being *able* to dispense honors. A heightened feeling of happiness and life is also a heightened feeling of power: it is from this that man praises (—from this that he invents and seeks a doer, a "subject"—). Gratitude as virtuous revenge: most strenuously demanded and practiced where equality and pride must both be upheld, where revenge is practiced best.

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[116] The title is not found at this place in the MS, but is taken from a list of aphorisms. The idea was stated in 1878 in Nietzsche's *Human, All too Human*, section 44, which is cited and discussed in my *Nietzsche*, Chapter 6, section 1.

776 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

On the "Machiavellianism" of Power

The will to power appears

a. among the oppressed, among slaves of all kinds, as will to *"freedom"*: merely getting free seems to be the goal (religio-morally: "responsible to one's own conscience alone"; "evangelical freedom," etc.);

b. among a stronger kind of man, getting ready for power, as will to overpower; if it is at first unsuccessful, then it limits itself to the will to *"justice,"* i.e., to the *same measure of rights* as the ruling type possesses;

c. among the strongest, richest, most independent, most courageous, as *"love* of mankind," of "the people," of the gospel, of truth, God; as sympathy; "self-sacrifice," etc.; as overpowering, bearing away with oneself, taking into one's service, as instinctive self-involvement with a great quantum of power to which one is able to give direction: the hero, the prophet, the Caesar, the savior, the shepherd; (—sexual love, too, belongs here: it desires to overpower, to take possession, and it *appears* as self-surrender. Fundamentally it is only love of one's "instrument," of one's "steed"—the conviction that this or that belongs to one because one is in a position to use it).

"Freedom," "justice," and *"love"!!!*

777 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Love.— Look into it; women's love and sympathy—is there anything more egoistic?—And if they sacrifice themselves, their honor, their reputation, to whom do they sacrifice themselves? To the man? Or is it not rather to an unbridled urge?— These desires are just as selfish even if they please others and implant gratitude—

To what extent this sort of hyperfetation of one valuation can sanctify everything else!!

778 (*March-June 1888*)

"Senses," "passions."— Fear of the senses, of the desires, of the passions, when it goes so far as to counsel us against them, is already a symptom of weakness: extreme measures always indicate abnormal conditions. What is lacking, or crumbling, here is the strength to restrain an impulse: if one's instinct is to have to succumb, i.e., to *have* to react, then one does well to avoid the opportunities ("seductions") for it.

A "stimulation of the senses" is a seduction only for those whose system is too easily moved and influenced: in the opposite case, that of a system of great slowness and severity, strong stimuli are needed to set the functions going.

Excess is a reproach only against those who have no right to it; and almost all the passions have been brought into ill repute on account of those who were not sufficiently strong to employ them—.

One must understand that the same objections can be made to the passions as are made to sickness: nonetheless—we cannot do without sickness, and even less without the passions. We *need* the abnormal, we give life a tremendous *choc* by these great sicknesses.

In detail, the following must be distinguished:

1. the dominating passion, which even brings with it the supremest form of health; here the co-ordination of the inner systems and their operation in the service of one end is best achieved—but this is almost the definition of health!

2. the antagonism of the passions; two, three, a multiplicity of "souls in one breast":[117] very unhealthy, inner ruin, disintegration, betraying and increasing and inner conflict and anarchism —unless one passion at last becomes master. Return to health—

3. juxtaposition without antagonism or collaboration: often periodic, and then, as soon as an order has been established, also healthy. The most interesting men, the chameleons, belong here; they are not in contradiction with themselves, they are happy and secure, but they do not develop—their differing states lie juxtaposed, even if they are separated sevenfold. They change, they do not *become*.

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[117] Allusion to Goethe's *Faust*, line 1112.

779 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The *quantity* of the aim in its effect on the perspective of evaluation: the great criminal and the small one. The quantity of the aim that is wanted is also decisive for him who wills—whether he respects himself or feels dejected and miserable.—

Then the degree of spirituality in the means in its effect on the perspective of evaluation. How different the *philosophical* innovator, experimenter and man of violence appears from the robber, barbarian and adventurer!— Appearance of "disinterestedness."

Finally, noble manners, bearing, courage, self-confidence—how they alter the valuation of that which is attained in this way!

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Perspective of evaluation:

Influence of the quantity (great, small) of the aim.
Influence of the spirituality of the means.
Influence of manners during the act.
Influence of success or failure.
Influence of the opposing forces and their value.
Influence of that which is permitted and forbidden.

780 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The artifices for making possible actions, measures, affects that, from an individual standpoint, are no longer "allowable"—nor "in good taste":

that art "makes them tasteful to us" that allows us to enter such "estranged" worlds.

historians show in what way they are right and reasonable; travels; exoticism; psychology; penal codes; madhouse; criminals; sociology;

"impersonality" (so that, as media of a collective, we permit ourselves these affects and actions—council of judges, jury, citizen, soldier, cabinet minister, prince, association, "critic"—) gives us the feeling we are making a sacrifice—

781 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Preoccupation with itself and its "eternal salvation" is not the expression of a rich and self-confident type; for that type does not give a damn about its salvation—it has no such interest in happiness of any kind; it is force, deed, desire—it imposes itself upon things, it lays violent hands on things. Christianity is a romantic hypochondria of those whose legs are shaky.

Wherever the hedonistic perspective comes into the foreground one may infer suffering and a type that represents a failure.

782 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The "growing autonomy of the individual": these Parisian philosophers such as Fouillée speak of this; they ought to take a look at the *race moutonnière*[118] to which they belong! Open your eyes, you sociologists of the future! The individual has grown strong under *opposite* conditions; what you describe is the most extreme weakening and impoverishment of mankind; you even desire it and employ to that end the whole mendacious apparatus of the old ideal! you are so constituted that you actually regard your herd-animal needs as an ideal!

A complete lack of psychological integrity!

783 (*1885*)

The modern European is characterized by two apparently opposite traits: individualism and the demand for equal rights; that I have at last come to understand. For the individual is an extremely vulnerable piece of vanity: conscious of how easily it suffers, this vanity demands that every other shall count as its equal, that it should be only *inter pares*. In this way a social race is characterized in which talents and powers do not diverge very much. The pride that desires solitude and few admirers is quite beyond comprehension; a really "great" success is possible only through the masses, indeed one hardly grasps the fact any more that a success with the masses is always really a *petty* success: because *pulchrum est paucorum hominum.*[119]

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[118] Race of sheep. Alfred Fouillée (1838-1912) wrote books on Plato (1869) and Socrates (1874), a history of philosophy (1875), a critique of contemporary moral systems (1883), a work on democracy (1884), and, in addition to many other books, "*Nietzsche et l'immoralisme*" (Nietzsche and Immoralism, 1903).

All moralities know nothing of an "order of rank" among men; teachers of law nothing of a communal conscience. The principle of the individual rejects *very great* human beings and demands, among men approximately equal, the subtlest eye and the speediest recognition of a talent; and because everyone has some kind of talent in such late and civilized cultures—and therefore can expect to receive back his share of honor—there is more flattering of modest merits today than ever before: it gives the age a veneer of *boundless fairness.* Its unfairness consists in a boundless rage, *not* against tyrants and public flatterers even in the arts, but against *noble* men, who despise the praise of the many. The demand for equal rights (i.e., to be allowed to sit in judgment on everything and everyone) is *anti-aristocratic.*

Equally strange to the age is the vanished individual, the absorption in a great type, the desire not to be a personality—which constituted the distinction and ambition of many lofty men in earlier days (the greatest poets among them); or "to be a city" as in Greece; Jesuitism, Prussian officer corps and bureaucracy; or to be a pupil and continuator of great masters—for which nonsocial conditions and a lack of *petty vanity* are needed.

784 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

Individualism is a modest and still unconscious form of the "will to power"; here it seems sufficient to the individual to get free from an overpowering domination by society (whether that of the state or of the church). He does not oppose them as a person but only as an individual; he represents all individuals against the totality. That means: he instinctively posits himself as equal to all other individuals; what he gains in this struggle he gains for himself not as a person but as a representative of individuals against the totality.

Socialism is merely a means of agitation employed by individualism: it grasps that, to attain anything, one must organize oneself to a collective action, to a "power." But what it desires is not a social order as the goal of the individual but a social order as a means for making possible many individuals: this is the instinct of socialists about which they frequently deceive themselves (—apart from the fact that, in order to prevail, they frequently *have* to deceive themselves). The preaching of altruistic morality in the service of individual egoism: one of the most common lies of the nineteenth century.

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[119] Beauty belongs to the few.

Anarchism, too, is merely a means of agitation employed by socialism; by means of it, socialism arouses fear, by means of fear it begins to fascinate and to terrorize: above all—it draws the courageous, the daring to its side, even in the most spiritual matters.

All this notwithstanding: individualism is the *most modest* stage of the will to power.

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Once one has achieved a certain degree of independence, one wants more: people arrange themselves according to their degree of force: the individual no longer simply supposes himself the equal of others, he seeks his equals—he distinguishes himself from others. Individualism is followed by the formation of groups and organs; related tendencies join together and become active as a power; between these centers of power friction, war, recognition of one another's forces, reciprocation, approaches, regulation of an exchange of services. Finally, an order of rank.

N.B.:[120]

1. Individuals liberate themselves;
2. they enter into struggle with one another, they come to an agreement over "equality of rights" (—"justice" as an aim—);
3. once this is achieved, the actual inequalities of force produce an enhanced effect (because peace rules on the whole and many small quanta of force now constitute differences that formerly did not count). Now individuals organize themselves in groups; the groups struggle for privileges and predominance. Strife breaks out again in a milder form.

One desires *freedom* so long as one does not possess power. Once one does possess it, one desires to overpower; if one cannot do that (if one is still too weak to do so), one desires *"justice,"* i.e., *equal power.*

785 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Correction of the concept "egoism."— When one has grasped to what extent the concept "individual" is an error because every single creature constitutes the entire process in its entire course (not merely as "inherited," but the process itself—), then the single creature acquires a tremendously great significance. Instinct speaks quite correctly here. Where this instinct weakens—where the individual seeks a value for himself only in the service of others, one can be certain that exhaustion and degeneration are present. An altruistic disposition, genuine and without tartuffery, is an instinct for creating at least a secondary value for oneself in the service of other egoisms. Usually, however, altruism is only apparent; a detour to the preservation of one's own feeling of vitality and value.

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[120] Changed to "Recapitulation" by the German editors.

786 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

History of Moralization and Dismoralization

First proposition: There are no moral actions whatsoever: they are completely imaginary. Not only are they *indemonstrable* (which Kant, e.g., admitted, and Christianity as well)—they are *altogether impossible.* Through a psychological misunderstanding, one has invented an *antithesis* to the motivating forces, and believes one has described another kind of force; one has imagined a *primum mobile* that does not exist at all. According to the valuation that evolved the antithesis "moral" and "immoral" in general, one has to say: *there are only immoral intentions and actions.*

Second proposition: This entire distinction "moral" and "immoral" proceeds from the idea that moral as well as immoral actions are acts arising from free spontaneity—in short, that such a spontaneity exists, or in other words: that moral judgments in general relate only to one species of intentions and actions, those that are *free.* But this whole species of intentions and actions is purely imaginary; the world to which alone the moral standard can be applied does not exist at all:—*there are neither moral nor immoral actions.*

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The psychological error out of which the antithetical concepts "moral" and "immoral" arose is: "selfless," "unegoistic," "self-denying"—all unreal, imaginary.

False dogmatism regarding the "ego": it is taken in an atomistic sense, in a false antithesis to the "non-ego"; at the same time, pried out of becoming, as something that is a being. The false substantialization of the ego: (in the faith in individual immortality) this is made into an article of faith, especially under the influence of religio-moral training. After this artificial separation of the ego, and the declaration that it exists in and for itself, one confronted a value antithesis that seemed irrefutable: the single ego and the tremendous non-ego. It seemed evident that the value of the single ego could lie only in relating itself to the tremendous "non-ego"— being subject to it and existing for its sake.— Here the herd instincts were decisive: nothing is so contrary to this instinct as the sovereignty of the individual. But if the ego is conceived as something in and for itself, then its value must lie in self-negation.

Thus: 1. the false autonomy of the "individual," as atom;

2. the herd valuation, which abhors the desire to remain an atom and regards it as hostile;

3. as a result: the individual overcome by moving his goal;

4. now there seemed to be actions that were self-negating: one wove a whole sphere of fantastic antitheses about them;

5. one asked: in what actions does man affirm himself most strongly? Around these (sexuality, avarice, lust to rule, cruelty, etc.) prohibition, hatred, and contempt were heaped: one *believed* there were unselfish drives, one condemned all the selfish ones, one demanded the unselfish;

6. as a result: what had one done? One had placed a prohibition upon all the strongest, most natural, indeed the only real drives —henceforth, in order to find an action praiseworthy, one had to deny the presence in it of such drives;—tremendous falsification *in psychologicis*. Even any kind of "self-satisfaction" had first to be made possible by misunderstanding and construing oneself *sub specie boni*. Conversely: that species that derived its advantage from depriving man of his self-satisfaction (the representatives of the herd instinct; e.g., the priests and philosophers) became subtle and psychologically astute, so as to demonstrate how nonetheless selfishness ruled everywhere. Christian conclusion: "*Everything* is sin; even our virtues. Absolute reprehensibility of man. The unselfish action is not possible." Original sin. In short: once man had made of his instincts an antithesis to a purely imaginary world of the good, he ended by despising himself as incapable of performing actions that were "good."

N.B. Christianity thus demonstrates an advance in the sharpening of psychological insight: La Rochefoucauld and Pascal. It grasped the essential equivalence of human actions and their equivalence of value in essentials (—all immoral).

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Now one *seriously* set about the task of forming men in whom selfishness was dead:—priests, saints. And if one doubted the possibility of becoming "perfect," one did not doubt that one knew what is perfect.

The psychology of the saint, the priest, the "good man" naturally had to be purely phantasmagorical. One had declared the *real* motives of actions *bad*: in order still to be able to act at all, to prescribe actions, one had to describe as possible and as it were sanctify actions that are utterly impossible. With the falseness of one's former slanders, one now honored and idealized.

Rage against the instincts of life as "holy," as venerable. Absolute chastity, absolute obedience, absolute poverty: the *priestly* ideal. Alms, pity, sacrifice,[121] denial of beauty, of reason, of sensuality, a morose eye cast on all strong qualities one possessed: the *lay* ideal.

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One advances: the slandered instincts, too, try to create a right for themselves (e.g., Luther's Reformation: coarsest form of moral mendaciousness under the guise of "evangelical freedom") —one rebaptized them with holy names;

the slandered instincts try to prove themselves necessary for the existence of the virtuous instincts; one must *vivre, pour vivre pour autrui*:[122] egoism as means to an end;

one goes further, one tries to grant both the egoistic and the altruistic impulses a right to exist: equal rights for the one as for the other (from the standpoint of utility);

one goes further, one seeks a higher utility in a preference of the egoistic viewpoint over the altruistic: more useful in relation to the happiness of the majority or the progress of mankind, etc. Thus: a preponderance of the rights of egoism, but under the perspective of extreme altruism ("collective utility for mankind");

one tries to reconcile the altruistic mode of action with naturalness, one seeks altruism in the foundations of life; one seeks egoism and altruism as equally founded in the essence of life and nature;

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[121] Followed by an undeciphered word.

[122] Live to live for others.

one dreams of a disappearance of the antithesis in some future, when, owing to continual adaptation, egoism will at the same time be altruism;

finally, one grasps that altruistic actions are only a species of egoistic actions—and that the degree to which one loves, spends oneself, proves the degree of individual power and personality. In short, *that when one makes men more evil, one makes them better*—and that one cannot be one without being the other—At this point the curtain rises on the dreadful *forgery of the psychology of man hitherto.*

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Consequences: there are *only* immoral intentions and actions; —the so-called moral ones must be shown to be immoral.[123] The derivation of all affects from the one will to power: the same essence. The concept of life:—in the apparent antithesis (of "good" and "evil") degrees of power in instinct express themselves, temporary orders of rank under which certain instincts are held in check or taken into service.— Justification of morality: economical, etc.

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Against the second propostion. Determinism: attempt to rescue the moral world by transporting it—into the unknown. Determinism is only a *modus* of permitting ourselves to juggle our evaluations away once they have no place in a mechanistically conceived world. One must therefore attack determinism and undermine it: and also dispute our right to a distinction between a world in itself and a phenomenal world.

787 (*1883-1888*)

The absolute necessity of a total liberation from ends: otherwise we should not be permitted to try to sacrifice ourselves and let ourselves go. Only the innocence of becoming gives us the *greatest courage* and the *greatest freedom!*

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[123] The following words are omitted in all editions: "This is the task of the *tractatus politicus.*

788 (*1883-1888*)

To restore a good conscience to the evil man—has this been my unconscious endeavor? I mean, to the evil man in so far as he is the *strong* man? (Dostoevsky's judgment on the criminals in prison should be cited here.)

789 (*1885-1886*)

Our new "freedom."— What a feeling of freedom there is in feeling as we freed spirits do, that we are not harnessed to any system of "purposes"! Likewise, that the concepts "reward" and "punishment" do not reside in the essence of things! Likewise, that the good and the evil action cannot be called good and evil in themselves, but only in the perspective of what tends to preserve certain types of human communities! Likewise, that our assessments of pleasure and pain have no cosmic, let alone a metaphysical, significance! (—that pessimism, the pessimism of Herr von Hartmann, who claims to put the pleasure and displeasure of existence itself on the scales, with his arbitrary incarceration in the pre-Copernican prison and field of vision, would be something retarded and regressive unless it is merely a bad joke of a Berliner.)

790 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Once one is clear about the "why?" of one's life, one can let its How? take care of itself. It is itself a sign of disbelief in a Why, in purpose and meaning, a sign of a *lack of will,* if the value of pleasure and displeasure step into the foreground and hedonistic-pessimistic theories get a hearing; and renunciation, resignation, virtue, and "objectivity" *may* at least be a sign that what matters most is beginning to be defective.

791 (*1885*)

Up to now there has not yet been any German culture. It is no objection to this statement that there have been great hermits in Germany (e.g., Goethe); for these had their own culture. But like mighty, defiant, solitary rocks, they were surrounded by the rest of what was German as by their antithesis—a soft, marshy, insecure ground upon which every step from other countries made an "impression" and created a "form": German culture was a thing without character, an almost limitless compliance.

792 (*1885*)

Germany, rich in clever and well-informed scholars, has lacked great souls, mighty spirits, to such an extent and for so long that it seems to have forgotten what a *great* soul, a *mighty* spirit, is; and today mediocre and quite ill-constituted men place themselves in the market square almost with a good conscience and without any embarrassment and praise themselves as great men and reformers, as, e.g., Eugen Dühring does—indeed a clever and well-informed scholar, but one who nevertheless betrays with almost every word he says that he harbors a petty soul and is tormented by narrow, envious feelings; also that what drives him is not a mighty, overflowing, benevolent, spendthrift spirit—but ambition! But to lust after honors in this age is even more unworthy of a philosopher than it was in any previous age: today, when the mob rules, when the mob bestows the honors!

793 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

My "future":—a rigorous polytechnic education. Military service; so that, on an average, every man of the higher classes would be an officer, whatever else he might be.

IV. THE WILL TO POWER AS ART

794 (*March-June 1888*)

Our religion, morality, and philosophy are decadence forms of man.

The *countermovement: art.*

795 (*1885-1886*)[124]

The *artist*-philosopher. Higher concept of art. Whether a man can place himself so far distant from other men that he can form them? (—Preliminary exercises: (1) he who forms himself, the hermit; (2) the artist hitherto, as a perfecter on a small scale, working on material.)

796 (*1885-1886*)

The work of art where it appears without an artist, e.g., as body, as organization (Prussian officer corps, Jesuit order). To what extent the artist is only a preliminary stage.

The world as a work of art that gives birth to itself——

797 (*1885-1886*)

The phenomenon "artist" is still the most transparent:—to see through it to the basic instincts of power, nature, etc.! Also those of religion and morality!

"Play," the useless—as the ideal of him who is overfull of strength, as "childlike." The "childlikeness" of God, *pais paizon.*[125]

798 (*March-June 1888*)

Apollinian—Dionysian.[126]— There are two conditions in which art appears in man like a force of nature and disposes of him whether he will or no: as the compulsion to have visions and as a compulsion to an orgiastic state. Both conditions are rehearsed in ordinary life, too, but weaker: in dream and in intoxication.

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[124] 1911, p. 511: "Contemporaneous with the beginning of work on *Beyond Good and Evil,* and initially planned as the continuation of the preface.

"Line 1: After 'The artist-philosopher' the MS goes on: '(hitherto mentioned scientific procedure, attitude to religion and politics).'

"In the margin, this comment on the whole aphorism: 'here belongs the *sequence of rank* of the higher men, which must be described.' "

[125] A child playing.

[126] With this and the following sections compare *Twilight,* "Skirmishes," sections 8-11 (*Portable Nietzsche,* pp. 518-21).

But the same antithesis obtains between dream and intoxication: both release artistic powers in us, but different ones: the dream those of vision, association, poetry; intoxication those of gesture, passion, song, dance.

799 (*March-June 1888*)

In the Dionysian intoxication there is sexuality and voluptuousness: they are not lacking in the Apollinian. There must also be a difference in tempo in the two conditions— The extreme calm in certain sensations of intoxication (more strictly: the retardation of the feelings of time and space) likes to be reflected in a vision of the calmest gestures and types of soul. The classical style is essentially a representation of this calm, simplification, abbreviation, concentration—*the highest feeling of power* is concentrated in the classical type. To react slowly; a great consciousness; no feeling of struggle.

800 (*March-June 1888*)

The feeling of intoxication, in fact corresponding to an increase in strength; strongest in the mating season: new organs, new accomplishments, colors, forms; "becoming more beautiful" is a consequence of *enhanced* strength.[127] Becoming more beautiful as the expression of a *victorious* will, of increased co-ordination, of a harmonizing of all the strong desires, of an infallibly perpendicular stress. Logical and geometrical simplification is a consequence of enhancement of strength: conversely the apprehension of such a simplification again enhances the feeling of strength— High point of the development: the grand style.

Ugliness signifies the decadence of a type, contradiction and lack of co-ordination among the inner desires—signifies a decline in organizing strength, in "will," to speak psychologically.

The condition of pleasure called intoxication is precisely an exalted feeling of *power*— The sensations of space and time are altered: tremendous distances are surveyed and, as it were, for the first time apprehended; the extension of vision over greater masses and expanses; the refinement of the organs for the apprehension of much that is extremely small and fleeting; *divination,* the power of understanding with only the least assistance, at the slightest suggestion: "intelligent" *sensuality*—; strength as a feeling of dominion in the muscles, as suppleness and pleasure in movement, as dance, as levity and *presto;* strength as pleasure in the proof of strength, as bravado, adventure, fearlessness, indifference to life or death— All these climactic moments of life mutually stimulate one another; the world of images and ideas of the one suffices as a suggestion for the others:—in this way, states finally merge into one another though they might perhaps have good reason to remain apart. For example: the feeling of religious intoxication and sexual excitation (—two profound feelings, co-ordinated to an almost amazing degree. What pleases all pious women, old or young? Answer: a saint with beautiful legs, still young, still an idiot). Cruelty in tragedy and sympathy (—also normally co-ordinated—) Spring, dance, music:—all competitions between the sexes—and even that Faustian "infinity in the breast."

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[127] The following words in the MS are omitted in all editions: "Becoming more beautiful as a necessary consequence of the enhancement of strength."

Artists, if they are any good, are (physically as well) strong, full of surplus energy, powerful animals, sensual; without a certain overheating of the sexual system a Raphael is unthinkable— Making music is another way of making children; chastity is merely the economy of an artist—and in any event, even with artists fruitfulness ceases when potency ceases— Artists should see nothing as it is, but fuller, simpler, stronger: to that end, their lives must contain a kind of youth and spring, a kind of habitual intoxication.

801 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

The states in which we infuse a transfiguration and fullness into things and poetize about them until they reflect back our fullness and joy in life: sexuality; intoxication; feasting; spring; victory over an enemy, mockery; bravado; cruelty; the ecstacy of religious feeling. *Three* elements principally: *sexuality, intoxication, cruelty*—all belonging to the oldest *festal joys* of mankind, all also preponderate in the early "artist."

Conversely, when we encounter things that display this transfiguration and fullness, the animal responds with an excitation of those spheres in which all those pleasurable states are situated—and a blending of these very delicate nuances of animal well-being and desires constitutes the *aesthetic state.* The latter appears only in natures capable of that bestowing and overflowing fullness of bodily vigor; it is this that is always the *primum mobile.* The sober, the weary, the exhausted, the dried-up (e.g., scholars) can receive absolutely nothing from art, because they do not possess the primary artistic force, the pressure of abundance: whoever cannot give, also receives nothing.

"Perfection": in these states (in the case of sexual love especially) there is naively revealed what the deepest instinct recognizes as higher, more desirable, more valuable in general, the upward movement of its type; also toward what status it really aspires. Perfection: that is the extraordinary expansion of its feeling of power, riches, necessary overflowing of all limits.

802 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Art reminds us of states of animal vigor; it is on the one hand an excess and overflow of blooming physicality into the world of images and desires; on the other, an excitation of the animal functions through the images and desires of intensified life; —an enhancement of the feeling of life, a stimulant to it.

How can even ugliness possess this power? In so far as it still communicates something of the artist's victorious energy which has become master of this ugliness and awfulness; or in so far as it mildly excites in us the pleasure of cruelty (under certain conditions even a desire to harm *ourselves,* self-violation—and thus the feeling of power over ourselves).

803 (*1883-1888*)

"Beauty" is for the artist something outside all orders of rank, because in beauty opposites are tamed; the highest sign of power, namely power over opposites; moreover, without tension: —that violence is no longer needed; that everything follows, obeys, so easily and so pleasantly—that is what delights the artist's will to power.

804 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Origin of the beautiful and ugly.[128]—Biological value of the *beautiful* and the *ugly*.— That which is instinctively *repugnant* to us, aesthetically, is proved by mankind's longest experience to be harmful, dangerous, worthy of suspicion: the suddenly vocal aesthetic instinct (e.g., in disgust) contains a *judgment*. To this extent the beautiful stands within the general category of the biological values of what is useful, beneficent, life-enhancing—but in such a way that a host of stimuli that are only distantly associated with, and remind us only faintly of, useful things and states give us the feeling of the beautiful, i.e., of the increase of the feeling of power (—not merely things, therefore, but also the sensations that accompany such things, or symbols of them).

Thus the beautiful and the ugly are recognized as *relative* to our most fundamental values of preservation. It is senseless to want to posit anything as beautiful or ugly apart from this. *The* beautiful exists just as little as does *the* good, or *the* true. In every case it is a question of the conditions of preservation of a certain type of man: thus the *herd man* will experience the value feeling of the beautiful in the presence of different things than will the *exceptional* or over-man.

It is the perspective of the foreground, which concerns itself only with immediate consequences, from which the value of the beautiful (also of the good, also of the true) arises.

All instinctive judgments are shortsighted in regard to the chain of consequences: they advise what is to be done immediately. The understanding is essentially a brake upon immediate reactions on the basis of instinctive judgments: it retards, it considers, it looks further along the chain of consequences.

Judgments concerning beauty and ugliness are shortsighted (—they are always opposed by the understanding—) but persuasive in the highest degree; they appeal to our instincts where they decide most quickly and pronounce their Yes and No before the understanding can speak.

The most habitual affirmations of beauty excite and stimulate each other; once the aesthetic drive is at work, a whole host of other perfections, originating elsewhere, crystallize around "the particular instance of beauty." It is not possible to remain objective, or to suspend the interpretive, additive, interpolating, poetizing power (—the latter is the forging of the chain of affirmations of beauty). The sight of a "beautiful woman"—

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[128] Title omitted in all editions, which substitute the following phrase.

Thus 1. the judgment of beauty is shortsighted, it sees only the immediate consequences;

2. it lavishes upon the object that inspires it a magic conditioned by the association of various beauty judgments—that are quite alien to the nature of that object. To experience a thing as beautiful means: to experience it necessarily wrongly—(which, incidentally, is why marriage for love is, from the point of view of society, the most unreasonable kind of marriage).

805 (*1883-1888*)

On the genesis of art.— That making perfect, seeing as perfect, which characterizes the cerebral system bursting with sexual energy (evening with the beloved, the smallest chance occurrences transfigured, life a succession of sublime things, "the misfortune of the unfortunate lover worth more than anything else"): on the other hand, everything perfect and beautiful works as an unconscious reminder of that enamored condition and its way of seeing—every perfection, all the beauty of things, revives through contiguity[128a] this aphrodisiac bliss. (Physiologically: the creative instinct of the artist and the distribution of semen in his blood—) The demand for art and beauty is an indirect demand for the ecstasies of sexuality communicated to the brain. The world become perfect, through "love"—

806 (*1883-1888*)

Sensuality in its disguises: (1) as idealism ("Plato"), peculiar to youth, creating the same kind of concave image that the beloved in particuar assumes, imposing an encrustation, magnification, transfiguration, infinity upon everything—; (2) in the religion of love: "a handsome young man, a beautiful woman," somehow divine, a bridegroom, a bride of the soul—; (3) in *art,* as the "embellishing" power: as man sees woman and, as it were, makes her a present of everything excellent, so the sensuality of the artist puts into one object everything else that he honors and esteems—in this way he *perfects* an object ("idealizes" it). Woman, conscious of man's feelings concerning women, assists his efforts at idealization by adorning herself, walking beautifully, dancing, expressing delicate thoughts: in the same way, she practices modesty, reserve, distance—realizing instinctively that in this way the idealizing capacity of the man will grow. (—Given the tremendous subtlety of woman's instinct, modesty remains by no means conscious hypocrisy: she divines that it is precisely an actual naive modesty that most seduces a man and impels him to overestimate her. Therefore woman is naive—from the subtlety of her instinct, which advises her of the utility of innocence. A deliberate *closing of one's eyes to oneself*— Wherever dissembling produces a stronger effect when it is unconscious, it *becomes* unconscious.)

[128a] Nietzsche uses the English term, as in *Genealogy* III, section 4.

807 (*Summer-Fall 1888*)

What a tremendous amount can be accomplished by that intoxication which is called "love" but which is yet something other than love!— But everyone has his own knowledge of this. The muscular strength of a girl *increases* as soon as a man comes into her vicinity; there are instruments to measure this. When the sexes are in yet closer contact, as, e.g., at dances and other social events, this strength is augmented to such a degree that real feats of strength are possible: in the end one scarcely believes one's own eyes—or one's watch. In such cases, to be sure, we must reckon with the fact that dancing in itself, like every other swift movement, brings with it a kind of intoxication of the whole vascular, nervous, and muscular system. So one has to reckon with the combined effects of a twofold intoxication.— And how wise it is at times to be a little tipsy!

There are realities that one may never admit to oneself; after all, one is a woman; after all, one has a woman's *pudeurs*— Those young creatures dancing over there are obviously beyond all reality: they are dancing with nothing but palpable ideals; what is more, they even see ideals sitting around them: the mothers!— Opportunity to quote *Faust*— They look incomparably better when they are a little tipsy like that, these pretty creatures—oh, how well they know that, too. They actually become amiable *because* they know it.

Finally, they are also inspired by their finery; their finery is their *third* intoxication: they believe in their tailors as they believe in their God—and who would dissuade them from this faith? This faith makes blessed! And self-admiration is healthy! Self-admiration protects against colds. Has a pretty woman who knew herself to be well dressed ever caught cold? Never! I am even assuming that she was barely dressed.[129]

808 (*March-June 1888*)

Do you desire the most astonishing proof of how far the transfiguring power of intoxication can go?— "Love" is this proof: that which is called love in all the languages and silences of the world. In this case, intoxication has done with reality to such a degree that in the consciousness of the lover the cause of it is extinguished and something else seems to have taken its place—a vibration and glittering of all the magic mirrors of Circe—

Here it makes no difference whether one is man or animal; even less whether one has spirit, goodness, integrity. If one is subtle, one is fooled subtly; if one is coarse, one is fooled coarsely; but love, and even the love of God, the saintly love of "redeemed souls," remains the same in its roots: a fever that has good reason to transfigure itself, an intoxication that does well to lie about itself— And in any case, one lies well when one loves, about oneself and to oneself: one seems to oneself transfigured, stronger, richer, more perfect, one *is* more perfect— Here we discover *art* as an organic function: we discover it in the most angelic instinct, "love"; we discover it as the greatest stimulus of life—art thus sublimely expedient even when it lies—

But we should do wrong if we stopped with its power to lie: it does more than merely imagine; it even transposes values. And it is not only that it transposes the *feeling* of values: the lover *is* more valuable, is stronger. In animals this condition produces new weapons, pigments, colors, and forms; above all, new movements, new rhythms, new love calls and seductions. It is no different with man. His whole economy is richer than before, more powerful, more *complete* than in those who do not love. The lover becomes a squanderer: he is rich enough for it. Now he dares, becomes an adventurer, becomes an ass in magnanimity and innocence; he believes in God again, he believes in virtue, because he believes in love; and on the other hand, this happy idiot grows wings and new capabilities, and even the door of art is opened to him. If we subtracted all traces of this intestinal fever from lyricism in sound and word, what would be left of lyrical poetry and music?— *L'art pour l'art* perhaps: the virtuoso croaking of shivering frogs, despairing in their swamp— All the rest was created by love—

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[129] Cf. *Twilight*, "Maxims and Arrows," aphorism 25: "Contentment protects even against colds. Has a woman who knew herself to be well dressed ever caught cold? I am assuming that she was barely dressed." (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 470.)

809 (*March-June 1888*)

All art exercises the power of suggestion over the muscles and senses, which in the artistic temperament are originally active: it always speaks only to artists—it speaks to this kind of a subtle flexibility of the body. The concept "layman" is an error. The deaf man is not a species of the man with good hearing.

All art works tonically, increases strength, inflames desire (i.e., the feeling of strength), excites all the more subtle recollections of intoxication—there is a special memory that penetrates such states: a distant and transitory world of sensations here comes back.

The ugly, i.e., the contradiction to art, that which is excluded from art, its No—every time decline, impoverishment of life, impotence, disintegration, degeneration are suggested even faintly, the aesthetic man reacts with his No. The effect of the ugly is depressing: it is the expression of a depression. It takes away strength, it impoverishes, it weighs down—

The ugly suggests ugly things; one can use one's states of health to test how variously an indisposition increases the capacity for imagining ugly things. The selection of things, interests, and questions changes. A state closely related to the ugly is encountered in logic, too: heaviness, dimness. Mechanically speaking, equilibrium is lacking: the ugly limps, the ugly stumbles: antithesis to the divine frivolity of the dancer.

The aesthetic state possesses a superabundance of means of communication, together with an extreme receptivity for stimuli and signs. It constitutes the high point of communication and transmission between living creatures—it is the source of languages. This is where languages originate: the languages of tone as well as the languages of gestures and glances. The more complete phenomenon is always the beginning: our faculties are subtilized out of more complete faculties. But even today one still hears with one's muscles, one even reads with one's muscles.

Every mature art has a host of conventions as its basis—in so far as it is a language. Convention is the condition of great art, *not* an obstacle—

Every enhancement of life enhances man's power of communication, as well as his power of understanding. Empathy with the souls of others is originally nothing moral, but a physiological susceptibility to suggestion: "sympathy," or what is called "altruism," is merely a product of that psychomotor rapport which is reckoned a part of spirituality (*induction psycho-motrice,* Charles Féré thinks). One never communicates thoughts: one communicates movements, mimic signs, which we then trace back to thoughts.

810 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Compared with music all communication by words is shameless; words dilute and brutalize; words depersonalize; words make the uncommon common.

811 (*March-June 1888*)

It is exceptional states that condition the artist—all of them profoundly related to and interlaced with morbid phenomena—so it seems impossible to be an artist and not to be sick.

Physiological states that are in the artist as it were molded into a "personality" and that characterize men in general to some degree:

1. *intoxication:* the feeling of enhanced power; the inner need to make of things a reflex of one's own fullness and perfection;

2. the *extreme sharpness* of certain senses, so they understand a quite different sign language—and create one—the condition that seems to be a part of many nervous disorders—; extreme mobility that turns into an extreme urge to communicate; the desire to speak on the part of everything that knows how to make signs—; a need to get rid of oneself, as it were, through signs

and gestures; ability to speak of oneself through a hundred speech media—an *explosive* condition. One must first think of this condition as a compulsion and urge to get rid of the exuberance of inner tension through muscular activity and movements of all kinds; then as an involuntary co-ordination between this movement and the processes within (images, thoughts, desires)—as a kind of automatism of the whole muscular system impelled by strong stimuli from within—; inability to prevent reaction; the system of inhibitions suspended, as it were. Every inner movement (feeling, thought, affect) is accompanied by vascular changes and consequently by changes in color, temperature, and secretion. The suggestive power of music, its "*suggestion mentale*";—

3. the *compulsion to imitate*: an extreme irritability through which a given example becomes contagious—a state is divined on the basis of signs and immediately enacted— An image, rising up within, immediately turns into a movement of the limbs—a certain suspension of the will—(Schopenhauer!!!) A kind of deafness and blindness towards the external world—the realm of admitted stimuli is sharply defined.

This is what distinguishes the artist from laymen (those susceptible to art): the latter reach the high point of their susceptibility when they receive; the former as they give—so that an antagonism between these two gifts is not only natural but desirable. The perspectives of these two states are opposite: to demand of the artist that he should practice the perspective of the audience (of the critic—) means to demand that he should impoverish himself and his creative power— It is the same here as with the difference between the sexes: one ought not to demand of the artist, who gives, that he should become a woman—that he should receive.

Our aesthetics hitherto has been a woman's aesthetics to the extent that only the receivers of art have formulated their experience of "what is beautiful?" In all philosophy hitherto the artist is lacking—

This, as the foregoing indicates, is a necessary mistake; for the artist who began to understand himself would misunderstand himself: he ought not to look back, he ought not to look at all, he ought to give.—

It is to the honor of an artist if he is unable to be a critic—otherwise he is half and half, he is "modern."

812 (*March-June 1888*)

I set down here a list of psychological states as signs of a full and flourishing life that one is accustomed today to condemn as morbid. For by now we have learned better than to speak of healthy and sick as of an antithesis: it is a question of degrees. My claim in this matter is that what is today called "healthy" represents a lower level than that which under favorable circumstances *would be* healthy—that we are relatively sick—

The artist belongs to a still stronger race. What would be harmful and morbid in us, in him is nature—— But one objects to us that it is precisely the impoverishment of the machine that makes possible extravagant powers of understanding of every kind of suggestion: witness our hysterical females.

An excess of sap and force can bring with it symptoms of partial constraint, of sense hallucinations, susceptibility to suggestion, just as well as can impoverishment of life: the stimulus is differently conditioned, the effect remains the same— But the aftereffect is not the same; the extreme exhaustion of all morbid natures after their nervous eccentricities has nothing in common with the states of the artist, who does not have to atone for his good periods— He is rich enough for them: he is able to squander without becoming poor.

As one may today consider "genius" as a form of neurosis, so perhaps also the artistic power of suggestion—and indeed our *artists* are painfully like hysterical females!!! But that is an objection to "today," not to "artists."

Inartistic states: those of objectivity, mirroring, suspended will—(*Schopenhauer's* scandalous misunderstanding when he took art for a bridge to the denial of life)— Inartistic states: among those who become impoverished, withdraw, grow pale, under whose eyes life suffers:—the Christian.

813 (*1888*)

The *modern* artist, in his physiology next-of-kin to the hysteric, is also distinguished by this morbidity as a character. The hysteric is false—he lies from love of lying, he is admirable in every art of dissimulation—unless his morbid vanity plays a trick on him. This vanity is like a continual fever that requires narcotics and does not shrink from any self-deception, any farce, that promises momentary relief. (Incapacity for pride and the continual need for revenge for a deeply ingrained self-contempt—this is almost the definition of this kind of vanity.)

The absurd irritability of his system, which turns all experiences into crises and introduces the "dramatic" into the smallest accidents of life, robs him of all calculability: he is no longer a person, at most a rendezvous of persons and now this one, now that one shoots forward with shameless assurance. Precisely for this reason, he is great as an actor: all these poor will-less people whom doctors study so closely astonish one with their virtuosity in mimicry, transfiguration, assumption of almost any *desired* character.

814 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

Artists are *not* men of great passion, whatever they may like to tell us and themselves. And this for two reasons: they lack any sense of shame before themselves (they observe themselves *while they live*; they spy on themselves, they are too inquisitive) and they also lack any sense of shame before great passion (they exploit it as artists). Secondly, however, their vampire, their talent, grudges them as a rule that squandering of force which one calls passion.— If one has a talent, one is also its victim: one lives under the vampirism of one's talent.

One does not get over a passion by representing it: rather, it is over *when* one is able to represent it. (Goethe teaches otherwise; but here it seems that he wanted to misunderstand himself—from *delicatezza*.[130])

815 (*Summer-Fall 1888*)

The rationale of life.— A relative chastity, a prudent caution on principle regarding erotic matters, even in thought, can belong to the grand rationale of life even in richly endowed and complete natures. This principle applies especially to artists, it is part of their best wisdom of life. Completely non-suspect voices have lent support to this opinion: I name Stendhal and Th. Gautier, also Flaubert. The artist is perhaps necessarily a sensual man, generally excitable, susceptible in every sense to stimuli, meeting the very suggestion of a stimulus halfway even from afar. This notwithstanding, he is on the average, under the pressure of his task, of his will to mastery, actually moderate, often even chaste. His dominant instinct demands this of him: it does not permit him to expend himself in any casual way. The force that one expends in artistic conception is the same as that expended in the sexual act: there is only one kind of force. An artist betrays himself if he succumbs *here*, if he squanders himself *here*: it betrays a lack of instinct, of will in general; it can be a sign of decadence—in any case, it devalues his art to an incalculable degree.[131]

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[130] Delicacy of feeling, tact—consideration for the women who had inspired him.

816 (*March-June 1888*)

Compared with the *artist*, the appearance of the *scientific* man is actually a sign of a certain damming-up and lowering of the level of life (—but also of strengthening, severity, hardness, will power).

To what extent falsity, indifference to truth and utility may be signs of youth, of "childishness," in an artist— Their habitual manner, their unreasonableness, their ignorance about themselves, their indifference to "eternal values," their seriousness in "play"—their lack of dignity; buffoon and god side by side; saint and *canaille*— Imitation as an instinct, commanding.— Artists of ascending life—artists of declining life: do they not belong to all phases?— Yes![132]

817 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

Would any link at all be missing in the chain of art and science if woman, if the works of women were missing? Admitting exceptions—they prove the rule—woman attains perfection in everything that is not a work: in letters, in memoirs, even in the most delicate handiwork, in short in everything that is not a

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[131] 1911, p. 512: "A second part of this aphorism, dealing with Richard Wagner, has been omitted." This part will be found, in the facsimile pages, and in translation in the Appendix.

[132] Cf. section 339 above.

métier—precisely because in these things she perfects herself, because she here obeys the only artistic impulse she has—she wants to *please*—

But what has woman to do with the passionate indifference of the true artist, who assigns more importance to a sound, a breath, a heyday![133] than to himself? who strains with every finger to reach his innermost secrets? who accords no value to anything that cannot become form (—that cannot surrender itself, make itself public—). Art as it is practiced by the artist—do you not grasp what it is: an attempt to assassinate all *pudeurs*?[134]

Only in this century has woman ventured to turn to literature (—*vers la canaille plumière écrivassière,*[135] in the words of old Mirabeau): she dabbles in writing, she dabbles in art, she is losing her instincts. But *why*? if one may ask.

818 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

One is an artist at the cost of regarding that which all non-artists call "form" as content, as "the matter itself." To be sure, then one belongs in a topsy-turvy world: for henceforth content becomes something merely formal—our life included.

819 (*1883-1888*)

A sense for and a delight in *nuances* (—the real mark of modernity), in that which is *not* general, runs counter to the drive that delights and excels in grasping the *typical*: like the Greek taste of the best period. There is an overpowering of the fullness of life in it; *measure* becomes master; at bottom there is that *calm* of the strong soul that moves slowly and feels repugnance toward what is too lively. The general rule, the law, is *honored* and *emphasized*: the exception, conversely, is set aside, the nuance obliterated. The firm, powerful, solid, the life that reposes broad and majestic and conceals its strength—that is what "*pleases*"; i.e., that corresponds to what one thinks of oneself.

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[133] *Hopsasa:* Perhaps an allusion to Papageno in *The Magic Flute.*

[134] Cf. *Twilight,* "Maxims and Arrows," aphorism 16 (*Portable Nietzsche,* p. 468).

[135] Toward the scribbling rabble. Cf. also *Twilight,* "Skirmishes," section 27 (*Portable Nietzsche,* p. 531).

820 (*1885*)

In the main, I agree more with the artists than with any philosopher hitherto: they have not lost the scent of life, they have loved the things of "this world"—they have loved their senses. To strive for "desensualization": that seems to me a misunderstanding or an illness or a cure, where it is not merely hypocrisy or self-deception. I desire for myself and for all who live, *may* live, without being tormented by a puritanical conscience, an ever-greater spiritualization and multiplication of the senses; indeed, we should be grateful to the senses for their subtlety, plenitude, and power and offer them in return the best we have in the way of spirit. What are priestly and metaphysical calumnies against the senses to us! We no longer need these calumnies: it is a sign that one has turned out well when, like Goethe, one clings with ever-greater pleasure and warmth to the "things of this world":—for in this way he holds firmly to the great conception of man, that man becomes the transfigurer of existence when he learns to transfigure himself.[136]

821 (*March-June 1888*)

Pessimism in art?— The artist gradually comes to love for their own sake the means that reveal a condition of intoxication: extreme subtlety and splendor of color, definiteness of line, nuances of tone: the *distinct* where otherwise, under normal conditions, distinctness is lacking. All distinct things, all nuances, to the extent that they recall these extreme enhancements of strength that intoxication produces, awaken this feeling of intoxication by association: the effect of works of art is to *excite the state that creates art*—intoxication.

What is essential in art remains its perfection of existence, its production of perfection and plenitude; art is essentially *affirmation, blessing, deification of existence*— What does a *pessimistic art* signify? Is it not a *contradictio*?— Yes.— Schopenhauer is *wrong* when he says that certain works of art serve pessimism. Tragedy does *not* teach "resignation"— To represent terrible and questionable things is in itself an instinct for power and magnificence in an artist: he does not fear them— There is no such thing as pessimistic art— Art affirms. Job affirms.— But Zola? But the Goncourts?— The things they display are ugly: but *that* they display them comes from their *pleasure in the ugly*— It's no good! If you think otherwise, you're deceiving yourselves.— How liberating is Dostoevsky!

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[136] MS not in Nietzsche's handwriting—evidently dictated by him—but then revised by his hand.

822 (*1888*)

If my readers are sufficiently initiated into the idea that "the good man" represents, in the total drama of life, a form of *exhaustion*, they will respect the consistency of Christianity in conceiving the good man as ugly. Christianity was right in this.

For a philosopher to say, "the good and the beautiful are one," is infamy; if he goes on to add, "also the true," one ought to thrash him. Truth is ugly.

We possess *art* lest we *perish of the truth.*

823 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The moralization of the arts.— Art as freedom from moral narrowness and corner-perspectives; or as mockery of them. Flight into nature, where its beauty is coupled with frightfulness. Conception of the great human being.

—Fragile, useless luxury souls, troubled even by a breath, "beautiful souls."

—To awaken deceased ideals in all their merciless severity and brutaliy, as the most magnificent monsters they are.

—A joyful delight in the psychological insight into the sinuosity and unconscious play-acting of all moralized artists.

—The falsity of art—to bring to light its immorality.

—To bring to light "basic idealizing powers" (sensuality, intoxication, superabundant animality).

824 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. 1888*)[137]

Modern counterfeiting in the arts: regarded as *necessary*, namely as corresponding to the most characteristic needs of the modern soul.

One plugs the gaps of talent, even more the gaps in education, tradition, schooling.

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[137] Utilized in *The Case of Wagner.*

First: one seeks for oneself a less artistic public, which loves unconditionally (—and soon kneels down before the *person*). The superstition of our century, the superstitious belief in the "genius," helps.

Second: one harangues the obscure instincts of the dissatisfied, ambitious, self-disguised spirits in a democratic age: importance of *poses*.

Third: one transfers the procedures of one art to the other arts, confounds the objectives of art with those of knowledge or the church or racial interests (nationalism) or philosophy—one pulls all the stops at once and awakens the dark suspicion that one may be a god.

Fourth: one flatters women, sufferers, the indignant, one makes narcotics and opiates dominant in art, too. One tickles the cultured, readers of poets and ancient stories.

825 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The division into "public hall" and "private chamber"; in the former one *has* to be a charlatan today, in the latter one is *determined* to be a virtuoso and nothing more! The specific "genius" of our century spans this division, is great in both: the great charlatanry of Victor Hugo and Richard Wagner, but coupled with so much genuine virtuosity that they satisfied even the most refined artistic connoisseurs. Hence their lack of greatness: their perspective was continually changing, now directed to the coarsest demands, now to the most refined.

826 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

False "intensification": 1. in romanticism: this constant *Espressivo* is no sign of strength but of a feeling of deficiency;

2. picturesque music, so-called dramatic music, is above all *easier* (as is the brutal colportage and the enumeration of *faits* and *traits*[138] in the naturalistic novel);

3. "passion" a matter of nerves and wearied souls; like the delight in high mountains, deserts, storms, orgies, and horrors—in the bulky and massive (e.g., on the part of historians); *there actually exists a cult of orgies of feeling* (—how does it happen

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[138] Facts and traits.

that strong ages have an opposite need in art—a need for a realm beyond passion?)

4. preference for exciting material (erotica or socialistica or pathologica): all signs that show for whom one is working today: for the overworked and absent-minded or enfeebled.

One has to tyrannize in order to produce any effect at all.[139]

827 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Modern art as an art of tyrannizing—— A coarse and strongly defined logic of delineation; motifs simplified to the point of formulas; the formula tyrannizes. Within the delineations a wild multiplicity, an overwhelming mass, before which the senses become confused; brutality in color, material, desires. Examples: Zola, Wagner; in a more spiritual order, Taine. Thus: *logic, mass* and *brutality*.

828 (*1883-1888*)

In regard to painters: *tous ces modernes sont des poètes qui ont voulu être peintres. L'un a cherché des drames dans l'histoire, l'autre des scènes de moeurs, celui-ci traduit des religions, celui-là une philosophie.*[140] One imitates Raphael, another the early Italian masters; landscape artists employ trees and clouds to make odes and elegies. No one is simply a painter; all are archaeologists, psychologists, theatrical producers of this or that recollection or theory. They enjoy our erudition, our philosophy. Like us, they are full and overfull of general ideas. They like a form, not for the sake of what it is, but for the sake of what it expresses. They are sons of a scholarly, tormented, and reflective generation—a thousand miles removed from the old masters, who did not read and only thought of feasting their eyes.

829 (*1888*)

Fundamentally, even Wagner's music is still literature, no less than the whole of French romanticism: the charm of exoticism

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[139] Clearly, this section is largely about Wagner, but not only about him; see the next section.

[140] All these moderns are poets who have wished to be painters. One has looked for dramas in history, another for scenes of manners; this one transposes religions, that one a philosphy.

(strange times, customs, passions), exercised on sentimental stay-at-homes. The delight of entering the vastly distant foreign prehistoric land, accessible only through books, and of finding the whole horizon painted with new colors and possibilities—

The intuition of yet more distant, unexplored worlds; disdain for the boulevards— For nationalism, let us not deceive ourselves, is merely another form of exoticism—

Romantic musicians relate what exotic books have made of them: one would like to experience exotic things, passions after the Florentine and Venetian taste: in the end one contents oneself with seeking them in pictures— The essential thing is the type of new desire, the wish to imitate and to experience the lives of others, disguise, dissimulation of the soul— Romantic art is only a makeshift substitute for a defective "reality."

The attempt to *do* new things: revolution, Napoleon. Napoleon, the passion of new possibilities of the soul, an expansion of the soul.

Weariness of will; all the greater excesses in the desire to feel, imagine, and dream new things—consequence of the excesses one has experienced: hunger for excessive feelings— Foreign literatures offered the strongest spices.

830 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Winckelmann's and Goethe's Greeks, Victor Hugo's orientals, Wagner's Edda characters, Walter Scott's Englishmen of the thirteenth century—some day the whole comedy will be exposed! it was all historically false beyond measure, *but*—modern.[141]

831 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Toward a characterization of national genius in relation to what is foreign and borrowed:—

The *English* genius coarsens and makes natural everything it takes up;

the *French* makes thin, simplifies, logicizes, adorns;

the *German* confuses, compromises, confounds and moralizes;

the *Italian* has made by far the freest and subtlest use of what it has borrowed, and introduced a hundred times more into it than it took out of it: as the richest genius which had the most to bestow.

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[141] 1911, p. 512: "Last line, another reading: 'modern, true.'"

832 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The Jews approached genius in the sphere of art with Heinrich Heine and Offenbach, this most gifted and high-spirited satyr, who as a musician clung to the great tradition and who is for those who have more than mere ears a real liberation from the sentimental and at bottom *degenerate* musicians of German romanticism.

833 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Offenbach: French music with the spirit of Voltaire, free, high-spirited, with a little sardonic grin, but bright, clever almost to the point of banality (—he does not use make-up—) and without the *mignardise*[142] of morbid or blond-Viennese sensuality.

834 (*1884*)

If one understands by artistic genius the greatest freedom under the law, divine frivolity, facility in the hardest things, then Offenbach has even more right to the name "genius" than Wagner. Wagner is heavy and ponderous: nothing is more foreign to him than moments of the most high-spirited perfection, such as this buffoon Offenbach achieves five or six times in almost every one of his buffooneries.[143] But perhaps one might understand something else by the word genius.[144]—

835 (*1885-1886*)

For the chapter "*Music*."[145]—German and French and Italian music. (Our lowest periods politically the most fruitful. The Slavs?)— The cultural-historical ballet: has overcome opera.— Actors' music and musicians' music.— An error that what Wagner created was a form:—it was formlessness. The possibility of a dramatic construction has still to be discovered.— Rhythm. "Expression" at any cost.— In praise of *Carmen*.— In praise of Heinrich Schütz (and the "Liszt Society"—)— Whorish instrumentation.— In praise of Mendelssohn: an element of Goethe in him and nowhere else! (just as another element of Goethe came to perfection in Rahel;[146] a third in Heinrich Heine.)[147]

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[142] Affectation.

[143] For Nietzsche's praise of the buffoon (*Hanswurst*) in his last books, see my *Nietzsche*, Chapter 13, section III.

[144] 1911, p. 512: These lines were "taken from a note about Richard Wagner." This note is included in the facsimile pages and in translation in the Appendix.

[145] In the MS: "A chapter 'Music'!—The doctrine of 'intoxication' (enumeration, e.g., worship of *petits faits*)." Also according to 1911, p. 512, this section was originally intended for *Beyond Good and Evil;* but cf. also *The Case of Wagner.*

836 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Descriptive music; leave it to reality to be effective— All these kinds of art are easier, more imitable; the poorly gifted employ them. Appeal to the instincts; art with the power of suggestion.

837 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

On our *modern music*.— The decay of melody is the same as the decay of the "idea," of dialectic, of freedom of the most spiritual activity—a piece of clumsiness and constipation that is developing to new heights of daring and even to principles;—finally, one has only the principles of one's talents, one's narrowmindedness of a talent.

"Dramatic music" nonsense! It is simply bad music— "Feeling," "passion" as surrogates when one no longer knows how to achieve an exalted spirituality and the happiness that attends it (e.g., that of Voltaire). Technically, "feeling" and "passion" are easier—they presuppose much poorer artists. Recourse to drama betrays that an artist is more a master of false means than of genuine means. We have dramatic painting, dramatic lyrics, etc.

838 (*1888*)

We lack in music an aesthetic that would impose laws on musicians and give them a conscience; we lack, as a consequence, a genuine conflict over "principles"—for as musicians we laugh at Herbart's velleities in this realm as much as we do at Schopenhauer's. In fact, this results in a great difficulty: we no longer know on what basis to found the concepts "model," "mastery," "perfection"—we grope blindly in the realm of values with the instinct of old love and admiration; we come close to believing "what is good is what pleases *us*"—

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[146] Rahel von Varnhagen (1771-1833): her salon was a great cultural center in Berlin.

[147] Mendelssohn, Rahel, and Heine—and Offenbach (see sections 832-34) were of Jewish descent, while Wagner was a rabid anti-Semite.

It awakens my mistrust when Beethoven is everywhere quite innocently described as a "classicist": I would strictly maintain that in the other arts one understands by a classicist an artist of the opposite type of Beethoven's. But when even the complete and obvious *disintegration of style* in Wagner, his so-called dramatic style, is taught and honored as "exemplary," as "mastery," as "progress," my impatience reaches its height. The dramatic style in music, as Wagner understands it, is the renunciation of style in general, on the presupposition that something else is a hundred times more important than music, namely the drama. Wagner can paint, he employs music for something other than music, he emphasizes poses, he is a poet; finally, he appealed to "beautiful feelings" and "heaving bosoms" like all artists of the theater—and with all this he won over the women and even those in need of culture: but what is music to women and those in need of culture! They have no conscience for art; they do not suffer when all the principal and most indispensable virtues of an art are trampled under foot and mocked for the benefit of secondary objectives (as *ancilla*[148] *dramaturgica*). What is the point of extending the means of expression if that which expresses, art itself, has lost the law of its being! The picturesque pomp and power of tones, the symbolism of sound, rhythm, colors of harmony and disharmony, the suggestive significance of music, the whole sensuality of music which Wagner has brought into dominance—all this Wagner recognized in music, drew out of it, developed. Victor Hugo did something similar to language; but already today the French are asking themselves whether, in Hugo's case, it was not a corruption of language—whether, with the increase of sensuality in language, reason, spirituality, the profound obedience to law in language have not been depressed? That the poets in France have become sculptors, that the musicians in Germany have become actors and culture-mongers—are these not signs of decadence?

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[148] Handmaid.

839 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

Today we have a musical pessimism, even among the nonmusical. Who has not met him, who has not cursed him—the wretched youth who tortures his piano into cries of despair, who single-handed heaves forward the mud of the gloomiest gray-brown harmonies? This identifies one as a pessimist— But whether this also identifies one as a musician? I cannot be made to think so. The Wagnerian *pur sang*[149] is unmusical; he succumbs to the elemental powers of music somewhat as a woman succumbs to the will of her hypnotist—and in order to be able to do this, he must not be made suspicious by a severe and subtle conscience *in rebus musicis et musicantibus.*[150] I said "somewhat as"—: but perhaps we have more than a metaphor here. Consider the means for producing effects that Wagner prefers to use (—and had for the most part to invent for himself): they are strangely similar to those with which a hypnotist achieves his effect (—his choice of tempo and tonal color for his orchestra; the repellent avoidance of logic and squareness in his rhythm; the lingering, soothing, mysterious, hysterical quality of his "endless melody").— And is the condition to which the *Lohengrin* prelude, for example, reduces its hearers, especially women, essentially different from a somnambulistic trance?—

I heard an Italian woman who had just listened to the prelude in question say, with those entranced eyes that Wagneriennes know how to affect: *"come si* dorme *con questa musica!"*[151]

840 (*March-June 1888*)

Religion in music.— How much unadmitted and even uncomprehended satisfaction of all religious needs is still to be found in Wagnerian music! How much prayer, virtue, unction, "virginity," "redemption" speak through it!— That music may dispense with words and concepts—oh what advantage she derives from that fact, this cunning saint, who leads and *seduces back* to all that was formerly believed!— Our intellectual conscience has no need to feel ashamed—it remains outside—when some ancient instinct or other drinks with trembling lips from forbidden cups— This is shrewd, healthy and, in so far as it betrays shame at the satisfaction of the religious instinct, even a good sign— Underhand Christianity: type of the music of "Wagner's final period."

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[149] Of pure blood.

[150] In matters of music and musicians.

[151] How one *sleeps* with this music!

"Squareness" in the preceding paragraph: *Quadratur.*

All of these notes on Wagner should be compared with *The Case of Wagner.*

841 (*March-June 1888*)[152]

I distinguish between courage in the face of people, courage in the face of things, and courage in the face of paper. The latter was, e.g., the courage of David Strauss. I distinguish further between courage before witnesses and courage without witnesses: the courage of a Christian, of a believer in God in general, can never be courage without witnesses—this fact alone degrades it. I distinguish, finally, courage rooted in temperament and courage rooted in fear of fear: a particular instance of the latter type is moral courage. There should also be added courage from despair.

Wagner possessed this kind of courage. His situtaion regarding music was, at bottom, desperate. He lacked the two things needed to make a *good* musician: nature and culture, a predisposition toward music and training and schooling in music. He possessed courage: he made a principle of what he lacked—he *invented* a style of music for himself. "Dramatic music," as invented by him, is the music he was capable of making—Wagner's limitations define this concept.

And he was misunderstood!— *Was* he misunderstood?— Five-sixths of modern artists are in this position. Wagner is their savior; five-sixths is in any case the "lowest estimate." In every instance in which nature has shown herself inexorable and in which on the other hand culture has remained accidental, tentative, dilettante, the artist turns instinctively—what am I saying?— enthusiastically to Wagner: "half did he drag him, half he sank," as the poet says.[153]

842 (*March-June 1888*)

"Music"—and the grand style.— The greatness of an artist

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[152] 1911, p. 512: "From a larger draft used in *The Case of Wagner.*"

[153] Goethe, "Der Fischer," penultimate line: *halb zog sie ihn, halb sank er hin.* Nietzsche changes *sie* to *er.*

cannot be measured by the "beautiful feelings" he arouses: leave that idea to females. But according to the degree to which he approaches the grand style, to which he is capable of the grand style. This style has this in common with great passion, that it disdains to please; that it forgets to persuade; that it commands; that it *wills*— To become master of the chaos one is; to compel one's chaos to become form: to become logical, simple, unambiguous, mathematics, *law*—that is the grand ambition here.— It repels; such men of force are no longer loved—a desert spreads around them, a silence, a fear as in the presence of some great sacrilege— All the arts know such aspirants to the grand style: why are they lacking in music? No musician has yet built as that architect did who created the Palazzo Pitti— Here lies a problem. Does music perhaps belong to that culture in which the domain of men of force of all kinds has ceased? Does the concept grand style ultimately stand in contradiction to the soul of music—to the "woman" in our music?—

I here touch upon a cardinal question: where does our entire music belong? The ages of classical taste knew nothing to compare with it: it began to blossom when the Renaissance world had attained its evening, when "freedom" had departed from morals and even from men:—is it part of its character to be counter-Renaissance? Is it the sister of the Baroque style, since it is in any case its contemporary? Is music, modern music, not already decadence?—

Once before I pointed to this question: whether our music is not a piece of counter-Renaissance in art? whether it is not next-of-kin to the Baroque style? whether it has not grown up in contradiction to all classical taste, so that all ambitions to become classical are forbidden to it by its nature?

The answer to this first-rank question of values would not remain in doubt if the proper inferences had been drawn from the fact that music achieved its greatest ripeness and fullness as romanticism—once again as a movement of reaction against classicism.

Mozart—a delicate and amorous soul, but entirely eighteenth century, even when he is serious.— Beethoven the first great romantic, in the sense of the *French* conception of romanticism, as Wagner is the last great romantic—both instinctive opponents of classical taste, of severe style—to say nothing of "grand" style.

843 (*March-June 1888*)

Romanticism: an ambiguous question, like everything modern.
The aesthetic states twofold.
The full and bestowing as opposed to the seeking, desiring.

844 (*1885-1886*)

A romantic is an artist whose great dissatisfaction with himself makes him creative—who looks away, looks back from himself and from his world.

845 (*1885-1886*)

Is art a consequence of *dissatisfaction with reality*? Or an expression of *gratitude for happiness enjoyed*? In the former case, *romanticism;* in the latter, aureole and dithyramb (in short, art of apotheosis): Raphael, too, belongs here; he merely had the falsity to deify what looked like the Christian interpretation of the world. He was grateful for existence where it was *not* specifically Christian.

The *moral* interpretation makes the world unbearable. Christianity was the attempt to "overcome" the world by it; i.e., to negate it. *In praxi*, such a murderous attempt of insanity—an insane self-elevation of man above the world—resulted in making man gloomy, small, and impoverished: only the most mediocre and harmless type of man, the herd type, profited by it, was advanced by it, if you like.

Homer as an *artist of apotheosis*; Rubens also. Music has not yet had one.

The idealization of the man of *great sacrilege* (a sense of his *greatness*) is Greek;[154] depreciation, slandering, contempt for the sinner is Judeo-Christian.

846 (*1885-1886*)

What is romanticism?— In regard to all aesthetic values, I now employ this fundamental distinction: I ask in each individual case "has hunger or superabundance become creative here?" At first sight, another distinction might seem more plausible—it is far more obvious—namely the distinction whether the desire for rigidity, eternity, "*being*" has been the cause of creation, or rather the desire for destruction, for change, for *becoming*. But both kinds of desire prove, when examined more closely, to be ambiguous and interpretable according to the scheme mentioned above, which, I think, is to be preferred.

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[154] Cf. Prometheus and *The Birth of Tragedy*, section 9.

The desire for destruction, change, becoming *can* be the expression of an overfull power pregnant with the future (my term for this, as is known, is the word "Dionysian"); but it can also be the hatred of the ill-constituted, disinherited, underprivileged, which destroys, *has* to destroy, because what exists, indeed existence itself, all being itself, enrages and provokes it.

"Eternalization," on the other hand, *can* proceed from gratitude and love—an art of this origin will always be an art of apotheosis, dithyrambic perhaps with Rubens, blissful with Hafiz, bright and gracious with Goethe, and shedding a Homeric aureole over all things—but it can also be that tyrannic will of a great sufferer who would like to forge what is most personal, individual, and narrow—most idiosyncratic—in his suffering, into a binding *law* and compulsion, taking revenge on all things, as it were, by impressing, forcing, and branding into them his image, the image of his torture. The latter is romantic pessimism in its most expressive form, whether as Schopenhauerian philosophy of will or as Wagnerian music.[155]

847 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Whether behind the antithesis classic and romantic there does not lie hidden the antithesis active and reactive?—

848 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

To be classical, one must possess *all* the strong, seemingly contradictory gifts and desires—but in such a way that they go together beneath one yoke; arrive at the *right* time to bring to its climax and high point a *genus* of literature or art or politics (not

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[155] This section was used in Book V of *The Gay Science* (1887), section 370, which was later included also in *Nietzsche contra Wagner* under the heading "We Antipodes" (*Portable Nietzsche*, pp. 669-71).

after this has already happened—); reflect a total state (of a people or a culture) in one's deepest and innermost soul, at a time when it still exists and has not yet been overpainted with imitations of foreign things (or when it is still dependent—); and one must not be a reactive but a *concluding* and forward-leading spirit, saying Yes in all cases, even with one's hatred.

"Is the highest personal value *not* part of it?"— To consider perhaps whether moral prejudices are not playing their game here and whether great *moral* loftiness is not perhaps in itself a *contradiction* of the *classical*?[156]— Whether the moral monsters must not necessarily be *romantics*, in word and deed?— Precisely such a preponderance of one virtue over the others (as in the case of a moral monster) is hostile to the classical power of equilibrium: supposing one possessed this loftiness and was nonetheless classical, then we could confidently infer that one also possessed immorality of the same level: possibly the case of Shakespeare (assuming it was really Lord Bacon).[157]

849 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Future things.— Against the romanticism of great "passion."— To grasp that a quantum of coldness, lucidity, hardness is part of all "classical" taste: logic above all, happiness in spirituality, "three unities," concentration, hatred for feeling, heart, *esprit*, hatred for the manifold, uncertain, rambling, for intimations, as well as for the brief, pointed, pretty, good-natured. One should not play with artistic formulas: one should remodel life so that afterward it *has* to formulate itself.

It is an amusing comedy at which we have only now learned to laugh, which we only now *see*: that the contemporaries of Herder, Winckelmann, Goethe, and Hegel claimed to have *rediscovered the classical ideal*—and at the same time Shakespeare!— And the same generation had meanly repudiated the French classical school! as if the essential things could not have been learned here as well as there!— But one desired "nature," "naturalness": oh stupidity! One believed that classicism was a kind of naturalness!

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[156] At this point all editions omit the words: "To *'mediterraneanize'* music—that is *my* slogan."

[157] Cf. *Ecce Homo*, "Why I am so clever," section 4.

To think through, without prejudice or indulgence, in what soil a classical taste can grow. Hardening, simplification, strengthening, making man more evil: these belong together. Logical-psychological simplification. Contempt for detail, complexity, the uncertain.

The romantics in Germany do *not* protest against classicism, but against reason, enlightenment, taste, the eighteenth century.

The sensibility of romantic-Wagnerian music: antithesis of *classical sensibility.*

The will to unity (because unity tyrannizes—namely over the listener, spectator); but inability to tyrannize over oneself concerning the main thing—namely in regard to the work itself (omitting, shortening, clarifying, simplifying). Overwhelming through masses (Wagner, Victor Hugo, Zola, Taine).

850 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The nihilism of artists.— Nature cruel in her cheerfulness; cynical in her sunrises. We are enemies of sentimental emotions. We flee to where nature moves our senses and our imagination; where we have nothing to love, where we are not reminded of the moral semblances and delicacies of this northerly nature—and the same is the case in the arts. We prefer that which no longer reminds us of "good and evil." Our moralistic susceptibility to stimuli and pain is, as it were, redeemed by a terrible and happy nature, in the fatalism of the senses and forces. Life without goodness.

The benefit consists in the contemplation of nature's magnificent *indifference* to good and evil.

No justice in history, no goodness in nature: that is why the pessimist, if he is an artist, goes *in historicis*[158] to those places where the absence of justice itself is revealed with splendid naiveté, where *perfection* comes into view—and also in nature, to those places where her evil and indifferent character is not disguised, where she exhibits the character of *perfection*— The nihilistic artist betrays himself in willing and preferring *cynical history, cynical nature.*

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[158] In historical matters.

Nietzsche's repeated emphasis on the magnificent indifference of nature invites comparison with the conclusion of Camus' *The Stranger;* indeed this whole section—and not only *this* section—may have left its mark on Camus. Note also Nietzsche's frequent use of the word "absurd."

851 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

What is tragic?— On repeated occasions I have laid my finger on Aristotle's great misunderstanding in believing the tragic affects to be two *depressive* affects, terror and pity. If he were right, tragedy would be an art dangerous to life: one would have to warn against it as notorious and a public danger. Art, in other cases the great stimulant of life, an intoxication with life, a will to life, would here, in the service of a declining movement and as it were the handmaid of pessimism, become *harmful to health* (—for that one is "purged" of these affects through their arousal, as Aristotle seems to believe, is simply not true). Something that habitually arouses terror or pity disorganizes, weakens, discourages—and supposing Schopenhauer were right that one should learn resignation from tragedy (i.e., a gentle renunciation of happiness, hope, will to life), then this would be an art in which art denies itself. Tragedy would then signify a process of disintegration: the instinct for life destroying itself through the instinct for art. Christianity, nihilism, tragic art, physiological decadence—these would go hand in hand, come into predominance at the same time, assist one another forward—*downward*— Tragedy would be a symptom of decline.

One can refute this theory in the most cold-blooded way: namely, by measuring the effects of a tragic emotion with a dynamometer. And one would discover as a result what ultimately only the absolute mendaciousness of a systematizer could misunderstand—that tragedy is a *tonic*. If Schopenhauer did not *want* to grasp this, if he posited a general depression as the tragic condition, if he suggested to the Greeks (—who to his annoyance did not "resign themselves"—) that they had not attained the highest view of the world—that is *parti pris*, logic of a system, counterfeit of a systematizer: one of those dreadful counterfeits that ruined Schopenhauer's whole psychology, step by step (—arbitrarily and violently, he misunderstood genius, art itself, morality, pagan religion, beauty, knowledge, and more or less everything).

852 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

The tragic artist.[159]— It is a question of *strength* (of an individual or of a people), *whether* and *where* the judgment "beautiful" is applied. The feeling of plenitude, of *dammed-up strength* (which permits one to meet with courage and good-humor much that makes the weakling *shudder*)—the feeling of *power* applies the judgment "beautiful" even to things and conditions that the instinct of impotence could only find *hateful* and "ugly." The nose for what we could still barely deal with if it confronted us in the flesh—as danger, problem, temptation—this determines even our aesthetic Yes. ("That is beautiful" is an *affirmation.*)

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[159] This title does not appear in this place in the MS, but was taken by the German editors from one of Nietzsche's lists of his sections.

From this it appears that, broadly speaking, a *preference for questionable and terrifying things* is a symptom of *strength*; while a taste for the *pretty and dainty* belongs to the weak and delicate. *Pleasure* in tragedy characterizes *strong* ages and natures: their *non plus ultra* is perhaps the *divina commedia.* It is the *heroic* spirits who say Yes to themselves in tragic cruelty: they are hard enough to experience suffering as a *pleasure.*

Supposing, on the other hand, that the weak desire to enjoy an art that is not meant for them; what would they do to make tragedy palatable for themselves? They would interpret *their own value feelings* into it; e.g., the "triumph of the moral world-order" or the doctrine of the "worthlessness of existence" or the invitation to "resignation" (—or half-medicinal, half-moral discharges of affects à la Aristotle).[160] Finally: the *art of the terrifying,* in so far as it excites the nerves, can be esteemed by the weak and exhausted as a stimulus: that, for example, is the reason Wagnerian art is esteemed today. It is a sign of one's *feeling of power and well-being* how far one can acknowledge the terrifying and questionable character of things; and *whether* one needs some sort of "solution" at the end.

This type of *artists' pessimism* is precisely the *opposite of that religio-moral pessimism* that suffers from the "corruption" of man and the riddle of existence—and by all means craves a solution, or at least a hope for a solution. The suffering, desperate, self-mistrustful, in a word the sick, have at all times had need of entrancing *visions* to endure life (*this* is the origin of the concept "blessedness"). A related case: the artists of decadence, who fundamentally have a *nihilistic* attitude toward life, take *refuge* in the *beauty of form*—in those *select* things in which nature has become perfect, in which she is indifferently *great* and *beautiful*—

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[160] Cf. Aristotle's conception of catharsis, *Poetics,* 1449 b *ff.*, which is also criticized in section 851.

(—"Love of beauty" can therefore be something other than the *ability* to *see* the beautiful, *create* the beautiful; it can be an expression of the very *inability* to do so.)

Those imposing artists who let a *harmony* sound forth from every conflict are those who bestow upon things their own power and self-redemption: they express their innermost experience in the symbolism of every work of art they produce—their creativity is gratitude for their existence.

The *profundity of the tragic artist* lies in this, that his aesthetic instinct surveys the more remote consequences, that he does not halt shortsightedly at what is closest at hand, that he affirms the *large-scale economy* which justifies the *terrifying*, the *evil*, the *questionable*—and more than merely justifies them.

853

Art in the "Birth of Tragedy"[161]

(1)

The conception of the work that one encounters in the background of this book is singularly gloomy and unpleasant: no type of pessimism known hitherto seems to have attained to this degree of malevolence. The antithesis of a real and an apparent world is lacking here: there is only *one* world, and this is false, cruel, contradictory, seductive, without meaning— A world thus constituted is the real world. *We have need of lies* in order to conquer this reality, this "truth," that is, in order to *live*— That lies are necessary in order to live is itself part of the terrifying and questionable character of existence.

Metaphysics, morality, religion, science—in this book these things merit consideration only as various forms of lies: with their help one can have *faith* in life. "Life *ought* to inspire confidence": the task thus imposed is tremendous. To solve it, man must be a liar by nature, he must be above all an *artist*. And he *is* one: metaphysics, religion, morality, science—all of them only products of his will to art, to lie, to flight from "truth," to *negation* of "truth." This ability itself, thanks to which he violates reality by means of lies, this artistic ability of man *par excellence*—he has it in common with everything that is. He himself is after all a piece of reality, truth, nature: how should he not also be a piece of *genius in lying!*

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[161] Title supplied by Peter Gast. According to 1911, p. 512, this is a fragmentary draft for a preface for the new edition of *The Birth of Tragedy*, and probably dates from the fall of 1886. But the list at the end of the Musarion edition dates this section "November 1887-March 1888," basing itself solely on the notebook in which these pages were filed. The internal evidence for a date earlier than the preface actually published in 1886 seems very strong, as that preface is vastly superior in form and content to the section above.

That the character of existence is to be misunderstood—profoundest and supreme secret motive behind all that is virtue, science, piety, artistry. Never to see many things, to see many things falsely, to imagine many things: oh how shrewd one still is in circumstances in which one is furthest from thinking oneself shrewd! Love, enthusiasm, "God"— So many subtleties of ultimate self-deception, so many seductions to life, so much faith in life! In those moments in which man was deceived, in which he duped himself, in which he believes in life: oh how enraptured he feels! What delight! What a feeling of power! How much artists' triumph in the feeling of power!— Man has once again become master of "*material*"—master of truth!— And whenever man rejoices, he is always the same in his rejoicing: he rejoices as an artist, he enjoys himself as power, he enjoys the lie as his form of power.—

(II)

Art and nothing but art! It is the great means of making life possible, the great seduction to life, the great stimulant of life.

Art as the only superior counterforce to all will to denial of life, as that which is anti-Christian, anti-Buddhist, antinihilist *par excellence.*

Art as the *redemption of the man of knowledge*—of those who see the terrifying and questionable character of existence, who want to see it, the men of tragic knowledge.

Art as the *redemption of the man of action*—of those who not only see the terrifying and questionable character of existence but live it, want to live it, the tragic-warlike man, the hero.

Art as the *redemption of the sufferer*—as the way to states in which suffering is willed, transfigured, deified, where suffering is a form of great delight.

(III)

One will see that in this book pessimism, or to speak more clearly, nihilism, counts as "truth." But truth does not count as the supreme value, even less as the supreme power. The will to appearance, to illusion, to deception, to becoming and change (to objectified deception) here counts as more profound, primeval, "metaphysical" than the will to truth, to reality, to mere appearance:—the last is itself merely a form of the will to illusion. In the same way, pleasure counts as being more primeval than pain: pain only as conditioned, as a consequence of the will to pleasure (of the will to become, grow, shape, i.e., *to create*: in creation, however, destruction is included). A highest state of affirmation of existence is conceived from which the highest degree of pain cannot be excluded: the *tragic-Dionysian* state.

(IV)

In this way, this book is even anti-pessimistic: that is, in the sense that it teaches something that is stronger than pessimism, "more divine" than truth: *art*. Nobody, it seems, would more seriously propose a radical negation of life, a really *active* negation even more than merely *saying* No to life, than the author of this book. Except that he knows—he has experience of it, perhaps he has experience of nothing else!—that art is *worth more* than truth.

Already in the preface, in which Richard Wagner is invited as to a dialogue, this confession of faith, this artists' gospel, appears: "art as the real task of life, art as life's *metaphysical* activity—"[162]

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[162] The quotation is not exact.

BOOK FOUR

DISCIPLINE AND BREEDING*

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* *Zucht und Züchtung*: See my note on section 980 below; also sections 398, 462, 862, 1053; *Beyond*, sections 225 and 262; and the last three pages of Chapter 10 of my *Nietzsche*.

Very few of Nietzsche's notes deal with "breeding," and the contents of Book IV therefore bear little relation to this title. The same consideration applies to the second part of Book IV: "Dionysus."

Nietzsche's sister might have chosen a later draft instead of this one, of March 17, 1887, which put down *Zucht und Züchtung* as the title of Book IV (this draft consists only of the four book titles, and does not include any subdivisions). But most of the other drafts, being more detailed, would have posed even greater problems.

I. ORDER OF RANK

1. The Doctrine of Order of Rank

854 (*1884*)

In the age of *suffrage universel,* i.e., when everyone may sit in judgment on everyone and everything, I feel impelled to reestablish *order of rank.*

855 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

What determines rank, sets off rank, is only quanta of power, and nothing else.

856 (*1885-1886*)

The will to power.— How those men would have to be constituted who took upon themselves this revaluation. Order of rank as order of power: war and danger the presupposition for a rank to retain the conditions of its existence. The grandiose prototype: man in nature—the weakest, shrewdest creature making himself master, subjugating the stupider forces.

857 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

I distinguish between a type of ascending life and another type of decay, disintegration, weakness. Is it credible that the question of the relative rank of these two types still needs to be posed?

858 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

What determines your rank is the quantum of power you are: the rest is cowardice.

859 (*1883-1888*)

Advantage of detachment from one's age.— In a state of detachment from both movements, individualistic and collectivistic morality—for even the former does not recognize order of rank and would grant one the same freedom as all. My ideas do not revolve around the degree of freedom that is granted to the one or to the other or to all, but around the degree of *power* that the one or the other should exercise over others or over all, and to what extent a sacrifice of freedom, even enslavement, provides the basis for the emergence of a *higher type*. Put in the crudest form: *how could one sacrifice the development of mankind* to help a higher species than man to come into existence?—

860 (*1884*)

Of rank. The terrible consequence of "equality"—finally, everyone believes he has a right to every problem. All order of rank has vanished.

861 (*1884*)

A declaration of war on the masses by *higher men* is needed! Everywhere the mediocre are combining in order to make themselves master! Everything that makes soft and effeminate, that serves the ends of the "people" or the "feminine," works in favor of *suffrage universel*, i.e., the dominion of *inferior* men. But we should take reprisal and bring this whole affair (which in Europe commenced with Christianity) to light and to the bar of judgment.

862 (*1884*)

A doctrine is needed powerful enough to work as a breeding agent: strengthening the strong, paralyzing and destructive for the world-weary.[1]

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[1] Cf. section 1053 below and 462 above.

The annihilation of the decaying races. Decay of Europe.— The annihilation of slavish evaluations.— Dominion over the earth as a means of producing a higher type.— The annihilation of the tartuffery called "morality" (Christianity as a hysterical kind of honesty in this: Augustine, Bunyan).— The annihilation of *suffrage universel;* i.e., the system through which the lowest natures prescribe themselves as laws for the higher.— The annihilation of mediocrity and its acceptance. (The onesided, individuals— peoples; to strive for fullness of nature through the pairing of opposites: race mixture to this end).— The new courage—no *a priori* truths (such truths were sought by those accustomed to faith!), but a *free* subordination to a ruling idea that has its time: e.g., time as a property of space, etc.

2. The Strong and the Weak

863 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

The concept "stronger and weaker man" reduces itself to the idea that in the first case a great deal of force is inherited—he is a summation—in the second, as yet little—(—inadequate inheritance, splintering of that which is inherited). Weakness can be an inaugural phenomenon: "as yet little"; or a terminal phenomenon: "no more."

The starting point is where great force is, where force is to be discharged. The mass, as the sum of the weak, reacts slowly; defends itself against much for which it is too weak—of which it can make no use; does not create, does not advance.

This in opposition to the theory that denies the strong individual and believes "the mass does it." It is the same difference as between two separated generations: four or five generations may lie between the active agent and the mass—a chronological difference.

The values of the weak prevail because the strong have taken them over as devices of leadership.

864 (*March-June 1888*)

Why the weak conquer. In summa: the sick and weak have more sympathy, are "more humane"—: the sick and weak have more spirit, are more changeable, various, entertaining—more malicious: it was the sick who invented malice. (A morbid precociousness is often found in the rickety, scrofulous and tubercular—.) *Esprit*: quality of late races: Jews, Frenchmen, Chinese. (The anti-Semites do not forgive the Jews for possessing "spirit"—and money. Anti-Semites—another name for the "underprivileged.")

The sick and weak have had fascination on their side: they are more interesting than the healthy: the fool and the saint—the two most interesting kinds of man—closely related to them, the "genius." The great "adventurers and criminals" and all men, especially the most healthy, are sick at certain periods in their lives: —the great emotions, the passions of power, love, revenge, are accompanied by profound disturbances. And as for decadence, it is represented in almost every sense by every man who does not die too soon:—thus he also knows from experience the instincts that belong to it:—almost every man is decadent for half his life.

Finally: woman! One-half of mankind is weak, typically sick, changeable, inconstant—woman needs strength in order to cleave to it; she needs a religion of weakness that glorifies being weak, loving, and being humble as divine: or better, she makes the strong weak—she rules when she succeeds in overcoming the strong. Woman has always conspired with the types of decadence, the priests, against the "powerful," the "strong," the men—. Woman brings the children to the cult of piety, pity, love:—the mother represents altruism convincingly.

Finally: increasing civilization, which necessarily brings with it an increase in the morbid elements, in the neurotic-psychiatric and criminal. An intermediary species arises: the artist, restrained from *crime* by weakness of will and social timidity, and not yet ripe for the *madhouse*, but reaching out inquisitively toward both spheres with his antennae: this specific culture plant, the modern artist, painter, musician, above all novelist, who describes his mode of life with the very inappropriate word "naturalism"— Lunatics, criminals, and "naturalists" are increasing: sign of a growing culture rushing on precipitately—i.e., the refuse, the waste, gain importance—the decline keeps pace.

Finally: the social hodgepodge, consequence of the Revolution, the establishment of equal rights, of the superstition of "equal men." The bearers of the instincts of decline (of *ressentiment,* discontent, the drive to destroy, anarchism, and nihilism), including the slave instincts, the instincts of cowardice, cunning, and *canaille* in those orders that have long been kept down, mingle with the blood of all classes: two, three generations later the race is no longer recognizable—everything has become mob. From this there results a collective instinct against selection, against privilege of all kinds, that is so powerful and self-assured, hard, and cruel in its operation, that the privileged themselves actually soon succumb to it: whoever still wants to retain power flatters the mob, works with the mob, *must* have the mob on its side—the "geniuses" above all: they become heralds of those feelings with which one moves the masses—the note of sympathy, even reverence, for all that has lived a life of suffering, lowliness, contempt, persecution, sounds above all other notes (types: Victor Hugo and Richard Wagner).— The rise of the mob signifies once again the ascendancy of the *old* values.

Such an extreme movement in respect of tempo and means as our civilization represents, shifts men's center of gravity: *those* men who matter most, who have, as it were, the task of compensating for the vast danger of such a morbid movement;—they will become procrastinators *par excellence,* slow to adopt, reluctant to let go, and relatively enduring in the midst of this tremendous change and mixture of elements. In such circumstances, the center of gravity necessarily shifts to the mediocre: against the dominion of the mob and of the eccentric (both are usually united), mediocrity consolidates itself as the guarantee and bearer of the future. Thus emerges a new opponent for exceptional men—or a new seduction. Provided they do not accommodate themselves to the mob and try to flatter the instincts of the "disinherited," they will have to be "mediocre" and "solid." They know: *mediocritas* is also *aurea*[2]—indeed, it alone disposes of money and *gold* (—of all that glitters—) —And once more the old virtue, and the entire dated world of the ideal in general, gains a body of gifted advocates.— Result:

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[2] Mediocrity is also gold.

mediocrity acquires spirit, wit, genius—it becomes entertaining, it seduces.[3]

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Result.— A high culture can stand only upon a broad base, upon a strong and healthy consolidated mediocrity. Science—and even art—work in its service and are served by it. Science could not wish for a better situation: it belongs as such to a mediocre kind of man—it is out of place among the exceptional—it has nothing aristocratic, and even less anything anarchistic, in its instinct.

The power of the middle is, further, upheld by trade, above all trade in money: the instinct of great financiers goes against everything extreme—that is why the Jews are at present the most *conserving* power in our intensely threatened and insecure Europe. They can have no use for revolution, socialism, or militarism: if they desire and employ power, even over the revolutionary party, this is only a consequence of the aforesaid and not a contradiction. They need occasionally to arouse fear of other extreme tendencies—by demonstrating *how* much power they have in their hands. But their instinct itself is unswervingly conservative—and "mediocre"—Wherever there is power, they know how to be powerful; but the employment of their power is always in one direction. The honorable term for *mediocre* is, of course, the word *"liberal."*

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Reflection.— It is absurd to assume that this whole victory of values is antibiological: one must try to explain it in terms of an interest life has in preserving the type "man" even through this method of the dominance of the weak and underprivileged—: otherwise, man would cease to exist?—Problem———

The *enhancement* of the type fatal for the *preservation* of the species? Why?

History shows: the strong races decimate one another: through war, thirst for power, adventurousness; the strong affects: wastefulness—(strength is no longer hoarded, spiritual disturbance arises through excessive tension); their existence is costly; in brief—they ruin one another; periods of profound exhaustion and torpor supervene: all great ages are *paid for*— The strong are subsequently weaker, more devoid of will, more absurd than the weak average.

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[3] In the MS the following words are written in the margin before the next paragraph: "The crafts, trade, agriculture, science, a large part of the arts—all this can rest only on a broad base, on a strongly and healthily consolidated mediocrity." These notes were used in *The Antichrist*, section 57 (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 646).

They are races that squander. "Duration" as such has no value: one might well prefer a shorter but more valuable existence for the species.— It would remain to be proved that, even so, a richer yield of value would be gained than in the case of the shorter existence; i.e., that man as summation of strength acquires a much greater quantum of mastery over things if life is as it is— We stand before a problem of economics———

865 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

An attitude that calls itself "idealism" and that will not allow mediocrity to be mediocre, or woman to be woman!— No uniformity! Let us be clear how dearly a virtue is bought; and that virtue is not something of average desirability, but a noble madness, a beautiful exception, with the privilege of strong feelings—

866 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

The need to show that as the consumption of man and mankind becomes more and more economical and the "machinery" of interests and services is integrated ever more intricately, a countermovement is inevitable. I designate this as the secretion of a luxury surplus of mankind: it aims to bring to light a stronger species, a higher type that arises and preserves itself under different conditions from those of the average man. My concept, my metaphor for this type is, as one knows, the word "overman."

On that first road which can now be completely surveyed, arise adaptation, leveling, higher Chinadom, modesty in the instincts, satisfaction in the dwarfing of mankind—a kind of *stationary level of mankind.* Once we possess that common economic management of the earth that will soon be inevitable, mankind will be able to find its best meaning as a machine in the service of this economy—as a tremendous clockwork, composed of ever smaller, ever more subtly "adapted" gears; as an ever-growing superfluity of all dominating and commanding elements; as a whole of tremendous force, whose individual factors represent *minimal forces, minimal values.*

In opposition to this dwarfing and adaptation of man to a specialized utility, a reverse movement is needed—the production of a synthetic, summarizing, justifying man for whose existence this transformation of mankind into a machine is a precondition, as a base on which he can invent his *higher form of being*.

He needs the opposition of the masses, of the "leveled," a feeling of distance from them! he stands on them, he lives off them. This higher form of aristocracy is that of the future.— Morally speaking, this overall machinery, this solidarity of all gears, represents a maximum in the exploitation of man; but it presupposes those on whose account this exploitation has meaning. Otherwise it would really be nothing but an overall diminution, a value diminution of the type man—a regressive phenomenon in the grand style.

It is clear, what I combat is economic optimism: as if increasing expenditure of everybody must necessarily involve the increasing welfare of everybody. The opposite seems to me to be the case: *expenditure of everybody amounts to a collective loss*: man is *diminished*—so one no longer knows what *aim* this tremendous process has served. An aim? a new aim?—*that* is what humanity needs.

867 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Insight into the increase of overall power: to calculate to what extent even the decline of individuals, of classes, of ages, of peoples is included in this growth.

Shifting of the center of gravity of a culture. The cost of every great growth: who bears it! *Why it must now be tremendous.*

868 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Overall view of the future European: the most intelligent slave animals, very indutsrious, fundamentally very modest, inquisitive to excess, multifarious, pampered, weak of will—a cosmopolitan chaos of affects and intelligence. How could a stronger species raise itself out of him? A species with *classical* taste? Classical taste: this means will to simplification, strengthening, to visible happiness, to the terrible, the courage of psychological nakedness (—simplification is a consequence of the will to strengthening; allowing happiness to become visible, also nakedness, a consequence of the will to be terrible—). To fight upward out of that chaos to this form—requires a compulsion: one must be faced with the choice of perishing or prevailing. A dominating race can grow up only out of terrible and violent beginnings. Problem: where are the *barbarians* of the twentieth century? Obviously, they will come into view and consolidate themselves only after tremendous socialist crises—they will be the elements capable of the greatest severity toward themselves and able to gurantee the most enduring will.

869 (*1885-1886*)

The most powerful and most dangerous passions of man, of which he can most easily perish, have been outlawed so completely that the most powerful men themselves have become impossible or have had to feel evil—"harmful and forbidden." This loss is considerable, but hitherto it has been unavoidable: now that a host of counterforces has been reared by the temporary suppression of those passions (of lust for power, pleasure in change and deception), it is again possible to unloose them: they will no longer possess their old savagery. We permit ourselves a tame barbarism: just look at our artists and statesmen.

870 (*1884*)

The root of all evil: that the slavish morality of meekness, chastity, selflessness, absolute obedience, has triumphed—ruling natures were thus condemned (1) to hypocrisy, (1) to torments of conscience—creative natures felt like rebels against God, uncertain and inhibited by eternal values.

The barbarians showed that the ability for restraint was not at home among them: they feared and slandered the passions and drives of nature:—also the view of the ruling Caesars and classes. On the other hand, the suspicion arose that all moderation was weakness, or a sign of growing old and weary (—thus La Rochefoucauld suspected that "virtue" was a pretty word among those who could no longer take any pleasure in vice). Moderation itself was represented as a matter of severity, self-conquest, asceticism, as a fight with the devil, etc. The natural delight of aesthetic natures in measure, the enjoyment of the beauty of measure, was overlooked or denied, because one desired an anti-eudaemonistic morality.

The faith in the pleasure of moderation—that pleasure of the rider on a fiery steed!—has been lacking hitherto.— The mediocrity of weaker natures has been confused with the moderation of the strong!

In summa: the best things have been slandered because the weak or the immoderate swine have cast a bad light on them—and the best men have remained hidden—and have often misunderstood themselves.

871 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The vicious and unbridled: their depressive influence on the value of the desires. It was the dreadful barbarism of custom that, especially in the Middle Ages, compelled the creation of a veritable "league of virtue"—together with an equally dreadful exaggeration of that which constitutes the value of man. Struggling "civilization" (taming) needs every kind of irons and torture to maintain itself against terribleness and beast-of-prey natures.

Here a confusion is quite natural, although its influence has been fatal: that which men of power and will are able to demand of themselves also provides a measure of that which they may permit themselves. Such natures are the antithesis of the vicious and unbridled: although they may on occasion do things that would convict a lesser man of vice and immoderation.

Here the concept of the "equal value of men before God" is extraordinarily harmful; one forbade actions and attitudes that were in themselves among the prerogatives of the strongly constituted—as if they were in themselves unworthy of men. One brought the entire tendency of the strong into disrepute when one erected the protective measures of the weakest (those who were weakest also when confronting themselves) as a norm of value.

Confusion went so far that one branded the very virtuosi of life (whose autonomy offered the sharpest antithesis to the vicious and unbridled) with the most opprobrious names. Even now one believes one must disapprove of a Cesare Borgia; that is simply laughable. The church has excommunicated German emperors on account of their vices: as if a monk or priest had any right to join in a discussion about what a Frederick II may demand of himself. A Don Juan is sent to hell: that is very naive. Has it been noticed that in heaven all interesting men are missing?— Just a hint to the girls as to where they can best find their salvation.— If one reflects with some consistency, and moreover with a deepened insight into what a "great man" is, no doubt remains that the church sends all "great men" to hell—it fights *against* all "greatness of man."

872 (*1884*)

The rights a man arrogates to himself are related to the duties he imposes upon himself, to the tasks to which he feels equal. The great majority of men have no right to existence, but are a misfortune to higher men.[4]

873 (*1884*)

Misunderstanding of egoism—on the part of *common* natures who know nothing whatever of the pleasure of conquest and the insatiability of great love, nor of the overflowing feeling of strength that desires to overpower, to compel to itself, to lay to its heart—the drive of the artist in relation to his material. Often it is merely the penchant for activity that is looking for a field of action.

In ordinary "egoism" it is precisely the "non-ego," the profoundly average creature, the species man, who desires to preserve himself: if *this* is perceived by rarer, subtler, and less average men, it enrages them. For they judge: "we are nobler! Our preservation is more important than that of those cattle!"

874 (*1884*)

The degeneration of the rulers and the ruling classes has been the cause of the greastest mischief in history! Without the Roman Caesars and Roman society, the insanity of Christianity would never have come to power.

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[4] The words that immediately follow in the MS have been omitted in all editions: "I do not yet grant the failures [*den Missrathenen*] the right. There are also peoples that are failures [*missrathene Völker*]." While these words in a note not intended for publication (first printed in 1911, p. 512) sound ominous, it is clear from Nietzsche's books that he is not thinking of the Jews, the Poles, the Russians, or any other peoples whom the Nazis later decimated.

When lesser men begin to doubt whether higher men exist, then the danger is great! And one ends by discovering that there is *virtue* also among the lowly and subjugated, the poor in spirit, and that *before God* men are equal—which has so far been the *non plus ultra* of nonsense on earth! For ultimately, the higher men measured themselves according to the standard of virtue of slaves—found they were "proud," etc., found all their higher qualities reprehensible.

When Nero and Caracalla sat up there, the paradox arose: "the lowest man is worth more than that man up there!" And the way was prepared for an image of God that was as remote as possible from the image of the most powerful—the god on the cross!

875 (*1884*)

The higher man and the herd man. When great men are lacking, one makes demigods or whole gods out of the great men of the past: the outbreak of religion demonstrates that man no longer delights man (—"no, nor woman neither," with Hamlet). Or: one brings many men together into one heap as a parliament and hopes they will be equally tyrannical.

"Tyrannization" is the quality of great men: they make lesser men stupid.

876 (*1888*)

The best example of the degree to which a plebeian agitator of the mob is incapable of comprehending the concept "higher nature" is provided by Buckle. The view he combats so passionately—that "great men," individuals, princes, statesmen, geniuses, generals are the levers and causes of all great movements—is instinctively misunderstood by him, as if it meant that what is essential and valuable in such "higher men" were their capacity for setting masses in motion: in short, their effect.

But the "higher nature" of the great man lies in being different, in incommunicability, in distance of rank, not in an effect of any kind—even if he made the whole globe tremble.[5]

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[5] The misunderstanding attacked here is widespread among those who have attempted popular expositions of Nietzsche. Again and again, the view

877 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

The Revolution made Napoleon possible: that is its justification. For the sake of a similar prize one would have to desire the anarchical collapse of our entire civilization. Napoleon made nationalism possible: that is its excuse.[6]

The value of a man (apart from his morality or immorality, naturally; for with these concepts the value of a man is not even touched) does not reside in his utility; for it would continue to exist even if there were no one to whom he could be of any use. And why could not precisely that man who produced the most disastrous effects be the pinnacle of the whole species of man: so high, so superior that everything would perish from envy of him?

878 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

To appraise the value of a man according to how useful he is to men, or how much he costs, or what harm he does them—that is as much—or as little—as to appraise a work of art according to the effects it produces. But in this way, the value of a man in comparison with other men is not even touched upon. "Moral evaluation," in so far as it is a social evaluation, measures men exclusively according to the effects they produce. A man with a taste of his own, enclosed and concealed by his solitude, incommunicable, reserved—an unfathomed man, thus a man of a higher, at any rate a different species: how should you be able to evaluate him, since you cannot know him, cannot compare him?

Moral valuation has resulted in the greatest obtuseness of judgment: the value of a man in himself is underrated, almost overlooked, almost denied. Remnant of naive teleology: the value of man only in relation to men.

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he castigates has been attributed to him. In this connection, the sections that immediately follow are also of great interest; especially 877-81 and 885-88, as well as 983-84.

[6] But see also section 1,026 below for Nietzsche's criticism of Napoleon, and compare the end of the penultimate section (# 16) of the first essay in the *Genealogy:* ". . . Napoleon, this synthesis of the *inhuman* and *superhuman.*" For a detailed discussion of Nietzsche's attitude toward Napoleon, with documentation, see Kaufmann's *Nietzsche,* Chapter 11, end of section I.

879 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Preoccupation with morality places a spirit in a low order of rank: he lacks the instinct for privilege, the *a parte*, the feeling of freedom of creative natures, of the "children of God" (or of the devil—). And it is all one whether he preaches current morality or uses his ideal for a critique of current morality: he belongs to the herd—even if it be as the herd's supreme requirement, its "shepherd."

880 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Replacement of morality by the will to our goal, and consequently to the means to it.

881 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

Order of rank:— What is mediocre in the typical man? That he does not understand the necessity for the reverse side of things: that he combats evils as if one could dispense with them; that he will not take the one with the other—that he wants to erase and extinguish the typical character of a thing, a condition, an age, a person, approving of only one part of their qualities and wishing to abolish the others. The "desirability" of the mediocre is what we others combat: the ideal conceived as something in which nothing harmful, evil, dangerous, questionable, destructive would remain. Our insight is the opposite of this: that with every growth of man, his other side must grow too; that the highest man, if such a concept be allowed, would be the man who represented the antithetical character of existence most strongly, as its glory and sole justification— Commonplace men can represent only a tiny nook and corner of this natural character: they perish when the multiplicity of elements and the tension of opposites, i.e., the preconditions for greatness in man, increases. That man must grow better *and* more evil is my formula for this inevitability—

Most men represent pieces and fragments of man: one has to add them up for a complete man to appear. Whole ages, whole peoples are in this sense somewhat fragmentary; it is perhaps part of the economy of human evolution that man should evolve piece by piece. But that should not make one forget for a moment that the real issue is the production of the synthetic man; that lower men, the tremendous majority, are merely preludes and rehearsals out of whose medley the whole man appears here and there, the milestone man who indicates how far humanity has advanced so far. It does *not* advance in a single straight line; often a type once achieved is lost again (—with all the tensions of the past three hundred years, for example, we have not yet reattained the man of the Renaissance, and the man of the Renaissance, in turn, is inferior to the man of antiquity).[7]

882 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

One recognizes the superiority of the Greek man and the Renaissance man—but one would like to have them without the causes and conditions that made them possible.

883 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

"Purification of taste" can only be the result of a strengthening of the type. Our society of today only *represents* culture; the cultured man is lacking. The great synthetic man is lacking, in whom the various forces are unhesitatingly harnessed for the attainment of one goal. What we possess is the multifarious man, perhaps the most interesting chaos there has ever been, but not the chaos *before* the creation of a world, but that after—Goethe as the most beautiful expression of the type (—absolutely not an Olympian!).[7a]

884 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Handel, Leibniz, Goethe, Bismarck—characteristic of the *strong* German type. Existing blithely among antitheses, full of that supple strength that guards against convictions and doctrines by employing one against the other and reserving freedom for itself.

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[7] The words that immediately follow in the MS have been omitted in all editions: "One must have a standard: I distinguish the grand style; I distinguish activity and reactivity; I distinguish the excessive, the squandering from the *suffering* who are passionate [*die Leidend-Leidenschaftlichen*] (—the idealists)."

See also section 386 above, and *Zarathustra* IV, "On the Higher Man," section 5 (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 400), as well as III, "The Convalescent," section 2 (*ibid.*, p. 330 *f*).

[7a] See the Appendix, below.

885 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

I have grasped this much: if one had made the rise of great and rare men dependent upon the approval of the many (assuming that the latter knew what qualities belonged to greatness and also at whose expense all greatness evolves)—well, there would never have been a single significant man!—

That the course of things makes its way independently of the approval of the great majority: that is why a few astonishing things have insinuated themselves on the earth.

886 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The order of rank of human values.—

a. One should not evaluate a man according to individual works. *Epidermal actions.* Nothing is rarer than a personal action. A class, a rank, a race, an environment, an accident—anything is more likely to be expressed in a work or act than is a "personality" [*eine "Person"*].

b. One should not assume in any case that many men are "personalities." And then some are *several* personalities, most are *none.* Wherever the average qualities preponderate, on which the preservation of a type depends, being a personality would be a waste, a luxury, it would be senseless to demand a "personality." They are bearers, tools of transmission.

c. The "personality," a relatively *isolated* fact; considering the far greater importance of continuation and averageness, almost something *antinatural.* For the production of a personality one needs early isolation, a compulsion to an existence of defense and combat, something like an incarceration, a greater power of self-definition; and above all a much lower impressionability than that of the average man, whose humanity is contagious.

First question concerning order of rank: how solitary or how gregarious one is. (In the latter case, one's value resides in the qualities that secure the survival of one's herd, one's type; in the former, in that which distinguishes, isolates, defends one, and makes one's solitariness possible.)

Consequence: one should not evaluate the solitary type from the viewpoint of the gregarious, nor the gregarious from the viewpoint of the solitary.

Viewed from a height, both are necessary; their antagonism is also necessary—and nothing should be banished more thoroughly than the "desirability" that some third thing might evolve out of the two ("virtue" as hermaphroditism). That is as little "desirable" as the approximation and reconciliation of the sexes. To evolve further that which is typical, to make the gulf wider and wider——

Concept of degeneration in both cases: when the herd starts to acquire the qualities of the solitary, and the latter the qualities of the herd—in short, when they approximate each other. This concept of degeneration has nothing to do with moral evaluation.

887 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Where one must seek the stronger natures.— The ruin and degeneration of the solitary species is much greater and more terrible; they have the instincts of the herd, the tradition of values, against them; their instruments of defense, their protective instincts, are from the beginning not sufficiently strong or certain—chance must be very favorable to them if they are to prosper (—they prosper most often in the lowest and socially most abandoned elements; if one looks for personality, that is where one finds it much more certainly than in the middle classes!).

The strata and class struggle that aims at "equality of rights"—once it is more or less over, the war against the solitary personality will begin. (In a certain sense, *the latter can maintain and develop himself most easily in a democratic society*: namely, when the coarser means of defense are no longer necessary and habits of order, honesty, justice, and trust are part of the usual conditions.)

The strongest must be bound most firmly, watched, laid in chains, and guarded—if the instinct of the herd has its way. For them a regime of self-control, ascetic detachment, or "duty" in exhausting work in which one completely loses oneself.

888 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

I attempt an *economic* justification of virtue.— The task is to make man as useful as possible and to approximate him, as far as possible, to an infallible machine: to this end he must be equipped with the virtues of the machine (—he must learn to experience the states in which he works in a mechanically useful way as the supremely valuable states; hence it is necessary to spoil the other states for him as much as possible, as highly dangerous and disreputable).

The first stumbling block is the boredom, the monotony, that all mechanical activity brings with it. To learn to endure this—and not only endure it—to learn to see boredom enveloped in a higher charm: this has hitherto been the task of all higher schooling. To learn something that is of no concern to us, and to find one's "duty" precisely in this "objective" activity; to learn to value pleasure and duty as altogether separate things—that is the invaluable task and achievement of higher schooling. This is why the philologist has hitherto been the educator *as such*: because his activity provides the model of sublime monotony in action; under his banner the young man learns to "grind": first prerequisite for future efficiency in the fulfillment of mechanical duties (as civil servant, husband, office slave, newspaper reader, and soldier). Such an existence perhaps requires a philosophical justification and transfiguration more than any other: agreeable feelings in general must be relegated to a lower rank by some sort of infallible court of appeal; "duty in itself," perhaps even the pathos of reverence in regard to everything disagreeable—and this demand speaking imperatively from beyond any question of utility, amusement, purpose— The mechanical form of existence as the highest, most venerable form of existence, worshiping itself (—type: Kant as a fanatic of the formal concept "thou shalt").[8]

889 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

The economic valuation of ideals hitherto—i.e., selection of certain affects and states, selected and reared at the expense of others. The lawgiver (or the instinct of society) selects a number of states and affects through whose operation a regularity in performance is guaranteed (namely, a mechanical performance as a consequence of the regular requirements of those affects and states).

Supposing that these states and affects contain painful ingredients, then a means must be found to overcome these painful ingredients through a value-idea designed to make displeasure seem valuable and therefore pleasurable in a higher sense. Reduced to a formula: *"How can something disagreeable become agreeable?"* For example, when our obedience, our submission to the law, attain honor through the strength, power, self-overcoming they entail.[9] As do our consideration for the community, the neighbor, the fatherland, our "humanization," our "altruism," "heroism."

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[8] Cf. *Twilight*, "Skirmishes," section 29 (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 532), where these ideas receive the definitive formulation.

That one should like to do disagreeable things—that is the object of ideals.

890 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The dwarfing of man must for a long time count as the only goal; because a broad foundation has first to be created so that a stronger species of man can stand upon it. (To what extent every strengthened species of man hitherto has stood upon a level of the lower———)

891 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Absurd and contemptible form of idealism that would *not* have mediocrity *mediocre* and, instead of feeling a sense of triumph at a state of exceptionalness, becomes *indignant* over cowardice, falsity, pettiness, and wretchedness. *One should not desire these things to be different*! and should make the gulf *wider*!— One should *compel* the higher kind of man to *sever* himself from the others through the sacrifices he has to make to his state of being.

Chief viewpoint: establish *distances*, but *create no antitheses.* Dissolve the *intermediate forms* and reduce their influence: chief means of preserving distances.

892 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

How should one wish to spoil mediocrity for the mediocre! As one will see, I do the opposite: every step away from it—so I teach—leads to *immorality*.[10]

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[9] From this point on the "text" is "uncertain," according to 1911, p. 512.

[10] Cf. *The Antichrist*, section 57 (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 643 *ff*).

893 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Hatred for mediocrity is unworthy of a philosopher: it is almost a question mark against his "*right* to philosophy." Precisely because he is an exception he has to take the rule under his protection, he has to keep the mediocre in good heart.

894 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

What *I* fight against: that an exceptional type should make war on the rule—instead of grasping that the continued existence of the rule is the precondition for the value of the exception. For example, the ladies who, instead of feeling their abnormal thirst for scholarship as a distinction, want to disrupt the status of woman in general.

895 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The increase of force despite the temporary decline of the individual:

to establish a new level:
a method of assembling forces for the preservation of small achievements, in opposition to uneconomic waste;
destructive nature temporarily subdued as an instrument for this future economy;
preservation of the weak, because a tremendous number of petty tasks have to be performed;
preservation of an attitude of mind that makes existence still possible for the weak and suffering;
to implant solidarity as an instinct against the instinct of fear and servility;
struggle against accident, also against the accident of "great men."

896 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Struggle against men justified on economic grounds. They are dangerous, accidents, exceptions, tempests, strong enough to call in question things slowly built and established. Explosives should not merely be detonated harmlessly; where possible detonation should be prevented: fundamental instinct of all civilized society.

897 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

Whover reflects upon the way in which the type man can be raised to his greatest spendor and power will grasp first of all that he must place himself outside morality; for morality has been essentially directed to the opposite end: to obstruct or destroy that spendid evolution wherever it has been going on. For such an evolution does indeed consume so great a quantity of men in its service that a reverse movement is only too natural: the weaker, more delicate, intermediate existences need to take sides *against* that gloriousness of life and strength; and to that end they have to acquire a new valuation of themselves by virtue of which they can condemn life in this highest plenitude, and where possible destroy it. A tendency hostile to life is therefore characteristic of morality, in so far as it wants to overpower the types of life.

898 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The strong of the future.— That which partly necessity, partly chance has achieved here and there, the conditions for the production of a stronger type, we are now able to comprehend and consciously *will*: we are able to create the conditions under which such an elevation is possible.

Until now, "education" has had in view the needs of society: not the possible needs of the future, but the needs of the society of the day. One desired to produce "tools" for it. Assuming the wealth of force were greater, one could imagine forces being subtracted, not to serve the needs of society but some future need.

Such a task would have to be posed the more it was grasped to what extent the contemporary form of society was being so powerfully transformed that at some future time it would be unable to exist for its own sake alone, but only as a tool in the hands of a stronger race.

The increasing dwarfing of man is precisely the driving force that brings to mind the breeding of a stronger race—a race that would be excessive precisely where the dwarfed species was weak and growing weaker (in will, responsibility, self-assurance, ability to posit goals for oneself).

The means would be those history teaches: isolation through interests in preservation that are the reverse of those which are average today; habituation to reverse evaluations; distance as a pathos; a free conscience in those things that today are most undervalued and prohibited.

The homogenizing of European man is the great process that cannot be obstructed: one should even hasten it. The necessity to create a gulf, distance, order of rank, is given *eo ipso—not* the necessity to retard this process.

As soon as it is established, this homogenizing species requires a justification: it lies in serving a higher sovereign species that stands upon the former and can raise itself to its task only by doing this. Not merely a master race whose sole task is to rule, but a race with its own sphere of life, with an excess of strength for beauty, bravery, culture, manners to the highest peak of the spirit; an affirming race that may grant itself every great luxury—strong enough to have no need of the tyranny of the virtue-imperative, rich enough to have no need of thrift and pedantry, beyond good and evil; a hothouse for strange and choice plants.

899 (*1885*)

Our psychologists, whose glance lingers involuntarily on symptoms of decadence alone, again and again induce us to mistrust the spirit. One always sees only those effects of the spirit that make men weak, delicate, and morbid; but now there are coming

$$\text{new barbarians} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{cynics} \\ \text{experimenters} \\ \text{conquerors} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{union of spiritual superiority} \\ \text{with well-being and an ex-} \\ \text{cess of strength.} \end{array}$$
[11]

900 (*1885*)

I point to something new: certainly for such a democratic type there exists the danger of the barbarian, but one has looked for it only in the depths. There exists also another type of barbarian, who comes from the heights: a species of conquering and ruling natures in search of material to mold. Prometheus was this kind of barbarian.

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[11] For some discussion see Kaufmann's *Nietzsche,* Chapter 12, beginning of section IV.

901 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)[12]

Main consideration: not to see the task of the higher species in leading the lower (as, e.g., Comte does), but the lower as a base upon which higher species performs its *own* tasks—upon which alone it can stand.

The conditions under which a strong and noble species maintains itself (regarding spiritual discipline) are the reverse of those which govern the "industrial masses," the shopkeepers à la Spencer.

That which is available only to the strongest and most fruitful natures and makes their existence possible—leisure, adventure, disbelief, even dissipation—would, if it were available to mediocre natures, necessarily destroy them—and actually does. This is where industriousness, rule, moderation, firm "conviction" have their place—in short, the "herd virtues": under them this intermediate type of man grows perfect.

902 (*Manuscript source uncertain*)

On the sovereign types.— The "shepherd" as opposed to the "master" (—the former a *means* of preserving the herd; the latter the *end* for which the herd exists).

903 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Temporary preponderance of the social value-feelings comprehensible and useful: it is a question of creating a foundation upon which a stronger species will ultimately be possible.— Standard of strength: to be able to live under the reverse evaluations and to will them again eternally. State and society as foundation: world-economic point of view, education as breeding.[13]

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[12] "In the MS, underlined, 'For the third esay.' Refers to the planned continuation of the *Genealogy*, which was supposed to comprise three further essays" (1911, p. 512).

[13] This section has been excerpted from a plan printed in 1911, p. 422.

904 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Insight that "free spirits" lack: the identical discipline that makes a strong nature even stronger and capable of great undertakings, shatters and withers the mediocre:—doubt—*la largeur de coeur*[14]—experiment—independence.

905 (*1885-1886*)

The hammer. How would men have to be constituted whose evaluations would be the reverse?— Men who possess *all* the qualities of the modern soul, but are strong enough to transform them into pure health?— The means they employ in their task.

906 (*1883-1888*)

The strong man, mighty in the instincts of a powerful health, digests his deeds in just the same way as he digests his meals; he can cope even with heavy food: in the main, however, he is led by a faultless and severe instinct into doing nothing that disagrees with him, just as he eats nothing he does not enjoy.

907 (*1884*)

If only we *could* foresee the most favorable conditions under which creatures of the highest value arise! It is a thousand times too complicated and the probability of failure very great: so it is not inspiring to look for them!— Skepticism.— On the other hand: we can increase courage, insight, hardness, independence, and the feeling of responsibility; we can make the scales more delicate and hope for the assistance of favorable accidents.

908 (*1884*)

Before we can think of acting, a tremendous amount of work has to be done. In the main, however, a shrewd exploitation of the given situation is, no doubt, our best, most advisable course of action. The actual *creation* of such conditions as are created by chance presupposes iron men who have never yet lived. The immediate task is to make the personal ideal prevail and become real!

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[14] Largeness of heart.

He who has grasped the nature of man, the origin of man's highest, shudders at man and flees from all action: consequence of inherited valuations! !

That the nature of man is evil, is my consolation: it guarantees *strength!*

909 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

The typical forms of self-formation. Or: the eight principal questions.

1. Whether one wants to be more multifarious or simpler?
2. Whether one wants to become happier or more indifferent to happiness and unhappiness?
3. Whether one wants to become more contented with oneself or more exacting and inexorable?
4. Whether one wants to become softer, more yielding, more human, or more "inhuman"?
5. Whether one wants to become more prudent or more ruthless?
6. Whether one wants to reach a goal or to avoid all goals (as, e.g., the philosopher does who smells a boundary, a nook, a prison, a stupidity in every goal)?
7. Whether one wants to become more respected or more feared? Or more despised?
8. Whether one wants to become tyrant or seducer or shepherd or herd animal?

910 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Type of my disciples.— To those human beings who are of any concern to me I wish suffering, desolation, sickness, ill-treatment, indignities—I wish that they should not remain unfamiliar with profound self-contempt, the torture of self-mistrust, the wretchedness of the vanquished: I have no pity for them, because I wish them the only thing that can prove today whether one is worth anything or not—that one endures.[15]

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[15] This very remarkable note continues in Nietzsche's MS: "I have not yet got to know any idealist, but many liars——" (1911, p. 513).

911 (*1885-1886*)

The happiness and self-contentment of the Lazzaroni[16] or the "bliss" of "beautiful souls" or the consumptive love of Herrnhuteristic[17] pietists prove nothing regarding order of rank among men. As a great educator, one would have to scourge such a race of "blessed people" mercilessly into unhappiness. The danger of dwarfing, of relaxation is present at once:—against Spinozistic or Epicurean happiness and against all relaxation in contemplative states. But if virtue is the means to such a happiness, very well, *then one has to become master over virtue, too.*

912 (*March-June 1888*)

I absolutely cannot see how one can later make up for having failed to go to a *good school* at the proper time. Such a man does not know himself; he walks through life without having learned to walk; his flabby muscles reveal themselves with every step. Sometimes life is so merciful as to offer this hard schooling once more later: sickness for years perhaps, that demands the most extreme strength of will and self-sufficiency; or a sudden calamity, affecting also one's wife and child, that compels one to a form of activity that restores energy to the slack fibers and toughness to the will to live. The most desirable thing is still under all circumstances a hard discipline *at the proper time,* i.e., at that age at which it still makes one proud to see that much is demanded of one. For this is what distinguishes the hard school as a good school from all others: that much is demanded; and sternly demanded; that the good, even the exceptional, is demanded as the norm; that praise is rare, that indulgence is nonexistent; that blame is apportioned sharply, objectively, without regard for talent or antecedents.

One needs such a school from every point of view: that applies to the most physical as well as to the most spiritual matters; it would be fatal to desire to draw a distinction here! The same discipline makes both the good soldier and the good scholar; and looked at more closely, there is no good scholar who does not have the instincts of a good soldier in his makeup. To be able to command and also proudly to obey; to stand in the ranks, but also capable at any time of leading; to prefer danger to comfort; not to weigh the permitted and the forbidden on a shopkeeper's scales; to be a foe more of the petty, sly, parasitic, than of the evil.— What does one *learn* in a hard school? Obeying and commanding.

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[16] "*Lazzarone,* a name now often applied generally to beggars, is an Italian term, particularly used of the poorest class of Neapolitans, who, without any fixed abode, live by odd jobs and fishing, but chiefly by begging" (*Encyclopaedia Britannica,* 11th ed., article on "Lazar").

[17] *Herrnhuterischen:* "Herrnhut, a town . . . in . . . Saxony . . . is chiefly known as the principal seat of the Moravian or Bohemian brotherhood, the members of which are called Herrnhuter" (*ibid.,* article on "Herrnhut").

913 (*1885-1886*)

To disavow merit: but to do that which is above all praise, indeed above all understanding.

914 (*1885-1886*)

New form of morality: common vows over what one intends to do and leave undone, emphatic renunciation of many things. Tests to see if one is ripe for it.[18]

915 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

I also want to make asceticism natural again: in place of the aim of denial, the aim of strengthening; a gymnastics of the will; abstinence and periods of fasting of all kinds, in the most spiritual realm, too; a casuistry of deeds in regard to the opinions we have regarding our strengths; an experiment with adventures and arbitrary dangers. (*Dîners chez Magny*: nothing but spiritual gourmets with indigestion.[19])— One should even devise tests for one's strength in being able to keep one's word.

916 (*1884; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

What has been ruined by the church's misuse of it:

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[18] In the MS this section is marked: "For the chapter 'Our Virtues.'" According to 1911, p. 513, this section was originally intended for *Beyond Good and Evil.*

[19] See section 82 above.

1. *asceticism:* one has hardly the courage so far to display its natural utility, its indispensability in the service of the education of the will. Our absurd pedagogic world, before which the "useful civil servant" hovers as a model, thinks it can get by with "instruction," with brain drill; it has not the slightest idea that something else is needed *first*—education of will power; one devises tests for everything except for the main thing: whether one can will, whether one may promise; the young man finishes school without a single question, without any curiosity even, concerning this supreme value-problem of his nature;

2. *fasting:* in every sense—even as a means of preserving the delicacy of one's ability to enjoy all good things (e.g., occasionally to stop reading, listening to music, being pleasant; one must have fast days for one's virtues, too);

3. the *"monastery":* temporary isolation, accompanied by strict refusal, e.g., of letters; a kind of most profound self-reflection and self-recovery that desires to avoid, not "temptations," but "duties": an escape from the daily round; a detachment from the tyranny of stimuli and influences that condemns us to spend our strength in nothing but reactions and does not permit their accumulation to the point of *spontaneous activity* (one should observe our scholars from close up: they think only *reactively;* i.e., they have to read before they can think);

4. *feasts:* One has to be very coarse in order not to feel the presence of Christians and Christian values as an oppression beneath which all genuine festive feelings go to the devil. Feasts include: pride, exuberance, wantonness; mockery of everything serious and Philistine; a divine affirmation of oneself out of animal plenitude and perfection—one and all states which the Christian cannot honestly welcome. The feast is paganism *par excellence;*

5. *courage confronted with one's own nature: dressing up in "moral" costumes.*— That one has no need of moral formulas in order to welcome an affect; standard: how far we can affirm what is nature in us—how much or how little we need to have recourse to morality;

6. *death.*— One must convert the stupid physiological fact into a moral necessity. So to live that one can also *will at the right time to die!*[19a]

[19a] Cf. *Zarathustra* I, "On Free Death," and *Twilight,* "Skirmishes," section 36 (*Portable Nietzsche,* pp. 183 *ff* and 536 *f*). The idea of the non-

917 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

To feel stronger—or in other words, joy—always presupposes a comparison (but not necessarily with others, but with oneself in the midst of a state of growth and without one's first *knowing* in how far one is making comparisons—).

Artificial strengthening: whether by stimulating chemicals or by stimulating errors ("delusions"):

e.g., the feeling of *security* such as a Christian possesses; he feels strong in being able to trust, to be patient and composed: he owes this artificial strength to the illusion of being protected by a god;

e.g., the feeling of *superiority*: as when the caliph of Morocco is allowed to see only globes upon which his three united kingdoms occupy four-fifths of the surface;

e.g., the feeling of *uniqueness*: as when the European imagines that the march of culture takes place in Europe, and when he seems to himself to be a kind of abridged world process; or when the Christian makes all existence in general revolve around the "salvation of man."

—It is a question of where one feels the pressure, the constraint: according to where this is, a different feeling of being stronger will be produced. A philosopher, e.g., feels in the midst of the coolest, most transmontane abstraction acrobatics like a fish in water, while colors and tones oppress him; to say nothing of the dim desires—that which others call "the ideal."

918 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

One would make a fit little boy stare if one asked him: "Would you like to become virtuous?"— but he will open his eyes wide if asked: "Would you like to become stronger than your friends?"—

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How does one become stronger?— By coming to decisions

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ecclesiastical monastery was developed by Hermann Hesse in his Nobel Prize winning novel, *Das Glasperlenspiel* (*The Bead Game*, also translated as *Magister Ludi*).

slowly; and by clinging tenaciously to what one has decided. Everything else follows.

The sudden and the changeable: the two species of weakness. Not to mistake oneself for one of them; to feel the distance—before it is too late!

Beware of the good-natured! Association with them makes one languid. All associations are good that make one practice the weapons of defense and offense that reside in one's instincts. All one's inventiveness toward testing one's strength of will— To see the distinguishing feature in this, and not in knowledge, astuteness, wit.

One must learn in time to command—just as much as to obey. One must learn modesty, *tact* in modesty: that is, to confer distinction and to honor by being modest; the same with trust—to confer distinction, to honor.

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For what does one have to atone most? For one's modesty; for having failed to listen to one's most personal requirements; for having mistaken oneself; for having underestimated oneself; for having lost a good ear for one's instincts: this lack of reverence for oneself revenges itself through every kind of deprivation: health, friendship, well-being, pride, cheerfulness, freedom, firmness, courage. One never afterward forgives oneself for this lack of genuine egoism: one takes it for an objection, for a doubt about a real ego.

919 (*March-June 1888*)

I wish men would begin by *respecting* themselves: everything else follows from that. To be sure, as soon as one does this one is finished for others: for this is what they forgive last: "What? A man who respects himself?"—

This is something different from the blind drive to *love* oneself: nothing is more common, in the love of the sexes as well as of that duality which is called "I," than contempt for what one loves:—fatalism in love.

920 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

"I want this or that"; "I wish that this or that were thus"; "I know that this or that is thus"—the degrees of strength: the man of will, the man of desire, the man of faith.

921 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The means by which a stronger species maintains itself.

To grant oneself the right to exceptional actions; as an experiment in self-overcoming and freedom.

To venture into states in which it is not permitted *not* to be a barbarian.

To create control and certainty in regard to one's strength of will through asceticism of every kind.

Not to communicate oneself; silence; bewaring of charm.[20]

To learn obedience in such a way that it provides a test of one's self-support. Casuistry of honor taken to the greatest extreme of subtlety.

Never to conclude "what is right for one is fair for another"—but conversely!

To treat requital, the permission to give back, as a privilege and a rare distinction.

To have no ambition to emulate the virtues of others.

922 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

What means one has to employ with rude peoples, and that "barbarous" means are not arbitrary and capricious, becomes palpable in practice as soon as one is placed, with all one's European pampering, in the necessity of keeping control over barbarians, in the Congo or elsewhere.

923 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

The warlike and the peaceful.— Are you a man with the instincts of a warrior in your system? If so, a second question arises: are you by instinct a warrior of attack or a warrior of defense? The remainder of mankind, all that is not warlike by instinct, wants peace, wants concord, wants "freedom," wants "equal rights": these are only different names and stages of the same thing. To go where one has no need to defend oneself—

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[20] "Charm" (*Anmut*) represents a doubtful reading.

such men become dissatisfied with themselves if they are obliged to offer resistance: [they want to][21] create conditions in which there is no longer war of any kind. If the worst comes to the worst, to submit, obey, acquiesce: anything is better than waging war—thus, e.g., does a Christian's instinct counsel him. In the case of the born warrior, there is something like armament in his character, in his choice of states, in the development of every quality: in the first type, it is the "weapon" that is developed best, in the latter the armor.

The unarmed, the unarmored: what expedients and virtues they need in order to endure—to triumph.

924 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

What will become of the man who no longer has any reasons for defending himself or for attacking? What affects does he have left if he has lost those in which lie his weapons of defense and attack?

925 (*Summer-Fall 1888*)

Marginal note on a *niaiserie anglaise.*[22]— "Do not unto others what you would not have them do unto you." That counts as wisdom; that counts as prudence; that counts as the basis of morality—as the "golden rule." John Stuart Mill believes in it (and what Englishman does not?) But this rule does not brook the slightest attack. The calculation, "do nothing that ought not to be done to you," prohibits actions on account of their harmful consequences: the concealed premise is that an action will always be requited. But what if someone holding the *Principe*[23] in his hand were to say: "It is precisely such actions that one *must* perform, to prevent others from performing them first—to deprive others of the chance to perform them on *us*"?

On the other hand: let us consider a Corsican whose honor demands a vendetta. He does not want a bullet in his body either; but this prospect, the probability of getting shot, does not deter him from vindicating his honor— And in all decent actions, are we not deliberately indifferent to the prospect of what may happen to us? To avoid an action that might have harmful consequences for us—that would mean a ban on decent actions in general.

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[21] The words I have placed in brackets were supplied by the original German editors and retained in all editions, including Schlechta's.

[22] English folly.

[23] Machiavelli's book, *The Prince*.

Nonetheless, the rule is valuable because it betrays a type of man: it is the instinct of the herd that finds its formula in this rule—one is equal, one takes oneself for equal: as I to you, thus you to me.— Here there is a real belief in an equivalence of actions that in all actual circumstances simply does not exist. Not every action *can* be returned: between actual "individuals" there are no equal actions, consequently no "requital"— When I do something, I am very far from thinking that anyone else can do much the same: it belongs to *me*— One cannot pay me back, it will always be "another" action that is perpetrated against me.—

926 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Against John Stuart Mill.— I abhor his vulgarity, which says: "What is right for one is fair for another"; "what you would not, etc., do not unto others"; which wants to establish all human intercourse on the basis of mutual services, so that every action appears as a kind of payment for something done to us. The presupposition here is ignoble in the lowest sense: here an equivalence of value between my actions and yours is presupposed; here the most personal value of an action is simply annulled (that which cannot be balanced or paid in any way—).

"Reciprocity" is a piece of gross vulgarity; precisely that something I do may not and could not be done by another, that no balance is possible (—except in the most select sphere of "my equals," *inter pares*—), that in a deeper sense one never gives back, because one is something unique and does only unique things—this fundamental conviction contains the cause of aristocratic segregation from the masses, because the masses believe in "equality" and *consequently* in equivalence and "reciprocity."

927 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The parochial narrowness of moral valuation with its "useful" and "harmful" has its own good reasons; it is the necessary perspective of society, which is able to survey only the close and closest in regard to consequences.

The state and the politician already have need of a more supra-moral attitude, because they have to reckon with a much greater complexity of effects.

A world economy would also be possible with such distant perspectives that all its individual demands might seem unjust and arbitrary at the moment.

928 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

"Should one follow one's feelings?"—That one should put one's life in danger, yielding to a generous feeling and under the impulse of a moment, that is of little value and does not even characterize one. Everyone is equally capable of that—and in this resolution, a criminal, a bandit, and a Corsican certainly excel decent people.

A higher stage is: to overcome even this pressure within us and to perform a heroic act not on impulse—but coldly, *raisonnable,* without being overwhelmed by stormy feelings of pleasure— The same applies to compassion: it must first be habitually sifted by reason; otherwise it is just as dangerous as any other affect.

Blind indulgence of an affect, totally regardless of whether it be a generous and compassionate or a hostile affect, is the cause of the greatest evils.

Greatness of character does not consist in not possessing these affects—on the contrary, one possesses them to the highest degree—but in having them under control. And even that without any pleasure in this restraint, but merely because—

929 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

"To give one's life for a cause"—a great effect. But there are many things for which one would give one's life: the affects one and all desire to be gratified. Whether it be compassion or anger or revenge—that one stakes one's life on it does not make any value difference. How many have sacrified their lives for pretty girls—and, worse, even their health! If one has the temperament, one instinctively chooses what is dangerous; e.g., adventures in speculation if one is a philosopher; or in immorality if one is virtuous. One kind of man will risk nothing, another wants risks. Are we others despisers of life? On the contrary, we seek life raised to a higher power, life lived in danger—[24] But that, to repeat it, does not mean we want to be more virtuous than others. Pascal, e.g., wanted to risk nothing[25] and remained a Christian: perhaps that was virtuous.— One always makes sacrifices.

930 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

How much advantage man sacrifices, how little "self-interested" he is! All his affects and passions demand their rights—and how remote from the prudent utility of self-interest is an affect!

One does *not* desire "happiness"; one must be English to be able to believe that man always seeks his advantage.[26] Our desires want to violate things with a protracted passion—their accumulated strength seeks resistance.

931 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The affects are one and all useful, some directly, others indirectly; in regard to utility it is quite impossible to fix any scale of values—even though in economic terms the forces of nature are one and all good, i.e., useful, and also the source of so much terrible and irrevocable fatality. The most one could say is that the most powerful affects are the most valuable, in as much as there are no greater sources of strength.

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[24] Cf. section 283 of *The Gay Science* (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 97): ". . . the secret of the greatest fruitfulness and the greatest enjoyment of life is: to *live dangerously!* Build your cities under Vesuvius! . . ."

[25] An allusion to Pascal's famous wager that God exists (*Pensées*, available in many editions and translations; in the bilingual edition by H. F. Stewart, with an English translation on facing pages, and notes and an introduction, Routledge and Kegan Paul, London 1950, pp. 116-21). For a critical analysis, see my *Critique of Religion and Philosophy*, section 49.

Cf. also Jean-Marie Guyau, *Esquisse d'une morale sans obligation ni sanction* (F. Alcan, Paris 1885), p. 212: *"Il y avait donc dans le pari de Pascal un élément qu'il n'a pas mis en lumière. Il n'a guère vu que la crainte du risque, il n'a pas vu le plaisir du risque."* (There is in the wager of Pascal an element he did not make clear. He saw only the fear of risk, he did not see the pleasure of risk.)

[26] Cf. *Twilight*, "Maxims and Arrows," aphorism 12 (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 468): "If we have our own *why* of life, we shall get along with almost any *how*. Man does *not* strive for pleasure; only the Englishman does."

932 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Well-meaning, helpful, good-natured attitudes of mind have not come to be honored on account of their usefulness, but because they are states of richer souls that are capable of bestowing and have their value in the feeling of the plenitude of life. Observe the eyes of benefactors: what one sees is the antithesis of self-denial, of hatred for the *moi,* of "Pascalism."

933 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

In Summa: domination of the passions, *not* their weakening or extirpation!— The greater the dominating power of a will, the more freedom may the passions be allowed.

The "great man" is great owing to the free play and scope of his desires and to the yet greater power that knows how to press these magnificent monsters into service.

The "good man" is at every stage of civilization the harmless and the useful combined: a kind of mean; the expression of the general consciousness of the kind of man whom one has no reason to fear but whom one must nonetheless not despise.

Education: essentially the means of ruining the exceptions for the good of the rule.[27] Higher education:[28] essentially the means of directing taste *against* the exceptions for the good of the mediocre.

Only when a culture has an excess of powers at its disposal can it also constitute a hothouse for the luxury cultivation of the exception, the experiment, of danger, of the nuance:—this is the tendency of every aristocratic culture.

934 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Nothing but questions of strength: how far to prevail against the conditions that preserve society and against its prejudices?—how far to unchain one's terrible qualities through which most people perish?—how far to oppose truth and reflect on its most questionable sides?—how far to oppose suffering, self-contempt, pity, sickness, vice, with the query as to whether one cannot become master of them? (—what does not destroy us makes us stronger[29]—)—finally: how far to acknowledge in one's mind the rule, the commonplace, the petty, good, upright, the average nature, without letting oneself be vulgarized by them?— Hardest test of character: not to let oneself be ruined through seduction by the good. The good as luxury, as subtlety,[30] as vice.

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[27] After "rule," the MS has the following words, omitted in all editions: "At least for that long time," "a deviation, seduction, sicklying over," and "That is hard, but considered economically perfectly reasonable."

[28] *Bildung.* "Education" in the preceding line: *Erziehung.*

3. The Noble Man[31]

935 (*Fall 1888*)

Type: True graciousness, nobility, greatness of soul proceed from abundance; do not give in order to receive—do not try to exalt themselves by being gracious;—prodigality as the type of true graciousness, abundance of personality as its presupposition.

936 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Aristocracy. Herd-animal ideals—now culminating as the highest value standard of "society": attempt to give them a cosmic, even a metaphysical value.— Against them I defend aristocracy.

A society that preserves a regard and *delicatesse* for freedom must feel itself to be an exception and must confront a power from which it distinguishes itself, toward which it is hostile, and on which it looks down.

The more I relinquish my rights and level myself down, the more I come under the dominion of the average and finally of the majority. The presupposition inherent in an aristocratic society for preserving a high degree of freedom among its members is the extreme tension that arises from the presence of an antagonistic drive in all its members: the will to dominate—

If you would do away with firm opposition and differences in rank, you will also abolish all strong love, lofty attitudes, and the feeling of individuality.

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[29] Used in *Twilight,* "Maxims and Arrows," aphorism 8 (*Portable Nietzsche,* p. 467): "What does not destroy me, makes me stronger."

[30] "Subtlety": uncertain reading.

[31] The notes assembled under this heading should be compared with *Beyond Good and Evil,* last chapter, "What is Noble?"

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Toward a true psychology of the society based on freedom and equality— What *diminishes?*

The will to self-responsibility, sign of the decline of autonomy; efficiency in defense and attack, also in the most spiritual things: the power of commanding; the sense of reverence, subservience, ability to keep silent; great passion, the great task, tragedy, cheerfulness.

937 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Augustin Thierry read in 1814 what De Montlosier had said in his work *De la monarchie française*: he answered with a cry of indignation and commenced his work. That emigrant had said: *Race d'affranchis, race d'esclaves arrachés de nos mains, peuple tributaire, peuple nouveau, licence vous fut octroyée d'être libres, et non pas à nous d'être nobles; pour nous tout est de* droit, *pour vous tout est de* grâce, *nous ne sommes point de votre communauté; nous sommes un tout par nous-mêmes.*[32]

938 (*1884*)

How the aristocratic world increasingly bleeds itself and makes itself weaker! Because of the nobility of its instincts it throws away its privileges and because of the refinement of its hyper-culture it takes an interest in the people, the weak, the poor, the poetry of the petty, etc.

939 (*1885-1886*)

There is a noble and dangerous carelessness that permits a profound inference and insight: the carelessness of the self-assured and overrich soul that has never troubled about friends but knows only hospitality, and practices, and knows how to practice, only hospitality—heart and home open to anyone who cares to enter, whether beggar or cripple or king. This is genuine geniality: whoever has that, has a hundred "friends" but in all probability not a single friend.

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[32] "Tribe of freedmen, tribes of slaves torn from our hands, tributary people, new people, license has been granted to you to be free, but not to us to be noble; for us everything is a right, for you everything is a matter of grace; we are not part of your community; we are entire by ourselves."

940 (*1884*)

The teaching *mēden agan*[33] applies to men of overflowing strength—not to the mediocre. The *enkrateia*[34] and *askēsis*[35] is only a stage toward the heights: the "golden nature" is higher.

"Thou shalt"—unconditional obedience in Stoics, in the Christian and Arab orders, in the philosophy of Kant (it is immaterial whether to a superior or to a concept).

Higher than "thou shalt" is "I will" (the heroes); higher than "I will" stands: "I am" (the gods of the Greeks).

The barbarian gods express nothing of the pleasure of restraint—are neither simple nor frivolous nor moderate.

941 (*Summer-Fall 1883*)

The meaning of our gardens and palaces (and to this extent also the meaning of all desire for riches) is: to remove disorder and vulgarity from sight and to build a home for nobility of soul.

The majority, to be sure, believe they will acquire higher natures when those beautiful, peaceful objects have operated upon them: hence the rush to go to Italy and on travels, etc.; all reading and visits to theatres. They want to have themselves formed—that is the meaning of their cultural activity! But the strong, the mighty want to form and no longer to have anything foreign about them!

Thus men also plunge into wild nature, not to find themselves but to lose and forget themselves in it. "To be outside oneself" as the desire of all the weak and the self-discontented.

942 (*1885*)

There is only nobility of birth, only nobility of blood. (I am not speaking here of the little word *"von"* or of the Almanach de Gotha:[36] parenthesis for asses.) When one speaks of "aristocrats of the spirit," reasons are usually not lacking for concealing something; as is well known, it is a favorite term among ambitious Jews. For spirit alone does not make noble; rather, there must be something to ennoble the spirit.— What then is required? Blood.[37]

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[33] Nothing in excess.

[34] Temperance.

[35] Originally, exercise. In the present context, the meaning would seem to be halfway between exercise and asceticism.

943 (*1885*)

What is *noble*?[38]

—Care for the most external things, in so far as this care forms a boundary, keeps distant, guards against confusion.

—Apparent frivolity in word, dress, bearing, through which a stoic severity and self-constraint protects itself against all immodest inquisitiveness.

—Slowness of gesture, and of glance. There are not too many valuable things: and these come and wish to come of themselves to the valuable man. We do not easily admire.

—Endurance of poverty and want, also of sickness.

—Avoidance of petty honors and mistrust of all who praise readily: for whoever praises believes he understands what he praises: but to understand—Balzac, that typical man of ambition, has revealed it—*comprendre c'est égaler.*[39]

—Our doubt as to the communicability of the heart goes deep; solitude not as chosen but as given.

—The conviction that one has duties only to one's equals, toward the others one acts as one thinks best: that justice can be hoped for (unfortunately not counted on) only *inter pares*.[40]

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[36] "The *Almanach de Gotha*, which has existed since 1763, published since 1871 both in French and German, gives a particular account of all the royal and princely families of Europe . . ." (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 11th ed., vol. I, p. 712). The word *von* is the mark of nobility in this sense, and when Friedrich Schiller, for example, was elevated to the nobility his name became Friedrich von Schiller.

[37] When Heinrich Härtle quoted this note in *Nietzsche und der Nationalsozialismus* (Eher, Zentralverlag der NSDAP, Munich 1937), p. 55, he omitted the "parenthesis for asses," without indicating that anything had been omitted. This was entirely typical of the Nazis' use of Nietzsche. For a discussion of this note, see my *Nietzsche*, Chapter 10, near the end.

[38] Cf. the last chapter of *Beyond Good and Evil*, which bears the same title. According to 1911, p. 513, this section was originally intended for use in the preface to (the second edition of) *Mixed Opinions and Aphorisms*, the second volume of *Human, All-Too-Human*.

[39] To comprehend is to equalize.

—An ironic response to the "talented," the belief in a nobility by birth in moral matters too.

—Always to experience oneself as one who bestows honors, while there are not many fit to honor one.

—Always disguised: the higher the type, the more a man requires an incognito. If God existed, he would, merely on grounds of decency, be obliged to show himself to the world only as a man.

—The ability for *otium*,[41] the unconditional conviction that although a craft in any sense does not dishonor, it certainly takes away nobility. No "industriousness" in the bourgeois sense, however well we may know how to honor and reward it, or like those insatiably cackling artists who act like hens, cackle and lay eggs and cackle again.

—We protect artists and poets and those who are masters in anything; but as natures that *are* of a higher kind than these, who have only the ability to do something, merely "productive men," we do not confound ourselves with them.

—Pleasure in forms; taking under protection everything formal, the conviction that politeness is one of the greatest virtues; mistrust for letting oneself go in any way, including all freedom of press and thought, because under them the spirit grows comfortable and doltish and relaxes its limbs.

—Delight in women, as in a perhaps smaller but more delicate and ethereal kind of creature. What joy to encounter creatures who have only dancing, foolishness, and finery in their heads! They have been the delight of every very tense and profound male soul whose life was weighed down with great responsibilities.

—Pleasure in princes and priests, because they preserve the belief in differences in human values even in the valuation of the past, at least symbolically and on the whole even actually.

—Ability to keep silent: but not a word about that in the presence of listeners.

—Endurance of protracted enmities: lack of easy reconcilability.

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[40] Among equals. But see *The Antichrist*, which is later: "When the exceptional human being treats the mediocre more tenderly than himself and his peers, this is not mere courtesy of the heart—it is simply his *duty*" (section 57; *Portable Nietzsche*, p. 647).

[41] Leisure.

—Disgust for the demagogic, for the "enlightenment," for "being cozy,"[42] for plebeian familiarity.

—The collection of precious things, the needs of a high and fastidious soul; to desire to possess nothing in common. One's own books, one's own landscapes.

—We rebel against experiences, good and bad, and are slow to generalize. The individual case: how ironic we feel toward the individual case if it has the bad taste to pose as the rule!

—We love the naive and naive people, but as spectators and higher natures; we find Faust just as naive as his Gretchen.

—We esteem the good very little, as herd animals: we know that in the worst, most malignant, hardest men a priceless golden drop of goodness is often concealed, that outweighs all mere benevolence of milk souls.

—We consider that a man of our kind is not refuted by his vices, nor by his follies. We know that we are hard to recognize, and that we have every reason to give ourselves foregrounds.

944 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

What is noble?— That one constantly has to play a part. That one seeks situations in which one has constant need of poses. That one leaves happiness to the great majority: happiness as peace of soul, virtue, comfort, Anglo-angelic shopkeeperdom à la Spencer. That one instinctively seeks heavy responsibilities. That one knows how to make enemies everywhere, if the worst comes to the worst even of oneself. That one constantly contradicts the great majority not through words but through deeds.

945 (*1886-1887*)

Virtue (e.g., in the form of truthfulness) as *our* noble and dangerous luxury; we must not refuse the disadvantages it brings with it.

946 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

To desire no praise: one does what profits one, or what gives one pleasure, or what one *must*.

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[42] *Gemütlichkeit.*

947 (*Jan.-Fall 1888*)

What is chastity in a man? That his sexual taste has remained noble; that in *eroticis* he likes neither the brutal nor the morbid nor the prudent.

948 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The "concept of honor": resting on the faith in "good society," in chivalrous basic traits, in the obligation continually to maintain poise. Essential: that one does not think one's life important; that one insists unconditionally on good manners on the part of everyone with whom one comes in contact (at least, when they do not belong to *"us"*); that one is neither familar, nor genial, nor merry, nor modest, except *inter pares;* that one *always maintains poise.*

949 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

That one stakes one's life, one's health, one's honor, is the consequence of high spirits and an overflowing, prodigal will: not from love of man but because every great danger challenges our curiosity about the degree of our strength and our courage.

950 (*1884-1886*)

"Eagles dive straight to the point."— Not the least sign of nobility of soul is the magnificent and proud stupidity with which it *attacks*—"straight to the point."

951 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

War on the effeminate conception of "nobility"!—a quantum more of brutality cannot be dispensed with, any more than closeness to crime. Even "self-satisfaction" is *not* part of it; one should be adventurous, experimental, destructive also toward oneself—no beautiful-soul twaddle—. I want to make room for a more robust ideal.

952 (*1884-1886*)

"Paradise lies in the shadow of swords"—also a symbol and motto by which souls of noble and warlike origin betray themselves and divine each other.

953 (*1886-1887*)

The two paths.— [There comes][43] a point in time when man has strength in excess at his disposal: science aims at establishing this slavery of nature.

Then man acquires leisure: to cultivate himself into something new, higher. New aristocracy. Then a host of virtues are superseded that had been conditions of existence.— Qualities no longer needed are lost. We no longer need virtues: consequently we lose them (—as we do the morality of "one thing is needful," of salvation of soul, and of immortality: they were means of making possible for man a tremendous self-constraint through the affect of a tremendous fear: : :).

The various kinds of indigence through whose discipline man is formed: indigence teaches work, thought, self-constraint.

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Physiological purification and strengthening. The new aristocracy has need of an opposite against which it struggles: preservation must be a dreadfully urgent matter.

The two futures of mankind: (1) consistent growth of mediocrity; (2) conscious distinction, self-shaping.

A doctrine that creates a gulf: it preserves the highest and the lowest kind (it destroys the mean).

Aristocrats so far, spiritual and temporal, prove nothing *against* necessity for a new aristocracy.

4. The Masters of the Earth

954 (*1885-1886*)

A question constantly keeps coming back to us, a seductive and wicked question perhaps: may it be whispered into the ears of those who have a right to such questionable questions, the strongest souls of today, whose best control is over themselves: is it not time, now that the type "herd animal" is being evolved more and more in Europe, to make the experiment of a fundamental, artificial and conscious *breeding* of the opposite type and its virtues? And would it not be a kind of goal, redemption, and justification for the democratic movement itself if someone arrived who could make use of it—by finally producing beside its new and sublime development of slavery (—that is what European democracy must become ultimately) a higher kind of dominating and Caesarian spirits who would stand upon it, maintain themselves by it, and elevate themselves through it? To new, hitherto impossible prospects, to their own prospects? To their own tasks?

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[43] The words I have placed in brackets were supplied by the original German editors and retained in all editions.

955 (*1885*)

To view the contemporary European makes me very hopeful: an audacious ruling race is developing on the basis of an extremely intelligent herd mass. It will not be long before the movement for the cultivation of the latter will no longer have the foreground all to itself.

956 (*1885*)

The same conditions that hasten the evolution of the herd animal also hasten the evolution of the leader animal.

957 (*1885*)

Inexorably, hesitantly, terrible as fate, the great task and question is approaching: how shall the earth as a whole be governed? And to what end shall "man" as a whole—and no longer as a people, a race—be raised and trained?

Law-giving moralities are the principal means of fashioning man according to the pleasure of a creative and profound will, provided that such an artist's will of the first rank has the power in its hands and can make its creative will prevail through long periods of time, in the form of laws, religions, and customs. Such men of great creativity, the really great men according to my understanding, will be sought in vain today and probably for a long time to come: they are lacking; until, after much disappointment, one must begin to comprehend *why* they are lacking and that nothing stands more malignantly in the way of their rise and evolution, today and for a long time to come, than what in Europe today is called simply "morality"—as if there were no other morality and could be no other—the aforementioned herd-animal morality which is striving with all its power[44] for a universal green-pasture happiness on earth, namely for security, absence of danger, comfort, the easy life, and ultimately, "if all goes well," hopes to do away with any kind of shepherd or bellwhether. The two doctrines it preaches most often are: "equal rights" and "sympathy with all that suffers"—and it takes suffering itself to be something that must absolutely be abolished. That such "ideas" as these are still modern gives one a bad opinion of modernity.

Whoever has thought profoundly about where and how the plant man has hitherto grown most vigorously must conclude that this has happened under the *reverse* conditions: that the dangerousness of his situation must grow to tremendous proportions, that his power of invention and dissembling must struggle up beneath protracted oppression and compulsion, that his will to live must be enhanced to an unconditional will to power and to overpower, and that danger, severity, violence, danger in the street as well as in the heart, inequality of rights, concealment, stoicism, the art of experiment, devilry of all kinds, in short the opposite of all the herd thinks desirable, are necessary for the elevation of the type man. A morality with such reverse intentions, which desires to train men for the heights, not for comfort and mediocrity, a morality with the intention of training a ruling caste—the future *masters of the earth*—must, if it is to be taught, appear in association with the prevailing moral laws, in the guise of their terms and forms. That for this, however, many transitional means of deception must be devised, and that, because the lifetime of a single man signifies virtually nothing in relation to the accomplishment of such protracted tasks and aims, the very first thing to be done is the rearing of a new kind of man, in whom the duration of the necessary will and the necessary instinct will be guaranteed through many generations—a new master type and caste—all this is as obvious as is the protracted and not easily expressible etcetera of this idea.

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[44] According to 1911, p. 513, an illegible word has been omitted at this point—and this note was evidently dictated (it is in another hand) and then revised in Nietzsche's hand.

To prepare a *reversal of values* for a certain strong kind of man of the highest spirituality and strength of will and to this end slowly and cautiously to unfetter a host of instincts now kept in check and calumniated—whoever reflects on this becomes one of us, the free spirits—to be sure, a different kind of "free spirit" from those before us; for the latter wanted approximately the opposite of what we do. To us, it seems to me, belong above all the pessimists of Europe, the poets and thinkers of an enraged idealism, in so far as their discontent with all existence involved them at least by logical necessity in a discontent with present-day man; also certain insatiably ambitious artists who unhesitatingly and unconditionally fight for the special rights of higher men and against the "herd animal" and who, by means of the seductions of art, lull to sleep all herd instincts and herd cautiousness in choice spirits; thirdly and finally all those critics and historians who courageously carry forward the happily-begun discovery of the world of antiquity—it is the work of the *new* Columbus, the German spirit (for we still stand at the beginning of this conquest). For in the world of antiquity there reigned a different, more lordly morality than today; and the man of antiquity, raised in this morality, was a stronger and deeper man than the man of today—he alone has hitherto been "the man that has turned out well." But the seductive power that antiquity exercises on such well-turned-out, i.e., strong and enterprising, souls is the most subtle and effective of all anti-democratic and anti-Christian influences even today, as at the time of the Renaissance.

958 (*1884*)

I write for a species of man that does not yet exist: for the "masters of the earth."

Religions, as consolations and relaxations, dangerous: man believes he has a right to take his ease.

In Plato's *Theages* it is written: "Each one of us would like to be master over all men, if possible, and best of all God." This attitude must exist again.[44a]

[44a] This dialogue is now usually attributed to "an imitator of Plato"; e.g., by W. D. Ross in *The Oxford Classical Dictionary* (Clarendon Press,

Englishmen, Americans, and Russians——

959 (*1885-1886*)[45]

The jungle-growth "man" always appears where the struggle for power has been waged the longest. *Great* men.

The Romans—jungle animals.

960 (*1885-1886*)

From now on there will be more favorable preconditions for more comprehensive forms of dominion, whose like has never yet existed. And even this is not the most important thing; the possibility has been established for the production of international racial unions whose task will be to rear a master race, the future "masters of the earth";—a new, tremendous aristocracy, based on the severest self-legislation, in which the will of philosophical men of power and artist-tyrants will be made to endure for millenia—a higher kind of man who, thanks to their superiority in will, knowledge, riches, and influence, employ democratic Europe as their most pliant and supple instrument for getting hold of the destinies of the earth, so as to work as artists upon "man" himself. Enough: the time is coming when politics will have a different meaning.

5. The Great Human Being[46]

961 (*1885*)

To see at which points in history great human beings arise. The significance of protracted despotic moralities: they tense the bow, if they do not break it.

Oxford 1949), p. 891. But see the chapter on "Theages" in Paul Friedländer, *Plato,* vol. II (2nd rev. ed., Walter de Gruyter, Berlin 1957), especially pp. 141 *f* and 301 *f*. There is a similar passage in Plato's *Theaetetus* 176.

[45] These are two entirely separate notes, placed together under a single number by the German editors.

[46] *Der grosse Mensch.* In the following notes *Mensch* has been translated, more often than not, as "man"; but it should be noted that Nietzsche is not speaking of *der grosse Mann.*

962 (*1885*)

A great man—a man whom nature has constructed and invented in the grand style—what is he?

First: there is a long logic in all of his activity, hard to survey because of its length, and consequently misleading; he has the ability to extend his will across great stretches of his life and to despise and reject everything petty about him, including even the fairest, "divinest" things in the world.

Secondly: he is colder, harder, less hesitating, and without fear of "opinion"; he lacks the virtues that accompany respect and "respectability," and altogether everything that is part of the "virtue of the herd." If he cannot lead, he goes alone; then it can happen that he may snarl at some things he meets on his way.

Third: he wants no "sympathetic" heart, but servants, tools; in his intercourse with men he is always intent on *making* something out of them. He knows he is incommunicable: he finds it tasteless to be familiar; and when one thinks he is, he usually is not. When not speaking to himself, he wears a mask. He rather lies than tells the truth: it requires more spirit and *will.*[47] There is a solitude within him that is inaccessible to praise or blame, his own justice that is beyond appeal.

963 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

The great man is necessarily a skeptic[48] (which is not to say that he has to appear to be one), provided that greatness consists in this: to *will* something great and the means to it. Freedom from any kind of conviction is part of the strengh of his will. Thus it accords with that "englightened despotism" exercised by every great passion. Such a passion takes the intellect into its service; it has the courage even for unholy means; it removes scruples; it permits itself convictions, it even *needs* them, but it does not submit to them. The need for faith, for anything unconditional in Yes and No, is a proof of weakness; all weakness is weakness of will. The man of faith, the believer, is necessarily a small type of man. Hence "freedom of spirit," i.e., unbelief as an instinct [is a precondition of greatness.][49]

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[47] The theme of the mask and the need for masks is more fully developed in *Beyond Good and Evil.* For the many relevant passages see the index to my translation (New York: Vintage Books, 1966).

[48] This note was put to use in *The Antichrist,* section 54 (*Portable Nietzsche,* pp. 638-39).

964 (*1884*)

The great man feels his *power* over a people, his temporary coincidence with a people or a millenium; this enlargement in his experience of himself as *causa* and *voluntas* is misunderstood as "altruism"; it drives him to seek means of communication: all great men are inventive in such means. They want to embed themselves in great communities; they want to give a single form to the multifarious and disordered; chaos stimulates them.

Misunderstanding of love. There is a slavish love that submits and gives itself; that idealizes, and deceives itself—there is a divine love that despises and loves, and reshapes and elevates the beloved.

To gain that tremendous energy of greatness in order to shape the man of the future through breeding and, on the other hand, the annihilation of millions of failures, and not to perish of the suffering one creates, though nothing like it has ever existed!—

965 (*1884*)

The revolution, confusion, and distress of peoples is, in my view, inferior to the distress of great individuals during their development. One must not let oneself be deceived: the many distresses of all the small constitute a sum only in the feelings of powerful human beings.— To think of oneself in moments of great danger, to derive advantage from the disadvantage of many: this can be, in the case of a very high degree of deviation, a sign of a *great* character who manages to master his compassionate and just impulses.

966 (*1884*)

In contrast to the animals, man has cultivated an abundance of *contrary* drives and impulses within himself: thanks to this synthesis, he is master of the earth.— Moralities are the expression of locally limited orders of rank in his multifarious world of drives, so man should not perish through their contradictions. Thus a drive as master, its opposite weakened, refined, as the impulse that provides the stimulus for the activity of the chief drive.

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[49] The words I have placed in brackets were added by the German editors.

The highest man would have the greatest multiplicity of drives, in the relatively greatest strength that can be endured. Indeed, where the plant "man" shows himself strongest one finds instincts that conflict powerfully (e.g., in Shakespeare), but are controlled.

967 (*1885*)

Whether one does not have the right to account all great men *evil?* This cannot be shown in a pure state in all individual cases. Often they have been capable of masterly dissimulation and assumed the outward forms and gestures of great virtues. Often they honored virtue seriously and with a passionate hardness against themselves, but out of cruelty: seen from a distance, this is deceptive. Many misunderstood themselves; not infrequently a great task calls forth great qualities, e.g., justice. The essential point is: the greatest perhaps also possess great virtues, but in that case also their opposites. I believe that it is precisely through the presence of opposites and the feelings they occasion that the great man, *the bow with the great tension,* develops.

968 (*1886-1887*)

In great men, the specific qualities of life—injustice, falsehood, exploitation—are at their greatest. But in so far as they have had an *overwhelming* effect, their essence has been most misunderstood and interpreted as goodness. Type: Carlyle as interpreter.[60]

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[60] Cutting remarks about Carlyle are also found in *The Gay Science,* section 97 ("Garrulity from inner satisfaction with noise and confused feelings; e.g., in Carlyle"); in *Beyond Good and Evil,* section 252; in *Twilight,* "Skirmishes," sections 1 and 12 (he is also mentioned in section 44); in *The Antichrist,* section 54; and in sections 27, 312, 343, 455, 747 above.

969 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

In general, every thing is *worth as much as one has paid for it.* This does not hold, to be sure, if one takes the individual in isolation; the great capabilities of the individual are utterly out of proportion to what he himself has done, sacrificed, and suffered for them. But if one considers his family history, one discovers the history of a tremendous storing up and capital accumulation of strength through all kinds of renunciation, struggle, work, and prevailing. It is because the great man has *cost* so much, and *not* because he appears as a miracle and gift of heaven and "chance," that he has become great: "heredity" a false concept. One's forebears have paid the price for what one is.

970 (*1883-1888*)

Danger in modesty.— To adapt ourselves too early to the tasks, societies, everyday life and everyday work, in which chance has placed us, at a time when neither our strength nor our goal has yet entered our consciousness with the force of law; the all-too-early certainty of conscience, comfortableness, sociability thus achieved, this premature resignation that insinuates itself into our feelings as a release from inner and outer unrest, pampers and holds one back in the most dangerous fashion. To learn to feel respect after the fashion of "those like us," as if we ourselves had no measure in us and no right to determine values; the effort to evaluate as others do, *against* the inner voice of our taste, which is also a form of conscience, becomes a terrible, subtle constraint: if there is not finally an explosion, with a sudden bursting asunder of all the bonds of love and morality, then such a spirit becomes withered, petty, effeminate, and factual.

The opposite is bad enough, but better nonetheless: to suffer from one's environment, from its praise as well as from its blame, wounded by it and festering inwardly without betraying the fact; to defend oneself with involuntary mistrust against its love, to learn silence, perhaps concealing it behind speech,[51] to create for oneself nooks and undiscoverable solitudes for moments of relief, of tears, of sublime consolation—until one is finally strong enough to say, "what do I have to do with *you?*" and to go one's *own* way.

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[51] See the footnote on section 962 above. This section should be compared with section 918 above.

971 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Men who are destinies, who by bearing themselves bear destinies, the whole species of *heroic* bearers of burdens: oh how they would like to rest from themselves for once! how they thirst for strong hearts and necks, so as to be free from what oppresses them, at least for a few hours! And how vainly they thirst!— They wait; they look at everything that passes: no one approaches them with as much as a thousandth part of their suffering[62] and passion,[63] no one divines *in what way* they are waiting—At length, at length they learn their first piece of worldly prudence—not to wait any more; and soon another one: to be genial, to be modest, from now on to endure everyone, to endure everything—in short, to endure even a little more than they have endured so far.

6. The Highest Man as Legislator of the Future

972[64] (*1884*)

Legislators of the future.— After having tried in vain for a long time to attach a definite concept to the word "philosopher"—for I found many contradictory characteristics—I recognized at last that there are two distinct kinds of philosopher:

1. those who want to ascertain a complex fact of evaluations (logical or moral);
2. those who are *legislators* of such evaluations.

The former try to master the world of the present or the past by concentrating and abridging the multiplicity of events through signs: their aim is to make previous events surveyable, comprehensible, graspable, and usable—they assist the task of man to employ all past things for the benefit of his future.

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[62] *Leiden.*

[63] *Leidenschaft.*

[64] According to 1911, p. 513, this section was composed by the editor from two drafts, but Schlechta, too, follows all previous editions in printing it as a single note. Roughly the first half of this material was put to use in *Beyond Good and Evil,* section 211.

The latter, however, are *commanders;* they say: "Thus it shall be!" They alone determine the "whither" and the "wherefore," what is useful and what constitutes utility for men; they dispose of the preparatory work of scientific men, and all knowledge is for them only a means for creation. This second kind of philosopher rarely prospers; and their situation and danger is indeed fearful. How often they have deliberately blindfolded themselves simply so as not to have to behold the narrow ledge that separates them from a plunge into the abyss; e.g., Plato, when he convinced himself that the "good" as *he* desired it was not the good of Plato but the "good in itself," the eternal treasure that some man, named Plato, had chanced to discover on his way! This same will to blindness dominates the founders of religions in a much coarser form: their "thou shalt" must not by any means sound in their ears like "I will"— they dare to fulfill their task only as the command of a god; only as an "inspiration" is their value legislation a *bearable* burden under which their conscience is not crushed.

As soon as these two means of comfort, that of Plato and that of Mohammed, have fallen away and no thinker can relieve his conscience with the hypothesis of a "god" or "eternal values," the claim of the legislator of new values rises to a new fearfulness never yet attained. From then on, those elect on whom the suspicion of having such a duty begins to dawn, try to see if they cannot, "at the right moment," elude it, as their greatest danger, through some kind of detour; for example, by convincing themselves that the task has already been accomplished, or cannot be accomplished, or that their shoulders are not strong enough for such burdens, or that they are already overburdened with other, more immediate tasks, or that even this new, distant duty is a seduction and temptation, drawing them away from all other duties, a sickness, a kind of madness. Many may indeed succeed in eluding it: history is full of the traces of men who have eluded this task, and of their bad consciences. Usually, however, there came to these men of fate that redeeming hour, that autumnal hour of ripeness, in which they *had* to do what they did not even "want" to do—and the deed of which they had hitherto been most afraid fell easily and unsought from the tree, as an involuntary deed, almost as a gift.—

973 (*1885*)

The human horizon.— One can conceive philosophers as those who make the most extreme efforts to *test* how far man could *elevate* himself— Plato especially: how *far* his strength will reach. But they do it as individuals; perhaps the instinct of the Caesars, of founders of states, etc., was greater, as they pondered how far man might be driven in his evolution and under "favorable conditions." But they had an insufficient understanding of the nature of favorable circumstances. Great question: where has the plant "man" hitherto grown up most magnificently? For this question the study of comparative history is necessary.

974 (*Fall 1888*)

A fact, a work is eloquent in a *new* way for every age and every new type of man. History always enunciates *new truths.*

975 (*1885-1886*)

To remain objective, hard, firm, severe in carrying through an idea—artists succeed best in this; but when one needs men for this (as teachers, statesmen, etc., do), then the repose and coldness and hardness soon vanish. With natures like Caesar and Napoleon, one gets some notion of "disinterested" work on their marble, whatever the cost in men. On this road lies the future of the highest men: to bear the *greatest responsibility* and *not* collapse under it.— Hitherto, the delusions of inspiration were almost always needed in order not to lose one's *faith in one's right and one's hand.*

976 (*1884*)

Why the philosopher rarely turns out well. His requirements include qualities that usually destroy a man:

1. a tremendous multiplicity of qualities; he must be a brief abstract of man, of all man's higher and lower desires: danger from antitheses, also from disgust at himself;
2. he must be inquisitive in the most various directions: danger of going to pieces;

3. he must be just and fair in the highest sense, but profound in love, hate (and injustice), too;
4. he must be not only a spectator, but also a legislator: judge and judged (to the extent that he is a brief abstract of the world);
5. extremely multifarious, yet firm and hard. Supple.

977 (*1885*)

The really *royal* calling of the philosopher (as expressed by Alcuin the Anglo-Saxon): *prava corrigere, et recta corroborare, et sancta sublimare.*[55]

978 (*1885*)

The new philosopher can arise only in conjunction with a ruling caste, as its highest spiritualization. Great politics, rule over the earth, are at hand; complete *lack* of the *principles* that are needed.

979 (*1885*)

Fundamental thought: the new values must first be created—we shall not be *spared* this task! For us the philosopher must be a legislator. New types. (How the highest types hitherto [e.g., Greeks] were reared: to will this type of "chance" consciously.)

980[56] (*1885*)

Assuming one thinks of a philosopher as a great educator, powerful enough to draw up to his lonely height a long chain of generations, then one must also grant him the uncanny privileges of the great educator. An educator never says what he himself thinks, but always only what he thinks of a thing in relation to the requirements of those he educates. He must not be detected in this dissimulation; it is part of his mastery that one believes in his honesty. He must be capable of employing every means of discipline:[57] some he can drive toward the heights only with the whips of scorn; others, who are sluggish, irresolute, cowardly, vain, perhaps only with exaggerated praise. Such an educator is beyond good and evil; but no one must know it.

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[55] To correct what is wrong, and strengthen the right, and raise what is holy.

[56] Not in Nietzsche's hand; dictated.

981 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Not to make men "better," *not* to preach morality to them in any form, as if "morality in itself," or any ideal kind of man, were given; but to *create conditions* that *require stronger men* who for their part need, and consequently will *have*, a morality (more clearly: a physical-spiritual discipline) *that makes them strong!*

Not to allow oneself to be misled by blue eyes or heaving bosoms: *greatness of soul*[58] *has nothing romantic about it.* And unfortunately nothing at all amiable.

982 (*1884*)

One must learn from war: (1) to associate death with the interests for which one fights—that makes *us* venerable; (2) one must learn to sacrifice *many* and to take one's cause seriously enough not to spare men; (3) rigid discipline, and to permit oneself force and cunning in war.

983 (*1884*)

Education in those rulers' virtues that master even one's benevolence and pity: the great cultivator's virtues ("forgiving one's enemies" is child's play by comparison), the affect of the creator must be elevated—no longer to work on marble!— The exceptional situation and powerful position of those beings (compared with any prince hitherto): the Roman Caesar with Christ's soul.[59]

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[57] *Zucht und Züchtigung.* Nietzsche often uses *Zucht und Züchtung,* suggesting the double sense of "breeding" and the importance of discipline (*Zucht*) for cultivation (*Züchtung*). *Züchtigung* means discipline in the sense of punishment or chastisement.

[58] For "greatness of soul" cf. Kaufmann's *Nietzsche,* Chapter 12, section VI, and, above all, Aristotle's description of *megalopsychia,* cited there.

[59] For discussions of "the Roman Caesar with Christ's soul," see Karl Jaspers, *Nietzsche und das Christentum* (Hameln, Verlag der Bücherstube Fritz Seifert, n.d. [1938]; reprinted by R. Piper, Munich); *Nietzsche and*

984 (*1884*)

Greatness of soul is inseparable from greatness of spirit.[60] For it involves *independence;* but in the absence of spiritual greatness, independence ought not to be allowed, it causes mischief, even through its desire to do good and practice "justice." Small spirits must *obey*—hence cannot possess *greatness.*

985 (*1885*)

The higher philosophical man, who has solitude not because he wishes to be alone but because he *is* something that finds no equals: what dangers and new sufferings have been reserved for him precisely today, when one has unlearned belief in order of rank and consequently does not know how to honor and understand this solitude! Formerly the sage almost sanctified himself in the mind of the crowd by going apart in this way—today the hermit sees himself surrounded as if by a cloud of gloomy doubts and suspicions. And not merely on the part of the envious and

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Christianity, translated by E. B. Ashton (Chicago, Henry Regnery, 1961), the end of the section on "Self-Identification with the Opponent"; and Kaufmann, "Jaspers' Relation to Nietzsche," in *From Shakespeare to Existentialism* (Garden City: Doubleday Anchor Books, 1960, p. 300). In a nutshell: for Jaspers this phrase represents one of "the most amazing attempts to bring together again into a higher unity what [Nietzsche] has first separated and opposed to each other . . . Nietzsche imagines—without any power of vision and unrealizably—the synthesis of the ultimate opposition." For me the same phrase represents "the very heart of Nietzsche's vision of the overman. Being capable of both sympathy and hardness, of loving and ruling, not using claws though having them . . ."

[60] *Seelengrösse nicht zu trennen von geistiger Grösse.* This is one of the occasional passages in which it is tempting to translate *Geist* and *geistig* as intellect and intellectual; for these would come closer to Nietzsche's meaning here. It is important to realize that when Nietzsche uses these terms he generally means neither spirit alone nor intellect alone but also mind, wit, and *esprit.* But if we used spirit in one passage, wit in another, intellect in a third, and mind elsewhere, something of considerable importance would be lost. It seems better to ask the reader to kep in mind what *Geist* means, and that "spirit" always stands for *Geist.*

This whole matter, of course, transcends philological niceties; what is at stake is one of the most crucial points of Nietzsche's philosophy: he was not an irrationalist. And all the men he most admired were, without exception, great intellects—but not merely great intellects. Cf. sections 876 *ff* above.

wretched: he must sense misunderstanding, neglect, and superficiality even in all benevolence shown him. He knows that crafty cunning of narrow-minded pity that feels itself good and holy when it tries to "save" him from himself, perhaps by means of more comfortable situations or more orderly, more reliable company—indeed, he will have to admire the unconscious instinct of destruction with which all the spiritually mediocre go to work against him, with a perfect faith in their right to do so!

It is necessary for these men of incomprehensible loneliness to wrap themselves vigorously and boldly in the cloak of external, spatial solitude, too: that is part of their prudence. Even cunning and disguise are needed today if such a man is to preserve himself, to keep himself aloft, in the midst of the dangerous, down-dragging currents of the age. Every attempt to endure *in* the present, to endure the present, every approach to the men and aims of today, he will have to atone as if it were his own special sin; and he may marvel at the concealed wisdom of his nature that, after every such attempt, at once draws him back to himself by means of sickness and bad accidents.

986 (*1885*)

"—*Maledetto colui*
che contrista un spirto immortal!"[61]
MANZONI (*Conte di Carmagnola,* ACT II).

987 (*1884*)[62]

The most difficult and highest form of man will succeed most rarely: thus the history of philosophy reveals a superabundance of failures, of accidents, and an extremely slow advance; whole millennia intervene and overwhelm what had been achieved; the continuity is broken again and again. It is an appalling history—the history of the highest man, the *sage*.—

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[61] Cursed whoever saddens an immortal spirit.

[62] In the MS preceded by the words: "*For the introduction.*" 1911, p. 513, it is pointed out that this note belongs to the same period as drafts for *Beyond Good and Evil;* but that in itself does not establish that the introduction for that book was meant: Nietzsche was contemplating more than one project.

What is most harmed is precisely the memory of the great, for the semi-failures and the failures misunderstand them and vanquish them by means of "successes." Every time "an influence" shows itself, a mob crowds upon the scene; the chatter of the petty and the poor in spirit is a terrible torment for the ears of those who remember with a shudder *that the destiny of humanity depends upon the attainment of its highest type.*

From my childhood I have pondered the conditions for the existence of the sage, and I will not conceal my joyous conviction that he is again becoming *possible* in Europe—perhaps only for a short time.

988 (*1885*)

We new philosophers, however, not only do we start by describing the actual order of rank and differences in the value of men, we also desire precisely the opposite of an assimilation, an equalization:[63] we teach estrangement in every sense, we open up gulfs such as have never existed before, we desire that man should become more evil than he has ever been before. In the meantime, we are still strangers to and from one another. We have many reasons to be hermits and to put on masks—we shall therefore be poor at looking for those like us. We shall live alone and probably suffer the torments of all seven solitudes. But if we should come across one another, one may wager that we mistake or mutually deceive one another.

989 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Les philosophes ne sont pas faits pour s'aimer. Les aigles ne volent point en compagnie. Il faut laisser cela aux perdrix, aux étourneaux. . . . Planer au-dessus et avoir des griffes, voilà le lot des grands génies.[64]

GALIANI.

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[63] Nietzsche originally began this note: "The new philosophers. . . ." Then he changed this to read: "We new philosophers. . . ." And he carried this through to the point indicated. Beyond that point, the editors changed the text to maintain consistency. The note was written in pencil and bears all the earmarks of haste (1911, p. 514).

[64] Philosophers are not made to love one another. Eagles do not fly in company. One must leave that to partridges and starlings . . . Soaring on high and having talons, that is the lot of great geniuses.

990 (*1885*)

I forgot to say that such philosophers are cheerful and that they like to sit in the abyss below a perfectly clear sky: they need different means from other men for enduring life; for they suffer differently (namely, as much from the profundity of their contempt for man as from their love for man).— The most suffering animal on earth invented for itself—laughter.

991 (*1885-1886*)

On the misunderstanding of "cheerfulness." Temporary relief from a protracted tension; the high spirits, the saturnalia of a spirit that is dedicating and preparing itself for protracted and terrible decisions. The "fool" in the form of "science."

992 (*March-June 1888*)

New order of rank of spirits: the tragic natures no longer to the fore.

993 (*1885*)

It is a comfort to me to know that above the steam and filth of human lowlands there is a *higher, brighter humanity,* very small in number (for everything outstanding is by its nature rare): one belongs to it, not because one is more talented or more virtuous or more heroic or more loving than the men below, but—because one is colder, brighter, more far-seeing, more solitary; because one endures, prefers, demands solitude as happiness, as privilege, indeed as a condition of existence; because one lives among clouds and lightning as among one's own kind, but equally among rays of sunlight, drops of dew, flakes of snow, and everything that necessarily comes from the heights and, when it moves, moves eternally only in the direction from above to below. Aspirations *toward* the heights are not ours.— Heroes, martyrs, geniuses and enthusiasts are not still, patient, subtle, cold, slow enough for us.

994 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Absolute conviction: that value feelings above and below are different; that countless experiences are lacking in those below; that between below and above misunderstanding is *necessary*.

995 (*1884*)

How do men attain great strength and a great task? All the virtues and efficiency of body and soul are acquired laboriously and little by little, through much industry, self-constraint, limitation, through much obstinate, faithful repetition of the same labors, the same renunciations; but there are men who are the heirs and masters of this slowly-acquired manifold treasure of virtue and efficiency—because, through fortunate and reasonable marriages, and also through fortunate accidents, the acquired and stored-up energies of many generations have not been squandered and dispersed but linked together by a firm ring and by will. In the end there appears a man, a monster of energy, who demands a monster of a task. For it is our energy that disposes of us; and the wretched spiritual game of goals and intentions and motives is only a foreground—even though weak eyes may take them for the matter itself.

996 (*1885-1886*)

The sublime man has the highest value, even if he is terribly delicate and fragile, because an abundance of very difficult and rare things has been bred and preserved together through many generations.

997 (*1884*)

I teach: that there are higher and lower men, and that a single individual can under certain circumstances justify the existence of whole millennia—that is, a full, rich, great, whole human being in relation to countless incomplete fragmentary men.

998 (*1884*)

The highest men live beyond the rulers, freed from all bonds; and in the rulers they have their instruments.

999 (*1884*)

Order of rank: He who *determines* values and directs the will of millenia by giving direction to the highest natures is the *highest* man.

1000 (*1884*)

I believe I have *guessed* some of the things in the soul of the highest man; perhaps anyone who unriddles him must perish; but whoever has seen him must help to make him *possible.*

Fundamental thought: we must consider the future as decisive for all our evaluations—and not seek the laws of our actions *behind* us!

1001 (*1884*)

Not "mankind" but *overman* is the goal!

1002 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Come l'uom s'eterna—[65]

INF. XV 85

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[65] How man makes himself eternal.—Dante.

II. DIONYSUS

1003 (*Jan-Fall 1888*)

To him that has turned out well, who does my heart good, carved from wood that is hard, gentle, and fragrant—in whom even the nose takes pleasure—this book is dedicated.

He enjoys the taste of what is wholesome for him;

his pleasure in anything ceases when the bounds of the wholesome are crossed;

he divines the remedies for partial injuries; he has illnesses as great stimulants of his life;

he knows how to exploit ill chances;

he grows stronger through the accidents that threaten to destroy him;

he instinctively gathers from all that he sees, hears, experiences, what advances his main concern—he follows a principle of selection—he allows much to fall through;

he reacts with the slowness bred by a long caution and a deliberate pride—he tests a stimulus for its origin and its intentions, he does not submit;

he is always in his *own* company, whether he deals with books, men, or landscapes;

he honors by choosing, by admitting, by trusting.

1004 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

To attain a height and bird's eye view, so one grasps how everything actually happens as it ought to happen; how every kind of "imperfection" and the suffering to which it gives rise are part of the highest desirability.

1005 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Around 1876 I was terrified to see all I had desired hitherto *compromised,* as I grasped which way Wagner was going now; and I was bound very closely to him by all the bonds of a profound identity of needs, by gratitude, by his irreplaceability and the absolute privation I saw before me.

At the same time I seemed to myself irrevocably incarcerated in my philology and teaching—in an accident and makeshift of my life: I no longer knew how to extricate myself, and was weary, spent, used up.

At the same time I grasped that my instinct went into the opposite direction from Schopenhauer's: toward a *justification of life*, even at its most terrible, ambiguous, and mendacious; for this I had the formula *"Dionysian."*

Against the theory that an "in-itself of things" must necessarily be good, blessed, true, and one, Schopenhauer's interpretation of the "in-itself" as will was an essential step; but he did not understand how to *deify* this will: he remained entangled in the moral-Christian ideal. Schopenhauer was still so much subject to the dominion of Christian values that, as soon as the thing-in-itself was no longer "God" for him, he had to see it as bad, stupid, and absolutely reprehensible. He failed to grasp that there can be an infinite variety of ways of being different, even of being god.[66]

1006 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Moral values have hitherto been the highest values: would anybody call this in question?— If we remove these values from this position, we alter *all* values: the principle of their order of rank hitherto is thus overthrown.

1007 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

To revalue values—what would that mean? All the spontaneous—new, future, stronger—movements must be there; but they still appear under false names and valuations and have not yet become conscious of themselves.

A courageous becoming-conscious and affirmation of what has been achieved—a liberation from the slovenly routine of old valuations that dishonor us in the best and strongest things we have achieved.

1008 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Every doctrine for which all accumulated energies and explosives are not yet ready at hand, is superfluous. A revaluation of values is achieved only when there is a tension of new needs, of men with new needs, who suffer from the old values without attaining this consciousness.

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[66] The words that immediately follow in the MS are omitted in all editions: "A curse on that bigoted freedom: 'good and evil.'"

1009 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Points of view for *my* values: whether out of abundance or out of want?[67]—whether one looks on or lends a hand—or looks away and walks off?[68]—whether out of stored-up energy, "spontaneously," or merely stimulated *reactively,* and provoked? whether *simple,* out of a paucity of elements, *or* out of overwhelming mastery over many, so they are pressed into service when they are needed? —whether one is a *problem* or a *solution*?—whether *perfect* with a small task or *imperfect* with an extraordinary goal? whether one is *genuine* or merely an *actor,* whether one is genuine as an actor or merely a copy of an actor, whether one is a "representative" or that which is represented?[69] whether a "personality" or merely a rendezvous of personalities—whether *sick* from sickness or excessive health? whether one goes on ahead as a shepherd or as an "exception" (third species: as a fugitive)?[70] whether one needs *dignity,* or to be a "buffoon"? whether one seeks resistance or avoids it? whether one is imperfect through being "too early" or "too late"? whether by nature one says Yes or No or is a peacock's tail of many colors? whether one is sufficiently proud not to be ashamed even of one's vanity? whether one is still capable of a bite of conscience? (—this species is becoming rare: formerly the conscience had too much to chew: now it seems to have lost its teeth)?[71] whether one is still capable of a "duty"? (—there are those who would lose their whole joy in living if their duty were taken from them—especially the womanly, the born subjects.)

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[67] Cf. *The Gay Science,* section 370 (published in 1887): ". . . Regarding all aesthetic values, I now avail myself of this main distinction: I ask in every single case, 'Is it hunger or overabundance that has here become creative?'. . ." Cf. also section 59 above.

[68] Cf. *Twilight,* in *Portable Nietzsche,* "Maxims and Arrows," aphorism 40 (p. 472).

[69] Cf. *ibid.,* aphorism 38 (page 472).

[70] Cf. *ibid.,* aphorism 37 (page 472).

[71] Cf. *ibid.,* aphorism 29 (page 470).

1010 (*1883-1888*)

Suppose our usual conception of the world were a misunderstanding: could a form of perfection be conceived within which even such misunderstandings would receive their sanction?

Conception of a new perfection: that which does not correspond to our logic, our "beautiful," our "good," our "true," could be perfect in a higher sense than even our ideal.

1011 (*Manuscript source uncertain*)

Our great renunciation: not to deify the unknown; we are just beginning to know little. False and wasted endeavors.

Our "new world": we have to realize to what degree we are the *creators* of our value feelings—and thus capable of projecting "meaning" into history.

This faith in truth attains its ultimate conclusion in us—you know what it is: that if there is anything that is to be worshipped it is *appearance* that must be worshipped, that the lie—and *not* the truth—is divine!

1012 (*1883-1888*)

Whoever pushes rationality forward also restores new strength to the opposite power, mysticism and folly of all kinds.

To distinguish in *every movement* (1) that it is *in part* exhaustion from a preceding movement (satiety from it, the malice of weakness toward it, sickness); (2) that it is *in part* newly-awakened, long slumbering, accumulated energy—joyous, exuberant, violent: health.

1013 (*1885-1886*)

Health and sickliness: one should be careful! The standard remains the efflorescence of the body, the agility, courage, and cheerfulness of the spirit—but also, of course, how much of the sickly it can take and overcome—how much it can make healthy. That of which more delicate men would perish belongs to the stimulants of *great* health.

1014 (*1885*)

It is only a question of strength: to have all the morbid traits of the century, but to balance them through a superabundant, recuperative strength. The strong man.

1015 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

On the strength of the nineteenth century.— We are more medieval than the eighteenth century; not *merely* more curious about or easily stimulated by the strange and rare. We have revolted against the Revolution— We have emancipated ourselves from fear of reason, the ghost that haunted the eighteenth century: we again dare to be absurd, childish, lyrical—in one word: "we are musicians." We are as little afraid of the ridiculous as of the absurd. The devil finds that the tolerance of God works in his favor: even more, he is interesting as one who has been misunderstood and slandered from of old—we rescue the honor of the devil.

We no longer separate the great from the terrible. We include together the good things, in their complexity, and the worst things: we have overcome the absurd "desirability" of former days (which desired increase of the good without increase of the evil). Cowardice before the ideal of the Renaissance has receded—we even dare to aspire to its *mores.* Intolerance toward the priest and the church has come to an end at the same time; "it is immoral to believe in God"—but precisely this seems to us the best justification of such faith.

We have granted all these things their rights. We are not afraid of the *reverse side* of "good things" (—we *seek* them: we are brave and curious enough); e.g., of Hellenism, of morality, of reason, of good taste (we compute the losses one sustains with all such precious things: one almost makes oneself poor with such a precious thing—). Just as little do we conceal from ourselves the reverse side of *bad* things.

1016 (*March-June 1888*)

What does us honor.— If anything does us honor, it is this: we have transferred seriousness: we regard as important the lowly things that have at all times been despised and left aside—on the other hand, we let "beautiful feelings" go cheap.

Is there a more dangerous aberration than contempt for the body? As if it did not condemn all spirituality to become sickly —to the *vapeurs* of "idealism"!

Whatever Christians and idealists have devised has neither rhyme nor reason: we are more radical. We have discovered the "smallest world" as that which is decisive everywhere.[72]

The way our streets are paved, good air in our room,[73] food —we grasp their value; we have taken all the necessities of existence seriously and despise all "beautiful-soulism" as a kind of "levity and frivolity."— What was formerly most despised has been brought to the front.

1017 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

In place of the "natural man" of Rousseau, the nineteenth century has discovered a *truer image of* "man"—it has had the *courage* to do so.— On the whole, the Christian concept "man" has thus been reinstated. What one has *not* had the courage for is to call *this* "man in himself" good and to see in him the guarantee of the future. Neither has one dared to grasp that an increase in the terribleness of man is an accompaniment of every increase in culture; in this, one is still subject to the Christian ideal and takes *its* side against paganism, also against the Renaissance concept of *virtù*. But the key to culture is not to be found in this way: and *in praxi* one retains the falsification of history in favor of the "good man" (as if he alone constituted the progress of man) and the socialist ideal (i.e., the residue of Christianity and of Rousseau in the de-Christianized world).

The struggle against the eighteenth century: its supreme overcoming by Goethe and Napoleon. Schopenhauer, too, struggles against it; but he involutarily steps back into the seventeenth century—he is a modern Pascal, with Pascalian value judgments *without* Christianity. Schopenhauer was not strong enough for a new Yes.

Napoleon: insight that the higher and the terrible man necessarily belong together. The "man" reinstated; the woman again accorded her due tribute of contempt and fear. "Totality" as health and highest activity; the straight line, the grand style in action rediscovered; the most powerful instinct, that of life itself, the lust to rule, affirmed.

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[72] At this point the MS has the words: "we are dangerously in the" The theme of this section is developed at length in *Ecce Homo.*

[73] At this point the MS has the words: "the soil [*Boden:* the word is illegible, and 1911, p. 514, also gives *Quellen,* i.e., wells] not poisoned."

1018 (*1887*)[74]

(*Revue des deux mondes,* Feb. 15, 1887. Taine on Napoleon): "Suddenly the *faculté maîtresse*[75] unfolds: the artist enclosed in the politician emerges *de sa gaine;*[76] he creates *dans l'idéal et l'impossible.*[77] He is once more recognized for what he is: the posthumous brother of Dante and Michelangelo: and in truth, in view of the firm contours of his vision, the intensity, coherence, and inner logic of his dream, the profundity of his meditation, the superhuman grandeur of his conception, he is like them *et leur égal: son génie a la même taille et la même structure; il est un des trois esprits souverains de la renaissance italienne.*"[78]

Nota bene—Dante, Michelangelo, Napoleon.

1019 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

On the pessimism of strength.— In the inner psychic economy of the primitive man, fear of evil predominates. What is evil? Three things: chance, the uncertain, the sudden. How does primitive man fight against evil?— He conceives it as reason, as power, even as a person. In this way he establishes the possibility of entering into a kind of treaty with it and in general to exercise influence over it in advance—to forestall it.

—Another expedient is to assert that its malice and harmfulness is merely appearance: one interprets the consequences of chance, of the uncertain and sudden as well meant, as meaningful.

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[74] The Musarion edition, vol. XIX, p. 431, actually gives the date as follows: "1018: 86-87." As usual, it bases its information on 1911, where we are told on p. 494 that 1018 comes from "N XLII, 77"—and on p. 480, that the MS identified as "N XLII" belongs to the period 1886/87. The editors did not notice that the contents of the note rules out 1886.

[75] Mistress talent, or ruling talent: no wonder Nietzsche left this and some of the following phrases in the original French.

[76] From her vagina.

[77] In the ideal and the impossible.

[78] And their equal: his genius has the same cut and the same structure; he is one of the three sovereign spirits of the Italian Renaissance.

—A third means: one interprets the bad above all as "deserved": one justifies evil as punishment.

—*In summa one submits to it:* the whole religio-moral interpretation is only a form of submission to evil.— The faith that a good meaning lies in evil means to abandon the struggle against it.

Now the whole history of culture represents a diminution of this fear of chance, the uncertain, the sudden. For culture means learning to calculate, to think causally, to forestall, to believe in necessity. With the increase of culture, man can do without that *primitive* form of submission to ills (called religion or morality), that "justification of evil." Now he makes war on "ills"—he abolishes them. Indeed, a state is possible in which the sense of security and belief in law and calculability enter consciousness in the form of satiety and disgust—while the delight in chance, the uncertain and sudden becomes titillating.

Let us dwell a moment on this symptom of highest culture—I call it the pessimism of strength. Man no longer needs a "justification of ills"; "justification" is precisely what he abhors: he enjoys ills *pur, cru;* he finds senseless ills the most interesting. If he formerly had need of a god, he now takes delight in a world disorder without God, a world of chance, to whose essence belong the terrible, the ambiguous, the seductive.

In such a state it is precisely the *good* that needs "justifying," i.e., it must be founded in evil and danger or involve some great stupidity: then it still pleases. Animality no longer arouses horror; *esprit* and happy exuberance[79] in favor of the animal in man is in such ages the most triumphant form of spirituality. Man is now strong enough to be ashamed of any faith in God: he may again play the *advocatus diaboli.* If he *in praxi* advocates the preservation of virtue, he does it for reasons that recognize in virtue a subtlety, a cunning, a form of lust for gain and power.

This pessimism of strength also ends in a *theodicy,* i.e., in an absolute affirmation of the world—but for the very reasons that formerly led one to deny it—and in this fashion to a conception of this world as the actually-achieved highest possible ideal.

1020 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

The chief kinds of pessimism:

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[79] *Ein geistreicher und glücklicher Übermut.*

the pessimism of sensibility (excessive irritability with a preponderance of unpleasurable feelings);
the pessimism of "unfree will" (in other words: a lack of strength in resisting stimuli);
the pessimism of doubt (a distaste for everything firm, for all grasping and touching).

The psychological states proper to these can all be observed in the madhouse, even if in a somewhat exaggerated form. Also "nihilism" (the penetrating feeling of—"nothingness").

But where does the moral pessimism of Pascal belong? the metaphysical pessimism of the Vedanta philosophy? the social pessimism of the anarchists (or of Shelley)? the pessimism of sympathy (like that of Leo Tolstoy, Alfred de Vigny)?

Are all these not likewise phenomena of decay and sickness?—To give excessive weight to moral values or to fictions of the "beyond" or to social distress or to suffering in general: every such exaggeration of a narrow viewpoint is in itself already a sign of sickness. Likewise the preponderance of No over Yes!

What must not be confused with all this: pleasure in saying No and doing No out of a tremendous strength and tension derived from saying Yes—peculiar to all rich and powerful men and ages. A luxury, as it were; also a form of bravery that opposes the terrible; a sympathetic feeling for the terrible and questionable because one is, among other things, terrible and questionable: the *Dionysian* in will, spirit, taste.

1021 (*Manuscript source uncertain*)
My Five "No's"

1. My struggle against the *feeling of guilt* and the projection of the concept of *punishment* into the physical and metaphysical world; also into psychology and the interpretation of history. Insight into the *moralization* of all previous philosophies and valuations.

2. My recognition and identification of the traditional ideal, the Christian, even where the dogmatic form of Christianity has been abandoned. *The dangerousness of the Christian ideal* lies in its value feelings, in that which can do without conceptual expression: my struggle against *latent Christianity* (e.g., in music, in socialism).

3. My struggle against the eighteenth century of Rousseau,

against his "nature," his "good man," his belief in the dominion of feeling—against the softening, weakening, moralization of man: an ideal born of *hatred for aristocratic culture; in praxi,* the dominion of the feelings of unbridled *ressentiment,* devised as a banner for the struggle (—the morality of guilt feelings of the Christian, the morality of *ressentiment* a posture of the mob).

4. My struggle against *romanticism,* in which Christian ideals and the ideals of Rousseau unite, but compounded with a nostalgia for the old days of priestly-aristocratic culture, for *virtù,* for the "strong human being"—something extremely hybrid; a false and impersonated strong humanity that values extreme states in general and sees in them a symptom of strength ("cult of passion"; an imitation of the most expressive forms, *furore espressivo,* not out of plenitude but out of a lack).— (What in the nineteenth century is born of a relative plenitude, with gusto: cheerful music, etc.; among poets, e.g., Stifter and Gottfried Keller are signs of greater strength, inner well-being, than——. Grand technique and inventiveness, the natural sciences, history (?)[80]: products of relative strength, self-confidence of the nineteenth century.)

5. My struggle against the *predominance of the herd instincts* now that science makes common cause with them; against the inward hatred with which every kind of order of rank and distance are treated.

1022 (*Spring 1887-March 1888*)

From the pressure of plenitude, from the tension of forces that continually increase in us and do not yet know how to discharge themselves, there arises a condition like that preceding a storm: the nature we constitute becomes dark. This, too, is "pessimism"—

A doctrine that puts an end to such a condition by *commanding* something or other—a revaluation of values by virtue of which the accumulated forces are shown a way, a whither, so they explode into lightning flashes and deeds—certainly does not need to be a doctrine of happiness: by releasing force that had been compressed and dammed to the point of torment it *brings happiness.*

1023 (*March-June 1888*)

Pleasure appears where there is the feeling of power.

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[80] Nietzsche's question mark.

Happiness: in the triumphant consciousness of power and victory.

Progress: the strengthening of the type, the ability for great willing; everything else is misunderstanding, danger.

1024 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

A period when the old masquerade and moral decking-up of the affects arouses antipathy: naked nature; where the decisiveness of quanta of power is simply admitted (as determining rank); where the grand style appears again as the consequence of grand passion.

1025 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

To press everything terrible into *service,* one by one, step by step, experimentally: this is what the task of culture demands; but until it is *strong enough* for this, it must oppose, moderate, veil, even curse all this.

Everywhere that a culture *posits evil,* it gives expression to a relationship of *fear,* thus a *weakness.*

Thesis: everything good is the evil of former days made serviceable. *Standard:* the greater and more terrible the passions are that an age, a people, an individual can permit themselves, because they are capable of employing them as *means, the higher stands their culture;*[81] the more mediocre, the weaker, the more submissive and cowardly a man is, the more he will posit as *evil:* it is with him that the realm of evil is most comprehensive. The basest man will see the realm of evil (i.e., of that which is forbidden and hostile to him) everywhere.

1026 (*Summer-Fall 1883*)

Not "happiness follows virtue"—but the more powerful man first designates his happy state as virtue.

Evil actions belong to the powerful and virtuous: bad, base ones to the subjected.

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[81] At this point the MS has the phrase: "(the realm of evil becomes ever *smaller*—)" There seems to be no good reason for omitting this, but though the words are printed in the notes of 1911, p. 514, all editions, including Schlechta's, leave them out.

The most powerful man, the creator, would have to be the most evil, in as much as he carries his ideal against the ideals of other men and remakes them in his own image. Evil here means: hard, painful, enforced.

Such men as Napoleon must come again and again and confirm the belief in the autocracy of the individual: but he himself was corrupted by the means he *had to* employ and lost *noblesse* of character. If he had had to prevail among a different kind of man he could have employed other means; and it would thus not seem to be a necessity for a *Caesar* to become bad.

1027 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Man is beast and superbeast;[82] the higher man is inhuman and superhuman: these belong together. With every increase of greatness and height in man, there is also an increase in depth and terribleness: one ought not to desire the one without the other—or rather: the more radically one desires the one, the more radically one achieves precisely the other.

1028 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Terribleness is part of greatness: let us not deceive ourselves.

1029 (*1884-1886*)

I have presented such terrible images to knowledge that any "Epicurean delight" is out of the question. Only Dionysian joy is sufficient: *I have been the first to discover the tragic.*[83] The Greeks, thanks to their moralistic superficiality, misunderstood it. Even resignation is *not* a lesson of tragedy, but a misunderstanding of it! Yearning for nothingness is a *denial* of tragic wisdom, its opposite!

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[82] *Untier und Übertier.* Cf. the note to section 877 above, for a passage in which Nietzsche calls Napoleon "this synthesis of the *inhuman* and *superhuman*"—*Unmensch und Übermensch. Übertier* is strictly analagous to *Übermensch,* overman, and is a coinage. *Untier* is an established German word and means monster, beast.

[83] This may sound so mad that few if any readers will understand what Nietzsche means. Plato's and Aristotle's approaches to tragedy were moralistic, and they failed to understand tragedy; so did Schopenhauer and, in various ways, others who wrote about it. Nietzsche's suggestion, first offered in *The Birth of Tragedy,* at the very end of section 7, is that tragedy is born of an insight into the utter terror and absurdity of existence and of a despair so profound that only the sublime beauty of the great tragedies can engender a "Dionysian joy . . . sufficient" to save man.

1030 (*1883-1888*)

A full and powerful soul not only copes with painful, even terrible losses, deprivations, robberies, insults; it emerges from such hells with a greater fullness and powerfulness; and, most essential of all, with a new increase in the blissfulness of love. I believe that he who has divined something of the most basic conditions for this growth in love will understand what Dante meant when he wrote over the gate of his Inferno: "I, too, was created by eternal love."[84]

1031 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

To explore the whole sphere of the modern soul, to have sat in its every nook—my ambition, my torture, and my happiness.

Really to *overcome* pessimism—a Goethean eye full of love and good will as the result.

1032 (*1883-1885*)[85]

The first question is by no means whether we are content with ourselves, but whether we are content with anything at all.[86] If we affirm one single moment, we thus affirm not only ourselves but all existence.[87] For nothing is self-sufficient, neither in us ourselves nor in things; and if our soul has trembled with happiness and sounded like a harp string just once, all eternity was needed to produce this one event—and in this single moment of affirmation all eternity was called good, redeemed, justified, and affirmed.

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[84] It is doubtful that this section really helps us to "understand what Dante meant," or that it is very well considered; after all, it is a mere note and was not embodied in a book. But the point seems to be that there is an ultimate connection between the most terrible suffering and the best love.

[85] "Above the beginning, the MS has the incomplete sentence: 'Once one has comprehended, not only in how far every one of our actions is necessary but also how they mutually entail each other and how every nuance of feeling——' " (1911, p. 514).

[86] Cf. *The Gay Science*, section 290, toward the end (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 99).

[87] Cf. *Zarathustra*, IV, "The Drunken Song," section 10 (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 435).

1033 (*March-June 1888*)

The affirmative affects: pride, joy, health, love of the sexes, enmity and war, reverence, beautiful gestures and manners,[88] strong will, the discipline of high spirituality, will to power, gratitude toward earth and life—everything that is rich and desires to bestow and that replenishes and gilds and immortalizes and deifies life—the whole force of *transfiguring* virtues, everything that declares good and affirms in word and deed—

1034 (*1888*)

We few or many who again dare to live in a dismoralized world, we pagans in faith: we are probably also the first to grasp what a pagan faith is:—to have to imagine higher creatures than man, but beyond good and evil; to have to consider all being higher as also being immoral. We believe in Olympus—and *not* in the "Crucified."

1035 (*Spring-Fall 1887; rev. Spring-Fall 1888*)

Latter-day man has employed his power of idealization in regard to a god chiefly to make the god more and more moral. What does that signify?—Nothing good, a diminution of the strength of man.

For in itself the opposite would be possible; and there are indications of this. God conceived as an emancipation from morality, taking into himself the whole fullness of life's antitheses and, in a divine torment, redeeming and justifying them: God as the beyond and above of the wretched loafers' morality of "good and evil."

1036 (*1885-1886*)

A humanitarian God cannot be *demonstrated* from the world we know: today you can be compelled to admit this much. But what conclusions do you draw?[89] "He cannot be demonstrated to *us*": epistemological skepticism. You are all *afraid* of the conclusion: "from the world we know, a very different god would be demonstrable, one who at any rate is *not* humanitarian"—and, in short, you hold fast to your God and devise for him a world we do *not* know.

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[88] After "manners" the MS has another word that is illegible.

1037 (*Spring-Fall 1887*)

Let us remove supreme goodness from the concept of God: it is unworthy of a god. Let us also remove supreme wisdom: it is the vanity of philosophers that is to be blamed for this mad notion of God as a monster of wisdom: he had to be as like them as possible. No! God the *supreme power*—that suffices! Everything follows from it, "the world" follows from it!

1038 (*March-Fall 1888*)[90]

—And how many new gods are still possible! As for myself, in whom the religious, that is to say god-forming, instinct occasionally becomes active at impossible times—how differently, how variously the divine has revealed itself to me each time!

So many strange things have passed before me in those timeless moments that fall into one's life as if from the moon, when one no longer has any idea how old one is or how young one will yet be—I should not doubt that there are many kinds of gods— There are some one cannot imagine without a certain halcyon and frivolous quality in their make-up— Perhaps light feet are even an integral part of the concept "god"— Is it necessary to elaborate that a god prefers to stay beyond everything bourgeois and rational? and, between ourselves, also beyond good and evil? His prospect is *free*—in Goethe's words.[91]— And to call upon the inestimable authority of Zarathustra in this instance: Zarathustra goes so far as to confess: "I would believe only in a God who could *dance*"—

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[89] Originally Nietzsche had written: "(1) Either he cannot be demonstrated to us: epistemological skepticism (2) he must be absolutely other and unknowable." When crossing out the words that do not appear in the text above, he forgot to delete "Either."

[90] According to 1911, p. 514, this note "was intended for *The Antichrist* and was supposed to constitute section 20 and conclude the segment 16-19, which in this preliminary version bears the title 'On the history of the concept of God.' "

[91] Allusion to the last scene of *Faust*, line 11,989. The quotation in the next sentence is from "On Reading and Writing" in Part I of *Zarathustra* (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 153).

To repeat: how many new gods are still possible!— Zarathustra himself, to be sure, is merely an old atheist: he believes neither in old nor in new gods. Zarathustra says he *would;* but Zarathrusta *will* not— Do not misunderstand him.

The type of God after the type of creative spirits, of "great men."

1039 (*March-June 1888*)

And how many new *ideals* are, at bottom, still possible!— Here is a little ideal I stumble upon once every five weeks on a wild and lonely walk, in an azure moment of sinful happiness. To spend one's life amid delicate and absurd things; a stranger to reality; half an artist, half a bird and metaphysician; with no care for reality, except now and then to acknowledge it in the manner of a good dancer with the tips of one's toes; always tickled by some sunray of happiness; exuberant and encouraged even by misery—for misery *preserves* the happy man; fixing a little humorous tail even to the holiest things: this, as is obvious, is the ideal of a heavy, hundredweight spirit—a *spirit of gravity.*

1040 (*Summer-Fall 1888*)

From the soul's school of war.[92] (Dedicated to the brave, the cheerful, the temperate.)

I should not like to undervalue the amiable virtues; but greatness of soul is not compatible with them. Even in the arts, the grand style excludes the pleasing.

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In times of painful tension and vulnerability, choose war: it hardens, it produces muscles.

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The deeply wounded have Olympian laughter; one has only what one needs to have.

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[92] Cf. *Twilight,* "Maxims and Arrows," the title of aphorism 8 (*Portable Nietzsche,* p. 467).

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It has been ten years already: not a sound reaches me any longer—a land without rain. One must have a great deal of humanity left not to die of thirst in the drought.

1041 (*1888*)

My new path to a "Yes".— Philosophy, as I have hitherto understood and lived it, is a voluntary quest for even the most detested and notorious[93] sides of existence. From the long experience I gained from such a wandering through ice and wilderness, I learned to view differently all that had hitherto philosophized: the *hidden* history of philosophy, the psychology of its great names, came to light for me. "How much truth can a spirit *endure,* how much truth does a spirit *dare*?"—this became for me the real standard of value.[94] Error is *cowardice*—every achievement of knowledge is a consequence of courage, of severity toward oneself, of cleanliness toward oneself— Such an experimental philosophy as I live anticipates experimentally even the possibilities of the most fundamental nihilism; but this does not mean that it must halt at a negation, a No, a will to negation. It wants rather to cross over to the opposite of this—to a Dionysian affirmation of the world as it is, without subtraction, exception, or selection—it wants the eternal circulation:—the same things, the same logic and illogic of entanglements. The highest state a philosopher can attain: to stand in a Dionysian relationship to existence—my formula for this is *amor fati.*[95]

It is part of this state to perceive not merely the necessity of those sides of existence hitherto denied, but their desirability; and not their desirability merely in relation to the sides hitherto affirmed (perhaps as their complement or precondition), but for their own sake, as the more powerful, more fruitful, *truer* sides of existence, in which its will finds clearer expression.

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[93] The reading of these two words "detested" and "notorious" is uncertain.

[94] Cf. *Beyond Good and Evil,* section 39, and above all section 3 of the Preface to *Ecce Homo,* where "error is cowardice" is also used.

[95] Love of fate. Nietzsche introduced this term in *The Gay Science,* section 276: "*Amor fati*: let this be my love from now on." He used it twice in *Ecce Homo,* in "Why I am so clever," section 10, and "The Case of Wagner," section 4; and also near the beginning of the Epilogue to *Nietzsche contra Wagner.*

It is also part of this state to depreciate that side of existence which alone has been affirmed hitherto; to perceive the origin of this valuation and how little a Dionysian value standard for existence is obliged to it: I pulled up and perceived what it really was that here affirmed (on one hand, the instinct of the suffering; on the other the instinct of the herd; and thirdly, the instinct of the majority against the exceptions—).

Thus I guessed to what extent a stronger type of man would necessarily have to conceive the elevation and enhancement of man as taking place in another direction: higher beings, beyond good and evil, beyond those values which cannot deny their origin in the sphere of suffering, the herd, and the majority—I sought in history the beginnings of this construction of reverse ideals (the concepts "pagan," "classical," "noble" newly discovered and expounded—).

1042 (*1885-1886*)

To demonstrate to what extent the Greek religion was higher than the Judaeo-Christian. The latter conquered because the Greek religion had become degenerate (had retrogressed).

1043 (*1884*)

It is nothing to be wondered at that a couple of millenia are needed to re-establish contact—a couple of millennia mean little!

1044 (*1885-1886*)

There is a need for those who will sanctify all activities, not only eating and drinking—and not merely in remembrance of them and to become one with them, but this world must be transfigured ever anew and in new ways.

1045 (*1886-1887*)

The most spiritual men feel the stimulus and charm of sensuous things in a way that other men—those with "fleshly hearts"—cannot possibly imagine and ought not to imagine: they are sensualists in the best faith, because they accord the senses a more fundamental value than to that fine sieve, that thinning and reducing machine, or whatever we may call what in the language of the people is named "spirit." The strength and power of the senses—this is the essential thing in a well-constituted and complete man: the splendid "animal" must be given first—what could any "humanization" matter otherwise!

1046 (*1884*)

1. We want to hold fast to our senses and to our faith in them—and think their consequences through to the end! The nonsensuality of philosophy hitherto as the greatest nonsensicality of man.

2. The existing world, upon which all earthly living things have worked so that it appears as it does (durable and changing *slowly*), we want to go on building—and not criticize it away as false!

3. Our valuations are a part of this building; they emphasize and underline. Of what significance is it if entire religions say: "all is bad and false and evil"! This condemnation of the entire process can only be a judgment of the ill-constituted!

4. To be sure, the ill-constituted can be the greatest sufferers and the most subtle? The contented could be of little value?

5. One must understand the artistic basic phenomenon that is called "life"—the building spirit that builds under the most unfavorable conditions: in the slowest manner—— A demonstration of all its combinations must first be produced afresh: it preserves itself.

1047 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

Sexuality, the lust to rule, pleasure in appearance and deception, great and joyful gratitude for life and its typical states—these are of the essence of the pagan cults and have a good conscience on their side.— Unnaturalness (already in Greek antiquity) fights against the pagan, as morality, as dialectic.

1048 (*1885-1886*)

An anti-metaphysical view of the world—yes, but an artistic one.

1049 (*1885-1886*)

Apollo's deception: the *eternity* of beautiful form; the aristocratic legislation, *"thus shall it be for ever!"*

Dionysus: sensuality and cruelty. Transitoriness could be interpreted as enjoyment of productive and destructive force, as *continual creation.*

1050 (*March-June 1888*)

The word *"Dionysian"* means: an urge to unity, a reaching out beyond personality, the everyday, society, reality, across the abyss of transitoriness: a passionate-painful overflowing into darker, fuller, more floating states; an ecstatic affirmation of the total character of life as that which remains the same, just as powerful, just as blissful, through all change; the great pantheistic sharing of joy and sorrow that sanctifies and calls good even the most terrible and questionable qualities of life; the eternal will to procreation, to fruitfulness, to recurrence; the feeling of the necessary unity of creation and destruction.

The world *"Apollinian"* means: the urge to perfect self-sufficiency, to the typical "individual," to all that simplifies, disstinguishes, makes strong, clear, unambiguous, typical: freedom under the law.

The further development of art is as necessarily tied to the antagonism between these two natural artistic powers as the further development of man is to that between the sexes. Plenitude of power and moderation, the highest form of self-affirmation in a cool, noble, severe beauty: the Apollinianism of the Hellenic will.

This antithesis of the Dionysian and the Apollinian within the Greek soul is one of the great riddles to which I felt myself drawn when considering the nature of the Greeks. Fundamentally I was concerned with nothing except to guess why precisely Greek Apollinianism had to grow out of a Dionysian subsoil;

why the Dionysian Greek needed to become Apollinian; that is, to break his will to the terrible, multifarious, uncertain, frightful, upon a will to measure, to simplicity, to submission to rule and concept. The immoderate, disorderly Asiatic lies at his roots: the bravery of the Greek consists in his struggle with his Asiaticism; beauty is not given to him, as little as is logic or the naturalness of customs—it is conquered, willed, won by struggle—it is his *victory*.[96]

1051 (*1885*)

The highest and most illustrious human joys, in which existence celebrates its own transfiguration, come, as is reasonable, only to the rarest and best-constituted men; and even to these only when they themselves and their ancestors have lived long, preparatory lives directed to this goal, and not even in the knowledge of this goal. Then an overflowing wealth of the most multifarious forces and the most dextrous power of "free willing" and lordly command dwell amicably together in one man; the spirit is then as much at home in the senses as the senses are at home in the spirit; and whatever takes place in the spirit must enkindle a subtle extraordinary happiness and play in the senses. And also the other way around! Consider this reverse process in the case of Hafiz; even Goethe, however much more faintly, gives us an idea of this occurrence. It is probable that with such perfect and well-constituted men the most sensual functions are finally transfigured by a symbol-intoxication of the highest spirituality: they experience a kind of deification of the body in themselves and are as distant as possible from the ascetic philosophy of the proposition "God is a spirit"—and this shows clearly that the ascetic is the "ill-constituted man," who calls good only a something-in-itself, and indeed a something that judges and condemns—and also calls it "God."

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[96] Nietzsche first introduced the contrast of the Dionysian and Apollinian in *The Birth of Tragedy*, his first book. In his later works there are relatively few references to the Apollinian, and the Dionysian comes to be contrasted more and more with the Christian, as in section 1,052 below. The spirit of these two juxtapositions is not at all the same, and the conception of the Dionysian changes accordingly. In the former contrast, neither element is given preference: note, e.g., the penultimate paragraph of section 1,050. In the later contrast, Nietzsche uses Dionysus as the symbol of his own world view.

These reflections on *The Birth of Tragedy*—apparently in connection with the section on that book in *Ecce Homo*—help our understanding of Nietzsche's first work.

From that height of joy where man feels himself to be altogether a deified form and a self-justification of nature, down to the joy of healthy peasants and healthy half-human animals, this whole, long, tremendous light and color scale of happiness, the Greeks, not without the grateful shudder of him who is initiated into a mystery, not without much caution and pious silence, called by the divine name: *Dionysus.*— What do any latter-day men, the children of a fragmentary, multifarious, sick, strange age, know of the *range* of Greek happiness; what *could* they know of it! Whence would the slaves of "modern ideas" derive a right to Dionysian festivals!

When the Greek body and the Greek soul "bloomed," and not in conditions of morbid exaltation and madness, there arose that mysterious symbol of the highest world-affirmation and transfiguration of existence that has yet been attained on earth. Here we have a standard by which everything that has grown up since is found too short, too poor, too narrow. One only needs to pronounce the word "Dionysus" in the presence of the best latter-day names and things, in the presence of Goethe perhaps, or Beethoven, or Shakespeare, or Raphael—at once we feel that our best things and moments have been *judged.* Dionysus is a *judge!*— Have I been understood?

There can be no doubt that the Greeks sought to interpret the ultimate mysteries "of the destiny of the soul" and everything they knew concerning education and purification, above all concerning the immovable order of rank and inequality of value between man and man, on the basis of their Dionysian experiences: here is the great depth, the great silence, in all matters Greek—*one does not know the Greeks* as long as this hidden subterranean entrance lies blocked. Importunate scholar's eyes will never see anything in these things, however much scholarship still has to be employed in this excavation. Even the noble zeal of such friends of antiquity as Goethe and Winckelmann here has something unpermitted, even immodest about it.

To wait and to prepare oneself; to await the emergence of new sources; to prepare oneself in solitude for strange faces and voices; to wash one's soul ever cleaner from the marketplace dust and noise of this age; to *overcome* everything Christian through something supra-Christian, and not merely to put it aside—for the Christian doctrine was the counterdoctrine to the Dionysian; to rediscover the South in one and to spread out above one a bright, glittering, mysterious southern sky; to reconquer southern health and hidden powerfulness of soul; step by step to become more comprehensive, more supranational, more European, more Near Eastern, finally more *Greek*—for the Greek was the first great union and synthesis of everything Near Eastern, and on that account the *inception* of the European soul, the discovery of *our "new world"*: whover lives under such imperatives, who knows what he may not encounter one day? Perhaps—a *new day*!

1052 (*March-June 1888*)

The two types: Dionysus and the Crucified.[97]— To determine: whether the typical *religious* man [is][98] a form of decadence (the great innovators are one and all morbid and epileptic); but are we not here omitting one type of religious man, the *pagan*? Is the pagan cult not a form of thanksgiving and affirmation of life? Must its highest representative not be an apology for and deification of life? The type of a well-constituted and ecstatically overflowing spirit! The type of a spirit[99] that takes into itself and *redeems* the contradictions and questionable aspects of existence!

It is here I set the *Dionysus* of the Greeks: the religious affirmation of life, life whole and not denied or in part; (typical —that the sexual act arouses profundity, mystery,[100] reverence).

Dionysus versus the "Crucified": there you have the antithesis. It is *not* a difference in regard to their martyrdom—it is a difference in the meaning of it. Life itself, its eternal fruitfulness and recurrence, creates torment, destruction, the will to annihilation. In the other case, suffering—the "Crucified as the innocent one"—counts as an objection to this life, as a formula for its condemnation.— One will see that the problem is that of the meaning of suffering: whether a Christian meaning or a tragic meaning. In the former case, it is supposed to be the path to a holy existence; in the latter case, being is counted as *holy enough* to justify even a monstrous amount of suffering. The tragic man affirms even the harshest suffering: he is sufficiently strong, rich, and capable of deifying to do so. The Christian denies even the happiest lot on earth: he is sufficiently weak, poor, disinherited to suffer from life in whatever form he meets it. The god on the cross is a curse on[101] life, a signpost to seek redemption from life; Dionysus cut to pieces is a *promise* of life: it will be eternally reborn and return again from destruction.[102]

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[97] The last section of *Ecce Homo* reads, in full: "—Have I been understood?— *Dionysus versus the Crucified* . . ."

[98] The word "is" was supplied by the German editors.

[99] In the MS *Typus*, which the German editors very sensibly changed to *Geist*. This does not mean that the MS reads: "The type of a type"; the whole clause that follows "spirit" appears in the German original between *Typus* and *Typus*, which makes the slip readily understandable.

[100] The reading of "mystery" is uncertain; but see section 148 above. The same idea is found in *The Birth of Tragedy*, at the beginning of section 8, and above all in section 4 of the last chapter of *Twilight* (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 561 *f*). But Aristophanes and some Greek vase paintings suggest a somewhat different perspective.

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[101] In the MS the definite article, needed in German before "life," is missing, but it was added by the German editors and appears in all editions.

In sum: this section is in many ways typical of the whole book. It was written in extreme haste, and it would be an understatement to say that it was not polished for publication; but for all that it is remarkable—as a document that aids our understanding of Nietzsche, as a prose passage, and for the ideas it expresses.

Schlechta's edition, as usual, does not follow the MS but the standard editions, ignoring the information furnished in 1911 (p. 514 in this case).

[102] According to 1911, p. 514, this note is followed in the MS by a draft for *Beyond Good and Evil,* section 56.

III. THE ETERNAL RECURRENCE

1053 (*1884*)

My philosophy brings the triumphant idea of which all other modes of thought will ultimately perish. It is the great cultivating idea: the races that cannot bear it stand condemned; those who find it the greatest benefit are chosen to rule.

1054 (*1885-1886*)

The *greatest* of struggles: for this a new weapon is needed.

The hammer: to provoke a fearful decision, to confront Europe with the consequences: whether its will "wills" destruction.

Prevention of reduction to mediocrity. Rather destruction!

1055 (*1885*)

A pessimistic teaching and way of thinking, an ecstatic nihilism, can under certain conditions be indispensable precisely to the philosopher—as a mighty pressure and hammer with which he breaks and removes degenerate and decaying races to make way for a new order of life, or to implant into that which is degenerate and desires to die a longing for the end.

1056 (*1884*)

It want to teach the idea that gives many the right to erase themselves—the great *cultivating* idea.

1057 (*1883-1888*)

The eternal recurrence. A prophecy.[103]

1. Presentation of the doctrine and its *theoretical* presuppositions and consequences.
2. Proof of the doctrine.
3. Probable consequences of its being *believed* (it makes everything *break open*).
    a) Means of enduring it;

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[103] In the MS: "A Book of Prophecy." According to 1911, p. 514, this section represents the plan for a book, *The Eternal Recurrence*.

b) Means of disposing of it.

4. Its place in history as a *mid-point.*

Period of greatest danger.

Foundation of an oligarchy *above* peoples and their interests: education to a universally human politics.

Counterpart of Jesuitism.

1058 (*1883-1888*)

The two greatest philosophical points of view (devised by Germans):

a) that of *becoming,* of *development.*

b) that according to the *value of existence* (but the wretched form of German pessimism must first be overcome!)—both brought together my me in a *decisive* way.

Everything becomes and recurs eternally— escape is impossible!— Supposing we *could* judge value, what follows? The idea of recurrence as a *selective* principle, in the service of strength (and barbarism!!).

Ripeness of man for this idea.

1059 (*1884*)

1. The idea [of the eternal recurrence]:[104] the presuppositions that would have to be true if it were true. Its consequences.

2. As the *hardest* idea: its probable effect if it were not prevented, i.e., if all values were not revalued.

3. Means of *enduring it*: the revaluation of all values. No longer joy in certainty but in uncertainty; no longer "cause and effect" but the continually creative; no longer will to preservation but to power; no longer the humble expression, "everything is *merely* subjective," but "it is also *our* work!— Let us be proud of it!"

1060 (*1884*)

To *endure* the idea of the recurrence one needs: freedom from morality; new means against the fact of *pain* (pain conceived as a tool, as the father of pleasure; there is no cumulative consciousness of displeasure); the enjoyment of all kinds of uncertainty, experimentalism, as a counterweight to this extreme fatalism; abolition of the concept of necessity; abolition of the "will"; abolition of "knowledge-in-itself."

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[104] The words I have placed in brackets were supplied by the German editors.

Greatest elevation of the consciousness of strength in man, as he creates the overman.

1061 (*1887-1888*)

The two most extreme modes of thought—the mechanistic and the Platonic—are reconciled in the *eternal recurrence*: both as ideals.

1062 (*1885*)

If the world had a goal, it must have been reached. If there were for it some unintended final state, this also must have been reached. If it were in any way capable of a pausing and becoming fixed, of "being," if in the whole course of its becoming it possessed even for a moment this capability of "being," then all becoming would long since have come to an end, along with all thinking, all "spirit." The fact of "spirit" as a form of becoming proves that the world has no goal, no final state, and is incapable of being.

The old habit, however, of associating a goal with every event and a guiding, creative God with the world, is so powerful that it requires an effort for a thinker not to fall into thinking of the very aimlessness of the world as intended. This notion—that the world intentionally avoids a goal and even knows artifices for keeping itself from entering into a circular course—must occur to all those who would like to force on the world the ability for *eternal novelty,* i.e., on a finite, definite, unchangeable force of constant size, such as the world is, the miraculous power of infinite novelty in its forms and states. The world, even if it is no longer a god, is still supposed to be capable of the divine power of creation, the power of infinite transformations; it is supposed to consciously prevent itself from returning to any of its old forms; it is supposed to possess not only the intention but the *means* of avoiding any repetition; to that end, it is supposed to control every one of its movements at every moment so as to escape goals, final states, repetitions—and whatever else may follow from such an unforgiveably insane way of thinking and desiring. It is still the old religious way of thinking and desiring, a kind of longing to believe that *in some way* the world is after all like the old beloved, infinite, boundlessly creative God—that in some way "the old God still lives"—that longing of Spinoza which was expressed in the words *"deus sive natura"*[105] (he even felt *"natura sive deus"*).

What, then, is the law and belief with which the decisive change, the recently attained preponderance of the scientific spirit over the religious, God-inventing spirit, is most clearly formulated? Is it not: the world, as force, may not be thought of as unlimited, for it *cannot* be so thought of; we forbid ourselves the concept of an infinite force as incompatible with the concept "force." Thus —the world also lacks the capacity for eternal novelty.

1063 (*1886-1887*)

The law of the conservation of energy demands *eternal recurrence.*

1064 (*1885*)

That a state of equilibrium is never reached proves that it is not possible. But in an indefinite space it would have to have been reached. Likewise in a spherical space. The *shape* of space must be the cause of eternal movement, and ultimately of all "imperfection."

That "force" and "rest," "remaining the same," contradict one another. The measure of force (as magnitude) as fixed, but its essence in flux.[106]

"Timelessness" to be rejected. At any precise moment of a force, the absolute conditionality of a new distribution of all its forces is given: it cannot stand still. "Change" belongs to the essence, therefore also temporality: with this, however, the necessity of change has only been posited once more conceptually.

1065 (*Nov. 1887-March 1888*)

A certain emperor always bore in mind the transitoriness of all things so as not to take them too seriously and to live at peace among them. To me, on the contrary, everything seems far too valuable to be so fleeting: I seek an eternity for everything: ought one to pour the most precious salves and wines into the sea?— My consolation is that everything that has been is eternal: the sea will cast it up again.

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[105] God or nature.

[106] The MS continues: "in tension, compelling."

1066 (*March-June 1888*)

The new world-conception.— The world exists; it is not something that becomes, not something that passes away. Or rather: it becomes, it passes away, but it has never begun to become and never ceased from passing away—it maintains itself in both.— It lives on itself: its excrements are its food.

We need not worry for a moment about the hypothesis of a *created* world. The concept "create" is today completely indefinable,[107] unrealizable; merely a word, a rudimentary survival from the ages of superstition; one can explain nothing with a mere word. The last attempt to conceive a world that had a beginning has lately been made several times with the aid of logical procedures—generally, as one may divine, with an ulterior theological motive.

Lately one has sought several times to find a contradiction in the concept "temporal infinity of the world in the past" (*regressus in infinitum*): one has even found it, although at the cost of confusing the head with the tail. Nothing can prevent me from reckoning backward from this moment and saying "I shall never reach the end"; just as I can reckon forward from the same moment into the infinite. Only if I made the mistake—I shall guard against it—of equating this correct concept of a *regressus in infinitum* with an utterly unrealizable concept of a finite *progressus* up to this present, only if I suppose that the direction (forward or backward) is logically a matter of indifference, would I take the head—this moment—for the tail: I shall leave that to you, my dear Herr Dühring!—

I have come across this idea in earlier thinkers: every time it was determined by other ulterior considerations (—mostly theological, in favor of the *creator spiritus*). If the world could in any way become rigid, dry, dead, *nothing*, or if it could reach a state of equilibrium, or if it had any kind of goal that involved duration, immutability, the once-and-for-all (in short, speaking metaphysically: if becoming *could* resolve itself into being or into nothingness), then this state must have been reached. But it has not been reached: from which it follows—

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[107] This word is illegible.

This is the sole certainty we have in our hands to serve as a corrective to a great host of world hypotheses possible in themseves. If, e.g., the mechanistic theory cannot avoid the consequence, drawn for it by William Thomson,[108] of leading to a final state, then the mechanistic theory stands refuted.

If the world may be thought of as a certain definite quantity of force and as a certain definite number of centers of force—and every other representation remains indefinite and therefore useless —it follows that, in the great dice game of existence, it must pass through a calculable number of combinations. In infinite time, every possible combination would at some time or another be realized; more: it would be realized an infinite number of times. And since between every combination and its next recurrence all other possible combinations would have to take place, and each of these combinations conditions the entire sequence of combinations in the same series, a circular movement of absolutely identical series is thus demonstrated: the world as a circular movement that has already repeated itself infinitely often and plays its game *in infinitum*.

This conception is not simply a mechanistic conception; for if it were that, it would not condition an infinite recurrence of identical cases, but a final state. *Because* the world has not reached this, mechanistic theory must be considered an imperfect and merely provisional hypothesis.

1067[109] (*1885*)

And do you know what "the world" is to me? Shall I show it to you in my mirror? This world: a monster of energy, without beginning, without end; a firm, iron magnitude of force that does not grow bigger or smaller, that does not expend itself but only transforms itself; as a whole, of unalterable size, a household without expenses or losses, but likewise without increase or income; enclosed by "nothingness" as by a boundary; not something blurry or wasted, not something endlessly extended, but set in a definite space as a definite force, and not a space that might be "empty" here or there, but rather as force throughout, as a play of forces and waves of forces, at the same time one and many, increasing here and at the same time decreasing there; a sea of forces flowing and rushing together, eternally changing, eternally flooding back, with tremendous years of recurrence, with an ebb and a flood of its forms; out of the simplest forms striving toward the most complex, out of the stillest, most rigid, coldest forms toward the hottest, most turbulent, most self-contradictory, and then again returning home to the simple out of this abundance, out of the play of contradictions back to the joy of concord, still affirming itself in this uniformity of its courses and its years, blessing itself as that which must return eternally, as a becoming that knows no satiety, no disgust, no weariness: this, my *Dionysian* world of the eternally self-creating, the eternally self-destroying, this mystery world of the twofold voluptuous delight, my "beyond good and evil," without goal, unless the joy of the circle is itself a goal; without will, unless a ring feels good will toward itself—do you want a *name* for this world? A *solution* for all its riddles? A *light* for you, too, you best-concealed, strongest, most intrepid, most midnightly men?— *This world is the will to power—and nothing besides!* And you yourselves are also this will to power—and nothing besides!

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[108] First Baron Kelvin (1824-1907), British physicist and mathematician who introduced the Kelvin or Absolute Scale of temperature.

For Nietzsche's argument see also section 55 above, as well as my *Nietzsche,* Chapter 11, section II, and my article on Nietzsche in the *Encyclopedia of Philosophy,* ed. Paul Edwards, New York, 1967.

[109] Most of this section was written by Nietzsche over an earlier version that he had crossed out. The earlier version is printed in the first edition of 1901 as # 385, and again in 1911, p. 515.

APPENDIX

Commentary on the FACSIMILES

In the Bibliography of my *Nietzsche* (Princeton, N. J., Princeton University Press, 1950), which was omitted in the paperback edition (New York, Meridian Books, 1956), I stated:

> "Any work on Nietzsche might seem merely provisional, pending the publication of all hitherto suppressed words and sentences. Such an inference, however, would be unwarranted. The principles which guided Gast and Frau Förster-Nietzsche in making omissions are very plain—from their published Nietzsche interpretations, from the explanations which accompany some of the omissions (WM [*Der Wille zur Macht*]), from the context, and from the nature of those censored passages which have been published from time to time; e.g., by Hofmiller and Podach. Some unkind comments on Frau Förster-Nietzsche, Richard Wagner, anti-Semitism, the German *Reich*, and Christianity were suppressed; but there is no reason whatever for believing that the hitherto withheld material includes anything of significance that would have corroborated Frau Förster-Nietzsche's version of her brother's thought. It is therefore quite unlikely that future editions of Nietzsche's works will necesitate any radical revision of an interpretation which does justice to the material so far published" (p. 385).

In spite of the attention Karl Schlechta's edition of Nietzsche's works received in the popular press, and notwithstanding uninformed and misleading reviews of Podach's last two works in some leading American philosophical periodicals, nothing that has been brought to light from Nietzsche's manuscripts from 1950 until 1966 is of any philosophical importance. I have dealt in detail with this matter in an article on "Nietzsche in the Light of His Suppressed Manuscripts," in *Journal of the History of Philosophy*, October 1964 (II.2), pp. 205-225, which will be included in a forthcoming third revised edition of my *Nietzsche*. There is no need for covering the same ground here. But I present the selections from Nietzsche's notebooks that have become known as *The Will to Power*, without feeling apologetic about not having spent years studying the manuscripts in Weimar. Let others do that; let philological cleanliness flourish! But I doubt that the results will be philosophically rewarding. For all my interest in Nietzsche, I still believe as firmly as ever that the books he finished are his legacy, and that his notebooks are of secondary interest—as I explained in section I of the second chapter of my *Nietzsche*. Far from feeling any keen desire to know everything he ever jotted down, I feel more nearly like an intruder when I scrutinize a manuscript page, trying to decipher some note that was never intended to be read by anyone else, much less to be published.

To do a decent job on notes that have long been in print is one thing—many of them are extremely interesting, but the way in which they have been published so far is open to many objections. I am offering a translation with notes that are intended to clarify both the nature of this material and hundreds of particular points. But going out of one's way to dredge up a few more personal remarks that have not been published so far is not a job that appeals to me. Nietzsche's view of Wagner, Germans, anti-Semites, and Christians are on record in his books; *The Will to Power* contains much similar material, and so do the notes not incorporated in *The Will to Power* but included in the Grossoktav edition and the Musarion edition of his works. There is no need to spice this volume with a few allegedly sensational revelations, *alla tedesca* (to use a phrase from *Ecce Homo,* second chapter, first section), in the manner that has become popular in Germany.

Nevertheless, I am including in this volume (preceding the text) several facsimile pages. In *The Will to Power* there was some indication that in a few places something had been omitted, or that a section consisted of an excerpt from a longer note. In these cases I requested photostats of the manuscript pages from the *Goethe-Schiller Archiv* in Weimar, in East Germany, where the manuscripts that were formerly in the *Nietzsche Archiv* are now housed. After some correspondence, Professor Hahn, the Director, graciously sent me eight photostats, with permission to publish them—but this permission does not cover reproduction elsewhere.

These are not typical pages, nor pages picked at random: Each was requested because there was evidence that the previously printed texts were inadequate. These pages contain some material that has never been published before, either in German or in English; they also show the German editors at their arbitrary worst and—perhaps most important—they give the reader some idea of the appearance of the manuscripts. Those able to read some German may discover to their surprise how little they can decipher of these pages, and how difficult it is in places to decide in what order these notes should be printed. By way of contrast, Nietzsche's letters and finished manuscripts are often quite beautiful and, in general, not particularly difficult to read.

In keeping with what I have said, I shall not transcribe or translate these pages in full. Instead I shall offer a detailed but brief analysis of each page.

The Roman numerals below refer to the reproduced facsimile pages in the present volume. The alphabetic letters in parentheses do not appear on the facsimile pages but are given below to facilitate dicussion of lines within the facsimile pages.

Analysis of Facsimile Pages I-III

The first three pages are consecutive ones (46-48) from a notebook identified in the archives as W II, 1, Nr. 157. Approximate date: Spring-Fall, 1887.

I: The first seven lines (a) were published as the beginning of section 124 and are translated in the first seven lines of our edition.

The following six lines (b), assigned a different number by Nietzsche himself, have not been published to date.

The last eight lines (c), again set off by a different number by Nietzsche himself, constitute section 736, entire.

II: The first line ("The problem of civilization spirit everything") was not published.

A horizontal line across the page clearly divides what follows into two separate notes, of which the second has a title of its own. Yet Nietzsche assigned the number 80 to both—the same number he placed over the first seven lines on the preceding page, which were published as the beginning of section 124.

The German editors published lines 2-5 (d) as the continuation and conclusion of section 124 (the final paragraph in the present volume). Lines 6-10 (e), which comprise a separate paragraph in Nietzsche's MS, were omitted in the editions of 1906 and 1911, and in all subsequent editions. However this omission is not indicated in the editorial apparatus, 1911, p. 500. In the first edition of 1901, on the other hand, section 36 contains everything to which Nietzsche had assigned the number 80: the first seven lines on the preceding page, followed by all of the material on this page, excepting only the first line (which Nietzsche apparently did not mean to include), and the final sentence of the second paragraph, of which it was duly said in the editorial apparatus (p. 531): "A short sentence has been omitted here." A translation of the material not included in section 124 will be found in my note on that section.

The material below the horizontal line (f) was published as section 117. In 1911, p. 500, it is duly noted that the editors added five words at the end of this section (to clarify the meaning); but Schlechta follows the printed text, as usual, and not the MS.

III: The first eight lines (g), set off from what follows by a horizontal line across the page, were printed as section 883 (1901, section 439).

The next seven lines (h), not published in the edition of 1901, were published as section 612; and the immediately following two lines (i), though set off by another horizontal line and crossed out along with the last four lines on the page, were also published—as the conclusion of section 612.

The final four lines (j) were printed by Nietzsche himself, as the beginning of section 24 of "Skirmishes," in *Twilight of the Idols* (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 529).

The editorial notes at the end of 1911 offer no comments on either section 883 or section 612.

A note on Schlechta's handling of this material:

In vol. III, Schlechta prints some of this material on pp. 531 *f*, in the following sequence: (a) and (d) as one note; (c); (f)—deviating from the MS as noted above; (h) and (i) as one note; and finally (g).

In sum: the way the notes on these three pages have been published is a mess; but as long as we keep in mind that we are dealing with mere notes, the arrangement is hardly very important, and even Nietzsche scholars did not lose much by the "suppression" of (b) and (e). For that matter, (e) was actually published in 1901, with the exception of one very dispensable sentence; and all of this material is included in my note on section 124.

Discovery: (b), published here for the first time, contains one remarkable aphorism, entitled "On the *Genealogy* of *Christianity* —It requires more courage and strength of character to turn back than to go on. *To turn back without* [?] *cowardice is more difficult than to go on with* [?] *cowardice.*"

Facsimile Pages IV and V

These are consecutive pages (15-16) from a notebook identified in the archives as W II, 2, Nr. 158. Approximate date: Spring-Fall, 1887.

IV: The first seven lines (k), which form a unit and were assigned number 279 by Nietzsche, have not been published until now.

The rest of the material (l) on that page, which was assigned number 280 by Nietzsche, was printed as section 172, along with its continuation on the next page,

V: but a little less than two lines (m), beginning at the end of line 7 and ending with the second word of line 9, were deleted in print; and in 1911, p. 502, it is duly noted that "one sentence has been omitted here." It is not stated that a few words, added by Nietzsche in the lower right-hand corner, were also omitted, perhaps because they could not be deciphered with any assurance. The same comments apply to the corresponding section (119) in the edition of 1901.

(k) and (m) contain a few words that are extremely hard to decipher, but the over-all meaning is clear enough, and these "suppressed" passages add nothing of interest to what Nietzsche said in *The Antichrist.* In the following translations ". . ." indicates that I cannot read the writing with any certainty.

(k): *Salvation is of the Jews*—the founder of Christianity said (John 4.22) And one has *believed* this! ! !

If one admits to oneself the first impression or merely instinct [?]: . . . bad taste, bigots' sentimentality, nothing but repulsive symbols in the foreground; and the . . . air of the nook and conventicle:—one does *not* sympathize.—

Pilate, . . .

(m): In the whole history of the spirit there is no more brazen kind of lie, no more premeditated . . .

Facsimile Pages VI and VII

In the note on section 815 (1911, p. 512) we read: "A second part of this aphorism, dealing with Richard Wagner, has been omitted." Schlechta, who follows the printed versions without indicating any omission, as is his general practice, lends this section special emphasis by placing it at the end of his edition, leaving the last half of the page on which it ends blank, and then printing section 256, which comprises only two lines, on the facing page, centered.

VI is from Mp XVI, 3, Nr. 232, p. 17 (inside). Approximate date: Summer-Fall 1888. This is no mere note but a carefully written page with a great many corrections. What is crossed out is made illegible—this procedure was characteristic of Nietzsche—and the corrections are written very clearly, though the writing is very small because this material had to be squeezed between lines. Because of its smallness, some of it is not easy to read, especially in facsimile; but all of it can be deciphered with practical certainty.

The first nine and a half lines were printed as section 815 (section 367 in the edition of 1901); what follows has never been published so far. A complete translation follows, after a description of facsimile page VII.

VII is identified by the archives as W II, 4, Nr. 160, p. 19, and appears to be a draft for the second part of VI, with which it agrees literally in large part.

Translation of the Suppressed Second Part of Section 815

I take the most disagreeable case, the case of Wagner.— Wagner, under the spell of his incredibly pathological sexuality, which was the curse of his life, knew only too well what an artist forfeits when he loses his freedom, his *respect* for himself. He is condemned to be an actor. His very art becomes for him a constant attempt to escape, a means of self-oblivion, of self-narcosis—it eventually changes and determines the character of his art. Such an "unfree" man requires a hashish world, strange, heavy, enveloping vapors, every kind of exoticism and symbolism of the ideal, merely in order to be rid for once of his own reality—he requires Wagnerian music.— A certain catholicity of the ideal above all is almost sufficient proof in the case of an artist of self-contempt, of "morass": the case of Baudelaire in France, the case of Edgar Allan Poe in America, the case of Wagner in Germany.— Need I still add that Wagner also owes his *success* to his sensuality? that his music attracts the lowest instincts to him, to Wagner? that this holy conceptual vapor of the ideal, of three-eighths Catholicism, is one more art of seduction? (it permits one to expose oneself to the magic, ignorant, innocent, Christian—) Who would risk the word, the *proper* word, for the *ardeurs* of the *Tristan* music? I put on gloves when I read the score of *Tristan*.— Wagnerianism, which keeps spreading, is a relatively light epidemic of sensuality that "does not realize this"; against Wagnerian music every caution seems appropriate to me.

COMMENTS ON THE DRAFT (PAGE VII)

Compared with VI, which I have translated, the draft offers nothing of great interest. In the final version *respect* (*Achtung*: the word is emphasized by Nietzsche and therefore easy to locate, also in my translation) has been written above another word that has been crossed out: with the help of the draft, we can tell that the word Nietzsche crossed out was "reverence" (*Ehrfurcht*). Indeed, in the draft Nietzsche crossed out *Achtung* to substitute *Ehrfurcht*. In the end, he returned to "respect." There would be no point here to a more detailed comparison.

Facsimile Page VIII

Identified by the Archive as W II, 7, Nr. 163, p. 136. Approximate date: 1884. Lines 8-12 were printed as section 834 (section 61 in the edition of 1901). In the edition of 1911, but not in that of 1901, we find the comment (p. 512): "Taken from a note about Richard Wagner."

The last seven lines on this page were evidently put down at a later time; they comprise a separate note, and they are singularly difficult to decipher.

A partial translation of the note from which section 834 was excerpted follows: ". . ." indicates that I cannot decipher the writing with any certainty.

TRANSLATION

The impact of Wagner's art is deep; it is above all heavy, immensely heavy: why is this? The depth and above all heavy, immensely heavy impact of Wagner's art does not really belong to the music of Wagner: it is Wagner's general pathos with which his art overpowers; it is the tremendous persuasive power of his edifice, it is his holding his[1] breath, of his extreme feeling that refuses to let go, it is the frightening *length of his pathos* by virtue of which he triumphs and always will triumph.—Whether with such a pathos one is a "genius"? Or even *could* be one?—[At this point, section 834 follows, ending with a dash. Then the note proceeds:] Another question . . .: whether Wagner, precisely because he had such pathos, is German? is a German? Or does . . .

COMMENT

These are clearly hasty jottings that do not add up to an aphorism. If anyone wants to know what the later Nietzsche "really" thought of Wagner, he should begin by reading *The Case of Wagner* and *Nietzsche contra Wagner*. Next, he should look up the passages on Wagner in Nietzsche's other late works. Only then should one turn to Nietzsche's posthumously published notes and correspondence. Whoever has done all this, is not likely to feel any anxiety or indignation because he knows that there are still a few jottings in Nietzsche's notebooks that have not yet been published.

There are many topics with which Nietzsche never dealt as fully in his books as he did with Wagner, or with Christianity, or with the Germans: for example, but by no means only, some philosophical problems. And the editors had no reason to suppress interesting notes on the theory of knowledge, or on determinism, or on aesthetics. It is *this* material that makes *The Will to Power* important.

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[1] *Atemanhalten: anhalten* (holding) is the conjecture of Professor Michael Curschmann of the German Department at Princeton University, who also helped me by deciphering a few other words that had stumped me.

The palpable intent of the philosopher's sister to present *The Will to Power* as the systematic work that Nietzsche did not live to finish, was absurd. But the semi-systematic arrangement that allows us to read, one after another, a lot of notes that deal with related topics, jotted down over a period of time, may have the very opposite effect of that intended by her—at least when the material is presented in the manner attempted in the present volume. So far from finding any final system, we look into a vast studio, full of sketches, drafts, abandoned attempts, and unfinished dreams. And in the end we should be less tempted than ever to mistake a random quotation for an ultimate position. This is not to say that Nietzsche never arrived at any conclusions. He did, but to know what they were one has to read his books.

INDEX

The German editors' arrangement of Nietzsche's notes is far from ideal, and their table of contents is apt to give the false impression that those interested in morality, for example, need to turn only to sections 253-405. *Any* systematic arrangement of these notes would leave much to be desired; but the Index should help to give readers a more adequate idea of the contents of this volume.

Most of the work on this Index was done by Andrew Neal Sears in June, 1966, the month he graduated from Princeton University with high honors in philosophy. He made use of the work already done by Stephen R. Watson, and of a name index started some years ago by Stephen Brown, now M.D. It is a pleasure to express my gratitude to all three of them, and also to Princeton's excellent program of undergraduate research assistantships.

I supervised the work and at various stages made hundreds of additions.

◆

Figures refer to sections, not to pages. **E** refers to the Editor's Introduction; **EC** to the editor's comments "On the Editions of *The Will to Power*"; **N** to Nietzsche's Preface; **n** to the editor's notes. For references to Nietzsche's works see Nietzsche.

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Friedrich Nietzsche was born in 1844 in Röcken (Saxony), Germany. He studied classical philology at the universities of Bonn and Leipzig, and in 1869 was appointed to the chair of classical philology at the University of Basel, Switzerland. Ill health led him to resign his professorship ten years later. His works include *The Birth of Tragedy, Thus Spoke Zarathustra, Beyond Good and Evil, On the Genealogy of Morals, The Case of Wagner, Twilight of the Idols, The Antichrist, Nietzsche contra Wagner,* and *Ecce Homo.* He died in 1900. *The Will to Power,* a selection from his notebooks, was published posthumously.

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R. J. Hollingdale is an English writer, best known for his book *Nietzsche: The Man and His Philosophy.*

PHILOSOPHY

THE WILL TO POWER

Nietzsche's notebooks, kept by him during his most productive years, offer a fascinating glimpse into the workshop and mind of a great thinker, and compare favorably with the notebooks of Gide and Kafka, Camus and Wittgenstein. *The Will to Power,* compiled from the notebooks, is one of the most famous books of the past hundred years, but few have studied it. Here, at last, is the first critical edition in any language.

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THUS SPAKE
ZARATHUSTRA

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

By FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

Translated by Thomas Common

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INTRODUCTION

By Mrs. Förster-Nietzsche

HOW ZARATHUSTRA CAME INTO BEING

"ZARATHUSTRA" is my brother's most personal work; it is the history of his most individual experiences, of his friendships, ideals, raptures, bitterest disappointments and sorrows. Above it all, however, there soars, transfiguring it, the image of his greatest hopes and remotest aims. My brother had the figure of Zarathustra in his mind from his very earliest youth: he once told me that even as a child he had dreamt of him. At different periods in his life, he would call this haunter of his dreams by different names; "but in the end," he declares in a note on the subject, "I had to do a *Persian* the honor of identifying him with this creature of my fancy. Persians were the first to take a broad and comprehensive view of history. Every series of evolutions, according to them, was presided over by a prophet; and every prophet had his 'Hazar'—his dynasty of a thousand years."

All Zarathustra's views, as also his personality, were early conceptions of my brother's mind. Whoever reads his posthumously published writings for the years 1869-82 with care, will constantly meet with passages suggestive of Zarathustra's thoughts and doctrines. For instance, the ideal of the Superman is put forth quite clearly in all his writings during the years 1873-75; and in "We Philologists," the following remarkable observations occur:—

"How can one praise and glorify a nation as a whole?—

Even among the Greeks, it was the *individuals* that counted.

"The Greeks are interesting and extremely important because they reared such a vast number of great individuals. How was this possible? The question is one which ought to be studied.

"I am interested only in the relations of a people to the rearing of the individual man, and among the Greeks the conditions were unusually favorable for the development of the individual; not by any means owing to the goodness of the people, but because of the struggles of their evil instincts.

"*With the help of favorable measures great individuals might be reared who would be both different from and higher than those who heretofore have owed their existence to mere chance.* Here we may still be hopeful: in the rearing of exceptional men."

The notion of rearing the Superman is only a new form of an ideal Nietzsche already had in his youth, that "*the object of mankind should lie in its highest individuals*" (or, as he writes in "Schopenhauer as Educator": "Mankind ought constantly to be striving to produce great men—this and nothing else is its duty."). But the ideals he most revered in those days are no longer held to be the highest types of men. No, around this future ideal of a coming humanity—the Superman—the poet spread the veil of becoming. Who can tell to what glorious heights man can still ascend? That is why, after having tested the worth of our noblest ideal—that of the Saviour, in the light of the new valuations, the poet cries with passionate emphasis in "Zarathustra":

"Never yet hath there been a Superman. Naked have I seen both of them, the greatest and the smallest man:—

"All-too-similar are they still to each other. Verily even the greatest found I—all-too-human!"—

[illegible]

The phrase "the rearing of the Superman," has very often been misunderstood. By the word "rearing," in this case, is meant the act of modifying by means of new and higher values —values which, as laws and guides of conduct and opinion, are now to rule over mankind. In general the doctrine of the Superman can only be understood correctly in conjunction with other ideas of the author's, such as:—the Order of Rank, the Will to Power, and the Transvaluation of All Values. He assumes that Christianity, as a product of the resentment of the botched and the weak, has put in ban all that is beautiful, strong, proud, and powerful, in fact all the qualities resulting from strength, and that, in consequence, all forces which tend to promote or elevate life have been seriously undermined. Now, however, a new table of valuations must be placed over mankind—namely, that of the strong, mighty, and magnificent man, overflowing with life and elevated to his zenith—the Superman, who is now put before us with overpowering passion as the aim of our life, hope, and will. And just as the old system of valuing, which only extolled the qualities favorable to the weak, the suffering, and the oppressed, has succeeded in producing a weak, suffering, and "modern" race, so this new and reversed system of valuing ought to rear a healthy, strong, lively, and courageous type, which would be a glory to life itself. Stated briefly, the leading principle of this new system of valuing would be: "All that proceeds from power is good, all that springs from weakness is bad."

Note conclusion

This type must not be regarded as a fanciful figure: it is not a nebulous hope which is to be realized at some indefinitely remote period, thousands of years hence; nor is it a new species (in the Darwinian sense) of which we can know nothing, and which it would therefore be somewhat absurd to strive after. But it is meant to be a possibility which men of the present could realize with all their spiritual and physical energies, provided they adopted the new values.

The author of "Zarathustra" never lost sight of that egregious example of a transvaluation of all values through Christianity, whereby the whole of the deified mode of life and thought of the Greeks, as well as strong Romedom, was almost annihilated or transvalued in a comparatively short time. Could not a rejuvenated Græco-Roman system of valuing (once it had been refined and made more profound by the schooling which two thousand years of Christianity had provided) effect another such revolution within a calculable period of time, until that glorious type of manhood shall finally appear which is to be our new faith and hope, and in the creation of which Zarathustra exhorts us to participate?

In his private notes on the subject the author uses the expression "Superman" (always in the singular, by-the-bye), as signifying "the most thoroughly well-constituted type," as opposed to "modern man"; above all, however, he designates Zarathustra himself as an example of the Superman. In "Ecce Homo" he is careful to enlighten us concerning the precursors and prerequisites to the advent of this highest type, in referring to a certain passage in "The Joyful Wisdom":—

"In order to understand this type, we must first be quite clear in regard to the leading physiological condition on which it depends: this condition is what I call *great healthiness*. I know not how to express my meaning more plainly or more personally than I have done already in one of the last chapters (Aphorism 382) of the fifth book of "The Joyful Wisdom":

"We, the new, the nameless, the hard-to-understand"—it says there—"we firstlings of a yet untried future—we require for a new end also a new means, namely, a new healthiness, stronger, sharper, tougher, bolder and merrier than all healthiness hitherto. He whose soul longeth to experience the whole range of hitherto recognized values and desirabilities, and to circumnavigate all the coasts of this ideal 'Mediterranean Sea,' who, from the adventures of his most personal experience, wants to know how it feels to be a conqueror, and discoverer of the ideal—as likewise how it is with the artist, the saint, the legislator, the sage, the scholar, the devotee, the prophet, and the godly non-conformist of the old style—requires one thing above all for that purpose, *great healthiness*—such healthiness as one not only possesses, but also constantly acquires and must acquire, because one unceasingly sacrifices it again, and must sacrifice it! —And now, after having been long on the way in this fashion, we Argonauts of the ideal, more courageous perhaps than prudent, and often enough shipwrecked and brought to grief, nevertheless dangerously healthy, always healthy again—it would seem as if, in recompense for it all, that we have a still undiscovered country before us, the boundaries of which no one has yet seen, a beyond to all countries and corners of the ideal known hitherto, a world so over-rich in the beautiful, the strange, the questionable, the frightful, and the divine, that our curiosity as well as our thirst for possession thereof, have got out of hand—alas! that nothing will now any longer satisfy us!—

"How could we still be content with *the man of the present day* after such outlooks, and with such a craving in our conscience and consciousness? Sad enough; but it is unavoidable that we should look on the worthiest aims and hopes of the man of the present day with ill-concealed amusement, and perhaps should no longer look at them. Another ideal runs on before us, a strange, tempting ideal full of danger, to which we should not like to persuade any one, because we do not so readily acknowledge any one's *right thereto:* the ideal of a spirit who plays naïvely (that is to say involuntarily and from overflowing abundance and power) with everything that has hitherto been called holy, good, intangible, or divine; to whom the loftiest conception which the people have reasonably made their measure of value, would already practically imply danger, ruin, abasement, or at least relaxation, blindness, or temporary self-forgetfulness; the ideal of a humanly superhuman welfare and benevolence, which will often enough appear *inhuman,* for example, when put alongside of all past seriousness on earth, and alongside of all past solemnities in bearing, word, tone, look, morality, and pursuit, as their truest involuntary parody—and *with* which, nevertheless, perhaps *the great seriousness* only commences, when the proper interrogative mark is set up, the fate of the soul changes, the hour-hand moves, and tragedy begins. . . ."

Although the figure of Zarathustra and a large number of the leading thoughts in this work had appeared much earlier in the dreams and writings of the author, "Thus Spake Zarathustra" did not actually come into being until the month of August, 1881, in Sils-Maria; and it was the idea of the Eternal Recurrence of all things which finally induced my brother to set forth his new views in poetic language. In regard to his first conception of this idea, his autobiographical sketch, "Ecce, Homo," written in the autumn of 1888, contains the following passage:—

"The fundamental idea of my work—namely, the Eternal Recurrence of all things—this highest of all possible formulæ of a Yea-saying philosophy, first occurred to me in August, 1881. I made a note of the thought on a sheet of paper, with the postscript: 6,000 feet beyond men and time! That day I happened to be wandering through the woods alongside of the lake of Silvaplana, and I halted beside a huge, pyramidal and towering rock not far from Surlei. It was then that the thought struck me. Looking back now, I find that exactly two months previous to this inspiration, I had had an omen of its coming in the form of a sudden and decisive alteration in my tastes—more particularly in music. It would even be possible to consider all 'Zarathustra' as a musical composition. At all events, a very necessary condition in its production was a renaissance in myself of the art of hearing. In a small mountain resort (Recoaro) near Vicenza, where I spent the spring of 1881, I and my friend and Maëstro, Peter Gast—also one who had been born again—discovered that the phœnix music that hovered over us, wore lighter and brighter plumes than it had done theretofore."

During the month of August, 1881, my brother resolved to reveal the teaching of the Eternal Recurrence, in dithyrambic and psalmodic form, through the mouth of Zarathustra. Among the notes of this period, we found a page on which is written the first definite plan of "Thus Spake Zarathustra":—

"MIDDAY AND ETERNITY."

"GUIDE-POSTS TO A NEW WAY OF LIVING."

Beneath this is written:—

> "Zarathustra born on lake Urmi; left his home in his thirtieth year, went into the province of Aria, and, during ten years of solitude in the mountains, composed the Zend-Avesta."
>
> "The sun of knowledge stands once more at midday; and the serpent of eternity lies coiled in its light——: It is *your* time, ye midday brethren."

In that summer of 1881, my brother, after many years of steadily declining health, began at last to rally, and it is to this first gush of the recovery of his once splendid bodily condition that we owe not only "The Joyful Wisdom," which in its mood may be regarded as a prelude to "Zarathustra," but also "Zarathustra" itself. Just as he was beginning to recuperate his health, however, an unkind destiny brought him a number of most painful personal experiences. His friends caused him many disappointments, which were the more bitter to him, inasmuch as he regarded friendship as such a sacred institution; and for the first time in his life he realized the whole horror of that loneliness to which, perhaps, all greatness is condemned. But to be forsaken is something very different from deliberately choosing blessed loneliness. How he longed, in those days, for the ideal friend who would thoroughly understand him, to whom he would be able to say all, and whom he imagined he had found at various periods in his life from his earliest youth onwards. Now, however, that the way he had chosen grew ever more perilous and steep, he found nobody who could follow him: he therefore created a perfect friend for himself in the ideal form of a majestic philosopher, and made this creation the preacher of his gospel to the world.

Whether my brother would ever have written "Thus Spake Zarathustra" according to the first plan sketched in the summer of 1881, if he had not had the disappointments already referred to, is now an idle question; but perhaps where "Zarathustra" is concerned, we may also say with Master Eckhardt: "The fleetest beast to bear you to perfection is suffering."

My brother writes as follows about the origin of the first part of "Zarathustra":—"In the winter of 1882-83, I was living on the charming little Gulf of Rapallo, not far from Genoa, and between Chiavari and Cape Porto Fino. My health was not very good; the winter was cold and exceptionally rainy; and the small inn in which I lived was so close to the water that at night my sleep would be disturbed if the sea were high. These circumstances were surely the very reverse of favorable; and yet in spite of it all, and as if in demonstration of my belief that everything decisive comes to life in spite of every obstacle, it was precisely during this winter and in the midst of these unfavorable circumstances that my 'Zarathustra' originated. In the morning I used to start out in a southerly direction up the glorious road to Zoagli, which rises aloft through a forest of pines and gives one a view far out into the sea. In the afternoon, as often as my health permitted, I walked round the whole bay from Santa Margherita to beyond Porto Fino. This spot was all the more interesting to me, inasmuch as it was so dearly loved by the Emperor Frederick III. In the autumn of 1886 I chanced to be there again when he was revisiting this small, forgotten world of happiness for the last time. It was on these two roads that all 'Zarathustra' came to me, above all Zarathustra himself as a type;—I ought rather to say that it was on these walks that these ideas waylaid me."

The first part of "Zarathustra" was written in about ten days—that is to say, from the beginning to about the middle of February, 1883. "The last lines were written precisely in the hallowed hour when Richard Wagner gave up the ghost in Venice."

With the exception of the ten days occupied in composing the first part of this book, my brother often referred to this winter as the hardest and sickliest he had ever experienced. He did not, however, mean thereby that his former disorders were troubling him, but that he was suffering from a severe attack of influenza which he had caught in Santa Margherita, and which tormented him for several weeks after his arrival in Genoa. As a matter of fact, however, what he complained of most was his spiritual condition—that indescribable forsakenness—to which he gives such heartrending expression in "Zarathustra." Even the reception which the first part met with at the hands of friends and acquaintances was extremely disheartening: for almost all those to whom he presented copies of the work misunderstood it. "I found no one ripe for many of my thoughts; the case of 'Zarathustra' proves that one can speak with the utmost clearness, and yet not be heard by any one." My brother was very much discouraged by the feebleness of the response he was given, and as he was striving just then to give up the practice of taking hydrate of chloral—a drug he had begun to take while ill with influenza—the following spring, spent in Rome, was a somewhat gloomy one for him. He writes about it as follows:—"I spent a melancholy spring in Rome, where I only just managed to live—and this was no easy matter. This city, which is absolutely unsuited to the poet-author of 'Zarathustra,' and for the choice of which I was not responsible, made me inordinately miserable. I tried to leave it. I wanted to go to Aquila—the opposite of Rome in every respect, and actually founded in a spirit of enmity towards that city (just as I also shall found a city some day), as a memento of an atheist and genuine enemy of the Church—a person very closely related to me—the great Hohenstaufen, the Emperor Frederick II. But Fate lay behind it all: I had to return again to Rome. In the end I was obliged to be satisfied with the Piazza Barberini, after I had exerted myself in vain to find an anti-Christian quarter. I fear that on one occasion, to avoid bad smells as much as possible, I actually inquired at the Palazzo del Quirinale whether they could not provide a quiet room for a philosopher. In a chamber high above the Piazza just mentioned, from which one obtained a general view of Rome and could hear the fountains plashing far below, the loneliest of all songs was composed—'The Night-Song.' About this time I was obsessed by an unspeakably sad melody, the refrain of which I recognised in the words, 'dead through immortality.' "

We remained somewhat too long in Rome that spring, and what with the effect of the increasing heat and the discouraging circumstances already described, my brother resolved not to write any more, or in any case, not to proceed with "Zarathustra," although I offered to relieve him of all trouble in connection with the proofs and the publisher. When, however, we returned to Switzerland towards the end of June, and he found himself once more in the familiar and exhilarating air of the mountains, all his joyous creative powers revived, and in a note to me announcing the dispatch of some manuscript, he wrote as follows: "I have engaged a place here for three months: forsooth, I am the greatest fool to allow my courage to be sapped from me by the climate of Italy. Now and again I am troubled by the thought: *what next?* My 'future' is the darkest thing in the world to me, but as there still remains a great deal for me to do, I suppose I ought rather to think of doing this than of my future, and leave the rest to *thee* and the gods."

The second part of "Zarathustra" was written between the 26th of June and the 6th July. "This summer, finding myself once more in the sacred place where the first thought of 'Zarathustra' flashed across my mind, I conceived the second part. Ten days sufficed. Neither for the second, the first, nor the third part, have I required a day longer."

He often used to speak of the ecstatic mood in which he wrote "Zarathustra"; how in his walks over hill and dale the ideas would crowd into his mind, and how he would note them down hastily in a notebook from which he would transcribe them on his return, sometimes working till midnight. He says in a letter to me: "You can have no idea of the vehemence of such composition," and in "Ecce Homo" (autumn 1888) he describes as follows with passionate enthusiasm the incomparable mood in which he created Zarathustra:—

"—Has any one at the end of the nineteenth century any distinct notion of what poets of a stronger age understood by the word inspiration? If not, I will describe it. If one had the smallest vestige of superstition in one, it would hardly be possible to set aside completely the idea that one is the mere incarnation, mouthpiece or medium of an almighty power. The idea of revelation in the sense that something becomes suddenly visible and audible with indescribable certainty and accuracy, which profoundly convulses and upsets one—describes simply the matter of fact. One hears—one does not seek; one takes—one does not ask who gives: a thought suddenly flashes up like lightning, it comes with necessity, unhesitatingly—I have never had any choice in the matter. There is an ecstasy such that the immense strain of it is sometimes relaxed by a flood of tears, along with which one's steps either rush or involuntarily lag, alternately. There is the feeling that one is completely out of hand, with the very distinct consciousness of an endless number of fine thrills and quiverings to the very toes;—there is a depth of happiness in which the painfullest and gloomiest do not operate as antitheses, but as conditioned, as demanded in the sense of necessary shades of colour in such an overflow of light. There is an instinct for rhythmic relations which embraces wide areas of forms (length, the need of a wide-embracing rhythm, is almost the measure of the force of an inspiration, a sort of counterpart to its pressure and tension). Everything happens quite involuntarily, as if in a tempestuous outburst of freedom, of absoluteness, of power and divinity. The involuntariness of the figures and similes is the most remarkable thing; one loses all perception of what constitutes the figure and what constitutes the simile; everything seems to present itself as the readiest, the correctest and the simplest means of expression. It actually seems, to use one of Zarathustra's own phrases, as if all things came unto one, and would fain be similes: 'Here do all things come caressingly to thy talk and flatter thee, for they want to ride upon thy back. On every simile dost thou here ride to every truth. Here fly open unto thee all being's words and word-cabinets; here all being wanteth to become words, here all becoming wanteth to learn of thee how to talk.' This is *my* experience of inspiration. I do not doubt but that one would have to go back thousands of years in order to find some one who could say to me: It is mine also!—"

In the autumn of 1883 my brother left the Engadine for

Germany and stayed there a few weeks. In the following winter, after wandering somewhat erratically through Stresa, Genoa, and Spezia, he landed in Nice, where the climate so happily promoted his creative powers that he wrote the third part of "Zarathustra." "In the winter, beneath the halcyon sky of Nice, which then looked down upon me for the first time in my life, I found the third 'Zarathustra'—and came to the end of my task; the whole having occupied me scarcely a year. Many hidden corners and heights in the landscapes round about Nice are hallowed to me by unforgettable moments. That decisive chapter entitled 'Old and New Tables' was composed in the very difficult ascent from the station to Eza—that wonderful Moorish village in the rocks. My most creative moments were always accompanied by unusual muscular activity. The body is inspired: let us waive the question of the 'soul.' I might often have been seen dancing in those days. Without a suggestion of fatigue I could then walk for seven or eight hours on end among the hills. I slept well and laughed well—I was perfectly robust and patient."

As we have seen, each of the three parts of "Zarathustra" was written, after a more or less short period of preparation in about ten days. The composition of the fourth part alone was broken by occasional interruptions. The first notes relating to this part were written while he and I were staying together in Zurich in September 1884. In the following November, while staying at Mentone, he began to elaborate these notes, and after a long pause, finished the manuscript at Nice between the end of January and the middle of February 1885. My brother then called this part the fourth and last; but even before, and shortly after it had been privately printed, he wrote to me saying that he still intended writing a fifth and sixth part, and notes relating to these parts are now in my possession. This fourth part (the original MS. of which contains this note: "Only for my friends, not for the public") is written in a particularly personal spirit, and those few to whom he presented a copy of it, he pledged to the strictest secrecy concerning its contents. He often thought of making this fourth part public also, but doubted whether he would ever be able to do so without considerably altering certain portions of it. At all events he resolved to distribute this manuscript production, of which only forty copies were printed, only among those who had proved themselves worthy of it, and it speaks eloquently of his utter loneliness and need of sympathy in those days, that he had occasion to present only seven copies of his book according to this resolution.

Already at the beginning of this history I hinted at the reasons which led my brother to select a Persian as the incarnation of his ideal of the majestic philosopher. His reasons, however, for choosing Zarathustra of all others to be his mouthpiece, he gives us in the following words:—"People have never asked me, as they should have done, what the name Zarathustra precisely means in my mouth, in the mouth of the first Immoralist; for what distinguishes that philosopher from all others in the past is the very fact that he was exactly the reverse of an immoralist. Zarathustra was the first to see in the struggle between good and evil the essential wheel in the working of things. The translation of morality into the metaphysical, as force, cause, end in itself, was *his* work. But the very question suggests its own answer. Zarathustra *created* the most portentous error, *morality,* consequently he should also be the first to *perceive* that error, not only because he has had longer and greater experience of the subject than any other thinker—all history is the experimental refutation of the theory of the so-called moral order of things:—the more important point is that Zarathustra was more truthful than any other thinker. In his teaching alone do we meet with truthfulness upheld as the highest virtue—*i.e.:* the reverse of the *cowardice* of the idealist who flees from reality. Zarathustra had more courage in his body than any other thinker before or after him. To tell the truth and *to aim straight:* that is the first Persian virtue. Am I understood? . . . The overcoming of morality through itself—through truthfulness, the overcoming of the moralist through his opposite—*through me*—: that is what the name Zarathustra means in my mouth."

ELIZABETH FÖRSTER-NIETZSCHE

NIETZSCHE ARCHIVES,
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THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

Zarathustra's Prologue

1

WHEN Zarathustra was thirty years old, he left his home and the lake of his home, and went into the mountains. There he enjoyed his spirit and his solitude, and for ten years did not weary of it. But at last his heart changed,—and rising one morning with the rosy dawn, he went before the sun, and spake thus unto it:

Thou great star! What would be thy happiness if thou hadst not those for whom thou shinest!

For ten years hast thou climbed hither unto my cave: thou wouldst have wearied of thy light and of the journey, had it not been for me, mine eagle, and my serpent.

But we awaited thee every morning, took from thee thine overflow, and blessed thee for it.

Lo! I am weary of my wisdom, like the bee that hath gathered too much honey; I need hands outstretched to take it.

I would fain bestow and distribute, until the wise have once more become joyous in their folly, and the poor happy in their riches.

Therefore must I descend into the deep: as thou doest in the evening, when thou goest behind the sea, and givest light also to the nether-world, thou exuberant star!

Like thee must I *go down,* as men say, to whom I shall descend.

Bless me, then, thou tranquil eye, that canst behold even the greatest happiness without envy!

Bless the cup that is about to overflow, that the water may flow golden out of it, and carry everywhere the reflection of thy bliss!

Lo! This cup is again going to empty itself, and Zarathustra is again going to be a man.

Thus began Zarathustra's down-going.

2

Zarathustra went down the mountain alone, no one meeting him. When he entered the forest, however, there suddenly stood before him an old man, who had left his holy cot to seek roots. And thus spake the old man to Zarathustra:

"No stranger to me is this wanderer: many years ago passed he by. Zarathustra he was called; but he hath altered.

Then thou carriedst thine ashes into the mountains: wilt thou now carry thy fire into the valleys? Fearest thou not the incendiary's doom?

Yea, I recognize Zarathustra. Pure is his eye, and no loathing lurketh about his mouth. Goeth he not along like a dancer?

Altered is Zarathustra; a child hath Zarathustra become; an awakened one is Zarathustra: what wilt thou do in the land of the sleepers?

As in the sea hast thou lived in solitude, and it hath borne thee up. Alas, wilt thou now go ashore? Alas, wilt thou again drag thy body thyself?"

Zarathustra answered: "I love mankind."

"Why," said the saint, "did I go into the forest and the desert? Was it not because I loved men far too well?

Now I love God: men, I do not love. Man is a thing too imperfect for me. Love to man would be fatal to me."

Zarathustra answered: "What spake I of love! I am bringing gifts unto men."

"Give them nothing," said the saint. "Take rather part of their load, and carry it along with them—that will be most agreeable unto them: if only it be agreeable unto thee!

If, however, thou wilt give unto them, give them no more than an alms, and let them also beg for it!"

"No," replied Zarathustra, "I give no alms. I am not poor enough for that."

The saint laughed at Zarathustra, and spake thus: "Then see to it that they accept thy treasures! They are distrustful of anchorites, and do not believe that we come with gifts.

The fall of our footsteps ringeth too hollow through their streets. And just as at night, when they are in bed and hear a man abroad long before sunrise, so they ask themselves concerning us: Where goeth the thief?

Go not to men, but stay in the forest! Go rather to the animals! Why not be like me—a bear amongst bears, a bird amongst birds?"

"And what doeth the saint in the forest?" asked Zarathustra.

The saint answered: "I make hymns and sing them; and in making hymns I laugh and weep and mumble: thus do I praise God.

With singing, weeping, laughing, and mumbling do I praise the God who is my God. But what dost thou bring us as a gift?"

When Zarathustra had heard these words, he bowed to the saint and said: "What should I have to give thee! Let me rather hurry hence lest I take aught away from thee!"— And thus they parted from one another, the old man and Zarathustra, laughing like schoolboys.

When Zarathustra was alone, however, he said to his heart: "Could it be possible! This old saint in the forest hath not yet heard of it, that *God is dead!*"

3

When Zarathustra arrived at the nearest town which adjoineth the forest, he found many people assembled in the market-place; for it had been announced that a rope-dancer would give a performance. And Zarathustra spake thus unto the people:

I teach you the Superman. Man is something that is to be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass man?

All beings hitherto have created something beyond themselves: and ye want to be the ebb of that great tide, and would rather go back to the beast than surpass man?

What is the ape to man? A laughing-stock, a thing of shame. And just the same shall man be to the Superman: a laughing-stock, a thing of shame.

Ye have made your way from the worm to man, and much within you is still worm. Once were ye apes, and even yet man is more of an ape than any of the apes.

Even the wisest among you is only a disharmony and hybrid of plant and phantom. But do I bid you become phantoms or plants?

Lo, I teach you the Superman!

The Superman is the meaning of the earth. Let your will say: The Superman *shall be* the meaning of the earth!

I conjure you, my brethren, *remain true to the earth,* and believe not those who speak unto you of superearthly hopes! Poisoners are they, whether they know it or not.

Despisers of life are they, decaying ones and poisoned ones themselves, of whom the earth is weary: so away with them!

Once blasphemy against God was the greatest blasphemy; but God died, and therewith also those blasphemers. To blaspheme the earth is now the dreadfulest sin, and to rate the heart of the unknowable higher than the meaning of the earth!

Once the soul looked contemptuously on the body, and then that contempt was the supreme thing:—the soul wished the body meagre, ghastly, and famished. Thus it thought to escape from the body and the earth.

Oh, that soul was itself meagre, ghastly, and famished; and cruelty was the delight of that soul!

But ye, also, my brethren, tell me: What doth your body say about your soul? Is your soul not poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency?

Verily, a polluted stream is man. One must be a sea, to receive a polluted stream without becoming impure.

Lo, I teach you the Superman: he is that sea; in him can your great contempt be submerged.

What is the greatest thing ye can experience? It is the hour of great contempt. The hour in which even your happiness becometh loathsome unto you, and so also your reason and virtue.

The hour when ye say: "What good is my happiness! It is poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency. But my happiness should justify existence itself!"

The hour when ye say: "What good is my reason! Doth it long for knowledge as the lion for his food? It is poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency!"

The hour when ye say: "What good is my virtue! As yet it hath not made me passionate. How weary I am of my good and my bad! It is all poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency!"

The hour when ye say: "What good is my justice! I do not see that I am fervour and fuel. The just, however, are fervour and fuel!"

The hour when we say: "What good is my pity! Is not pity the cross on which he is nailed who loveth man? But my pity is not a crucifixion."

Have ye ever spoken thus? Have ye ever cried thus? Ah! would that I had heard you crying thus!

It is not your sin—it is your self-satisfaction that crieth unto heaven; your very sparingness in sin crieth unto heaven!

Where is the lightning to lick you with its tongue? Where is the frenzy with which ye should be inoculated?

Lo, I teach you the Superman: he is that lightning, he is that frenzy!—

When Zarathustra had thus spoken, one of the people called out: "We have now heard enough of the rope-dancer; it is time now for us to see him!" And all the people laughed at Zarathustra. But the rope-dancer, who thought the words applied to him, began his performance.

4

Zarathustra, however, looked at the people and wondered. Then he spake thus:

Man is a rope stretched between the animal and the Superman—a rope over an abyss.

A dangerous crossing, a dangerous wayfaring, a dangerous looking-back, a dangerous trembling and halting.

What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal:

what is lovable in man is that he is an *over-going* and a *down-going.*

I love those that know not how to live except as down-goers, for they are the over-goers.

I love the great despisers, because they are the great adorers, and arrows of longing for the other shore.

I love those who do not first seek a reason beyond the stars for going down and being sacrifices, but sacrifice themselves to the earth, that the earth of the Superman may hereafter arrive.

I love him who liveth in order to know, and seeketh to know in order that the Superman may hereafter live. Thus seeketh he his own down-going.

I love him who laboureth and inventeth, that he may build the house for the Superman, and prepare for him earth, animal, and plant: for thus seeketh he his own down-going.

I love him who loveth his virtue: for virtue is the will to down-going, and an arrow of longing.

I love him who reserveth no share of spirit for himself, but wanteth to be wholly the spirit of his virtue: thus walketh he as spirit over the bridge.

I love him who maketh his virtue his inclination and destiny: thus, for the sake of his virtue, he is willing to live on, or live no more.

I love him who desireth not too many virtues. One virtue is more of a virtue than two, because it is more of a knot for one's destiny to cling to.

I love him whose soul is lavish, who wanteth no thanks and doth not give back: for he always bestoweth, and desireth not to keep for himself.

I love him who is ashamed when the dice fall in his favour, and who then asketh: "Am I a dishonest player?"—for he is willing to succumb.

I love him who scattereth golden words in advance of his deeds, and always doeth more than he promiseth: for he seeketh his own down-going.

I love him who justifieth the future ones, and redeemeth the past ones: for he is willing to succumb through the present ones.

I love him who chasteneth his God, because he loveth his God: for he must succumb through the wrath of his God.

I love him whose soul is deep even in the wounding, and may succumb through a small matter: thus goeth he willingly over the bridge.

I love him whose soul is so overfull that he forgetteth himself, and all things are in him: thus all things become his down-going.

I love him who is of a free spirit and a free heart: thus is his head only the bowels of his heart; his heart, however, causeth his down-going.

I love all who are like heavy drops falling one by one out of the dark cloud that lowereth over man: they herald the coming of the lightning, and succumb as heralds.

Lo, I am a herald of the lightning, and a heavy drop out of the cloud: the lightning, however, is the *Superman*.—

5

When Zarathustra had spoken these words, he again looked at the people, and was silent. "There they stand," said he to his heart; "there they laugh: they understand me not; I am not the mouth for these ears.

Must one first batter their ears, that they may learn to hear with their eyes? Must one clatter like kettledrums and penitential preachers? Or do they only believe the stammerer?

They have something whereof they are proud. What do they call it, that which maketh them proud? Culture, they call it; it distinguisheth them from the goatherds.

They dislike, therefore, to hear of 'contempt' of themselves. So I will appeal to their pride.

I will speak unto them of the most contemptible thing: that, however, is *the last man!*"

And thus spake Zarathustra unto the people:

It is time for man to fix his goal. It is time for man to plant the germ of his highest hope.

Still is his soil rich enough for it. But that soil will one day be poor and exhausted, and no lofty tree will any longer be able to grow thereon.

Alas! there cometh the time when man will no longer launch the arrow of his longing beyond man—and the string of his bow will have unlearned to whizz!

I tell you: one must still have chaos in one, to give birth to a dancing star. I tell you: ye have still chaos in you.

Alas! There cometh the time when man will no longer give birth to any star. Alas! There cometh the time of the most despicable man, who can no longer despise himself.

Lo! I show you *the last man.*

"What is love? What is creation? What is longing? What is a star?"—so asketh the last man and blinketh.

The earth hath then become small, and on it there hoppeth the last man who maketh everything small. His species is ineradicable like that of the ground-flea; the last man liveth longest.

"We have discovered happiness"—say the last men, and blink thereby.

They have left the regions where it is hard to live; for they need warmth. One still loveth one's neighbour and rubbeth against him; for one needeth warmth.

Turning ill and being distrustful, they consider sinful: they walk warily. He is a fool who still stumbleth over stones or men!

A little poison now and then: that maketh pleasant dreams. And much poison at last for a pleasant death.

One still worketh, for work is a pastime. But one is careful lest the pastime should hurt one.

One no longer becometh poor or rich; both are too burdensome. Who still wanteth to rule? Who still wanteth to obey? Both are too burdensome.

No shepherd, and one herd! Everyone wanteth the same; everyone is equal: he who hath other sentiments goeth voluntarily into the madhouse.

"Formerly all the world was insane,"—say the subtlest of them, and blink thereby.

They are clever and know all that hath happened: so there is no end to their raillery. People still fall out, but are soon reconciled—otherwise it spoileth their stomachs.

They have their little pleasures for the day, and their little pleasures for the night, but they have a regard for health.

"We have discovered happiness,"—say the last men, and blink thereby.—

And here ended the first discourse of Zarathustra, which is also called "The Prologue", for at this point the shouting and mirth of the multitude interrupted him. "Give us this last man, O Zarathustra,"—they called out—"make us into these last men! Then will we make thee a present of the Superman!" And all the people exulted and smacked their lips. Zarathustra, however, turned sad, and said to his heart:

"They understand me not: I am not the mouth for these ears.

Too long, perhaps, have I lived in the mountains; too much have I hearkened unto the brooks and trees: now do I speak unto them as unto the goatherds.

Calm is my soul, and clear, like the mountains in the morning. But they think me cold, and a mocker with terrible jests.

And now do they look at me and laugh: and while they laugh they hate me too. There is ice in their laughter."

6

Then, however, something happened which made every mouth mute and every eye fixed. In the meantime, of course, the rope-dancer had commenced his performance: he had come out at a little door, and was going along the rope which was stretched between two towers, so that it hung above the market-place and the people. When he was just midway across, the little door opened once more, and a gaudily-dressed fellow like a buffoon sprang out, and went rapidly after the first one. "Go on, halt-foot," cried his frightful voice, "go on, lazy-bones, interloper, sallow-face!—lest I tickle thee with my heel! What dost thou here between the towers? In the tower is the place for thee, thou shouldst be locked up; to one better than thyself thou blockest the way!"—And with every word he came nearer and nearer the first one. When, however, he was but a step behind, there happened the frightful thing which made every mouth mute and every eye fixed—he uttered a yell like a devil, and jumped over the other who was in his way. The latter, however, when he thus saw his rival triumph, lost at the same time his head and his footing on the rope; he threw his pole away, and shot downward faster than it, like an eddy of arms and legs, into the depth. The market-place and the people were like the sea when the storm cometh on: they all flew apart and in disorder, especially where the body was about to fall.

Zarathustra, however, remained standing, and just beside him fell the body, badly injured and disfigured, but not yet dead. After a while consciousness returned to the shattered man, and he saw Zarathustra kneeling beside him. "What art thou doing there?" said he at last, "I knew long ago that the devil would trip me up. Now he draggeth me to hell: wilt thou prevent him?"

"On mine honour, my friend," answered Zarathustra, "there is nothing of all that whereof thou speakest: there is no devil and no hell. Thy soul will be dead even sooner than thy body; fear, therefore, nothing any more!"

The man looked up distrustfully. "If thou speakest the truth," said he, "I lose nothing when I lose my life. I am not much more than an animal which hath been taught to dance by blows and scanty fare."

"Not at all," said Zarathustra, "thou hast made danger thy calling; therein there is nothing contemptible. Now thou perishest by thy calling: therefore will I bury thee with mine own hands."

When Zarathustra had said this the dying one did not reply further; but he moved his hand as if he sought the hand of Zarathustra in gratitude.

7

Meanwhile the evening came on, and the market-place veiled itself in gloom. Then the people dispersed, for even curiosity and terror become fatigued. Zarathustra, however, still sat beside the dead man on the ground, absorbed in thought: so he forgot the time. But at last it became night, and a cold wind blew upon the lonely one. Then arose Zarathustra and said to his heart:

Verily, a fine catch of fish hath Zarathustra made to-day! It is not a man he hath caught, but a corpse.

Sombre is human life, and as yet without meaning: a buffoon may be fateful to it.

I want to teach men the sense of their existence, which is the Superman, the lightning out of the dark cloud—man.

But still am I far from them, and my sense speaketh not unto their sense. To men I am still something between a fool and a corpse.

Gloomy is the night, gloomy are the ways of Zarathustra. Come, thou cold and stiff companion! I carry thee to the place where I shall bury thee with mine own hands.

8

When Zarathustra had said this to his heart, he put the corpse upon his shoulders and set out on his way. Yet had he not gone a hundred steps, when there stole a man up to him and whispered in his ear—and lo! he that spake was the buffoon from the tower. "Leave this town, O Zarathustra," said he, "there are too many here who hate thee. The good and just hate thee, and call thee their enemy and despiser; the believers in the orthodox belief hate thee, and call thee a danger to the multitude. It was thy good fortune to be laughed at: and verily thou spakest like a buffoon. It was thy good fortune to associate with the dead dog; by so humiliating thyself thou hast saved thy life today. Depart, however, from this town,—or tomorrow I shall jump over thee, a living man over a dead one." And when he had said this, the buffoon vanished; Zarathustra, however, went on through the dark streets.

At the gate of the town the grave-diggers met him: they shone their torch on his face, and, recognising Zarathustra, they sorely derided him. "Zarathustra is carrying away the dead dog: a fine thing that Zarathustra hath turned a grave-digger! For our hands are too cleanly for that roast. Will Zarathustra steal the bite from the devil? Well then, good luck to the repast! If only the devil is not a better thief than Zarathustra!—he will steal them both, he will eat them both!" And they laughed among themselves, and put their heads together.

Zarathustra made no answer thereto, but went on his way. When he had gone on for two hours, past forests and swamps, he had heard too much of the hungry howling of the wolves, and he himself became hungry. So he halted at a lonely house in which a light was burning.

"Hunger attacketh me," said Zarathustra, "like a robber. Among forests and swamps my hunger attacketh me, and late in the night.

"Strange humours hath my hunger. Often it cometh to me only after a repast, and all day it hath failed to come: where hath it been?"

And thereupon Zarathustra knocked at the door of the house. An old man appeared, who carried a light, and asked: "Who cometh unto me and my bad sleep?"

"A living man and a dead one," said Zarathustra. "Give me something to eat and drink, I forgot it during the day. He that feedeth the hungry refresheth his own soul, saith wisdom."

The old man withdrew, but came back immediately and offered Zarathustra bread and wine. "A bad country for the hungry," said he; "that is why I live here. Animal and man come unto me, the anchorite. But bid thy companion eat and drink also, he is wearier than thou." Zarathustra answered: "My companion is dead; I shall hardly be able to persuade him to eat." "That doth not concern me," said the old man sullenly; "he that knocketh at my door must take what I offer him. Eat, and fare ye well!"—

Thereafter Zarathustra again went on for two hours, trusting to the path and the light of the stars: for he was an experienced night-walker, and liked to look into the face of all that slept. When the morning dawned, however, Zarathustra found himself in a thick forest, and no path was any longer visible. He then put the dead man in a hollow tree at his head—for he wanted to protect him from the wolves—and laid himself down on the ground and moss. And immediately he fell asleep, tired in body, but with a tranquil soul.

9

Long slept Zarathustra; and not only the rosy dawn passed over his head, but also the morning. At last, however, his eyes opened, and amazedly he gazed into the forest and the stillness, amazedly he gazed into himself. Then he arose quickly, like a seafarer who all at once seeth the land; and he shouted for joy: for he saw a new truth. And he spake thus to his heart:

A light hath dawned upon me: I need companions—living ones; not dead companions and corpses, which I carry with me where I will.

But I need living companions, who will follow me because they want to follow themselves—and to the place where I will. A light hath dawned upon me. Not to the people is Zarathustra to speak, but to companions! Zarathustra shall not be the herd's herdsman and hound!

To allure many from the herd—for that purpose have I come. The people and the herd must be angry with me: a robber shall Zarathustra be called by the herdsmen.

Herdsmen, I say, but they call themselves the good and just. Herdsmen, I say, but they call themselves the believers in the orthodox belief.

Behold the good and just! Whom do they hate most? Him who breaketh up their tables of values, the breaker, the lawbreaker:—he, however, is the creator.

Behold the believers of all beliefs! Whom do they hate most? Him who breaketh up their tables of values, the breaker, the law-breaker—he, however, is the creator.

Companions, the creator seeketh, not corpses—and not herds or believers either. Fellow-creators the creator seeketh—those who grave new values on new tables.

Companions, the creator seeketh, and fellow-reapers: for everything is ripe for the harvest with him. But he lacketh the hundred sickles: so he plucketh the ears of corn and is vexed.

Companions, the creator seeketh, and such as know how to whet their sickles. Destroyers, will they be called, and despisers of good and evil. But they are the reapers and rejoicers.

Fellow-creators, Zarathustra seeketh; fellow-reapers and fellow-rejoicers, Zarathustra seeketh: what hath he to do with herds and herdsmen and corpses!

And thou, my first companion, rest in peace! Well have I buried thee in thy hollow tree; well have I hid thee from the wolves.

But I part from thee; the time hath arrived. 'Twixt rosy dawn and rosy dawn there came unto me a new truth.

I am not to be a herdsman, I am not to be a grave-digger. Not any more will I discourse unto the people; for the last time have I spoken unto the dead.

With the creators, the reapers, and the rejoicers will I associate: the rainbow will I show them, and all the stairs to the Superman.

To the lone-dwellers will I sing my song, and to the twain-dwellers; and unto him who hath still ears for the unheard, will I make the heart heavy with my happiness.

I make for my goal, I follow my course; over the loitering and tardy will I leap. Thus let my on-going be their down-going!

10

This had Zarathustra said to his heart when the sun stood at noon-tide. Then he looked inquiringly aloft,—for he heard above him the sharp call of a bird. And behold! An eagle swept through the air in wide circles, and on it hung a serpent, not like a prey, but like a friend: for it kept itself coiled round the eagle's neck.

"They are mine animals," said Zarathustra, and rejoiced in his heart.

"The proudest animal under the sun, and the wisest animal under the sun,—they have come out to reconnoitre.

They want to know whether Zarathustra still liveth. Verily, do I still live?

More dangerous have I found it among men than among animals; in dangerous paths goeth Zarathustra. Let mine animals lead me!"

When Zarathustra had said this, he remembered the words of the saint in the forest. Then he sighed and spake thus to his heart:

"Would that I were wiser! Would that I were wise from the very heart, like my serpent!

But I am asking the impossible. Therefore do I ask my pride to go always with my wisdom!

And if my wisdom should some day forsake me:—alas! it loveth to fly away!—may my pride then fly with my folly!"

Thus began Zarathustra's down-going.

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

FIRST PART

1. *The Three Metamorphoses*

THREE metamorphoses of the spirit do I designate to you: how the spirit becometh a camel, the camel a lion, and the lion at last a child.

Many heavy things are there for the spirit, the strong load-bearing spirit in which reverence dwelleth: for the heavy and the heaviest longeth its strength.

What is heavy? so asketh the load-bearing spirit; then kneeleth it down like the camel, and wanteth to be well laden.

What is the heaviest thing, ye heroes? asketh the load-bearing spirit, that I may take it upon me and rejoice in my strength.

Is it not this: To humiliate oneself in order to mortify one's pride? To exhibit one's folly in order to mock at one's wisdom?

Or is it this: To desert our cause when it celebrateth its triumph? To ascend high mountains to tempt the tempter?

Or is it this: To feed on the acorns and grass of knowledge, and for the sake of truth to suffer hunger of soul?

Or is it this: To be sick and dismiss comforters, and make friends of the deaf, who never hear thy requests?

Or is it this: To go into foul water when it is the water of truth, and not disclaim cold frogs and hot toads?

Or is it this: To love those who despise us, and give one's hand to the phantom when it is going to frighten us?

All these heaviest things the load-bearing spirit taketh upon itself: and like the camel, which, when laden, hasteneth into the wilderness, so hasteneth the spirit into its wilderness.

But in the loneliest wilderness happeneth the second metamorphosis: here the spirit becometh a lion; freedom will it capture, and lordship in its own wilderness.

Its last Lord it here seeketh: hostile will it be to him, and to its last God; for victory will it struggle with the great dragon.

What is the great dragon which the spirit is no longer inclined to call Lord and God? "Thou-shalt," is the great dragon called. But the spirit of the lion saith, "I will."

"Thou-shalt," lieth in its path, sparkling with gold—a scale-covered beast; and on every scale glittereth golden, "Thou shalt!"

The values of a thousand years glitter on those scales, and thus speaketh the mightiest of all dragons: "All the values of things—glitter on me.

All values have already been created, and all created values—do I represent. Verily, there shall be no 'I will' any more." Thus speaketh the dragon.

My brethren, wherefore is there need of the lion in the spirit? Why sufficeth not the beast of burden, which renounceth and is reverent?

To create new values—that, even the lion cannot yet accomplish: but to create itself freedom for new creating—that can the might of the lion do.

To create itself freedom, and give a holy Nay even unto duty: for that, my brethren, there is need of the lion.

To assume the ride to new values—that is the most formidable assumption for a load-bearing and reverent spirit. Verily, unto such a spirit it is preying, and the work of a beast of prey.

As its holiest, it once loved "Thou-shalt": now is it forced to find illusion and arbitrariness even in the holiest things, that it may capture freedom from its love: the lion is needed for this capture.

But tell me, my brethren, what the child can do, which even the lion could not do? Why hath the preying lion still to become a child?

Innocence is the child, and forgetfulness, a new beginning, a game, a self-rolling wheel, a first movement, a holy Yea.

Aye, for the game of creating, my brethren, there is needed a holy Yea unto life: *its own* will, willeth now the spirit; *his own* world winneth the world's outcast.

Three metamorphoses of the spirit have I designated to you: how the spirit became a camel, the camel a lion, and the lion at last a child.—

Thus spake Zarathustra. And at that time he abode in the town which is called The Pied Cow.

2. *The Academic Chairs of Virtue*

People commended unto Zarathustra a wise man, as one who could discourse well about sleep and virtue: greatly was he honoured and rewarded for it, and all the youths sat before his chair. To him went Zarathustra, and sat among the youths before his chair. And thus spake the wise man:

Respect and modesty in presence of sleep! That is the first thing! And to go out of the way of all who sleep badly and keep awake at night!

Modest is even the thief in presence of sleep: he always stealeth softly through the night. Immodest, however, is the night-watchman; immodestly he carrieth his horn.

No small art is it to sleep: it is necessary for that purpose to keep awake all day.

Ten times a day must thou overcome thyself: that causeth wholesome weariness, and is poppy to the soul.

Ten times must thou reconcile again with thyself; for overcoming is bitterness, and badly sleep the unreconciled.

Ten truths must thou find during the day; otherwise wilt thou seek truth during the night, and thy soul will have been hungry.

Ten times must thou laugh during the day, and be cheerful; otherwise thy stomach, the father of affliction, will disturb thee in the night.

Few people know it, but one must have all the virtues in order to sleep well. Shall I bear false witness? Shall I commit adultery?

Shall I covet my neighbour's maidservant? All that would ill accord with good sleep.

And even if one have all the virtues, there is still one thing needful: to send the virtues themselves to sleep at the right time.

That they may not quarrel with one another, the good females! And about thee, thou unhappy one!

Peace with God and thy neighbour: so desireth good sleep. And peace also with thy neighbour's devil! Otherwise it will haunt thee in the night.

Honour to the government, and obedience, and also to the crooked government! So desireth good sleep. How can I help it, if power liketh to walk on crooked legs?

He who leadeth his sheep to the greenest pasture, shall always be for me the best shepherd: so doth it accord with good sleep.

Many honours I want not, nor great treasures: they excite the spleen. But it is bad sleeping without a good name and a little treasure.

A small company is more welcome to me than a bad one: but they must come and go at the right time. So doth it accord with good sleep.

Well, also, do the poor in spirit please me: they promote sleep. Blessed are they, especially if one always give in to them.

Thus passeth the day unto the virtuous. When night cometh, then take I good care not to summon sleep. It disliketh to be summoned—sleep, the lord of the virtues!

But I think of what I have done and thought during the day. Thus ruminating, patient as a cow, I ask myself: What were thy ten overcomings?

And what were the ten reconciliations, and the ten truths, and the ten laughters with which my heart enjoyed itself?

Thus pondering, and cradled by forty thoughts, it overtaketh me all at once—sleep, the unsummoned, the lord of the virtues.

Sleep tappeth on mine eye, and it turneth heavy. Sleep toucheth my mouth, and it remaineth open.

Verily, on soft soles doth it come to me, the dearest of thieves, and stealeth from me my thoughts: stupid do I then stand, like this academic chair.

But not much longer do I then stand: I already lie.—

When Zarathustra heard the wise man thus speak, he laughed in his heart: for thereby had a light dawned upon him And thus spake he to his heart:

A fool seemeth this wise man with his forty thoughts: but I believe he knoweth well how to sleep.

Happy even is he who liveth near this wise man! Such sleep is contagious—even through a thick wall it is contagious.

A magic resideth even in his academic chair. And not in vain did the youths sit before the preacher of virtue.

His wisdom is to keep awake in order to sleep well. And verily, if life had no sense, and had I to choose nonsense, this would be the desirablest nonsense for me also.

Now know I well what people sought formerly above all else when they sought teachers of virtue. Good sleep they sought for themselves, and poppy-head virtues to promote it!

To all those belauded sages of the academic chairs, wisdom was sleep without dreams: they knew no higher significance of life.

Even at present, to be sure, there are some like this preacher of virtue, and not always so honourable: but their time is past. And not much longer do they stand: there they already lie.

Blessed are those drowsy ones: for they shall soon nod to sleep.—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

3. *Backworldsmen*

Once on a time, Zarathustra also cast his fancy beyond man, like all backworldsmen. The work of a suffering and tortured God, did the world then seem to me.

The dream—and diction—of a God, did the world then seem to me; coloured vapours before the eyes of a divinely dissatisfied one.

Good and evil, and joy and woe, and I and thou—coloured vapours did they seem to me before creative eyes. The creator wished to look away from himself,—thereupon he created the world.

Intoxicating joy is it for the sufferer to look away from his suffering and forget himself. Intoxicating joy and self-forgetting, did the world once seem to me.

This world, the eternally imperfect, an eternal contradiction's image and imperfect image—an intoxicating joy to its imperfect creator:—thus did the world once seem to me.

Thus, once on a time, did I also cast my fancy beyond man, like all backworldsmen. Beyond man, forsooth?

Ah, ye brethren, that God whom I created was human work and human madness, like all the gods!

A man was he, and only a poor fragment of a man and ego. Out of mine own ashes and glow it came unto me, that phantom. And verily, it came not unto me from the beyond!

What happened, my brethren? I surpassed myself, the suffering one; I carried mine own ashes to the mountain; a brighter flame I contrived for myself. And lo! Thereupon the phantom *withdrew* from me!

To me the convalescent would it now be suffering and torment to believe in such phantoms: suffering would it now be to me, and humiliation. Thus speak I to backworldsmen.

Suffering was it, and impotence—that created all backworlds; and the short madness of happiness, which only the greatest sufferer experienceth.

Weariness, which seeketh to get to the ultimate with one leap, with a death-leap; a poor ignorant weariness, unwilling even to will any longer: that created all gods and backworlds.

Believe me, my brethren! It was the body which despaired of the body—it groped with the fingers of the infatuated spirit at the ultimate walls.

Believe me, my brethren! It was the body which despaired of the earth—it heard the bowels of existence speaking unto it.

And then it sought to get through the ultimate walls with its head—and not with its head only—into "the other world."

But that "other world" is well concealed from man, that dehumanised, inhuman world, which is a celestial naught; and the bowels of existence do not speak unto man, except as man.

Verily, it is difficult to prove all being, and hard to make it speak. Tell me, ye brethren, is not the strangest of all things best proved?

Yea, this ego, with its contradiction and perplexity, speaketh most uprightly of its being—this creating, willing, evaluing ego, which is the measure and value of things.

And this most upright existence, the ego—it speaketh of the body, and still implieth the body, even when it museth and raveth and fluttereth with broken wings.

Always more uprightly learneth it to speak, the ego; and the more it learneth, the more doth it find titles, and honours for the body and the earth.

A new pride taught me mine ego, and that teach I unto men: no longer to thrust one's head into the sand of celestial things, but to carry it freely, a terrestrial head, which giveth meaning to the earth!

A new will teach I unto men: to choose that path which man hath followed blindly, and to approve of it—and no longer to slink aside from it, like the sick and perishing!

The sick and perishing—it was they who despised the body and the earth, and invented the heavenly world, and the redeeming blood-drops; but even those sweet and sad poisons they borrowed from the body and the earth!

From their misery they sought escape, and the stars were too remote for them. Then they sighed: "O that there were heavenly paths by which to steal into another existence and into happiness!" Then they contrived for themselves their by-paths and bloody draughts!

Beyond the sphere of their body and this earth they now fancied themselves transported, these ungrateful ones. But to what did they owe the convulsion and rapture of their transport? To their body and this earth.

Gentle is Zarathustra to the sickly. Verily, he is not indignant at their modes of consolation and ingratitude. May they become convalescents and overcomers, and create higher bodies for themselves!

Neither is Zarathustra indignant at a convalescent who looketh tenderly on his delusions, and at midnight stealeth round the grave of his God; but sickness and a sick frame remain even in his tears.

Many sickly ones have there always been among those who muse, and languish for God; violently they hate the discerning ones, and the latest of virtues, which is uprightness.

Backward they always gaze toward dark ages: then, indeed, were delusion and faith something different. Raving of the reason was likeness to God, and doubt was sin.

Too well do I know those godlike ones: they insist on being believed in, and that doubt is sin. Too well, also, do I know what they themselves most believe in.

Verily, not in backworlds and redeeming blood-drops: but in the body do they also believe most; and their own body is for them the thing-in-itself.

But it is a sickly thing to them, and gladly would they get out of their skin. Therefore hearken they to the preachers of death, and themselves preach backworlds.

Hearken rather, my brethren, to the voice of the healthy body; it is a more upright and pure voice.

More uprightly and purely speaketh the healthy body, perfect and square-built; and it speaketh of the meaning of the earth.—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

4. *The Despisers of the Body*

To the despisers of the body will I speak my word. I wish them neither to learn afresh, nor teach anew, but only to bid farewell to their own bodies,—and thus be dumb.

"Body am I, and soul"—so saith the child. And why should one not speak like children?

But the awakened one, the knowing one, saith: "Body am I entirely, and nothing more; and soul is only the name of something in the body."

The body is a big sagacity, a plurality with one sense, a war and a peace, a flock and a shepherd.

An instrument of thy body is also thy little sagacity, my brother, which thou callest "spirit"—a little instrument and plaything of thy big sagacity.

"Ego," sayest thou, and art proud of that word. But the greater thing—in which thou art unwilling to believe—is thy body with its big sagacity; it saith not "ego," but doeth it.

What the sense feeleth, what the spirit discerneth, hath never its end in itself. But sense and spirit would fain persuade thee that they are the end of all things: so vain are they.

Instruments and playthings are sense and spirit: behind them there is still the Self. The Self seeketh with the eyes of the senses, it hearkeneth also with the ears of the spirit.

Ever hearkeneth the Self, and seeketh; it compareth, mastereth, conquereth, and destroyeth. It ruleth, and is also the ego's ruler.

Behind thy thoughts and feelings, my brother, there is a mighty lord, an unknown sage—it is called Self; it dwelleth in thy body, it is thy body.

There is more sagacity in thy body than in thy best wisdom. And who then knoweth why thy body requireth just thy best wisdom?

Thy Self laugheth at thine ego, and its proud prancings. "What are these prancings and flights of thought unto me?" it saith to itself. "A by-way to my purpose. I am the leading-string of the ego, and the prompter of its notions."

The Self saith unto the ego: "Feel pain!" And thereupon it suffereth, and thinketh how it may put an end thereto—and for that very purpose it *is meant* to think.

The Self saith unto the ego: "Feel pleasure!" Thereupon it rejoiceth, and thinketh how it may ofttimes rejoice—and for that very purpose it *is meant* to think.

To the despisers of the body will I speak a word. That they despise is caused by their esteem. What is it that created esteeming and despising and worth and will?

The creating Self created for itself esteeming and despising, it created for itself joy and woe. The creating body created for itself spirit, as a hand to its will.

Even in your folly and despising ye each serve your Self, ye despisers of the body. I tell you, your very Self wanteth to die, and turneth away from life.

No longer can your Self do that which it desireth most:—

create beyond itself. That is what it desireth most; that is all its fervour.

But it is now too late to do so:—so your Self wisheth to succumb, ye despisers of the body.

To succumb—so wisheth your Self; and therefore have ye become despisers of the body. For ye can no longer create beyond yourselves.

And therefore are ye now angry with life and with the earth. And unconscious envy is in the sidelong look of your contempt.

I go not your way, ye despisers of the body! Ye are no bridges for me to the Superman!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

5. *Joys and Passions*

My brother, when thou hast a virtue, and it is thine own virtue, thou hast it in common with no one.

To be sure, thou wouldst call it by name and caress it; thou wouldst pull its ears and amuse thyself with it.

And lo! Then hast thou its name in common with the people, and hast become one of the people and the herd with thy virtue!

Better for thee to say: "Ineffable is it, and nameless, that which is pain and sweetness to my soul, and also the hunger of my bowels."

Let thy virtue be too high for the familiarity of names, and if thou must speak of it, be not ashamed to stammer about it.

Thus speak and stammer: "That is *my* good, that do I love, thus doth it please me entirely, thus only do *I* desire the good.

Not as the law of a God do I desire it, not as a human law or a human need do I desire it; it is not to be a guide-post for me to superearths and paradises.

An earthly virtue is it which I love: little prudence is therein, and the least everyday wisdom.

But that bird built its nest beside me: therefore, I love and cherish it—now sitteth it beside me on its golden eggs."

Thus shouldst thou stammer, and praise thy virtue.

Once hadst thou passions and calledst them evil. But now hast thou only thy virtues: they grew out of thy passions.

Thou implantedst thy highest aim into the heart of those passions: then became they thy virtues and joys.

And though thou wert of the race of the hot-tempered, or of the voluptuous, or of the fanatical, or the vindictive;

All thy passions in the end became virtues, and all thy devils angels.

Once hadst thou wild dogs in thy cellar: but they changed at last into birds and charming songstresses.

Out of thy poisons brewedst thou balsam for thyself; thy cow, affliction, milkedst thou—now drinketh thou the sweet milk of her udder.

And nothing evil groweth in thee any longer, unless it be the evil that groweth out of the conflict of thy virtues.

My brother, if thou be fortunate, then wilt thou have one virtue and no more: thus goest thou easier over the bridge.

Illustrious is it to have many virtues, but a hard lot; and many a one hath gone into the wilderness and killed himself, because he was weary of being the battle and battlefield of virtues.

My brother, are war and battle evil? Necessary, however, is the evil; necessary are the envy and the distrust and the backbiting among the virtues.

Lo! how each of thy virtues is covetous of the highest place; it wanteth thy whole spirit to be *its* herald, it wanteth thy whole power, in wrath, hatred, and love.

Jealous is every virtue of the others, and a dreadful thing is jealousy. Even virtues may succumb by jealousy.

He whom the flame of jealousy encompasseth, turneth at last, like the scorpion, the poisoned sting against himself.

Ah! my brother, hast thou never seen a virtue backbite and stab itself?

Man is something that hath to be surpassed: and therefore shalt thou love thy virtues,—for thou wilt succumb by them.—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

6. *The Pale Criminal*

YE DO not mean to slay, ye judges and sacrificers, until the animal hath bowed its head? Lo! the pale criminal hath bowed his head: out of his eye speaketh the great contempt.

"Mine ego is something which is to be surpassed: mine ego is to me the great contempt of man": so speaketh it out of that eye.

When he judged himself—that was his supreme moment; let not the exalted one relapse again into his low estate!

There is no salvation for him who thus suffereth from himself, unless it be speedy death.

Your slaying, ye judges, shall be pity, and not revenge; and in that ye slay, see to it that ye yourselves justify life!

It is not enough that ye should reconcile with him whom ye slay. Let your sorrow be love to the Superman: thus will ye justify your own survival!

"Enemy" shall ye say but not "villain," "invalid" shall ye say but not "wretch," "fool" shall ye say but not "sinner."

And thou, red judge, if thou would say audibly all thou hast done in thought, then would every one cry: "Away with the nastiness and the virulent reptile!"

But one thing is the thought, another thing is the deed, and another thing is the idea of the deed. The wheel of causality doth not roll between them.

An idea made this pale man pale. Adequate was he for his deed when he did it, but the idea of it, he could not endure when it was done.

Evermore did he now see himself as the doer of one deed. Madness, I call this: the exception reversed itself to the rule in him.

The streak of chalk bewitcheth the hen; the stroke he struck bewitched his weak reason. Madness *after* the deed, I call this.

Hearken, ye judges! There is another madness besides, and it is *before* the deed. Ah! ye have not gone deep enough into this soul!

Thus speaketh the red judge: "Why did this criminal commit murder? He meant to rob." I tell you, however, that his soul wanted blood, not booty: he thirsted for the happiness of the knife!

But his weak reason understood not this madness and it persuaded him. "What matter about blood!" it said; "wishest thou not, at least, to make booty thereby? Or take revenge?"

And he hearkened unto his weak reason: like lead lay its words upon him—thereupon he robbed when he murdered. He did not mean to be ashamed of his madness.

And now once more lieth the lead of his guilt upon him, and once more is his weak reason so benumbed, so paralysed, and so dull.

Could he only shake his head, then would his burden roll off; but who shaketh that head?

What is this man? A mass of diseases that reach out into the world through the spirit; there they want to get their prey.

What is this man? A coil of wild serpents that are seldom at peace among themselves—so they go forth apart and seek prey in the world.

Look at that poor body! What it suffered and craved, the poor soul interpreted to itself—it interpreted it as murderous desire, and eagerness for the happiness of the knife.

Him who now turneth sick, the evil overtaketh which is now the evil: he seeketh to cause pain with that which causeth him pain. But there have been other ages, and another evil and good.

Once was doubt evil, and the will to Self. Then the invalid became a heretic or sorcerer; as heretic or sorcerer he suffered, and sought to cause suffering.

But this will not enter your ears; it hurteth your good people, ye tell me. But what doth it matter to me about your good people!

Many things in your good people cause me disgust, and verily, not their evil. I would that they had a madness by which they succumbed, like this pale criminal!

Verily, I would that their madness were called truth, or fidelity, or justice: but they have their virtue in order to live long, and in wretched self-complacency.

I am a railing alongside the torrent; whoever is able to grasp me may grasp me! Your crutch, however, I am not.—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

7. *Reading and Writing*

Of all that is written, I love only what a person hath written with his blood. Write with blood, and thou wilt find that blood is spirit.

It is no easy task to understand unfamiliar blood; I hate the reading idlers.

He who knoweth the reader, doeth nothing more for the reader. Another century of readers—and spirit itself will stink.

Every one being allowed to learn to read, ruineth in the long run not only writing but also thinking.

Once spirit was God, then it became man, and now it even becometh populace.

He that writeth in blood and proverbs doth not want to be read, but learnt by heart.

In the mountains the shortest way is from peak to peak, but for that route thou must have long legs. Proverbs should be peaks, and those spoken to should be big and tall.

The atmosphere rare and pure, danger near and the spirit full of a joyful wickedness: thus are things well matched.

I want to have goblins about me, for I am courageous. The courage which scareth away ghosts, createth for itself goblins —it wanteth to laugh.

I no longer feel in common with you; the very cloud which I see beneath me, the blackness and heaviness at which I laugh —that is your thunder-cloud.

Ye look aloft when ye long for exaltation; and I look downward because I am exalted.

Who among you can at the same time laugh and be exalted?

He who climbeth on the highest mountains, laugheth at all tragic plays and tragic realities.

Courageous, unconcerned, scornful, coercive—so wisdom wisheth us; she is a woman, and ever loveth only a warrior.

Ye tell me, "Life is hard to bear." But for what purpose should ye have your pride in the morning and your resignation in the evening?

Life is hard to bear: but do not affect to be so delicate! We are all of us fine sumpter asses and she-asses.

What have we in common with the rose-bud, which trembleth because a drop of dew hath formed upon it?

It is true we love life; not because we are wont to live, but because we are wont to love.

There is always some madness in love. But there is always, also, some method in madness.

And to me also, who appreciate life, the butterflies, and soap-bubbles, and whatever is like them amongst us, seem most to enjoy happiness.

To see these light, foolish, pretty, lively little sprites flit about—that moveth Zarathustra to tears and songs.

I should only believe in a God that would know how to dance.

And when I saw my devil, I found him serious, thorough, profound, solemn: he was the spirit of gravity—through him all things fall.

Not by wrath, but by laughter, do we slay. Come, let us slay the spirit of gravity!

I learned to walk; since then have I let myself run. I learned to fly; since then I do not need pushing in order to move from a spot.

Now am I light, now do I fly; now do I see myself under myself. Now there danceth a God in me.—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

8. The Tree on the Hill

ZARATHUSTRA'S eye had perceived that a certain youth avoided him. And as he walked alone one evening over the hills surrounding the town called "The Pied Cow," behold, there found he the youth sitting leaning against a tree, and gazing with wearied look into the valley. Zarathustra thereupon laid hold of the tree beside which the youth sat, and spake thus:

"If I wished to shake this tree with my hands, I should not be able to do so.

But the wind, which we see not, troubleth and bendeth it as it listeth. We are sorest bent and troubled by invisible hands."

Thereupon the youth arose disconcerted, and said: "I hear Zarathustra, and just now was I thinking of him!" Zarathustra answered:

"Why art thou frightened on that account?—But it is the same with man as with the tree.

The more he seeketh to rise into the height and light, the more vigorously do his roots struggle earthward, downward, into the dark and deep—into the evil."

"Yea, into the evil!" cried the youth. "How is it possible that thou hast discovered my soul?"

Zarathustra smiled, and said: "Many a soul one will never discover, unless one first invent it."

"Yea, into the evil!" cried the youth once more.

"Thou saidst the truth, Zarathustra. I trust myself no longer since I sought to rise into the height, and nobody trusteth me any longer; how doth that happen?

I change too quickly: my to-day refuteth my yesterday. I often overleap the steps when I clamber; for so doing, none of the steps pardons me.

When aloft, I find myself always alone. No one speaketh unto me; the frost of solitude maketh me tremble. What do I seek on the height?

My contempt and my longing increase together; the higher I clamber, the more do I despise him who clambereth. What doth he seek on the height?

How ashamed I am of my clambering and stumbling! How I mock at my violent panting! How I hate him who flieth! How tired I am on the height!"

Here the youth was silent. And Zarathustra contemplated the tree beside which they stood, and spake thus:

"This tree standeth lonely here on the hills; it hath grown up high above man and beast.

And if it wanted to speak, it would have none who could understand it: so high hath it grown.

Now it waiteth and waiteth,—for what doth it wait? It dwelleth too close to the seat of the clouds; it waiteth perhaps for the first lightning?"

When Zarathustra had said this, the youth called out with violent gestures: "Yea, Zarathustra, thou speakest the truth. My destruction I longed for, when I desired to be on the height, and thou art the lightning for which I waited! Lo! what have I been since thou hast appeared amongst us? It is mine envy of thee that hath destroyed me!"—Thus spake the youth, and wept bitterly. Zarathustra, however, put his arm about him, and led the youth away with him.

And when they had walked a while together, Zarathustra began to speak thus:

It rendeth my heart. Better than thy words express it, thine eyes tell me all thy danger.

As yet thou art not free; thou still *seekest* freedom. Too unslept hath thy seeking made thee, and too wakeful.

On the open height wouldst thou be; for the stars thirsteth thy soul. But thy bad impulses also thirst for freedom.

Thy wild dogs want liberty; they bark for joy in their cellar when thy spirit endeavoureth to open all prison doors.

Still art thou a prisoner—it seemeth to me—who deviseth liberty for himself: ah! sharp becometh the soul of such prisoners, but also deceitful and wicked.

To purify himself, is still necessary for the freedman of the spirit. Much of the prison and the mould still remaineth in him: pure hath his eye still to become.

Yea, I know thy danger. But by my love and hope I conjure thee: cast not thy love and hope away!

Noble thou feelest thyself still, and noble others also feel thee still, though they bear thee a grudge and cast evil looks. Know this, that to everybody a noble one standeth in the way.

Also to the good, a noble one standeth in the way: and even when they call him a good man, they want thereby to put him aside.

The new, would the noble man create, and a new virtue. The old, wanteth the good man, and that the old should be conserved.

But it is not the danger of the noble man to turn a good man, but lest he should become a blusterer, a scoffer, or a destroyer.

Ah! I have known noble ones who lost their highest hope. And then they disparaged all high hopes.

Then lived they shamelessly in temporary pleasures, and beyond the day had hardly an aim.

"Spirit is also voluptuousness,"—said they. Then broke the wings of their spirit; and now it creepeth about, and defileth where it gnaweth.

Once they thought of becoming heroes; but sensualists are they now. A trouble and a terror is the hero to them.

But by my love and hope I conjure thee: cast not away the hero in thy soul! Maintain holy thy highest hope!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

9. *The Preachers of Death*

THERE are preachers of death: and the earth is full of those to whom desistance from life must be preached.

Full is the earth of the superfluous; marred is life by the many-too-many. May they be decoyed out of this life by the "life eternal"!

"The yellow ones": so are called the preachers of death, or "the black ones." But I will show them unto you in other colours besides.

There are the terrible ones who carry about in themselves the beast of prey, and have no choice except lusts or self-laceration. And even their lusts are self-laceration.

They have not yet become men, those terrible ones: may they preach desistance from life, and pass away themselves!

There are the spiritually consumptive ones: hardly are they born when they begin to die, and long for doctrines of lassitude and renunciation.

They would fain be dead, and we should approve of their wish! Let us beware of awakening those dead ones, and of damaging those living coffins!

They meet an invalid, or an old man, or a corpse—and immediately they say: "Life is refuted!"

But they only are refuted, and their eye, which seeth only one aspect of existence.

Shrouded in thick melancholy, and eager for the little casualties that bring death: thus do they wait, and clench their teeth.

Or else, they grasp at sweetmeats, and mock at their childishness thereby: they cling to their straw of life, and mock at their still clinging to it.

Their wisdom speaketh thus: "A fool, he who remaineth alive; but so far are we fools! And that is the foolishest thing in life!"

"Life is only suffering": so say others, and lie not. Then see to it that *ye* cease! See to it that the life ceaseth which is only suffering!

And let this be the teaching of your virtue: "Thou shalt slay thyself! Thou shalt steal away from thyself!"—

"Lust is sin,"—so say some who preach death—"let us go apart and beget no children!"

"Giving birth is troublesome,"—say others—"why still give birth? One beareth only the unfortunate!" And they also are preachers of death.

"Pity is necessary,"—so saith a third party. "Take what I have! Take what I am! So much less doth life bind me!"

Were they consistently pitiful, then would they make their neighbours sick of life. To be wicked—that would be their true goodness.

But they want to be rid of life; what care they if they bind others still faster with their chains and gifts!—

And ye also, to whom life is rough labour and disquiet, are ye not very tired of life? Are ye not very ripe for the sermon of death?

All ye to whom rough labour is dear, and the rapid, new, and strange—ye put up with yourselves badly; your diligence is flight, and the will to self-forgetfulness.

If ye believed more in life, then would ye devote yourselves less to the momentary. But for waiting, ye have not enough of capacity in you—nor even for idling!

Everywhere resoundeth the voices of those who preach death; and the earth is full of those to whom death hath to be preached.

Or "life eternal"; it is all the same to me—if only they pass away quickly!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

10. *War and Warriors*

By our best enemies we do not want to be spared, nor by those either whom we love from the very heart. So let me tell you the truth!

My brethren in war! I love you from the very heart. I am, and was ever, your counterpart. And I am also your best enemy. So let me tell you the truth!

I know the hatred and envy of your hearts. Ye are not great enough not to know of hatred and envy. Then be great enough not to be ashamed of them!

And if ye cannot be saints of knowledge, then, I pray you, be at least its warriors. They are the companions and forerunners of such saintship.

I see many soldiers; could I but see many warriors! "Uniform" one calleth what they wear; may it not be uniform what they therewith hide!

Ye shall be those whose eyes ever seek for an enemy—for *your* enemy. And with some of you there is hatred at first sight.

Your enemy shall ye seek; your war shall ye wage, and for the sake of your thoughts! And if your thoughts succumb your uprightness shall still shout triumph thereby!

Ye shall love peace as a means to new wars—and the short peace more than the long.

You I advise not to work, but to fight. You I advise not to peace, but to victory. Let your work be a fight, let your peace be a victory!

One can only be silent and sit peacefully when one hath arrow and bow; otherwise one prateth and quarrelleth. Let your peace be a victory!

Ye say it is the good cause which halloweth even war? I say unto you: it is the good war which halloweth every cause.

War and courage have done more great things than charity. Not your sympathy, but your bravery hath hitherto saved the victims.

"What is good?" ye ask. To be brave is good. Let the little girls say: "To be good is what is pretty, and at the same time touching."

They call you heartless: but your heart is true, and I love the bashfulness of your goodwill. Ye are ashamed of your flow, and others are ashamed of their ebb.

Ye are ugly? Well then, my brethren, take the sublime about you, the mantle of the ugly!

And when your soul becometh great, then doth it become haughty, and in your sublimity there is wickedness. I know you.

In wickedness the haughty man and the weakling meet. But they misunderstand one another. I know you.

Ye shall only have enemies to be hated, but not enemies to be despised. Ye must be proud of your enemies; then, the successes of your enemies are also your successes.

Resistance—that is the distinction of the slave. Let your distinction be obedience. Let your commanding itself be obeying!

To the good warrior soundeth "thou shalt" pleasanter than "I will." And all that is dear unto you, ye shall first have it commanded unto you.

Let your love to life be love to your highest hope; and let your highest hope be the highest thought of life!

Your highest thought, however, ye shall have it commanded unto you by me—and it is this: man is something that is to be surpassed.

So live your life of obedience and of war! What matter about long life! What warrior wisheth to be spared!

I spare you not, I love you from my very heart, my brethren in war!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

11. The New Idol

SOMEWHERE there are still peoples and herds, but not with us, my brethren: here there are states.

A state? What is that? Well! open now your ears unto me, for now will I say unto you my word concerning the death of peoples.

A state, is called the coldest of all cold monsters. Coldly lieth it also; and this lie creepeth from its mouth: "I, the state, am the people."

It is a lie! Creators were they who created peoples, and hung a faith and a love over them: thus they served life.

Destroyers, are they who lay snares for many, and call it the state: they hang a sword and a hundred cravings over them.

Where there is still a people, there the state is not understood, but hated as the evil eye, and as sin against laws and customs.

This sign I give unto you: every people speaketh its language of good and evil: this its neighbour understandeth not. Its language hath it devised for itself in laws and customs.

But the state lieth in all languages of good and evil; and whatever it saith it lieth; and whatever it hath it hath stolen.

False is everything in it; with stolen teeth it biteth, the biting one. False are even its bowels.

Confusion of language of good and evil; this sign I give unto you as the sign of the state. Verily, the will to death, indicateth this sign! Verily, it beckoneth unto the preachers of death!

Many too many are born: for the superfluous ones was the state devised!

See just how it enticeth them to it, the many-too-many! How it swalloweth and cheweth and recheweth them!

"On earth there is nothing greater than I: it is I who am the regulating finger of God"—thus roareth the monster. And not only the long-eared and short-sighted fall upon their knees!

Ah! even in your ears, ye great souls, it whispereth its gloomy lies! Ah! it findeth out the rich hearts which willingly lavish themselves!

Yea, it findeth you out too, ye conquerors of the old God! Weary ye became of the conflict, and now your weariness serveth the new idol!

Heroes and honourable ones, it would fain set up around it, the new idol! Gladly it basketh in the sunshine of good consciences,—the cold monster!

Everything will it give *you,* if *ye* worship it, the new idol: thus it purchaseth the lustre of your virtue, and the glance of your proud eyes.

It seeketh to allure by means of you, the many-too-many! Yea, a hellish artifice hath here been devised, a death-horse jingling with the trappings of divine honours!

Yea, a dying for many hath here been devised, which glorifieth itself as life: verily, a hearty service unto all preachers of death!

The state, I call it, where all are poison-drinkers, the good and the bad: the state, where all lose themselves, the good and the bad: the state, where the slow suicide of all—is called "life."

Just see these superfluous ones! They steal the works of the inventors and the treasures of the wise. Culture, they call their theft—and everything becometh sickness and trouble unto them!

Just see these superfluous ones! Sick are they always; they vomit their bile and call it a newspaper. They devour one another, and cannot even digest themselves.

Just see these superfluous ones! Wealth they acquire and become poorer thereby. Power they seek for, and above all, the lever of power, much money—these impotent ones!

See them clamber, these nimble apes! They clamber over one another, and thus scuffle into the mud and the abyss.

Towards the throne they all strive: it is their madness—as if happiness sat on the throne! Ofttimes sitteth filth on the throne. —and ofttimes also the throne on filth.

Madmen they all seem to me, and clambering apes, and too eager. Badly smelleth their idol to me, the cold monster: badly they all smell to me, these idolaters.

My brethren, will ye suffocate in the fumes of their maws and appetites! Better break the windows and jump into the open air!

Do go out of the way of the bad odour! Withdraw from the idolatry of the superfluous!

Do go out of the way of the bad odour! Withdraw from the steam of these human sacrifices!

Open still remaineth the earth for great souls. Empty are still many sites for lone ones and twain ones, around which floateth the odour of tranquil seas.

Open still remaineth a free life for great souls. Verily, he who possesseth little is so much the less possessed: blessed be moderate poverty!

There, where the state ceaseth—there only commenceth the man who is not superfluous: there commenceth the song of the necessary ones, the single and irreplaceable melody.

There, where the state *ceaseth*—pray look thither, my brethren! Do ye not see it, the rainbow and the bridges of the Superman?—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

12. *The Flies in the Market-Place*

FLEE, my friend, into thy solitude! I see thee deafened with the noise of the great men, and stung all over with the stings of the little ones.

Admirably do forest and rock know how to be silent with thee. Resemble again the tree which thou lovest, the broad-branched one—silently and attentively it o'erhangeth the sea.

Where solitude endeth, there beginneth the market-place; and where the market-place beginneth, there beginneth also the noise of the great actors, and the buzzing of the poison-flies.

In the world even the best things are worthless without those who represent them: those representers, the people call great men.

Little do the people understand what is great—that is to say, the creating agency. But they have a taste for all representers and actors of great things.

Around the devisers of new values revolveth the world:—invisibly it revolveth. But around the actors revolve the people and the glory: such is the course of things.

Spirit, hath the actor, but little conscience of the spirit. He believeth always in that wherewith he maketh believe most strongly—in *himself!*

Tomorrow he hath a new belief, and the day after, one still newer. Sharp perceptions hath he, like the people, and changeable humours.

To upset—that meaneth with him to prove. To drive mad—that meaneth with him to convince. And blood is counted by him as the best of all arguments.

A truth which only glideth into fine ears, he calleth falsehood and trumpery. Verily, he believeth only in gods that make a great noise in the world!

Full of clattering buffoons is the market-place,—and the people glory in their great men! These are for them the masters of the hour.

But the hour presseth them; so they press thee. And also from thee they want Yea or Nay. Alas! thou wouldst set thy chair betwixt For and Against?

On account of those absolute and impatient ones, be not jealous, thou lover of truth! Never yet did truth cling to the arm of an absolute one.

On account of those abrupt ones, return into thy security: only in the market-place is one assailed by Yea? or Nay?

Slow is the experience of all deep fountains: long have they to wait until they know *what* hath fallen into their depths.

Away from the market-place and from fame taketh place all that is great: away from the market-place and from fame have ever dwelt the devisers of new values.

Flee, my friend, into thy solitude: I see thee stung all over by the poisonous flies. Flee thither, where a rough, strong breeze bloweth!

Flee into thy solitude! Thou hast lived too closely to the small and the pitiable. Flee from their invisible vengeance! Towards thee they have nothing but vengeance.

Raise no longer an arm against them! Innumerable are they, and it is not thy lot to be a fly-flap.

Innumerable are the small and pitiable ones; and of many a proud structure, rain-drops and weeds have been the ruin.

Thou art not stone; but already hast thou become hollow by the numerous drops. Thou wilt yet break and burst by the numerous drops.

Exhausted I see thee, by poisonous flies; bleeding I see thee, and torn at a hundred spots; and thy pride will not even upbraid.

Blood they would have from thee in all innocence; blood their bloodless souls crave for—and they sting, therefore, in all innocence.

But thou, profound one, thou sufferest too profoundly even from small wounds; and ere thou hadst recovered, the same poison-worm crawled over thy hand.

Too proud art thou to kill these sweet-tooths. But take care lest it be thy fate to suffer all their poisonous injustice!

They buzz around thee also with their praise: obtrusiveness is their praise. They want to be close to thy skin and thy blood.

They flatter thee, as one flattereth a God or devil; they whimper before thee, as before a God or devil. What doth it come to! Flatterers are they, and whimperers, and nothing more.

Often, also, do they show themselves to thee as amiable ones.

But that hath ever been the prudence of the cowardly. Yea! the cowardly are wise!

They think much about thee with their circumscribed souls—thou art always suspected by them! Whatever is much thought about is at last thought suspicious.

They punish thee for all thy virtues. They pardon thee in their inmost hearts only—for thine errors.

Because thou art gentle and of upright character, thou sayest: "Blameless are they for their small existence." But their circumscribed souls think: "Blamable is all great existence."

Even when thou art gentle towards them, they still feel themselves despised by thee; and they repay thy beneficence with secret maleficence.

Thy silent pride is always counter to their taste; they rejoice if once thou be humble enough to be frivolous.

What we recognise in a man, we also irritate in him. Therefore be on your guard against the small ones!

In thy presence they feel themselves small, and their baseness gleameth and gloweth against thee in invisible vengeance.

Sawest thou not how often they became dumb when thou approachedst them, and how their energy left them like the smoke of an extinguishing fire?

Yea, my friend, the bad conscience art thou of thy neighbours; for they are unworthy of thee. Therefore they hate thee, and would fain suck thy blood.

Thy neighbours will always be poisonous flies; what is great in thee—that itself must make them more poisonous, and always more fly-like.

Flee, my friend, into thy solitude—and thither, where a rough strong breeze bloweth. It is not thy lot to be a fly-flap.—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

13. Chastity

I LOVE the forest. It is bad to live in cities: there, there are too many of the lustful.

Is it not better to fall into the hands of a murderer than into the dreams of a lustful woman?

And just look at these men: their eye saith it—they know nothing better on earth than to lie with a woman.

Filth is at the bottom of their souls; and alas! if their filth hath still spirit in it!

Would that ye were perfect—at least as animals! But to animals belongeth innocence.

Do I counsel you to slay your instincts? I counsel you to innocence in your instincts.

Do I counsel you to chastity? Chastity is a virtue with some, but with many almost a vice.

These are continent, to be sure: but doggish lust looketh enviously out of all that they do.

Even into the heights of their virtue and into their cold spirit doth this creature follow them, with its discord.

And how nicely can doggish lust beg for a piece of spirit, when a piece of flesh is denied it!

Ye love tragedies and all that breaketh the heart? But I am distrustful of your doggish lust.

Ye have too cruel eyes, and ye look wantonly towards the sufferers. Hath not your lust just disguised itself and taken the name of fellow-suffering?

And also this parable give I unto you: Not a few who meant to cast out their devil, went thereby into the swine themselves

To whom chastity is difficult, it is to be dissuaded: lest it become the road to hell—to filth and lust of soul.

Do I speak of filthy things? That is not the worst thing for me to do.

Not when the truth is filthy, but when it is shallow, doth the discerning one go unwillingly into its waters.

Verily, there are chaste ones from their very nature; they are gentler of heart, and laugh better and oftener than you.

They laugh also at chastity, and ask: "What is chastity?

Is chastity not folly? But the folly came unto us, and not we unto it.

We offered that guest harbour and heart: now it dwelleth with us—let it stay as long as it will!"—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

14. The Friend

"One is always too many about me"—thinketh the anchorite. "Always once one—that maketh two in the long run!"

I and me are always too earnestly in conversation: how could it be endured, if there were not a friend?

The friend of the anchorite is always the third one: the third one is the cork which preventeth the conversation of the two sinking into the depth.

Ah! there are too many depths for all anchorites. Therefore, do they long so much for a friend and for his elevation.

Our faith in others betrayeth wherein we would fain have faith in ourselves. Our longing for a friend is our betrayer.

And often with our love we want merely to overleap envy. And often we attack and make ourselves enemies, to conceal that we are vulnerable.

"Be at least mine enemy!"—thus speaketh the true reverence, which doth not venture to solicit friendship.

If one would have a friend, then must one also be willing to wage war for him: and in order to wage war, one must be *capable* of being an enemy.

One ought still to honour the enemy in one's friend. Canst thou go nigh unto thy friend, and not go over to him?

In one's friend one shall have one's best enemy. Thou shalt be closest unto him with thy heart when thou withstandest him.

Thou wouldst wear no raiment before thy friend? It is in honour of thy friend that thou showest thyself to him as thou art? But he wisheth thee to the devil on that account!

He who maketh no secret of himself shocketh: so much reason have ye to fear nakedness! Aye, if ye were gods, ye could then be ashamed of clothing!

Thou canst not adorn thyself fine enough for thy friend; for thou shalt be unto him an arrow and a longing for the Superman.

Sawest thou ever thy friend asleep—to know how he looketh? What is usually the countenance of thy friend? It is thine own countenance, in a coarse and imperfect mirror.

Sawest thou ever thy friend asleep? Wert thou not dismayed at thy friend looking so? O my friend, man is something that hath to be surpassed.

In divining and keeping silence shall the friend be a master: not everything must thou wish to see. Thy dream shall disclose unto thee what thy friend doeth when awake.

Let thy pity be a divining: to know first if thy friend wanteth pity. Perhaps he loveth in thee the unmoved eye, and the look of eternity.

Let thy pity for thy friend be hid under a hard shell; thou shalt bite out a tooth upon it. Thus will it have delicacy and sweetness.

Art thou pure air and solitude and bread and medicine to thy friend? Many a one cannot loosen his own fetters, but is nevertheless his friend's emancipator.

Art thou a slave? Then thou canst not be a friend. Art thou a tyrant? Then thou canst not have friends.

Far too long hath there been a slave and a tyrant concealed in woman. On that account woman is not yet capable of friendship: she knoweth only love.

In woman's love there is injustice and blindness to all she doth not love. And even in woman's conscious love, there is still always surprise and lightning and night, along with the light.

As yet woman is not capable of friendship: women are still cats and birds. Or at the best, cows.

As yet woman is not capable of friendship. But tell me, ye men, who of you is capable of friendship?

Oh! your poverty, ye men, and your sordidness of soul! As much as ye give to your friend, will I give even to my foe, and will not have become poorer thereby.

There is comradeship: may there be friendship!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

15. *The Thousand and One Goals*

MANY lands saw Zarathustra, and many peoples: thus he discovered the good and bad of many peoples. No greater power did Zarathustra find on earth than good and bad.

No people could live without first valuing; if a people will maintain itself, however, it must not value as its neighbour valueth.

Much that passed for good with one people was regarded with scorn and contempt by another: thus I found it. Much found I here called bad, which was there decked with purple honours.

Never did the one neighbour understand the other: ever did his soul marvel at his neighbour's delusion and wickedness.

A table of excellencies hangeth over every people. Lo! it is the table of their triumphs; lo! it is the voice of their Will to Power.

It is laudable, what they think hard; what is indispensable and hard they call good; and what relieveth in the direst distress, the unique and hardest of all,—they extol as holy.

Whatever maketh them rule and conquer and shine, to the dismay and envy of their neighbours, they regard as the high and foremost thing, the test and the meaning of all else.

Verily, my brother, if thou knewest but a people's need, its land, its sky, and its neighbour, then wouldst thou divine the law of its surmountings, and why it climbeth up that ladder to its hope.

"Always shalt thou be the foremost and prominent above others: no one shall thy jealous soul love, except a friend"—

that made the soul of a Greek thrill: thereby went he his way to greatness.

"To speak truth, and be skilful with bow and arrow"—so seemed it alike pleasing and hard to the people from whom cometh my name—the name which is alike pleasing and hard to me.

"To honour father and mother, and from the root of the soul to do their will"—this table of surmounting hung another people over them, and became powerful and permanent thereby.

"To have fidelity, and for the sake of fidelity to risk honour and blood, even in evil and dangerous courses"—teaching itself so, another people mastered itself, and thus mastering itself, became pregnant and heavy with great hopes.

Verily, men have given unto themselves all their good and bad. Verily, they took it not, they found it not, it came not unto them as a voice from heaven.

Values did man only assign to things in order to maintain himself—he created only the significance of things, a human significance! Therefore, calleth he himself "man," that is, the valuator.

Valuing is creating: hear it, ye creating ones! Valuation itself is the treasure and jewel of the valued things.

Through valuation only is there value; and without valuation the nut of existence would be hollow. Hear it, ye creating ones!

Change of values—that is, change of the creating ones. Always doth he destroy who hath to be a creator.

Creating ones were first of all peoples, and only in late times individuals; verily, the individual himself is still the latest creation.

Peoples once hung over them tables of the good. Love which would rule and love which would obey, created for themselves such tables.

Older is the pleasure in the herd than the pleasure in the ego: and as long as the good conscience is for the herd, the bad conscience only saith: ego.

Verily, the crafty ego, the loveless one, that seeketh its advantage in the advantage of many—it is not the origin of the herd, but its ruin.

Loving ones, was it always, and creating ones, that created good and bad. Fire of love gloweth in the names of all the virtues, and fire of wrath.

Many lands saw Zarathustra, and many peoples: no greater power did Zarathustra find on earth than the creations of the loving ones—"good" and "bad" are they called.

Verily, a prodigy is this power of praising and blaming. Tell me, ye brethren, who will master it for me? Who will put a fetter upon the thousand necks of this animal?

A thousand goals have there been hitherto, for a thousand peoples have there been. Only the fetter for the thousand necks is still lacking; there is lacking the one goal. As yet humanity hath not a goal.

But pray tell me, my brethren, if the goal of humanity be still lacking, is there not also still lacking—humanity itself?—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

16. *Neighbour-Love*

YE CROWD around your neighbour, and have fine words for it. But I say unto you: your neighbour-love is your bad love of yourselves.

Ye flee unto your neighbour from yourselves, and would fain make a virtue thereof: but I fathom your "unselfishness."

The *Thou* is older than the *I;* the *Thou* hath been consecrated, but not yet the *I:* so man presseth nigh unto his neighbour.

Do I advise you to neighbour-love? Rather do I advise you to neighbour-flight and to furthest love!

Higher than love to your neighbour is love to the furthest and future ones; higher still than love to men, is love to things and phantoms.

The phantom that runneth on before thee, my brother, is fairer than thou; why dost thou not give unto it thy flesh and thy bones? But thou fearest, and runnest unto thy neighbour.

Ye cannot endure it with yourselves, and do not love yourselves sufficiently: so ye seek to mislead your neighbour into love, and would fain gild yourselves with his error.

Would that ye could not endure it with any kind of near ones, or their neighbours; then would ye have to create your friend and his overflowing heart out of yourselves.

Ye call in a witness when ye want to speak well of yourselves; and when ye have misled him to think well of you, ye also think well of yourselves.

Not only doth he lie, who speaketh contrary to his knowledge, but more so, he who speaketh contrary to his ignorance.

And thus speak ye of yourselves in your intercourse, and belie your neighbour with yourselves.

Thus saith the fool: "Association with men spoileth the character, especially when one hath none."

The one goeth to his neighbour because he seeketh himself, and the other because he would fain lose himself. Your bad love to yourselves maketh solitude a prison to you.

The furthest ones are they who pay for your love to the near ones; and when there are but five of you together, a sixth must always die.

I love not your festivals either: too many actors found I there, and even the spectators often behaved like actors.

Not the neighbour do I teach you, but the friend. Let the friend be the festival of the earth to you, and a foretaste of the Superman.

I teach you the friend and his overflowing heart. But one must know how to be a sponge, if one would be loved by overflowing hearts.

I teach you the friend in whom the world standeth complete, a capsule of the good,—the creating friend, who hath always a complete world to bestow.

And as the world unrolled itself for him, so rolleth it together again for him in rings, as the growth of good through evil, as the growth of purpose out of chance.

Let the future and the furthest be the motive of thy today; in thy friend shalt thou love the Superman as thy motive.

My brethren, I advise you not to neighbour-love—I advise you to furthest love!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

17. The Way of the Creating One

WOULDST thou go into isolation, my brother? Wouldst thou seek the way unto thyself? Tarry yet a little and hearken unto me.

"He who seeketh may easily get lost himself. All isolation is wrong": so say the herd. And long didst thou belong to the herd.

The voice of the herd will still echo in thee. And when thou sayest, "I have no longer a conscience in common with you," then will it be a plaint and a pain.

Lo, that pain itself did the same conscience produce; and the last gleam of that conscience still gloweth on thine affliction.

But thou wouldst go the way of thine affliction, which is the way unto thyself? Then show me thine authority and thy strength to do so!

Art thou a new strength and a new authority? A first motion? A self-rolling wheel? Canst thou also compel stars to revolve around thee?

Alas! there is so much lusting for loftiness! There are so many convulsions of the ambitions! Show me that thou art not a lusting and ambitious one!

Alas! there are so many great thoughts that do nothing more than the bellows: they inflate, and make emptier than ever.

Free, dost thou call thyself? Thy ruling thought would I hear of, and not that thou hast escaped from a yoke.

Art thou one *entitled* to escape from a yoke? Many a one hath cast away his final worth when he hath cast away his servitude.

Free from what? What doth that matter to Zarathustra! Clearly, however, shall thine eye show unto me: free *for what?*

Canst thou give unto thyself thy bad and thy good, and set up thy will as a law over thee? Canst thou be judge for thyself, and avenger of thy law?

Terrible is aloneness with the judge and avenger of one's own law. Thus is a star projected into desert space, and into the icy breath of aloneness.

To-day sufferest thou still from the multitude, thou individual; to-day hast thou still thy courage unabated, and thy hopes.

But one day will the solitude weary thee; one day will thy pride yield, and thy courage quail. Thou wilt one day cry: "I am alone!"

One day wilt thou see no longer thy loftiness, and see too closely thy lowliness; thy sublimity itself will frighten thee as a phantom. Thou wilt one day cry: "All is false!"

There are feelings which seek to slay the lonesome one; if they do not succeed, then must they themselves die! But art thou capable of it—to be a murderer?

Hast thou ever known, my brother, the word "disdain"? And the anguish of thy justice in being just to those that disdain thee?

Thou forcest many to think differently about thee; that, charge they heavily to thine account. Thou camest nigh unto them, and yet wentest past: for that they never forgive thee.

Thou goest beyond them: but the higher thou risest, the smaller doth the eye of envy see thee. Most of all, however, is the flying one hated.

"How could ye be just unto me!"—must thou say—"I choose your injustice as my allotted portion."

Injustice and filth cast they at the lonesome one: but, my brother, if thou wouldst be a star, thou must shine for them none the less on that account!

And be on thy guard against the good and just! They would fain crucify those who devise their own virtue—they hate the lonesome ones.

Be on thy guard, also, against holy simplicity! All is unholy to it that is not simple; fain, likewise, would it play with the fire—of the fagot and stake.

And be on thy guard, also, against the assaults of thy love! Too readily doth the recluse reach his hand to any one who meeteth him.

To many a one mayest thou not give thy hand, but only thy paw; and I wish thy paw also to have claws.

But the worst enemy thou canst meet, wilt thou thyself always be; thou waylayest thyself in caverns and forests.

Thou lonesome one, thou goest the way to thyself! And past thyself and thy seven devils leadeth thy way!

A heretic wilt thou be to thyself, and a wizard and a soothsayer, and a fool, and a doubter, and a reprobate, and a villain.

Ready must thou be to burn thyself in thine own flame; how couldst thou become new if thou have not first become ashes!

Thou lonesome one, thou goest the way of the creating one: a God wilt thou create for thyself out of thy seven devils!

Thou lonesome one, thou goest the way of the loving one: thou lovest thyself, and on that account despisest thou thyself, as only the loving ones despise.

To create, desireth the loving one, because he despiseth! What knoweth he of love who hath not been obliged to despise just what he loved!

With thy love, go into thine isolation, my brother, and with thy creating; and late only will justice limp after thee.

With my tears, go into thine isolation, my brother. I love him who seeketh to create beyond himself, and thus succumbeth.—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

18. *Old and Young Women*

WHY stealest thou along so furtively in the twilight, Zarathustra? And what hidest thou so carefully under thy mantle?

Is it a treasure that hath been given thee? Or a child that hath been born thee? Or goest thou thyself on a thief's errand, thou friend of the evil?—

Verily, my brother, said Zarathustra, it is a treasure that hath been given me: it is a little truth which I carry.

But it is naughty, like a young child; and if I hold not its mouth, it screameth too loudly.

As I went on my way alone today, at the hour when the sun declineth, there met me an old woman, and she spake thus unto my soul:

"Much hath Zarathustra spoken also to us women, but never spake he unto us concerning woman."

And I answered her: "Concerning woman, one should only talk unto men."

"Talk also unto me of woman," said she; "I am old enough to forget it presently."

And I obliged the old woman and spake thus unto her:

Everything in woman is a riddle, and everything in woman hath one solution—it is called pregnancy.

Man is for woman a means: the purpose is always the child. But what is woman for man?

Two different things wanteth the true man: danger and diversion. Therefore wanteth he woman, as the most dangerous plaything.

① Man shall be trained for war, and woman for the recreation of the warrior: all else is folly.

Too sweet fruits—these the warrior liketh not. Therefore liketh he woman;—bitter is even the sweetest woman.

2 Better than man doth woman understand children, but man is more childish than woman.

In the true man there is a child hidden: it wanteth to play. Up then, ye women, and discover the child in man!

3 A plaything let woman be, pure and fine like the precious stone, illumined with the virtues of a world not yet come.

④ Let the beam of a star shine in your love! Let your hope say: "May I bear the Superman!"

⑤ In your love let there be valour! With your love shall ye assail him who inspireth you with fear!

6 In your love be your honour! Little doth woman understand otherwise about honour. But let this be your honour: always to love more than ye are loved, and never be the second.

Let man fear woman when she loveth: then maketh she every sacrifice, and everything else she regardeth as worthless.

Let man fear woman when she hateth: for man in his innermost soul is merely evil; woman, however, is mean.

Whom hateth woman most?—Thus spake the iron to the loadstone: "I hate thee most, because thou attractest, but art too weak to draw unto thee."

The happiness of man is, "I will." The happiness of woman is, "He will."

"Lo! now hath the world become perfect!"—thus thinketh every woman when she obeyeth with all her love.

Obey, must the woman, and find a depth for her surface. Surface is woman's soul, a mobile, stormy film on shallow water.

Man's soul, however, is deep, its current gusheth in subterranean caverns: woman surmiseth its force, but comprehendeth it not.—

Then answered me the old woman: "Many fine things hath Zarathustra said, especially for those who are young enough for them.

Strange! Zarathustra knoweth little about woman, and yet he is right about them! Doth this happen, because with women nothing is impossible?

And now accept a little truth by way of thanks! I am old enough for it!

Swaddle it up and hold its mouth: otherwise it will scream too loudly, the little truth."

"Give me, woman, thy little truth!" said I. And thus spake the old woman:

"Thou goest to women? Do not forget thy whip!"—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

19. *The Bite of the Adder*

ONE day had Zarathustra fallen asleep under a fig-tree, owing to the heat, with his arm over his face. And there came an adder and bit him in the neck, so that Zarathustra screamed with pain. When he had taken his arm from his face he looked at the serpent; and then did it recognise the eyes of Zarathustra, wriggled awkwardly, and tried to get away. "Not at all," said Zarathustra, "as yet hast thou not received my thanks! Thou hast awakened me in time; my journey is yet long." "Thy journey is short," said the adder sadly; "my poison is fatal." Zarathustra smiled. "When did ever a dragon die of a serpent's poison?"—said he. "But take thy poison back! Thou art not rich enough to present it to me." Then fell the adder again on his neck, and licked his wound.

When Zarathustra once told this to his disciples they asked him: "And what, O Zarathustra, is the moral of thy story?" And Zarathustra answered them thus:

The destroyer of morality, the good and just call me: my story is immoral.

When, however, ye have an enemy, then return him not good for evil: for that would abash him. But prove that he hath done something good to you.

And rather be angry than abash any one! And when ye are cursed, it pleaseth me not that ye should then desire to bless. Rather curse a little also!

And should a great injustice befall you, then do quickly five small ones besides. Hideous to behold is he on whom injustice presseth alone.

Did ye ever know this? Shared injustice is half justice. And he who can bear it, shall take the injustice upon himself!

A small revenge is humaner than no revenge at all. And if the punishment be not also a right and an honour to the transgressor, I do not like your punishing.

Nobler is it to own oneself in the wrong than to establish one's right, especially if one be in the right. Only, one must be rich enough to do so.

I do not like your cold justice; out of the eye of your judges there always glanceth the executioner and his cold steel.

Tell me: where find we justice, which is love with seeing eyes?

Devise me, then, the love which not only beareth all punishment, but also all guilt!

Devise me, then, the justice which acquitteth every one except the judge!

And would ye hear this likewise? To him who seeketh to be just from the heart, even the lie becometh philanthropy.

But how could I be just from the heart! How can I give every one his own! Let this be enough for me: I give unto every one mine own.

Finally, my brethren, guard against doing wrong to any anchorite. How could an anchorite forget! How could he requite!

Like a deep well is an anchorite. Easy is it to throw in a stone: if it should sink to the bottom, however, tell me, who will bring it out again?

Guard against injuring the anchorite! If ye have done so, however, well then, kill him also!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

20. *Child and Marriage*

I HAVE a question for thee alone, my brother: like a sounding-lead, cast I this question into thy soul, that I may know its depth.

Thou art young, and desirest child and marriage. But I ask thee: Art thou a man *entitled* to desire a child?

Art thou the victorious one, the self-conqueror, the ruler of thy passions, the master of thy virtues? Thus do I ask thee.

Or doth the animal speak in thy wish, and necessity? Or isolation? Or discord in thee?

I would have thy victory and freedom long for a child. Living monuments shalt thou build to thy victory and emancipation.

Beyond thyself shalt thou build. But first of all must thou be built thyself, rectangular in body and soul.

Not only onward shalt thou propagate thyself, but upward! For that purpose may the garden of marriage help thee!

A higher body shalt thou create, a first movement, a spontaneously rolling wheel—a creating one shalt thou create.

Marriage: so call I the will of the twain to create the one that is more than those who created it. The reverence for one another, as those exercising such a will, call I marriage.

Let this be the significance and the truth of thy marriage. But that which the many-too-many call marriage, those superfluous ones—ah, what shall I call it?

Ah, the poverty of soul in the twain! Ah, the filth of soul in the twain! Ah, the pitiable self-complacency in the twain!

Marriage they call it all; and they say their marriages are made in heaven.

Well, I do not like it, that heaven of the superfluous! No, I do not like them, those animals tangled in the heavenly toils!

Far from me also be the God who limpeth thither to bless what he hath not matched!

Laugh not at such marriages! What child hath not had reason to weep over its parents?

Worthy did this man seem, and ripe for the meaning of the earth: but when I saw his wife, the earth seemed to me a home for madcaps.

Yea, I would that the earth shook with convulsions when a saint and a goose mate with one another.

This one went forth in quest of truth as a hero, and at last got for himself a small decked-up lie: his marriage he calleth it.

That one was reserved in intercourse and chose choicely. But one time he spoilt his company for all time: his marriage he calleth it.

Another sought a handmaid with the virtues of an angel. But all at once he became the handmaid of a woman, and now would he need also to become an angel.

Careful, have I found all buyers, and all of them have astute eyes. But even the astutest of them buyeth his wife in a sack.

Many short follies—that is called love by you. And your marriage putteth an end to many short follies, with one long stupidity.

Your love to woman, and woman's love to man—ah, would that it were sympathy for suffering and veiled deities! But generally two animals alight on one another.

But even your best love is only an enraptured simile and a painful ardour. It is a torch to light you to loftier paths.

Beyond yourselves shall ye love some day! Then *learn* first of all to love. And on that account ye had to drink the bitter cup of your love.

Bitterness is in the cup even of the best love; thus doth it cause longing for the Superman; thus doth it cause thirst in thee, the creating one!

Thirst in the creating one, arrow and longing for the Superman: tell me, my brother, is this thy will to marriage?

Holy call I such a will, and such a marriage.—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

21. Voluntary Death

MANY die too late, and some die too early. Yet strange soundeth the precept: "Die at the right time!"

Die at the right time: so teacheth Zarathustra.

To be sure, he who never liveth at the right time, how could he ever die at the right time? Would that he might never be born!—Thus do I advise the superfluous ones.

But even the superfluous ones make much ado about their death, and even the hollowest nut wanteth to be cracked.

Every one regardeth dying as a great matter: but as yet death is not a festival. Not yet have people learned to inaugurate the finest festivals.

The consummating death I show unto you, which becometh a stimulus and promise to the living.

His death, dieth the consummating one triumphantly, surrounded by hoping and promising ones.

Thus should one learn to die; and there should be no festival at which such a dying one doth not consecrate the oaths of the living!

Thus to die is best; the next best, however, is to die in battle, and sacrifice a great soul.

But to the fighter equally hateful as to the victor, is your grinning death which stealeth nigh like a thief,—and yet cometh as master.

My death, praise I unto you, the voluntary death, which cometh unto me because *I* want it.

And when shall I want it?—He that hath a goal and an heir, wanteth death at the right time for the goal and the heir.

And out of reverence for the goal and the heir, he will hang up no more withered wreaths in the sanctuary of life.

Verily, not the rope-makers will I resemble: they lengthen out their cord, and thereby go ever backward.

Many a one, also, waxeth too old for his truths and triumphs; a toothless mouth hath no longer the right to every truth.

And whoever wanteth to have fame, must take leave of honour betimes, and practise the difficult art of—going at the right time.

One must discontinue being feasted upon when one tasteth best: that is known by those who want to be long loved.

Sour apples are there, no doubt, whose lot is to wait until the last day of autumn: and at the same time they become ripe, yellow, and shrivelled.

In some ageth the heart first, and in others the spirit. And some are hoary in youth, but the late young keep long young.

To many men life is a failure; a poison-worm gnaweth at their heart. Then let them see to it that their dying is all the more a success.

Many never become sweet; they rot even in the summer. It is cowardice that holdeth them fast to their branches.

Far too many live, and far too long hang they on their branches. Would that a storm came and shook all this rottenness and worm-eatenness from the tree!

Would that there came preachers of *speedy* death! Those would be the appropriate storms and agitators of the trees of life! But I hear only slow death preached, and patience with all that is "earthly."

Ah! ye preach patience with what is earthly? This earthly is it that hath too much patience with you, ye blasphemers!

Verily, too early died that Hebrew whom the preachers of slow death honour: and to many hath it proved a calamity that he died too early.

As yet had he known only tears, and the melancholy of the Hebrews, together with the hatred of the good and just—the Hebrew Jesus: then was he seized with the longing for death.

Had he but remained in the wilderness, and far from the good and just! Then, perhaps, would he have learned to live, and love the earth—and laughter also!

Believe it, my brethren! He died too early; he himself would have disavowed his doctrine had he attained to my age! Noble enough was he to disavow!

But he was still immature. Immaturely loveth the youth, and immaturely also hateth he man and earth. Confined and awkward are still his soul and the wings of his spirit.

But in man there is more of the child than in the youth, and less of melancholy: better understandeth he about life and death.

Free for death, and free in death; a holy Naysayer, when there is no longer time for Yea: thus understandeth he about death and life.

That your dying may not be a reproach to man and the earth, my friends: that do I solicit from the honey of your soul.

In your dying shall your spirit and your virtue still shine like an evening after-glow around the earth: otherwise your dying hath been unsatisfactory.

Thus will I die myself, that ye friends may love the earth more for my sake; and earth will I again become, to have rest in her that bore me.

Verily, a goal had Zarathustra; he threw his ball. Now be ye friends the heirs of my goal; to you throw I the golden ball.

Best of all, do I see you, my friends, throw the golden ball! And so tarry I still a little while on the earth—pardon me for it!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

22. *The Bestowing Virtue*

1

WHEN Zarathustra had taken leave of the town to which his heart was attached, the name of which is "The Pied Cow," there followed him many people who called themselves his disciples, and kept him company. Thus came they to a cross-roads. Then Zarathustra told them that he now wanted to go alone; for he was fond of going alone. His disciples, however, presented him at his departure with a staff, on the golden handle of which a serpent twined round the sun. Zarathustra rejoiced on account of the staff, and supported himself thereon; then spake he thus to his disciples:

Tell me, pray: how came gold to the highest value? Because it is uncommon, and unprofiting, and beaming, and soft in lustre; it always bestoweth itself.

Only as image of the highest virtue came gold to the highest value. Goldlike, beameth the glance of the bestower. Gold-lustre maketh peace between moon and sun.

Uncommon is the highest virtue, and unprofiting, beaming is it, and soft of lustre: a bestowing virtue is the highest virtue.

Verily, I divine you well, my disciples: ye strive like me for the bestowing virtue. What should ye have in common with cats and wolves?

It is your thirst to become sacrifices and gifts yourselves: and therefore have ye the thirst to accumulate all riches in your soul.

Insatiably striveth your soul for treasures and jewels, because your virtue is insatiable in desiring to bestow.

Ye constrain all things to flow towards you and into you, so that they shall flow back again out of your fountain as the gifts of your love.

Verily, an appropriator of all values must such bestowing love become; but healthy and holy, call I this selfishness.—

Another selfishness is there, an all-too-poor and hungry kind, which would always steal—the selfishness of the sick, the sickly selfishness.

With the eye of the thief it looketh upon all that is lustrous; with the craving of hunger it measureth him who hath abundance; and ever doth it prowl round the tables of bestowers.

Sickness speaketh in such craving, and invisible degeneration; of a sickly body, speaketh the larcenous craving of this selfishness.

Tell me, my brother, what do we think bad, and worst of all? Is it not *degeneration?*—And we always suspect degeneration when the bestowing soul is lacking.

Upward goeth our course from genera on to super-genera. But a horror to us is the degenerating sense, which saith: "All for myself."

Upward soareth our sense: thus is it a simile of our body, a simile of an elevation. Such similes of elevations are the names of the virtues.

Thus goeth the body through history, a becomer and fighter

And the spirit—what is it to the body? Its fights' and victories' herald, its companion and echo.

Similes, are all names of good and evil; they do not speak out, they only hint. A fool who seeketh knowledge from them!

Give heed, my brethren, to every hour when your spirit would speak in similes: there is the origin of your virtue.

Elevated is then your body, and raised up; with its delight, enraptureth it the spirit; so that it becometh creator, and valuer, and lover, and everything's benefactor.

When your heart overfloweth broad and full like the river, a blessing and a danger to the lowlanders: there is the origin of your virtue.

When ye are exalted above praise and blame, and your will would command all things, as a loving one's will: there is the origin of your virtue.

When ye despise pleasant things, and the effeminate couch, and cannot couch far enough from the effeminate: there is the origin of your virtue.

When ye are willers of one will, and when that change of every need is needful to you: there is the origin of your virtue.

Verily, a new good and evil is it! Verily, a new deep murmuring, and the voice of a new fountain!

Power is it, this new virtue; a ruling thought is it, and around it a subtle soul: a golden sun, with the serpent of knowledge around it.

2

Here paused Zarathustra awhile, and looked lovingly on his disciples. Then he continued to speak thus— and his voice had changed:

Remain true to the earth, my brethren, with the power of your virtue! Let your bestowing love and your knowledge be devoted to be the meaning of the earth! Thus do I pray and conjure you.

Let it not fly away from the earthly and beat against eternal walls with its wings! Ah, there hath always been so much flown-away virtue!

Lead, like me, the flown-away virtue back to the earth—yea, back to body and life: that it may give to the earth its meaning, a human meaning!

A hundred times hitherto hath spirit as well as virtue flown away and blundered. Alas! in our body dwelleth still all this delusion and blundering: body and will hath it there become.

A hundred times hitherto hath spirit as well as virtue attempted and erred. Yea, an attempt hath man been. Alas, much ignorance and error hath become embodied in us!

Not only the rationality of millennia—also their madness, breaketh out in us. Dangerous is it to be an heir.

Still fight we step by step with the giant Chance, and over all mankind hath hitherto ruled nonsense, the lack-of-sense.

Let your spirit and your virtue be devoted to the sense of the earth, my brethren: let the value of everything be determined anew by you! Therefore shall ye be fighters! Therefore shall ye be creators!

Intelligently doth the body purify itself; attempting with intelligence it exalteth itself; to the discerners all impulses sanctify themselves; to the exalted the soul becometh joyful.

Physician, heal thyself: then wilt thou also heal thy patient. Let it be his best cure to see with his eyes him who maketh himself whole.

A thousand paths are there which have never yet been trodden; a thousand salubrities and hidden islands of life

Unexhausted and undiscovered is still man and man's world.

Awake and hearken, ye lonesome ones! From the future come winds with stealthy pinions, and to fine ears good tidings are proclaimed.

Ye lonesome ones of today, ye seceding ones, ye shall one day be a people: out of you who have chosen yourselves, shall a chosen people arise:—and out of it the Superman.

Verily, a place of healing shall the earth become! And already is a new odour diffused around it, a salvation-bringing odour—and a new hope!

3

When Zarathustra had spoken these words, he paused, like one who had not said his last word; and long did he balance the staff doubtfully in his hand. At last he spake thus—and his voice had changed:

I now go alone, my disciples! Ye also now go away, and alone! So will I have it.

Verily, I advise you: depart from me, and guard yourselves against Zarathustra! And better still: be ashamed of him! Perhaps he hath deceived you.

The man of knowledge must be able not only to love his enemies, but also to hate his friends.

One requiteth a teacher badly if one remain merely a scholar. And why will ye not pluck at my wreath?

Ye venerate me; but what if your veneration should some day collapse? Take heed lest a statue crush you!

Ye say, ye believe in Zarathustra? But of what account is Zarathustra! Ye are my believers: but of what account are all believers!

Ye had not yet sought yourselves: then did ye find me. So do all believers; therefore all belief is of so little account.

Now do I bid you lose me and find yourselves; and only when ye have all denied me, will I return unto you.

Verily, with other eyes, my brethren, shall I then seek m lost ones; with another love shall I then love you.

And once again shall ye have become friends unto me, an children of one hope: then will I be with you for the third tim to celebrate the great noontide with you.

And it is the great noontide, when man is in the middle of his course between animal and Superman, and celebrateth his advance to the evening as his highest hope: for it is the advance to a new morning.

At such time will the down-goer bless himself, that he should be an over-goer; and the sun of his knowledge will be at noontide.

"Dead are all the Gods: now do we desire the Superman to live."—Let this be our final will at the great noontide!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

SECOND PART

"—and only when ye have all denied me, will I return unto you.

Verily, with other eyes, my brethren, shall I then seek my lost ones; with another love shall I then love you."—ZARATHUSTRA, I., "The Bestowing Virtue" (p. 92).

23. *The Child with the Mirror*

AFTER this Zarathustra returned again into the mountains to the solitude of his cave, and withdrew himself from men, waiting like a sower who hath scattered his seed. His soul, however, became impatient and full of longing for those whom he loved: because he had still much to give them. For this is hardest of all: to close the open hand out of love, and keep modest as a giver.

Thus passed with the lonesome one months and years; his wisdom meanwhile increased, and caused him pain by its abundance.

One morning, however, he awoke ere the rosy dawn, and having meditated long on his couch, at last spake thus to his heart:

Why did I startle in my dream, so that I awoke? Did not a child come to me, carrying a mirror?

"O Zarathustra"—said the child unto me—"look at thyself in the mirror!"

But when I looked into the mirror, I shrieked, and my heart throbbed: for not myself did I see therein, but a devil's grimace and derision.

Verily, all too well do I understand the dream's portent and monition: my *doctrine* is in danger; tares want to be called wheat!

Mine enemies have grown powerful and have disfigured the likeness of my doctrine, so that my dearest ones have to blush for the gifts that I gave them.

Lost are my friends; the hour hath come for me to seek my lost ones!—

With these words Zarathustra started up, not however like a person in anguish seeking relief, but rather like a seer and a singer whom the spirit inspireth. With amazement did his eagle and serpent gaze upon him: for a coming bliss overspread his countenance like the rosy dawn.

What hath happened unto me, mine animals?—said Zarathustra. Am I not transformed? Hath not bliss come unto me like a whirlwind?

Foolish is my happiness, and foolish things will it speak: it is still too young—so have patience with it!

Wounded am I by my happiness: all sufferers shall be physicians unto me!

To my friends can I again go down, and also to mine enemies! Zarathustra can again speak and bestow, and show his best love to his loved ones!

My impatient love overfloweth in streams,—down towards sunrise and sunset. Out of silent mountains and storms of affliction, rusheth my soul into the valleys.

Too long have I longed and looked into the distance. Too long hath solitude possessed me: thus have I unlearned to keep silence.

Utterance have I become altogether, and the brawling of a brook from high rocks: downward into the valleys will I hurl my speech.

And let the stream of my love sweep into unfrequented channels! How should a stream not finally find its way to the sea!

Forsooth, there is a lake in me, sequestered and self-sufficing; but the stream of my love beareth this along with it, down—to the sea!

New paths do I tread, a new speech cometh unto me; tired have I become—like all creators—of the old tongues. No longer will my spirit walk on worn-out soles.

Too slowly runneth all speaking for me:—into thy chariot, O storm, do I leap! And even thee will I whip with my spite!

Like a cry and an huzza will I traverse wide seas, till I find the Happy Isles where my friends sojourn;—

And mine enemies amongst them! How I now love every one unto whom I may but speak! Even mine enemies pertain to my bliss.

And when I want to mount my wildest horse, then doth my spear always help me up best: it is my foot's ever ready servant:—

The spear which I hurl at mine enemies! How grateful am I to mine enemies that I may at last hurl it!

Too great hath been the tension of my cloud: 'twixt laughters of lightnings will I cast hail-showers into the depths.

Violently will my breast then heave; violently will it blow its storm over the mountains: thus cometh its assuagement.

Verily, like a storm cometh my happiness, and my freedom! But mine enemies shall think that *the evil one* roareth over their heads.

Yea, ye also, my friends, will be alarmed by my wild wisdom; and perhaps ye will flee therefrom, along with mine enemies.

Ah, that I knew how to lure you back with shepherds' flutes! Ah, that my lioness wisdom would learn to roar softly! And much have we already learned with one another!

My wild wisdom became pregnant on the lonesome mountains; on the rough stones did she bear the youngest of her young.

Now runneth she foolishly in the arid wilderness, and seeketh and seeketh the soft sward—mine old, wild wisdom!

On the soft sward of your hearts, my friends!—on your love, would she fain couch her dearest one!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

24. *In the Happy Isles*

The figs fall from the trees, they are good and sweet; and in falling the red skins of them break. A north wind am I to ripe figs.

Thus, like figs, do these doctrines fall for you, my friends: imbibe now their juice and their sweet substance! It is autumn all around, and clear sky, and afternoon.

Lo, what fullness is around us! And out of the midst of superabundance, it is delightful to look out upon distant seas.

Once did people say God, when they looked out upon distant seas; now, however, have I taught you to say, Superman.

God is a conjecture: but I do not wish your conjecturing to reach beyond your creating will.

Could ye *create* a God?—Then, I pray you, be silent about all gods! But ye could well create the Superman.

Not perhaps ye yourselves, my brethren! But into fathers and forefathers of the Superman could ye transform yourselves: and let that be your best creating!—

God is a conjecture: but I should like your conjecturing restricted to the conceivable.

Could ye *conceive* a God?—But let this mean Will to Truth unto you, that everything be transformed into the humanly conceivable, the humanly visible, the humanly sensible! Your own discernment shall ye follow out to the end!

And what ye have called the world shall but be created by you: your reason, your likeness, your will, your love, shall it itself become! And verily, for your bliss, ye discerning ones!

And how would ye endure life without that hope, ye discerning ones? Neither in the inconceivable could ye have been born, nor in the irrational.

But that I may reveal my heart entirely unto you, my friends: *if* there were gods, how could I endure it to be no God! *Therefore* there are no gods.

Yea, I have drawn the conclusion; now, however, doth it draw me.—

God is a conjecture: but who could drink all the bitterness of this conjecture without dying? Shall his faith be taken from the creating one, and from the eagle his flights into eagle-heights?

God is a thought—it maketh all the straight crooked, and all that standeth reel. What? Time would be gone, and all the perishable would be but a lie?

To think this is giddiness and vertigo to human limbs, and even vomiting to the stomach: verily, the reeling sickness do I call it, to conjecture such a thing.

Evil do I call it and misanthropic: all that teaching about the one, and the plenum, and the unmoved, and the sufficient, and the imperishable!

All the imperishable—that's but a simile, and the poets lie too much.—

But of time and of becoming shall the best similes speak: a praise shall they be, and a justification of all perishableness!

Creating—that is the great salvation from suffering, and life's alleviation. But for the creator to appear, suffering itself is needed, and much transformation.

Yea, much bitter dying must there be in your life, ye creators! Thus are ye advocates and justifiers of all perishableness.

For the creator himself to be the new-born child, he must also be willing to be the child-bearer, and endure the pangs of the child-bearer.

Verily, through a hundred souls went I my way, and through a hundred cradles and birth-throes. Many a farewell have I taken; I know the heart-breaking last hours.

But so willeth it my creating Will, my fate. Or, to tell you it more candidly: just such a fate—willeth my Will.

All *feeling* suffereth in me, and is in prison: but my *willing* ever cometh to me as mine emancipator and comforter.

Willing emancipateth: that is the true doctrine of will and emancipation—so teacheth you Zarathustra.

No longer willing, and no longer valuing, and no longer creating! Ah, that that great debility may ever be far from me!

And also in discerning do I feel only my will's procreating and evolving delight; and if there be innocence in my knowledge, it is because there is will to procreation in it.

Away from God and gods did this will allure me; what would there be to create if there were—gods!

But to man doth it ever impel me anew, my fervent creative will; thus impelleth it the hammer to the stone.

Ah, ye men, within the stone slumbereth an image for me, the image of my visions! Ah, that it should slumber in the hardest, ugliest stone!

Now rageth my hammer ruthlessly against its prison. From the stone fly the fragments: what's that to me?

I will complete it: for a shadow came unto me—the stillest and lightest of all things once came unto me!

The beauty of the superman came unto me as a shadow. Ah, my brethren! Of what account now are—the gods to me!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

25. *The Pitiful*

My friends, there hath arisen a satire on your friend: "Behold Zarathustra! Walketh he not amongst us as if amongst animals?"

But it is better said in this wise: "The discerning one walketh amongst men *as* amongst animals."

Man himself is to the discerning one: the animal with red cheeks.

How hath that happened unto him? Is it not because he hath had to be ashamed too oft?

O my friends! Thus speaketh the discerning one: shame, shame, shame—that is the history of man!

And on that account doth the noble one enjoin on himself not to abash: bashfulness doth he enjoin himself in presence of all sufferers.

Verily, I like them not, the merciful ones, whose bliss is in their pity: too destitute are they of bashfulness.

If I must be pitiful, I dislike to be called so; and if I be so, it is preferably at a distance.

Preferably also do I shroud my head, and flee, before being recognised: and thus do I bid you do, my friends!

May my destiny ever lead unafflicted ones like you across my path, and those with whom I *may* have hope and repast and honey in common!

Verily, I have done this and that for the afflicted: but something better did I always seem to do when I had learned to enjoy myself better.

Since humanity came into being, man hath enjoyed himself too little: that alone, my brethren, is our original sin!

And when we learn better to enjoy ourselves, then do we unlearn best to give pain unto others, and to contrive pain.

Therefore do I wash the hand that hath helped the sufferer; therefore do I wipe also my soul.

For in seeing the sufferer suffering—thereof was I ashamed on account of his shame; and in helping him, sorely did I wound his pride.

Great obligations do not make grateful, but revengeful; and when a small kindness is not forgotten, it becometh a gnawing worm.

"Be shy in accepting! Distinguish by accepting!"—thus do I advise those who have naught to bestow.

I, however, am a bestower: willingly do I bestow as friend to friends. Strangers, however, and the poor, may pluck for themselves the fruit from my tree: thus doth it cause less shame.

Beggars, however, one should entirely do away with! Verily, it annoyeth one to give unto them, and it annoyeth one not to give unto them.

And likewise sinners and bad consciences! Believe me, my friends: the sting of conscience teacheth one to sting.

The worst things, however, are the petty thoughts. Verily, better to have done evilly than to have thought pettily!

To be sure, ye say: "The delight in petty evils spareth one many a great evil deed." But here one should not wish to be sparing.

Like a boil is the evil deed: it itcheth and irritateth and breaketh forth—it speaketh honourably.

"Behold, I am disease," saith the evil deed: that is its honourableness.

But like infection is the petty thought: it creepeth and hideth, and wanteth to be nowhere—until the whole body is decayed and withered by the petty infection.

To him however, who is possessed of a devil, I would whisper this word in the ear: "Better for thee to rear up thy devil! Even for thee there is still a path to greatness!"—

Ah, my brethren! One knoweth a little too much about every one! And many a one becometh transparent to us, but still we can by no means penetrate him.

It is difficult to live among men because silence is so difficult.

And not to him who is offensive to us are we most unfair, but to him who doth not concern us at all.

If, however, thou hast a suffering friend, then be a resting-place for his suffering; like a hard bed, however, a camp-bed: thus wilt thou serve him best.

And if a friend doeth thee wrong, then say: "I forgive thee what thou hast done unto me; that thou hast done it unto *thyself,* however—how could I forgive that!"

Thus speaketh all great love: it surpasseth even forgiveness and pity.

One should hold fast one's heart; for when one letteth it go, how quickly doth one's head run away!

Ah, where in the world have there been greater follies than with the pitiful? And what in the world hath caused more suffering than the follies of the pitiful?

Woe unto all loving ones who have not an elevation which is above their pity!

Thus spake the devil unto me, once on a time: "Even God hath his hell: it is his love for man."

And lately, did I hear him say these words: "God is dead: of his pity for man hath God died."—

So be ye warned against pity: *from thence* there yet cometh unto men a heavy cloud! Verily, I understand weather-signs!

But attend also to this word: All great love is above all its pity: for it seeketh—to create what is loved!

"Myself do I offer unto my love, *and my neighbour as myself*"—such is the language of all creators.

All creators, however, are hard.—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

26. *The Priests*

AND one day Zarathustra made a sign to his disciples and spake these words unto them:

"Here are priests: but although they are mine enemies, pass them quietly and with sleeping swords!

Even among them there are heroes; many of them have suffered too much:— so they want to make others suffer.

Bad enemies are they: nothing is more revengeful than their meekness. And readily doth he soil himself who toucheth them.

But my blood is related to theirs; and I want withal to see my blood honoured in theirs."—

And when they had passed, a pain attacked Zarathustra; but not long had he struggled with the pain, when he began to speak thus:

It moveth my heart for those priests. They also go against my taste; but that is the smallest matter unto me, since I am among men.

But I suffer and have suffered with them: prisoners are they unto me, and stigmatised ones. He whom they call Saviour put them in fetters:—

In fetters of false values and fatuous words! Oh, that some one would save them from their Saviour!

On an isle they once thought they had landed, when the sea tossed them about; but behold, it was a slumbering monster!

False values and fatuous words: these are the worst monsters for mortals—long slumbereth and waiteth the fate that is in them.

But at last it cometh and awaketh and devoureth and engulfeth whatever hath built tabernacles upon it.

Oh, just look at those tabernacles which those priests have built themselves! Churches, they call their sweet-smelling caves!

Oh, that falsified light, that mustified air! Where the soul—may not fly aloft to its height!

But so enjoineth their belief: "On your knees, up the stair, ye sinners!"

Verily, rather would I see a shameless one than the distorted eyes of their shame and devotion!

Who created for themselves such caves and penitence-stairs? Was it not those who sought to conceal themselves, and were ashamed under the clear sky?

And only when the clear sky looketh again through ruined roofs, and down upon grass and red poppies on ruined walls—will I again turn my heart to the seats of this God.

They called God that which opposed and afflicted them: and verily, there was much hero-spirit in their worship!

And they knew not how to love their God otherwise than by nailing men to the cross!

As corpses they thought to live; in black draped they their corpses; even in their talk do I still feel the evil flavour of charnel-houses.

And he who liveth nigh unto them liveth nigh unto black pools, wherein the toad singeth his song with sweet gravity.

Better songs would they have to sing, for me to believe in their Saviour: more like saved ones would his disciples have to appear unto me!

Naked, would I like to see them: for beauty alone should preach penitence. But whom would that disguised affliction convince!

Verily, their saviours themselves came not from freedom and freedom's seventh heaven! Verily, they themselves never trod the carpets of knowledge!

Of defects did the spirit of those saviours consist; but into every defect had they put their illusion, their stop-gap, which they called God.

In their pity was their spirit drowned; and when they swelled and o'erswelled with pity, there always floated to the surface a great folly.

Eagerly and with shouts drove they their flock over their foot-bridge; as if there were but one foot-bridge to the future! Verily, those shepherds also were still of the flock!

Small spirits and spacious souls had those shepherds: but, my brethren, what small domains have even the most spacious souls hitherto been!

Characters of blood did they write on the way they went, and their folly taught that truth is proved by blood.

But blood is the very worst witness to truth; blood tainteth the purest teaching, and turneth it into delusion and hatred of heart.

And when a person goeth through fire for his teaching—what doth that prove! It is more, verily, when out of one's own burning cometh one's own teaching!

Sultry heart and cold head; where these meet, there ariseth the blusterer, the "Saviour."

Greater ones, verily, have there been, and higher-born ones, than those whom the people call saviours, those rapturous blusterers!

And by still greater ones than any of the saviours must ye be saved, my brethren, if ye would find the way to freedom!

Never yet hath there been a Superman. Naked have I seen both of them, the greatest man and the smallest man:—

All-too-similar are they still to each other. Verily, even the greatest found I—all-too-human!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

27. *The Virtuous*

With thunder and heavenly fireworks must one speak to indolent and somnolent senses.

But beauty's voice speaketh gently: it appealeth only to the most awakened souls.

Gently vibrated and laughed unto me to-day my buckler; it was beauty's holy laughing and thrilling.

At you, ye virtuous ones, laughed my beauty to-day. And thus came its voice unto me: "They want—to be paid besides!"

Ye want to be paid besides, ye virtuous ones! Ye want reward for virtue, and heaven for earth, and eternity for your to-day?

And now ye upbraid me for teaching that there is no reward-giver, nor paymaster? And verily, I do not even teach that virtue is its own reward.

Ah! this is my sorrow: into the basis of things have reward and punishment been insinuated—and now even into the basis of your souls, ye virtuous ones!

But like the snout of the boar shall my word grub up the basis of your souls; a ploughshare will I be called by you.

All the secrets of your heart shall be brought to light; and when ye lie in the sun, grubbed up and broken, then will also your falsehood be separated from your truth.

For this is your truth: ye are *too pure* for the filth of the words: vengeance, punishment, recompense, retribution.

Ye love your virtue as a mother loveth her child; but when did one hear of a mother wanting to be paid for her love?

It is your dearest Self, your virtue. The ring's thirst is in you: to reach itself again struggleth every ring, and turneth itself.

And like the star that goeth out, so is every work of your virtue: ever is its light on its way and travelling—and when will it cease to be on its way?

Thus is the light of your virtue still on its way, even when its work is done. Be it forgotten and dead, still its ray of light liveth and travelleth.

That your virtue is your Self, and not an outward thing, a skin, or a cloak: that is the truth from the basis of your souls, ye virtuous ones!—

But sure enough there are those to whom virtue meaneth writhing under the lash: and ye have hearkened too much unto their crying!

And others are there who call virtue the slothfulness of their vices; and when once their hatred and jealousy relax the limbs, their "justice" becometh lively and rubbeth its sleepy eyes.

And others are there who are drawn downwards: their devils draw them. But the more they sink, the more ardently gloweth their eye, and the longing for their God.

Ah! their crying also hath reached your ears, ye virtuous ones: "What I am *not*, that, that is God to me, and virtue!"

And others are there who go along heavily and creakingly, like carts taking stones downhill: they talk much of dignity and virtue—their drag they call virtue!

And others are there who are like eight-day clocks when wound up; they tick, and want people to call ticking—virtue.

Verily, in those have I mine amusement: wherever I find such clocks I shall wind them up with my mockery, and they shall even whirr thereby!

And others are proud of their modicum of righteousness, and for the sake of it do violence to all things: so that the world is drowned in their unrighteousness.

Ah! how ineptly cometh the word "virtue" out of their mouth! And when they say: "I am just," it always soundeth like: "I am just—revenged!"

With their virtues they want to scratch out the eyes of their enemies; and they elevate themselves only that they may lower others.

And again there are those who sit in their swamp, and speak thus from among the bulrushes: "Virtue— that is to sit quietly in the swamp.

We bite no one, and go out of the way of him who would bite; and in all matters we have the opinion that is given us."

And again there are those who love attitudes, and think that virtue is a sort of attitude.

Their knees continually adore, and their hands are eulogies of virtue, but their heart knoweth naught thereof.

And again there are those who regard it as virtue to say: "Virtue is necessary"; but after all they believe only that policemen are necessary.

And many a one who cannot see men's loftiness, calleth it virtue to see their baseness far too well: thus calleth he his evil eye virtue.—

And some want to be edified and raised up, and call it virtue: and others want to be cast down,—and likewise call it virtue.

And thus do almost all think that they participate in virtue; and at least every one claimeth to be an authority on "good" and "evil."

But Zarathustra came not to say unto all those liars and fools: "What do *ye* know of virtue! What *could* ye know of virtue!"—

But that ye, my friends, might become weary of the old words which ye have learned from the fools and liars:

That ye might become weary of the words "reward," "retribution," "punishment," "righteous vengeance."—

That ye might become weary of saying: "That an action is good is because it is unselfish."

Ah! my friends! That *your* very Self be in your action, as the mother is in the child: let that be *your* formula of virtue!

Verily, I have taken from you a hundred formulæ and your virtue's favourite playthings; and now ye upbraid me, as children upbraid.

They played by the sea—then came there a wave and swept their playthings into the deep: and now do they cry.

But the same wave shall bring them new playthings, and spread before them new speckled shells!

Thus will they be comforted; and like them shall ye also, my friends, have your comforting—and new speckled shells!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

28. *The Rabble*

LIFE is a well of delight; but where the rabble also drink, there all fountains are poisoned.

To everything cleanly am I well disposed; but I hate to see the grinning mouths and the thirst of the unclean.

They cast their eye down into the fountain: and now glanceth up to me their odious smile out of the fountain.

The holy water have they poisoned with their lustfulness; and when they called their filthy dreams delight, then poisoned they also the words.

Indignant becometh the flame when they put their damp hearts to the fire; the spirit itself bubbleth and smoketh when the rabble approach the fire.

Mawkish and over-mellow becometh the fruit in their hands: unsteady, and withered at the top, doth their look make the fruit-tree.

And many a one who hath turned away from life, hath only turned away from the rabble: he hated to share with them fountain, flame, and fruit.

And many a one who hath gone into the wilderness and suffered thirst with beasts of prey, disliked only to sit at the cistern with filthy camel-drivers.

And many a one who hath come along as a destroyer, and as a hailstorm to all cornfields, wanted merely to put his foot into the jaws of the rabble, and thus stop their throat.

And it is not the mouthful which hath most choked me, to know that life itself requireth enmity and death and torture-crosses:—

But I asked once, and suffocated almost with my question: What? Is the rabble also *necessary* for life?

Are poisoned fountains necessary, and stinking fires, and filthy dreams, and maggots in the bread of life?

Not my hatred, but my loathing, gnawed hungrily at my life! Ah, ofttimes became I weary of spirit, when I found even the rabble spiritual!

And on the rulers turned I my back, when I saw what they now call ruling: to traffic and bargain for power—with the rabble!

Amongst peoples of a strange language did I dwell, with stopped ears: so that the language of their trafficking might remain strange unto me, and their bargaining for power.

And holding my nose, I went morosely through all yesterdays and todays: verily, badly smell all yesterdays and todays of the scribbling rabble!

Like a cripple become deaf, and blind, and dumb—thus have I lived long; that I might not live with the power-rabble, the scribe-rabble, and the pleasure-rabble.

Toilsomely did my spirit mount stairs, and cautiously; alms of delight were its refreshment; on the staff did life creep along with the blind one.

What hath happened unto me? How have I freed myself from loathing? Who hath rejuvenated mine eye? How have I flown to the height where no rabble any longer sit at the wells?

Did my loathing itself create for me wings and fountain-divining powers? Verily, to the loftiest height had I to fly, to find again the well of delight!

Oh, I have found it, my brethren! Here on the loftiest height bubbleth up for me the well of delight! And there is a life at whose waters none of the rabble drink with me!

Almost too violently dost thou flow for me, thou fountain of delight! And often emptiest thou the goblet again, in wanting to fill it!

And yet must I learn to approach thee more modestly: far too violently doth my heart still flow towards thee:—

My heart on which my summer burneth, my short, hot, melancholy, over-happy summer: how my summer heart longeth for thy coolness!

Past, the lingering distress of my spring! Past, the wickedness of my snowflakes in June! Summer have I become entirely, and summer-noontide!

A summer on the loftiest height, with cold fountains and blissful stillness: oh, come, my friends, that the stillness may become more blissful!

For this is *our* height and our home: too high and steep do we here dwell for all uncleanly ones and their thirst.

Cast but your pure eyes into the well of my delight, my friends! How could it become turbid thereby! It shall laugh back to you with *its* purity.

On the tree of the future build we our nest, eagles shall bring us lone ones food in their beaks!

Verily, no food of which the impure could be fellow-partakers! Fire, would they think they devoured, and burn their mouths!

Verily, no abodes do we here keep ready for the impure! An ice-cave to their bodies would our happiness be, and to their spirits!

And as strong winds will we live above them, neighbours to the eagles, neighbours to the snow, neighbours to the sun: thus live the strong winds.

And like a wind will I one day blow amongst them, and with my spirit, take the breath from their spirit: thus willeth my future.

Verily, a strong wind is Zarathustra to all low places; and this counsel counselleth he to his enemies, and to whatever spitteth and speweth: "Take care not to spit *against* the wind!"—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

29. *The Tarantulas*

Lo, THIS is the tarantula's den! Would'st thou see the tarantula itself? Here hangeth its web: touch this, so that it may tremble.

There cometh the tarantula willingly: Welcome, tarantula! Black on thy back is thy triangle and symbol; and I know also what is in thy soul.

Revenge is in thy soul: wherever thou bitest, there ariseth black scab; with revenge, thy poison maketh the soul giddy!

Thus do I speak unto you in parable, ye who make the soul giddy, ye preachers of *equality!* Tarantulas are ye unto me, and secretly revengeful ones!

But I will soon bring your hiding-places to the light: therefore do I laugh in your face my laughter of the height.

Therefore do I tear at your web, that your rage may lure you out of your den of lies, and that your revenge may leap forth from behind your word "justice."

Because, *for man to be redeemed from revenge*—that is for me the bridge to the highest hope, and a rainbow after long storms.

Otherwise, however, would the tarantulas have it. "Let it be very justice for the world to become full of the storms of our vengeance"—thus do they talk to one another.

"Vengeance will we use, and insult, against all who are not like us"—thus do the tarantula-hearts pledge themselves.

"And 'Will to Equality'—that itself shall henceforth be the name of virtue; and against all that hath power will we raise an outcry!"

Ye preachers of equality, the tyrant-frenzy of impotence crieth thus in you for "equality": your most secret tyrant-longings disguise themselves thus in virtue-words!

Fretted conceit and suppressed envy—perhaps your fathers' conceit and envy: in you break they forth as flame and frenzy of vengeance.

What the father hath hid cometh out in the son; and oft have I found in the son the father's revealed secret.

Inspired ones they resemble: but it is not the heart that inspireth them—but vengeance. And when they become subtle and cold, it is not spirit, but envy, that maketh them so.

Their jealousy leadeth them also into thinkers' paths; and this is the sign of their jealousy—they always go too far: so that their fatigue hath at last to go to sleep on the snow.

In all their lamentations soundeth vengeance, in all their eulogies is maleficence; and being judge seemeth to them bliss.

But thus do I counsel you, my friends: distrust all in whom the impulse to punish is powerful!

They are people of bad race and lineage; out of their countenances peer the hangman and the sleuth-hound.

Distrust all those who talk much of their justice! Verily, in their souls not only honey is lacking.

And when they call themselves "the good and just," forget not, that for them to be Pharisees, nothing is lacking but—power!

My friends, I will not be mixed up and confounded with others.

There are those who preach my doctrine of life, and are at the same time preachers of equality, and tarantulas.

That they speak in favour of life, though they sit in their den, these poison-spiders, and withdrawn from life—is because they would thereby do injury.

To those would they thereby do injury who have power at present: for with those the preaching of death is still most at home.

Were it otherwise, then would the tarantulas teach otherwise: and they themselves were formerly the best world-maligners and heretic-burners.

With these preachers of equality will I not be mixed up and confounded. For thus speaketh justice *unto me:* "Men are not equal."

And neither shall they become so! What would be my love to the Superman, if I spake otherwise?

On a thousand bridges and piers shall they throng to the future, and always shall there be more war and inequality among them: thus doth my great love make me speak!

Inventors of figures and phantoms shall they be in their hostilities; and with those figures and phantoms shall they yet fight with each other the supreme fight!

Good and evil, and rich and poor, and high and low, and all names of values: weapons shall they be, and sounding signs, that life must again and again surpass itself!

Aloft will it build itself with columns and stairs—life itself: into remote distances would it gaze, and out towards blissful beauties—*therefore* doth it require elevation!

And because it requireth elevation, therefore doth it require steps, and variance of steps and climbers! To rise striveth life, and in rising to surpass itself.

And just behold, my friends! Here where the tarantula's den is, riseth aloft an ancient temple's ruins—just behold it with enlightened eyes!

Verily, he who here towered aloft his thoughts in stone, knew as well as the wisest ones about the secret of life!

That there is struggle and inequality even in beauty, and war for power and supremacy: that doth he here teach us in the plainest parable.

How divinely do vault and arch here contrast in the struggle: how with light and shade they strive against each other, the divinely striving ones.—

Thus, steadfast and beautiful, let us also be enemies, my friends! Divinely will we strive *against* one another!—

Alas! There hath the tarantula bit me myself, mine old enemy! Divinely steadfast and beautiful, it hath bit me on the finger!

"Punishment must there be, and justice"—so thinketh it:

"not gratuitously shall he here sing songs in honour of enmity!"

Yea, it hath revenged itself! And alas! now will it make my soul also dizzy with revenge!

That I may *not* turn dizzy, however, bind me fast, my friends, to this pillar! Rather will I be a pillar-saint than a whirl of vengeance!

Verily, no cyclone or whirlwind is Zarathustra: and if he be a dancer, he is not at all a tarantula-dancer!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

30. *The Famous Wise Ones*

THE people have ye served and the people's superstition—*not* the truth!—all ye famous wise ones! And just on that account did they pay you reverence.

And on that account also did they tolerate your unbelief, because it was a pleasantry and a by-path for the people. Thus doth the master give free scope to his slaves, and even enjoyeth their presumptuousness.

But he who is hated by the people, as the wolf by the dogs—is the free spirit, the enemy of fetters, the non-adorer, the dweller in the woods.

To hunt him out of his lair—that was always called "sense of right" by the people: on him do they still hound their sharpest-toothed dogs.

"For there the truth is, where the people are! Woe, woe to the seeking ones!"—thus hath it echoed through all time.

Your people would ye justify in their reverence: that called ye "Will to Truth," ye famous wise ones!

And your heart hath always said to itself: "From the people have I come: from thence came to me also the voice of God."

Stiff-necked and artful, like the ass, have ye always been, as the advocates of the people.

And many a powerful one who wanted to run well with the people, hath harnessed in front of his horses—a donkey, a famous wise man.

And now, ye famous wise ones, I would have you finally throw off entirely the skin of the lion!

The skin of the beast of prey, the speckled skin, and the dishevelled locks of the investigator, the searcher, and the conqueror!

Ah! for me to learn to believe in your "conscientiousness," ye would first have to break your venerating will.

Conscientious—so call I him who goeth into God-forsaken wildernesses, and hath broken his venerating heart.

In the yellow sands and burnt by the sun, he doubtless peereth thirstily at the isles rich in fountains, where life reposeth under shady trees.

But his thirst doth not persuade him to become like those comfortable ones: for where there are oases, there are also idols.

Hungry, fierce, lonesome, God-forsaken: so doth the lion-will wish itself.

Free from the happiness of slaves, redeemed from deities and adorations, fearless and fear-inspiring, grand and lonesome: so is the will of the conscientious.

In the wilderness have ever dwelt the conscientious, the free spirits, as lords of the wilderness; but in the cities dwell the well-foddered, famous wise ones—the draught-beasts.

For, always do they draw, as asses—the *people's* carts!

Not that I on that account upbraid them: but serving ones do they remain, and harnessed ones, even though they glitter in golden harness.

And often have they been good servants and worthy of their hire. For thus saith virtue: "If thou must be a servant, seek him unto whom thy service is most useful!

The spirit and virtue of thy master shall advance by thou being his servant: thus wilt thou thyself advance with his spirit and virtue!"

And verily, ye famous wise ones, ye servants of the people! Ye yourselves have advanced with the people's spirit and virtue—and the people by you! To your honour do I say it!

But the people ye remain for me, even with your virtues, the people with purblind eyes—the people who know not what *spirit* is!

Spirit is life which itself cutteth into life: by its own torture doth it increase its own knowledge,—did ye know that before?

And the spirit's happiness is this: to be anointed and consecrated with tears as a sacrificial victim,—did ye know that before?

And the blindness of the blind one, and his seeking and groping, shall yet testify to the power of the sun into which he hath gazed,—did ye know that before?

And with mountains shall the discerning one learn to *build!* It is a small thing for the spirit to remove mountains,—did ye know that before?

Ye know only the sparks of the spirit: but ye do not see the anvil which it is, and the cruelty of its hammer!

Verily, ye know not the spirit's pride! But still less could ye endure the spirit's humility, should it ever want to speak!

And never yet could ye cast your spirit into a pit of snow:

ye are not hot enough for that! Thus are ye unaware, also, of the delight of its coldness.

In all respects, however, ye make too familiar with the spirit; and out of wisdom have ye often made an alms-house and a hospital for bad poets.

Ye are not eagles: thus have ye never experienced the happiness of the alarm of the spirit. And he who is not a bird should not camp above abysses.

Ye seem to me lukewarm ones: but coldly floweth all deep knowledge. Ice-cold are the innermost wells of the spirit: a refreshment to hot hands and handlers.

Respectable do ye there stand, and stiff, and with straight backs, ye famous wise ones!—no strong wind or will impelleth you.

Have ye ne'er seen a sail crossing the sea, rounded and inflated, and trembling with the violence of the wind?

Like the sail trembling with the violence of the spirit, doth my wisdom cross the sea—my wild wisdom!

But ye servants of the people, ye famous wise ones—how *could* ye go with me!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

31. The Night-Song

'Tis night: now do all gushing fountains speak louder. And my soul also is a gushing fountain.

'Tis night: now only do all songs of the loving ones awake. And my soul also is the song of a loving one.

Something unappeased, unappeasable, is within me; it longeth to find expression. A craving for love is within me, which speaketh itself the language of love.

Light am I: ah, that I were night! But it is my lonesomeness to be begirt with light!

Ah, that I were dark and nightly! How would I suck at the breasts of light!

And you yourselves would I bless, ye twinkling starlets and glow-worms aloft!—and would rejoice in the gifts of your light.

But I live in mine own light, I drink again into myself the flames that break forth from me.

I know not the happiness of the receiver; and oft have I dreamt that stealing must be more blessed than receiving.

It is my poverty that my hand never ceaseth bestowing; it is mine envy that I see waiting eyes and the brightened nights of longing.

Oh, the misery of all bestowers! Oh, the darkening of my sun! Oh, the craving to crave! Oh, the violent hunger in satiety!

They take from me: but do I yet touch their soul? There is a gap 'twixt giving and receiving; and the smallest gap hath finally to be bridged over.

A hunger ariseth out of my beauty: I should like to injure those I illumine; I should like to rob those I have gifted:—thus do I hunger for wickedness.

Withdrawing my hand when another hand already stretcheth out to it; hesitating like the cascade, which hesitateth even in its leap:—thus do I hunger for wickedness!

Such revenge doth mine abundance think of: such mischief welleth out of my lonesomeness.

My happiness in bestowing died in bestowing; my virtue became weary of itself by its abundance!

He who ever bestoweth is in danger of losing his shame; to him who ever dispenseth, the hand and heart become callous by very dispensing.

Mine eye no longer overfloweth for the shame of suppliants; my hand hath become too hard for the trembling of filled hands.

Whence have gone the tears of mine eye, and the down of my heart? Oh, the lonesomeness of all bestowers! Oh, the silence of all shining ones!

Many suns circle in desert space: to all that is dark do they speak with their light—but to me they are silent.

Oh, this is the hostility of light to the shining one: unpityingly doth it pursue its course.

Unfair to the shining one in its innermost heart, cold to the suns:—thus travelleth every sun.

Like a storm do the suns pursue their courses: that is their travelling. Their inexorable will do they follow: that is their coldness.

Oh, ye only is it, ye dark, nightly ones, that extract warmth from the shining ones! Oh, ye only drink milk and refreshment from the light's udders!

Ah, there is ice around me; my hand burneth with the iciness! Ah, there is thirst in me; it panteth after your thirst!

'Tis night: alas, that I have to be light! And thirst for the nightly! And lonesomeness!

'Tis night: now doth my longing break forth in me as a fountain,—for speech do I long.

'Tis night: now do all gushing fountains speak louder. And my soul also is a gushing fountain.

'Tis night: now do all songs of loving ones awake. And my soul also is the song of a loving one.—

Thus sang Zarathustra.

32. *The Dance-Song*

One evening went Zarathustra and his disciples through the forest; and when he sought for a well, lo, he lighted upon a green meadow peacefully surrounded by trees and bushes where maidens were dancing together. As soon as the maidens recognised Zarathustra, they ceased dancing; Zarathustra, however, approached them with friendly mien and spake these words:

Cease not your dancing, ye lovely maidens! No game-spoiler hath come to you with evil eye, no enemy of maidens.

God's advocate am I with the devil: he, however, is the spirit of gravity. How could I, ye light-footed ones, be hostile to divine dances? Or to maidens' feet with fine ankles?

To be sure, I am a forest, and a night of dark trees: but he who is not afraid of my darkness, will find banks full of roses under my cypresses.

And even the little God may he find, who is dearest to maidens: beside the well lieth he quietly, with closed eyes.

Verily, in broad daylight did he fall asleep, the sluggard! Had he perhaps chased butterflies too much?

Upbraid me not, ye beautiful dancers, when I chasten the little God somewhat! He will cry, certainly, and weep—but he is laughable even when weeping!

And with tears in his eyes shall he ask you for a dance; and I myself will sing a song to his dance:

A dance-song and satire on the spirit of gravity my supremest, powerfulest devil, who is said to be "lord of the world."—

And this is the song that Zarathustra sang when Cupid and the maidens danced together:

Of late did I gaze into thine eye, O Life! And into the unfathomable did I there seem to sink.

But thou pulledst me out with a golden angle; derisively didst thou laugh when I called thee unfathomable.

"Such is the language of all fish," saidst thou; "what *they* do not fathom is unfathomable.

But changeable am I only, and wild, and altogether a woman, and no virtuous one:

Though I be called by you men the 'profound one,' or the 'faithful one,' 'the eternal one,' 'the mysterious one.'

But ye men endow us always with your own virtues—alas, ye virtuous ones!"

Thus did she laugh, the unbelievable one; but never do I believe her and her laughter, when she speaketh evil of herself.

And when I talked face to face with my wild Wisdom, she said to me angrily: "Thou willest, thou cravest, thou lovest; on that account alone dost thou *praise* Life!"

Then had I almost answered indignantly and told the truth to the angry one; and one cannot answer more indignantly than when one "telleth the truth" to one's Wisdom.

For thus do things stand with us three. In my heart do I love only Life—and verily, most when I hate her!

But that I am fond of Wisdom, and often too fond, is because she remindeth me very strongly of Life!

She hath her eye, her laugh, and even her golden angle-rod: am I responsible for it that both are so alike?

And when once Life asked me: "Who is she then, this Wisdom?"—then said I eagerly: "Ah, yes! Wisdom!

One thirsteth for her and is not satisfied, one looketh through veils, one graspeth through nets.

Is she beautiful? What do I know! But the oldest carps are still lured by her.

Changeable is she, and wayward; often have I seen her bite her lip, and pass the comb against the grain of her hair.

Perhaps she is wicked and false, and altogether a woman; but when she speaketh ill of herself, just then doth she seduce most."

When I had said this unto Life, then laughed she maliciously, and shut her eyes. "Of whom dost thou speak?" said she. "Perhaps of me?

And if thou wert right—is it proper to say *that* in such wise to my face! But now, pray, speak also of thy Wisdom!"

Ah, and now hast thou again opened thine eyes, O beloved Life! And into the unfathomable have I again seemed to sink.—

Thus sang Zarathustra. But when the dance was over and the maidens had departed, he became sad.

"The sun hath been long set," said he at last, "the meadow is damp, and from the forest cometh coolness.

An unknown presence is about me, and gazeth thoughtfully. What! Thou livest still, Zarathustra?

Why? Wherefore? Whereby? Whither? Where? How? Is it not folly still to live?—

Ah, my friends; the evening is it which thus interrogateth in me. Forgive me my sadness!

Evening hath come on: forgive me that evening hath come on!"

Thus sang Zarathustra.

33. *The Grave-Song*

"YONDER is the grave-island, the silent isle; yonder also are the graves of my youth. Thither will I carry an evergreen wreath of life."

Resolving thus in my heart, did I sail o'er the sea.—

Oh, ye sights and scenes of my youth! Oh, all ye gleams of love, ye divine fleeting gleams! How could ye perish so soon for me! I think of you to-day as my dead ones.

From you, my dearest dead ones, cometh unto me a sweet savour, heart-opening and melting. Verily, it convulseth and openeth the heart of the lone seafarer.

Still am I the richest and most to be envied—I, the lonesomest one! For I *have possessed* you, and ye possess me still. Tell me: to whom hath there ever fallen such rosy apples from the tree as have fallen unto me?

Still am I your love's heir and heritage, blooming to your memory with many-hued, wild-growing virtues, O ye dearest ones!

Ah, we were made to remain nigh unto each other, ye kindly strange marvels; and not like timid birds did ye come to me and my longing—nay, but as trusting ones to a trusting one!

Yea, made for faithfulness, like me, and for fond eternities, must I now name you by your faithlessness, ye divine glances and fleeting gleams: no other name have I yet learnt.

Verily, too early did ye die for me, ye fugitives. Yet did ye not flee from me, nor did I flee from you: innocent are we to each other in our faithlessness.

To kill *me,* did they strangle you, ye singing birds of my hopes! Yea, at you, ye dearest ones, did malice ever shoot its arrows—to hit my heart!

And they hit it! Because ye were always my dearest, my possession and my possessedness: *on that account* had ye to die young, and far too early!

At my most vulnerable point did they shoot the arrow—namely, at you, whose skin is like down—or more like the smile that dieth at a glance!

But this word will I say unto mine enemies: What is all manslaughter in comparison with what ye have done unto me!

Worse evil did ye do unto me than all manslaughter; the irretrievable did ye take from me:—thus do I speak unto you, mine enemies!

Slew ye not my youth's visions and dearest marvels! My playmates took ye from me, the blessed spirits! To their memory do I deposit this wreath and this curse.

This curse upon you, mine enemies! Have ye not made mine eternal short, as a tone dieth away in a cold night! Scarcely, as the twinkle of divine eyes, did it come to me—as a fleeting gleam!

Thus spake once in a happy hour my purity: "Divine shall everything be unto me."

Then did ye haunt me with foul phantoms; ah, whither hath that happy hour now fled!

"All days shall be holy unto me"—so spake once the wisdom of my youth: verily, the language of a joyous wisdom!

But then did ye enemies steal my nights, and sold them to sleepless torture: ah, whither hath that joyous wisdom now fled?

Once did I long for happy auspices: then did ye lead an owl-monster across my path, an adverse sign. Ah, whither did my tender longing then flee?

All loathing did I once vow to renounce: then did ye change my nigh ones and nearest ones into ulcerations. Ah, whither did my noblest vow then flee?

As a blind one did I once walk in blessed ways: then did ye cast filth on the blind one's course: and now is he disgusted with the old footpath.

And when I performed my hardest task, and celebrated the triumph of my victories, then did ye make those who loved me call out that I then grieved them most.

Verily, it was always your doing: ye embittered to me my best honey, and the diligence of my best bees.

To my charity have ye ever sent the most impudent beggars; around my sympathy have ye ever crowded the incurably shameless. Thus have ye wounded the faith of my virtue.

And when I offered my holiest as a sacrifice, immediately did your "piety" put its fatter gifts beside it: so that my holiest suffocated in the fumes of your fat.

And once did I want to dance as I had never yet danced: beyond all heavens did I want to dance. Then did ye seduce my favourite minstrel.

And now hath he struck up an awful, melancholy air; alas, he tooted as a mournful horn to mine ear!

Murderous minstrel, instrument of evil, most innocent instrument! Already did I stand prepared for the best dance: then didst thou slay my rapture with thy tones!

Only in the dance do I know how to speak the parable of the highest things:—and now hath my grandest parable remained unspoken in my limbs!

Unspoken and unrealised hath my highest hope remained! And there have perished for me all the visions and consolations of my youth!

How did I ever bear it? How did I survive and surmount such wounds? How did my soul rise again out of those sepulchres?

Yea, something invulnerable, unburiable is with me, something that would rend rocks asunder: it is called *my Will.* Silently doth it proceed, and unchanged throughout the years.

Its course will it go upon my feet, mine old Will; hard of heart is its nature and invulnerable.

Invulnerable am I only in my heel. Ever livest thou there, and art like thyself, thou most patient one! Ever hast thou burst all shackles of the tomb!

In thee still liveth also the unrealisedness of my youth; and as life and youth sittest thou here hopeful on the yellow ruins of graves.

Yea, thou art still for me the demolisher of all graves: Hail to thee, my Will! And only where there are graves are there resurrections.—

Thus sang Zarathustra.

34. Self-Surpassing

"WILL to Truth" do ye call it, ye wisest ones, that which impelleth you and maketh you ardent?

Will for the thinkableness of all being: thus do *I* call your will!

All being would ye *make* thinkable: for ye doubt with good reason whether it be already thinkable.

But it shall accommodate and bend itself to you! So willeth your will. Smooth shall it become and subject to the spirit, as its mirror and reflection.

That is your entire will, ye wisest ones, as a Will to Power; and even when ye speak of good and evil, and of estimates of value.

Ye would still create a world before which ye can bow the knee: such is your ultimate hope and ecstasy.

The ignorant, to be sure, the people—they are like a river on which a boat floateth along: and in the boat sit the estimates of value, solemn and disguised.

Your will and your valuations have ye put on the river of becoming; it betrayeth unto me an old Will to Power, what is believed by the people as good and evil.

It was ye, ye wisest ones, who put such guests in this boat, and gave them pomp and proud names—ye and your ruling Will!

Onward the river now carrieth your boat: it *must* carry it. A small matter if the rough wave foameth and angrily resisteth its keel!

It is not the river that is your danger and the end of your good and evil, ye wisest ones: but that Will itself, the Will to Power—the unexhausted, procreating life-will.

But that ye may understand my gospel of good and evil, for that purpose will I tell you my gospel of life, and of the nature of all living things.

The living thing did I follow; I walked in the broadest and narrowest paths to learn its nature.

With a hundred-faced mirror did I catch its glance when its mouth was shut, so that its eye might speak unto me. And its eye spake unto me.

But wherever I found living things, there heard I also the language of obedience. All living things are obeying things.

And this heard I secondly: Whatever cannot obey itself, is commanded. Such is the nature of living things.

This, however, is the third thing which I heard—namely, that commanding is more difficult than obeying. And not only because the commander beareth the burden of all obeyers, and because this burden readily crusheth him:—

An attempt and a risk seemed all commanding unto me; and whenever it commandeth, the living thing risketh itself thereby.

Yea, even when it commandeth itself, then also must it atone for its commanding. Of its own law must it become the judge and avenger and victim.

How doth this happen! So did I ask myself. What persuadeth the living thing to obey, and command, and even be obedient in commanding?

Hearken now unto my word, ye wisest ones! Test it seriously, whether I have crept into the heart of life itself, and into the roots of its heart!

Wherever I found a living thing, there found I Will to Power; and even in the will of the servant found I the will to be master.

That to the stronger the weaker shall serve—thereto persuadeth he his will who would be master over a still weaker one. That delight alone he is unwilling to forego.

And as the lesser surrendereth himself to the greater that he may have delight and power over the least of all, so doth even the greatest surrender himself, and staketh—life, for the sake of power.

It is the surrender of the greatest to run risk and danger, and play dice for death.

And where there is sacrifice and service and love-glances, there also is the will to be master. By by-ways doth the weaker then slink into the fortress, and into the heart of the mightier one—and there stealeth power.

And this secret spake Life herself unto me. "Behold," said she, "I am that *which must ever surpass itself*.

To be sure, ye call it will to procreation, or impulse towards a goal, towards the higher, remoter, more manifold: but all that is one and the same secret.

Rather would I succumb than disown this one thing; and verily, where there is succumbing and leaf-falling, lo, there doth Life sacrifice itself—for power!

That I have to be struggle, and becoming, and purpose, and cross-purpose—ah, he who divineth my will, divineth well also on what *crooked* paths it hath to tread!

Whatever I create, and however much I love it,—soon must I be adverse to it, and to my love: so willeth my will.

And even thou, discerning one, art only a path and footstep of my will: verily, my Will to Power walketh even on the feet of thy Will to Truth!

He certainly did not hit the truth who shot at it the formula: "Will to existence": that will—doth not exist!

For what is not, cannot will; that, however, which is in existence—how could it still strive for existence!

Only where there is life, is there also will: not, however, Will to Life, but—so teach I thee—Will to Power!

Much is reckoned higher than life itself by the living one; but out of the very reckoning speaketh—the Will to Power!"—

Thus did Life once teach me: and thereby, ye wisest ones, do I solve you the riddle of your hearts.

Verily, I say unto you: good and evil which would be everlasting—it doth not exist! Of its own accord must it ever surpass itself anew.

With your values and formulæ of good and evil, ye exercise power, ye valuing ones: and that is your secret love, and the sparkling, trembling, and overflowing of your souls.

But a stronger power groweth out of your values, and a new surpassing: by it breaketh egg and egg-shell.

And he who hath to be a creator in good and evil—verily, he hath first to be a destroyer, and break values in pieces.

Thus doth the greatest evil pertain to the greatest good: that, however, is the creating good.—

Let us *speak* thereof, ye wisest ones, even though it be bad. To be silent is worse; all suppressed truths become poisonous.

And let everything break up which—can break up by our truths! Many a house is still to be built!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

35. *The Sublime Ones*

Calm is the bottom of my sea: who would guess that it hideth droll monsters!

Unmoved is my depth: but it sparkleth with swimming enigmas and laughters.

A sublime one saw I today, a solemn one, a penitent of the spirit: Oh, how my soul laughed at his ugliness!

With upraised breast, and like those who draw in their breath: thus did he stand, the sublime one, and in silence:

O'erhung with ugly truths, the spoil of his hunting, and rich in torn raiment; many thorns also hung on him—but I saw no rose.

Not yet had he learned laughing and beauty. Gloomy did this hunter return from the forest of knowledge.

From the fight with wild beasts returned he home: but even yet a wild beast gazeth out of his seriousness—an unconquered wild beast!

As a tiger doth he ever stand, on the point of springing; but I do not like those strained souls; ungracious is my taste towards all those self-engrossed ones.

And ye tell me, friends, that there is to be no dispute about taste and tasting? But all life is a dispute about taste and tasting!

Taste: that is weight at the same time, and scales and weigher; and alas for every living thing that would live without dispute about weight and scales and weigher!

Should he become weary of his sublimeness, this sublime one, then only will his beauty begin—and then only will I taste him and find him savoury.

And only when he turneth away from himself will he o'erleap his own shadow—and verily! into *his* sun.

Far too long did he sit in the shade; the cheeks of the penitent of the spirit became pale; he almost starved on his expectations.

Contempt is still in his eye, and loathing hideth in his mouth. To be sure, he now resteth, but he hath not yet taken rest in the sunshine.

As the ox ought he to do; and his happiness should smell of the earth, and not of contempt for the earth.

As a white ox would I like to see him, which, snorting and lowing, walketh before the plough-share: and his lowing should also laud all that is earthly!

Dark is still his countenance; the shadow of his hand danceth upon it. O'ershadowed is still the sense of his eye.

His deed itself is still the shadow upon him: his doing obscureth the doer. Not yet hath he overcome his deed.

To be sure, I love in him the shoulders of the ox: but now do I want to see also the eye of the angel.

Also his hero-will hath he still to unlearn: an exalted one shall he be, and not only a sublime one:—the ether itself should raise him, the will-less one!

He hath subdued monsters, he hath solved enigmas. But he should also redeem his monsters and enigmas; into heavenly children should he transform them.

As yet hath his knowledge not learned to smile, and to be without jealousy; as yet hath his gushing passion not become calm in beauty.

Verily, not in satiety shall his longing cease and disappear, but in beauty! Gracefulness belongeth to the munificence of the magnanimous.

His arm across his head: thus should the hero repose; thus should he also surmount his repose.

But precisely to the hero is *beauty* the hardest thing of all. Unattainable is beauty by all ardent wills.

A little more, a little less: precisely this is much here, it is the most here.

To stand with relaxed muscles and with unharnessed will: that is the hardest for all of you, ye sublime ones!

When power becometh gracious and descendeth into the visible—I call such condescension, beauty.

And from no one do I want beauty so much as from thee, thou powerful one: let thy goodness be thy last self-conquest.

All evil do I accredit to thee: therefore do I desire of thee the good.

Verily, I have often laughed at the weaklings, who think themselves good because they have crippled paws!

The virtue of the pillar shalt thou strive after: more beautiful doth it ever become, and more graceful—but internally harder and more sustaining—the higher it riseth.

Yea, thou sublime one, one day shalt thou also be beautiful, and hold up the mirror to thine own beauty.

Then will thy soul thrill with divine desires; and there will be adoration even in thy vanity!

For this is the secret of the soul: when the hero hath abandoned it, then only approacheth it in dreams—the superhero.—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

36. The Land of Culture

Too far did I fly into the future: a horror seized upon me.

And when I looked around me, lo! there time was my sole contemporary.

Then did I fly backwards, homewards—and always faster. Thus did I come unto you: ye present-day men, and into the land of culture.

For the first time brought I an eye to see you, and good desire: verily, with longing in my heart did I come.

But how did it turn out with me? Although so alarmed—I had yet to laugh! Never did mine eye see anything so motley-coloured!

I laughed and laughed, while my foot still trembled, and my heart as well. "Here forsooth, is the home of all the paint-pots,"—said I.

With fifty patches painted on faces and limbs—so sat ye there to mine astonishment, ye present-day men!

And with fifty mirrors around you, which flattered your play of colours, and repeated it!

Verily, ye could wear no better masks, ye present-day men, than your own faces! Who could—*recognise* you!

Written all over with the characters of the past, and these characters also pencilled over with new characters—thus have ye concealed yourselves well from all decipherers!

And though one be a trier of the reins, who still believeth that ye have reins! Out of colours ye seem to be baked, and out of glued scraps.

All times and peoples gaze divers-coloured out of your veils; all customs and beliefs speak divers-coloured out of your gestures.

He who would strip you of veils and wrappers, and paints and gestures, would just have enough left to scare the crows.

Verily, I myself am the scared crow that once saw you naked, and without paint; and I flew away when the skeleton ogled at me.

Rather would I be a day-labourer in the nether-world, and among the shades of the by-gone!—Fatter and fuller than ye, are forsooth the nether-worldlings!

This, yea this, is bitterness to my bowels, that I can neither endure you naked nor clothed, ye present-day men!

All that is unhomelike in the future, and whatever maketh strayed birds shiver, is verily more homelike and familiar than your "reality."

For thus speak ye: "Real are we wholly, and without faith and superstition": thus do ye plume yourselves—alas! even without plumes!

Indeed, how would ye be *able* to believe, ye divers-coloured ones!—ye who are pictures of all that hath ever been believed!

Perambulating refutations are ye, of belief itself, and a dislocation of all thought. *Untrustworthy ones:* thus do *I* call you, ye real ones!

All periods prate against one another in your spirits; and the dreams and pratings of all periods were even realer than your awakeness!

Unfruitful are ye: *therefore* do ye lack belief. But he who had to create, had always his presaging dreams and astral premonitions—and believed in believing!—

Half-open doors are ye, at which grave-diggers wait. And this is *your* reality: "Everything deserveth to perish."

Alas, how ye stand there before me, ye unfruitful ones; how lean your ribs! And many of you surely have had knowledge thereof.

Many a one hath said: "There hath surely a God filched something from me secretly whilst I slept? Verily, enough to make a girl for himself therefrom!

"Amazing is the poverty of my ribs!" thus hath spoken many a present-day man.

Yea, ye are laughable unto me, ye present-day men! And especially when ye marvel at yourselves!

And woe unto me if I could not laugh at your marvelling, and had to swallow all that is repugnant in your platters!

As it is, however, I will make lighter of you, since I have to carry *what is heavy;* and what matter if beetles and May-bugs also alight on my load!

Verily, it shall not on that account become heavier to me! And not from you, ye present-day men, shall my great weariness arise.—

Ah, whither shall I now ascend with my longing! From all mountains do I look out for fatherlands and motherlands.

But a home have I found nowhere: unsettled am I in all cities, and decamping at all gates.

Alien to me, and a mockery, are the present-day men, to whom of late my heart impelled me; and exiled am I from fatherlands and motherlands.

Thus do I love only my *children's land,* the undiscovered in the remotest sea: for it do I bid my sails search and search.

Unto my children will I make amends for being the child of my fathers: and unto all the future—for *this* present-day!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

37. Immaculate Perception

WHEN yester-eve the moon arose, then did I fancy it about to bear a sun: so broad and teeming did it lie on the horizon.

But it was a liar with its pregnancy; and sooner will I believe in the man in the moon than in the woman.

To be sure, little of a man is he also, that timid night-reveller. Verily, with a bad conscience doth he stalk over the roofs.

For he is covetous and jealous, the monk in the moon; covetous of the earth, and all the joys of lovers.

Nay, I like him not, that tom-cat on the roofs! Hateful unto me are all that slink around half-closed windows!

Piously and silently doth he stalk along on the star-carpets: —but I like no light-treading human feet, on which not even a spur jingleth.

Every honest one's step speaketh; the cat however, stealeth along over the ground. Lo! cat-like doth the moon come along, and dishonestly.—

This parable speak I unto you sentimental dissemblers, unto you, the "pure discerners!" You do *I* call—covetous ones!

Also ye love the earth, and the earthly: I have divined you well!—but shame is in your love, and a bad conscience—ye are like the moon!

To despise the earthly hath your spirit been persuaded, but not your bowels: these, however, are the strongest in you!

And now is your spirit ashamed to be at the service of your bowels, and goeth in by-ways and lying ways to escape its own shame.

"That would be the highest thing for me"--so saith your lying spirit unto itself—"to gaze upon life without desire, and not like the dog, with hanging-out tongue:

To be happy in gazing: with dead will, free from the grip and greed of selfishness—cold and ashy-grey all over, but with intoxicated moon-eyes!

That would be the dearest thing to me"—thus doth the seduced one seduce himself,—"to love the earth as the moon loveth it, and with the eye only to feel its beauty.

And this do I call *immaculate* perception of all things: to want nothing else from them, but to be allowed to lie before them as a mirror with a hundred facets."—

Oh, ye sentimental dissemblers, ye covetous ones! Ye lack innocence in your desire: and now do ye defame desiring on that account!

Verily, not as creators, as procreators, or as jubilators do ye love the earth!

Where is innocence? Where there is will to procreation. And he who seeketh to create beyond himself, hath for me the purest will.

Where is beauty? Where I *must will* with my whole Will; where I will love and perish, that an image may not remain merely an image.

Loving and perishing: these have rhymed from eternity. Will to love: that is to be ready also for death. Thus do I speak unto you cowards!

But now doth your emasculated ogling profess to be "contemplation!" And that which can be examined with cowardly eyes is to be christened "beautiful!" Oh, ye violators of noble names!

But it shall be your curse, ye immaculate ones, ye pure discerners, that ye shall never bring forth, even though ye lie broad and teeming on the horizon!

Verily, ye fill your mouth with noble words: and we are to believe that your heart overfloweth, ye cozeners?

But *my* words are poor, contemptible, stammering words: gladly do I pick up what falleth from the table at your repasts.

Yet still can I say therewith the truth—to dissemblers! Yea, my fish-bones, shells, and prickly leaves shall—tickle the noses of dissemblers!

Bad air is always about you and your repasts: your lascivious thoughts, your lies, and secrets are indeed in the air!

Dare only to believe in yourselves—in yourselves and in your inward parts! He who doth not believe in himself always lieth.

A God's mask have ye hung in front of you, ye "pure ones": into a God's mask hath your execrable coiling snake crawled.

Verily ye deceive, ye "contemplative ones!" Even Zarathustra was once the dupe of your godlike exterior; he did not divine the serpent's coil with which it was stuffed.

A God's soul, I once thought I saw playing in your games, ye pure discerners! No better arts did I once dream of than your arts!

Serpents' filth and evil odour, the distance concealed from me: and that a lizard's craft prowled thereabouts lasciviously.

But I came *nigh* unto you: then came to me the day,—and now cometh it to you,—at an end is the moon's love affair!

See there! Surprised and pale doth it stand—before the rosy dawn!

For already she cometh, the glowing one,—*her* love to the earth cometh! Innocence, and creative desire, is all solar love!

See there, how she cometh impatiently over the sea! Do ye not feel the thirst and the hot breath of her love?

At the sea would she suck, and drink its depths to her height: now riseth the desire of the sea with its thousand breasts.

Kissed and sucked *would* it be by the thirst of the sun; vapour *would* it become, and height, and path of light, and light itself!

Verily, like the sun do I love life, and all deep seas.

And this meaneth *to me* knowledge: all that is deep shall ascend—to my height!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

38. Scholars

WHEN I lay asleep, then did a sheep eat at the ivy-wreath on my head,—it ate, and said thereby: "Zarathustra is no longer a scholar."

It said this, and went away clumsily and proudly. A child told it to me.

I like to lie here where the children play, beside the ruined wall, among thistles and red poppies.

A scholar am I still to the children, and also to the thistles and red poppies. Innocent are they, even in their wickedness.

But to the sheep I am no longer a scholar: so willeth my lot —blessings upon it!

For this is the truth: I have departed from the house of the scholars, and the door have I also slammed behind me.

Too long did my soul sit hungry at their table: not like them have I got the knack of investigating, as the knack of nut-cracking.

Freedom do I love, and the air over fresh soil; rather would I sleep on ox-skins than on their honours and dignities.

I am too hot and scorched with mine own thought: often is it ready to take away my breath. Then have I to go into the open air, and away from all dusty rooms.

But they sit cool in the cool shade: they want in everything to be merely spectators, and they avoid sitting where the sun burneth on the steps.

Like those who stand in the street and gape at the passers-by: thus do they also wait, and gape at the thoughts which others have thought.

Should one lay hold of them, then do they raise a dust like flour-sacks, and involuntarily: but who would divine that their dust came from corn, and from the yellow delight of the summer fields?

When they give themselves out as wise, then do their petty sayings and truths chill me: in their wisdom there is often an odour as if it came from the swamp; and verily, I have even heard the frog croak in it!

Clever are they—they have dexterous fingers: what doth my simplicity pretend to beside their multiplicity! All threading and knitting and weaving do their fingers understand: thus do they make the hose of the spirit!

Good clockworks are they: only be careful to wind them up properly! Then do they indicate the hour without mistake, and make a modest noise thereby.

Like millstones do they work, and like pestles: throw only seed-corn unto them!—they know well how to grind corn small, and make white dust out of it.

They keep a sharp eye on one another, and do not trust each other the best. Ingenious in little artifices, they wait for those whose knowledge walketh on lame feet,—like spiders do they wait.

I saw them always prepare their poison with precaution; and always did they put glass gloves on their fingers in doing so.

They also know how to play with false dice; and so eagerly did I find them playing, that they perspired thereby.

We are alien to each other, and their virtues are even more repugnant to my taste than their falsehoods and false dice.

And when I lived with them, then did I live above them. Therefore did they take a dislike to me.

They want to hear nothing of any one walking above their heads; and so they put wood and earth and rubbish betwixt me and their heads.

Thus did they deafen the sound of my tread: and least have I hitherto been heard by the most learned.

All mankind's faults and weaknesses did they put betwixt themselves and me:—they call it "false ceiling" in their houses.

But nevertheless I walk with my thoughts *above* their heads;

and even should I walk on mine own errors, still would I be above them and their heads.

For men are *not* equal: so speaketh justice. And what I will, *they* may not will!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

39. *Poets*

"SINCE I have known the body better"—said Zarathustra to one of his disciples—"the spirit hath only been to me symbolically spirit; and all the 'imperishable'—that is also but a simile."

"So have I heard thee say once before," answered the disciple, "and then thou addedst: 'But the poets lie too much.' Why didst thou say that the poets lie too much?"

"Why?" said Zarathustra. "Thou askest why? I do not belong to those who may be asked after their Why.

Is my experience but of yesterday? It is long ago that I experienced the reasons for mine opinions.

Should I not have to be a cask of memory, if I also wanted to have my reasons with me?

It is already too much for me even to retain mine opinions; and many a bird flieth away.

And sometimes, also, do I find a fugitive creature in my dovecote, which is alien to me, and trembleth when I lay my hand upon it.

But what did Zarathustra once say unto thee? That the poets lie too much?—But Zarathustra also is a poet.

Believest thou that he there spake the truth? Why dost thou believe it?"

The disciple answered: "I believe in Zarathustra." But Zarathustra shook his head and smiled.—

Belief doth not sanctify me, said he, least of all the belief in myself.

But granting that some one did say in all seriousness that the poets lie too much: he was right—*we* do lie too much.

We also know too little, and are bad learners: so we are obliged to lie.

And which of us poets hath not adulterated his wine? Many a poisonous hotchpotch hath evolved in our cellars: many an indescribable thing hath there been done.

And because we know little, therefore are we pleased from the heart with the poor in spirit, especially when they are young women!

And even of those things are we desirous, which old women tell one another in the evening. This do we call the eternally feminine in us.

And as if there were a special secret access to knowledge, which *choketh up* for those who learn anything, so do we believe in the people and in their "wisdom."

This, however, do all poets believe: that whoever pricketh up his ears when lying in the grass or on lonely slopes, learneth something of the things that are betwixt heaven and earth.

And if there come unto them tender emotions, then do the poets always think that nature herself is in love with them:

And that she stealeth to their ear to whisper secrets into it, and amorous flatteries: of this do they plume and pride themselves, before all mortals!

Ah, there are so many things betwixt heaven and earth of which only the poets have dreamed!

And especially *above* the heavens: for all gods are poet-symbolisations, poet-sophistications!

Verily, ever are we drawn aloft—that is, to the realm of the clouds: on these do we set our gaudy puppets, and then call them gods and Supermen:—

Are not they light enough for those chairs!—all these gods and Supermen?—

Ah, how I am weary of all the inadequate that is insisted on as actual! Ah, how I am weary of the poets!

When Zarathustra so spake, his disciple resented it, but was silent. And Zarathustra also was silent; and his eye directed itself inwardly, as if it gazed into the far distance. At last he sighed and drew breath.—

I am of today and heretofore, said he thereupon; but something is in me that is of the morrow, and the day following, and the hereafter.

I became weary of the poets, of the old and of the new: superficial are they all unto me, and shallow seas.

They did not think sufficiently into the depth; therefore their feeling did not reach to the bottom.

Some sensation of voluptuousness and some sensation of tedium: these have as yet been their best contemplation.

Ghost-breathing and ghost-whisking, seemeth to me all the jingle-jangling of their harps; what have they known hitherto of the fervour of tones!—

They are also not pure enough for me: they all muddle their water that it may seem deep.

And fain would they thereby prove themselves reconcilers: but mediaries and mixers are they unto me, and half-and-half, and impure!—

Ah, I cast indeed my net into their sea, and meant to catch good fish; but always did I draw up the head of some ancient God.

Thus did the sea give a stone to the hungry one. And they themselves may well originate from the sea.

Certainly, one findeth pearls in them: thereby they are the more like hard molluscs. And instead of a soul, I have often found in them salt slime.

They have learned from the sea also its vanity: is not the sea the peacock of peacocks?

Even before the ugliest of all buffaloes doth it spread out its tail; never doth it tire of its lace-fan of silver and silk.

Disdainfully doth the buffalo glance thereat, nigh to the sand with its soul, nigher still to the thicket, nighest, however, to the swamp.

What is beauty and sea and peacock-splendour to it! This parable I speak unto the poets.

Verily, their spirit itself is the peacock of peacocks, and a sea of vanity!

Spectators seeketh the spirit of the poet—should they even be buffaloes!—

But of this spirit became I weary; and I see the time coming when it will become weary of itself.

Yea, changed have I seen the poets, and their glance turned towards themselves.

Penitents of the spirit have I seen appearing; they grew out of the poets.—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

40. Great Events

There is an isle in the sea—not far from the Happy Isles of Zarathustra—on which a volcano ever smoketh; of which isle the people, and especially the old women amongst them, say that it is placed as a rock before the gate of the nether-world; but that through the volcano itself the narrow way leadeth downwards which conducteth to this gate.

Now about the time that Zarathustra sojourned on the Happy Isles, it happened that a ship anchored at the isle on which standeth the smoking mountain, and the crew went ashore to shoot rabbits. About the noontide hour, however, when the captain and his men were together again, they saw suddenly a man coming towards them through the air, and a voice said distinctly: "It is time! It is the highest time!" But when the figure was nearest to them (it flew past quickly, however, like a shadow, in the direction of the volcano), then did they recognise with the greatest surprise that it was Zarathustra; for they had all seen him before except the captain himself, and they loved him as the people love: in such wise that love and awe were combined in equal degree.

"Behold!" said the old helmsman, "there goeth Zarathustra to hell!"

About the same time that these sailors landed on the fire-isle, there was a rumour that Zarathustra had disappeared; and when his friends were asked about it, they said that he had gone on board a ship by night, without saying whither he was going.

Thus there arose some uneasiness. After three days, however, there came the story of the ship's crew in addition to this uneasiness—and then did all the people say that the devil had taken Zarathustra. His disciples laughed, sure enough, at this talk; and one of them said even: "Sooner would I believe that Zarathustra hath taken the devil." But at the bottom of their hearts they were all full of anxiety and longing: so their joy was great when on the fifth day Zarathustra appeared amongst them.

And this is the account of Zarathustra's interview with the fire-dog:

The earth, said he, hath a skin; and this skin hath diseases. One of these diseases, for example, is called "man."

And another of these diseases is called "the fire-dog": concerning *him* men have greatly deceived themselves, and let themselves be deceived.

To fathom this mystery did I go o'er the sea; and I have seen the truth naked, verily! barefooted up to the neck.

Now do I know how it is concerning the fire-dog; and likewise concerning all the spouting and subversive devils, of which not only old women are afraid.

"Up with thee, fire-dog, out of thy depth!" cried I, "and confess how deep that depth is! Whence cometh that which thou snortest up?

Thou drinkest copiously at the sea: that doth thine embittered eloquence betray! In sooth, for a dog of the depth, thou takest thy nourishment too much from the surface!

At the most, I regard thee as the ventriloquist of the earth: and ever, when I have heard subversive and spouting devils speak, I have found them like thee: embittered, mendacious, and shallow.

Ye understand how to roar and obscure with ashes! Ye are the best braggarts, and have sufficiently learned the art of making dregs boil.

Where ye are, there must always be dregs at hand, and much that is spongy, hollow, and compressed: it wanteth to have freedom.

'Freedom' ye all roar most eagerly: but I have unlearned the belief in 'great events,' when there is much roaring and smoke about them.

And believe me, friend Hullabaloo! The greatest events—are not our noisiest, but our stillest hours.

Not around the inventors of new noise, but around the inventors of new values, doth the world revolve; *inaudibly* it revolveth.

And just own to it! Little had ever taken place when thy noise and smoke passed away. What, if a city did become a mummy, and a statue lay in the mud!

And this do I say also to the o'erthrowers of statues: It is certainly the greatest folly to throw salt into the sea, and statues into the mud.

In the mud of your contempt lay the statue: but it is just its law, that out of contempt, its life and living beauty grow again!

With diviner features doth it now arise, seducing by its suffering; and verily! it will yet thank you for o'erthrowing it, ye subverters!

This counsel, however, do I counsel to kings and churches, and to all that is weak with age or virtue—let yourselves be o'erthrown! That ye may again come to life, and that virtue—may come to you!—"

Thus spake I before the fire-dog: then did he interrupt me sullenly, and asked: "Church? What is that?"

"Church?" answered I, "that is a kind of state, and indeed the most mendacious. But remain quiet, thou dissembling dog! Thou surely knowest thine own species best!

Like thyself the state is a dissembling dog; like thee doth it like to speak with smoke and roaring—to make believe, like thee, that it speaketh out of the heart of things.

For it seeketh by all means to be the most important creature on earth, the state; and people think it so."

When I had said this, the fire-dog acted as if mad with envy. "What!" cried he, "the most important creature on earth? And people think it so?" And so much vapour and terrible voices came out of his throat, that I thought he would choke with vexation and envy.

At last he became calmer and his panting subsided; as soon, however, as he was quiet, I said laughingly:

"Thou art angry, fire-dog: so I am in the right about thee!

And that I may also maintain the right, hear the story of another fire-dog; he speaketh actually out of the heart of the earth.

Gold doth his breath exhale, and golden rain: so doth his heart desire. What are ashes and smoke and hot dregs to him!

Laughter flitteth from him like a variegated cloud; adverse is he to thy gargling and spewing and grips in the bowels!

The gold, however, and the laughter—these doth he take out of the heart of the earth: for, that thou mayst know it,—*the heart of the earth is of gold.*"

When the fire-dog heard this, he could no longer endure to listen to me. Abashed did he draw in his tail, said "bow-wow!" in a cowed voice, and crept down into his cave.—

Thus told Zarathustra. His disciples, however, hardly listened to him: so great was their eagerness to tell him about the sailors, the rabbits, and the flying man.

"What am I to think of it!" said Zarathustra. "Am I indeed a ghost?

But it may have been my shadow. Ye have surely heard something of the Wanderer and his Shadow?

One thing, however, is certain: I must keep a tighter hold of it; otherwise it will spoil my reputation."

And once more Zarathustra shook his head and wondered. "What am I to think of it!" said he once more.

"Why did the ghost cry: 'It is time! It is the highest time!' *For what* is it then—the highest time?"—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

41. The Soothsayer

"—And I saw a great sadness come over mankind. The best turned weary of their works.

A doctrine appeared, a faith ran beside it: 'All is empty, all is alike, all hath been!'

And from all hills there re-echoed: 'All is empty, all is alike, all hath been!'

To be sure we have harvested: but why have all our fruits become rotten and brown? What was it fell last night from the evil moon?

In vain was all our labour, poison hath our wine become, the evil eye hath singed yellow our fields and hearts.

Arid have we all become; and fire falling upon us, then do we turn dust like ashes:—yea, the fire itself have we made aweary.

All our fountains have dried up, even the sea hath receded. All the ground trieth to gape, but the depth will not swallow!

'Alas! where is there still a sea in which one could be drowned?' so soundeth our plaint—across shallow swamps.

Verily, even for dying have we become too weary; now do we keep awake and live on—in sepulchres."

Thus did Zarathustra hear a soothsayer speak; and the foreboding touched his heart and transformed him. Sorrowfully did he go about and wearily; and he became like unto those of whom the soothsayer had spoken.—

Verily, said he unto his disciples, a little while, and there cometh the long twilight. Alas, how shall I preserve my light through it!

That it may not smother in this sorrowfulness! To remoter worlds shall it be a light, and also to remotest nights!

Thus did Zarathustra go about grieved in his heart, and for three days he did not take any meat or drink: he had no rest, and lost his speech. At last it came to pass that he fell into a deep sleep. His disciples, however, sat around him in long night-watches, and waited anxiously to see if he would awake, and speak again, and recover from his affliction.

And this is the discourse that Zarathustra spake when he awoke; his voice, however, came unto his disciples as from afar:

Hear, I pray you, the dream that I dreamed, my friends, and help me to divine its meaning!

A riddle is it still unto me, this dream; the meaning is hidden in it and encaged, and doth not yet fly above it on free pinions.

All life had I renounced, so I dreamed. Night-watchman and grave-guardian had I become, aloft, in the lone mountain-fortress of Death.

There did I guard his coffins: full stood the musty vaults of those trophies of victory. Out of glass coffins did vanquished life gaze upon me.

The odour of dust-covered eternities did I breathe: sultry and dust-covered lay my soul. And who could have aired his soul there!

Brightness of midnight was ever around me; lonesomeness cowered beside her; and as a third, death-rattle stillness, the worst of my female friends.

Keys did I carry, the rustiest of all keys; and I knew how to open with them the most creaking of all gates.

Like a bitterly angry croaking ran the sound through the long corridors when the leaves of the gate opened: ungraciously did this bird cry, unwillingly was it awakened.

But more frightful even, and more heart-strangling was it, when it again became silent and still all around, and I alone sat in that malignant silence.

Thus did time pass with me, and slip by, if time there still was: what do I know thereof! But at last there happened that which awoke me.

Thrice did there peal peals at the gate like thunders, thrice did the vaults resound and howl again: then did I go to the gate.

Alpa! cried I, who carrieth his ashes unto the mountain? Alpa! Alpa! who carrieth his ashes unto the mountain?

And I pressed the key, and pulled at the gate, and exerted myself. But not a finger's-breadth was it yet open:

Then did a roaring wind tear the folds apart: whistling, whizzing, and piercing, it threw unto me a black coffin.

And in the roaring and whistling and whizzing, the coffin burst open, and spouted out a thousand peals of laughter.

And a thousand caricatures of children, angels, owls, fools, and child-sized butterflies laughed and mocked, and roared at me

Fearfully was I terrified thereby: it prostrated me. And I cried with horror as I ne'er cried before.

But mine own crying awoke me:—and I came to myself.—

Thus did Zarathustra relate his dream, and then was silent: for as yet he knew not the interpretation thereof. But the disciple whom he loved most arose quickly, seized Zarathustra's hand, and said:

"Thy life itself interpreteth unto us this dream, O Zarathustra!

Art thou not thyself the wind with shrill whistling, which bursteth open the gates of the fortress of Death?

Art thou not thyself the coffin full of many-hued malices and angel-caricatures of life?

Verily, like a thousand peals of children's laughter cometh Zarathustra into all sepulchres, laughing at those night-watchmen and grave-guardians, and whoever else rattleth with sinister keys.

With thy laughter wilt thou frighten and prostrate them: fainting and recovering wilt thou demonstrate thy power over them.

And when the long twilight cometh and the mortal weariness, even then wilt thou not disappear from our firmament, thou advocate of life!

New stars hast thou made us see, and new nocturnal glories: verily, laughter itself hast thou spread out over us like a many-hued canopy.

Now will children's laughter ever from coffins flow; now will a strong wind ever come victoriously unto all mortal weariness: of this thou art thyself the pledge and the prophet!

Verily, *they themselves didst thou dream*, thine enemies: that was thy sorest dream.

But as thou awokest from them and camest to thyself, so shall they awaken from themselves—and come unto thee!"

Thus spake the disciple; and all the others then thronged around Zarathustra, grasped him by the hands, and tried to persuade him to leave his bed and his sadness, and return unto them. Zarathustra, however, sat upright on his couch, with an absent look. Like one returning from long foreign sojourn did he look on his disciples, and examined their features; but still he knew them not. When, however, they raised him, and set him upon his feet, behold, all on a sudden his eye changed; he understood everything that had happened, stroked his beard, and said with a strong voice:

"Well! this hath just its time; but see to it, my disciples, that we have a good repast, and without delay! Thus do I mean to make amends for bad dreams!

The soothsayer, however, shall eat and drink at my side: and verily, I will yet show him a sea in which he can drown himself!"—

Thus spake Zarathustra. Then did he gaze long into the face of the disciple who had been the dream-interpreter, and shook his head.—

42. *Redemption*

WHEN Zarathustra went one day over the great bridge, then did the cripples and beggars surround him, and a hunchback spake thus unto him:

"Behold, Zarathustra! Even the people learn from thee, and acquire faith in thy teaching: but for them to believe fully in thee, one thing is still needful—thou must first of all convince us cripples! Here hast thou now a fine selection, and verily, an opportunity with more than one forelock! The blind canst thou heal, and make the lame run; and from him who hath too much behind, couldst thou well, also, take away a little;—that, I think, would be the right method to make the cripples believe in Zarathustra!"

Zarathustra, however, answered thus unto him who so spake: When one taketh his hump from the hunchback, then doth one take from him his spirit—so do the people teach. And when one giveth the blind man eyes, then doth he see too many bad things on the earth: so that he curseth him who healed him. He, however, who maketh the lame man run, inflicteth upon him the greatest injury; for hardly can he run, when his vices run away with him—so do the people teach concerning cripples. And why should not Zarathustra also learn from the people, when the people learn from Zarathustra?

It is, however, the smallest thing unto me since I have been amongst men, to see one person lacking an eye, another an ear, and a third a leg, and that others have lost the tongue, or the nose, or the head.

I see and have seen worse things, and divers things so hideous, that I should neither like to speak of all matters, nor even keep silent about some of them: namely, men who lack everything, except that they have too much of one thing—men who are nothing more than a big eye, or a big mouth, or a big belly, or something else big,—reversed cripples, I call such men.

And when I came out of my solitude, and for the first time passed over this bridge, then I could not trust mine eyes, but looked again and again, and said at last: "That is an ear! An ear as big as a man!" I looked still more attentively—and actually there did move under the ear something that was pitiably small and poor and slim. And in truth this immense ear was perched on a small thin stalk—the stalk, however, was a man! A person putting a glass to his eyes, could even recognise further a small envious countenance, and also that a bloated soullet dangled at the stalk. The people told me, however, that the big ear was not only a man, but a great man, a genius. But I never believed in the people when they spake of great men—and I hold to my belief that it was a reversed cripple, who had too little of everything, and too much of one thing.

When Zarathustra had spoken thus unto the hunchback, and unto those of whom the hunchback was the mouthpiece and advocate, then did he turn to his disciples in profound dejection, and said:

Verily, my friends, I walk amongst men as amongst the fragments and limbs of human beings!

This is the terrible thing to mine eye, that I find man broken up, and scattered about, as on a battle- and butcher-ground.

And when mine eye fleeth from the present to the bygone, it findeth ever the same: fragments and limbs and fearful chances—but no men!

The present and the bygone upon earth—ah! my friends—that is *my* most unbearable trouble; and I should not know how to live, if I were not a seer of what is to come.

A seer, a purposer, a creator, a future itself, and a bridge to the future—and alas! also as it were a cripple on this bridge: all that is Zarathustra.

And ye also asked yourselves often: "Who is Zarathustra to us? What shall he be called by us?" And like me, did ye give yourselves questions for answers.

Is he a promiser? Or a fulfiller? A conqueror? Or an inheritor? A harvest? Or a ploughshare? A physician? Or a healed one?

Is he a poet? Or a genuine one? An emancipator? Or a subjugator? A good one? Or an evil one?

I walk amongst men as the fragments of the future: that future which I contemplate.

And it is all my poetisation and aspiration to compose and collect into unity what is fragment and riddle and fearful chance.

And how could I endure to be a man, if man were not also the composer, and riddle-reader, and redeemer of chance!

To redeem what is past, and to transform every "It was" into "Thus would I have it!"—that only do I call redemption!

Will—so is the emancipator and joy-bringer called: thus have I taught you, my friends! But now learn this likewise: the Will itself is still a prisoner.

Willing emancipateth: but what is that called which still putteth the emancipator in chains?

"It was": thus is the Will's teeth-gnashing and lonesomest tribulation called. Impotent towards what hath been done—it is a malicious spectator of all that is past.

Not backward can the Will will; that it cannot break time and time's desire—that is the Will's lonesomest tribulation.

Willing emancipateth: what doth Willing itself devise in order to get free from its tribulation and mock at its prison?

Ah, a fool becometh every prisoner! Foolishly delivereth itself also the imprisoned Will.

That time doth not run backward—that is its animosity: "That which was": so is the stone which it cannot roll called.

And thus doth it roll stones out of animosity and ill-humour, and taketh revenge on whatever doth not, like it, feel rage and ill-humour.

Thus did the Will, the emancipator, become a torturer; and on all that is capable of suffering it taketh revenge, because it cannot go backward.

This, yea, this alone is *revenge* itself: the Will's antipathy to time, and its "It was."

Verily, a great folly dwelleth in our Will; and it became a curse unto all humanity, that this folly acquired spirit!

The spirit of revenge: my friends, that hath hitherto been man's best contemplation; and where there was suffering, it was claimed there was always penalty.

"Penalty," so calleth itself revenge. With a lying word it feigneth a good conscience.

And because in the willer himself there is suffering, because he cannot will backwards—thus was Willing itself, and all life, claimed—to be penalty!

And then did cloud after cloud roll over the spirit, until at last madness preached: "Everything perisheth, therefore everything deserveth to perish!"

"And this itself is justice, the law of time—that he must devour his children:" thus did madness preach.

"Morally are things ordered according to justice and penalty. Oh, where is there deliverance from the flux of things and from the 'existence' of penalty?" Thus did madness preach.

"Can there be deliverance when there is eternal justice? Alas, unrollable is the stone, 'It was': eternal must also be all penalties!" Thus did madness preach.

"No deed can be annihilated: how could it be undone by the penalty! This, this is what is eternal in the 'existence' of penalty, that existence also must be eternally recurring deed and guilt!

Unless the Will should at last deliver itself, and Willing become non-Willing—:" but ye know, my brethren, this fabulous song of madness!

Away from those fabulous songs did I lead you when I taught you: "The Will is a creator."

All "It was" is a fragment, a riddle, a fearful chance—until the creating Will saith thereto: "But thus would I have it."—

Until the creating Will saith thereto: "But thus do I will it! Thus shall I will it!"

But did it ever speak thus? And when doth this take place? Hath the Will been unharnessed from its own folly?

Hath the Will become its own deliverer and joy-bringer? Hath it unlearned the spirit of revenge and all teeth-gnashing?

And who hath taught it reconciliation with time, and something higher than all reconciliation?

Something higher than all reconciliation must the Will will which is the Will to Power—: but how doth that take place? Who hath taught it also to will backwards?

—But at this point in his discourse it chanced that Zarathustra suddenly paused, and looked like a person in the greatest alarm. With terror in his eyes did he gaze on his disciples; his glances pierced as with arrows their thoughts and arrear-thoughts. But after a brief space he again laughed, and said soothedly:

"It is difficult to live amongst men, because silence is so difficult—especially for a babbler."—

Thus spake Zarathustra. The hunchback, however, had listened to the conversation and had covered his face during the time; but when he heard Zarathustra laugh, he looked up with curiosity, and said slowly:

"But why doth Zarathustra speak otherwise unto us than unto his disciples?"

Zarathustra answered: "What is there to be wondered at! With hunchbacks one may well speak in a hunchbacked way!"

"Very good," said the hunchback; "and with pupils one may well tell tales out of school.

But why doth Zarathustra speak otherwise unto his pupils—than unto himself?"—

43. *Manly Prudence*

NOT the height, it is the declivity that is terrible!

The declivity, where the gaze shooteth *downwards,* and the hand graspeth *upwards.* There doth the heart become giddy through its double will.

Ah, friends, do ye divine also my heart's double will?

This, this is *my* declivity and my danger, that my gaze shooteth towards the summit, and my hand would fain clutch and lean—on the depth!

To man clingeth my will; with chains do I bind myself to man, because I am pulled upwards to the Superman: for thither doth mine other will tend.

And *therefore* do I live blindly among men, as if I knew them not: that my hand may not entirely lose belief in firmness.

I know not you men: this gloom and consolation is often spread around me.

I sit at the gateway for every rogue, and ask: Who wisheth to deceive me?

This is my first manly prudence, that I allow myself to be deceived, so as not to be on my guard against deceivers.

Ah, if I were on my guard against man, how could man be an anchor to my ball! Too easily would I be pulled upwards and away!

This providence is over my fate, that I have to be without foresight.

And he who would not languish amongst men, must learn to drink out of all glasses; and he who would keep clean amongst men, must know how to wash himself even with dirty water.

And thus spake I often to myself for consolation: "Courage! Cheer up! old heart! An unhappiness hath failed to befall thee: enjoy that as thy—happiness!"

This, however, is mine other manly prudence: I am more forbearing to the *vain* than to the proud.

Is not wounded vanity the mother of all tragedies? Where, however, pride is wounded, there there groweth up something better than pride.

That life may be fair to behold, its game must be well played; for that purpose, however, it needeth good actors.

Good actors have I found all the vain ones: they play, and wish people to be fond of beholding them—all their spirit is in this wish.

They represent themselves, they invent themselves; in their neighbourhood I like to look upon life—it cureth of melancholy.

Therefore am I forbearing to the vain, because they are the physicians of my melancholy, and keep me attached to man as to a drama.

And further, who conceiveth the full depth of the modesty of the vain man! I am favourable to him, and sympathetic on account of his modesty.

From you would he learn his belief in himself; he feedeth upon your glances, he eateth praise out of your hands.

Your lies doth he even believe when you lie favourably about him: for in its depths sigheth his heart: "What am *I*?"

And if that be the true virtue which is unconscious of itself—well, the vain man is unconscious of his modesty!—

This is, however, my third manly prudence: I am not put out of conceit with the *wicked* by your timorousness.

I am happy to see the marvels the warm sun hatcheth: tigers and palms and rattlesnakes.

Also amongst men there is a beautiful brood of the warm sun, and much that is marvellous in the wicked.

In truth, as your wisest did not seem to me so very wise, so found I also human wickedness below the fame of it.

And oft did I ask with a shake of the head: Why still rattle, ye rattlesnakes?

Verily, there is still a future even for evil! And the warmest south is still undiscovered by man.

How many things are now called the worst wickedness, which are only twelve feet broad and three months long! Some day, however, will greater dragons come into the world.

For that the Superman may not lack his dragon, the super-dragon that is worthy of him, there must still much warm sun glow on moist virgin forests!

Out of your wild cats must tigers have evolved, and out of your poison-toads, crocodiles: for the good hunter shall have a good hunt!

And verily, ye good and just! In you there is much to be laughed at, and especially your fear of what hath hitherto been called "the devil!"

So alien are ye in your souls to what is great, that to you the Superman would be *frightful* in his goodness!

And ye wise and knowing ones, ye would flee from the solar-glow of the wisdom in which the Superman joyfully batheth his nakedness!

Ye highest men who have come within my ken! this is my doubt of you, and my secret laughter: I suspect ye would call my Superman—a devil!

Ah, I became tired of those highest and best ones: from their "height" did I long to be up, out, and away to the Superman!

A horror came over me when I saw those best ones naked: then there grew for me the pinions to soar away into distant futures.

Into more distant futures, into more southern souths than ever artist dreamed of: thither, where gods are ashamed of all clothes!

But disguised do I want to see *you,* ye neighbours and fellowmen, and well-attired and vain and estimable, as "the good and just;"—

And disguised will I myself sit amongst you—that I may *mistake* you and myself: for that is my last manly prudence.—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

44. *The Stillest Hour*

WHAT hath happened unto me, my friends? Ye see me troubled, driven forth, unwillingly obedient, ready to go—alas, to go away from *you!*

Yea, once more must Zarathustra retire to his solitude: but unjoyously this time doth the bear go back to his cave!

What hath happened unto me? Who ordereth this?—Ah, mine angry mistress wisheth it so; she spake unto me. Have I ever named her name to you?

Yesterday towards evening there spake unto me *my stillest hour:* that is the name of my terrible mistress.

And thus did it happen—for everything must I tell you, that your heart may not harden against the suddenly departing one!

Do ye know the terror of him who falleth asleep?—

To the very toes he is terrified, because the ground giveth way under him, and the dream beginneth.

This do I speak unto you in parable. Yesterday at the stillest hour did the ground give way under me: the dream began.

The hour-hand moved on, the timepiece of my life drew breath—never did I hear such stillness around me, so that my heart was terrified.

Then was there spoken unto me without voice: *"Thou knowest it, Zarathustra?"*—

And I cried in terror at this whispering, and the blood left my face: but I was silent.

Then was there once more spoken unto me without voice: "Thou knowest it, Zarathustra, but thou dost not speak it!"—

And at last I answered, like one defiant: "Yea, I know it, but I will not speak it!"

Then was there again spoken unto me without voice: "Thou *wilt* not, Zarathustra? Is this true? Conceal thyself not behind thy defiance!"—

And I wept and trembled like a child, and said: "Ah, I would indeed, but how can I do it! Exempt me only from this! It is beyond my power!"

Then was there again spoken unto me without voice: "What matter about thyself, Zarathustra! Speak thy word, and succumb!"

And I answered: "Ah, is it *my* word? Who am *I?* I await the worthier one; I am not worthy even to succumb by it."

Then was there again spoken unto me without voice: "What matter about thyself? Thou art not yet humble enough for me. Humility hath the hardest skin."—

And I answered: "What hath not the skin of my humility endured! At the foot of my height do I dwell: how high are my summits, no one hath yet told me. But well do I know my valleys."

Then was there again spoken unto me without voice: "O Zarathustra, he who hath to remove mountains removeth also valleys and plains."—

And I answered: "As yet hath my word not removed mountains, and what I have spoken hath not reached man. I went, indeed, unto men, but not yet have I attained unto them."

Then was there again spoken unto me without voice: "What knowest thou *thereof!* The dew falleth on the grass when the night is most silent."—

And I answered: "They mocked me when I found and walked in mine own path; and certainly did my feet then tremble.

And thus did they speak unto me: Thou forgottest the path before, now dost thou also forget how to walk!"

Then was there again spoken unto me without voice: "What matter about their mockery! Thou art one who hast unlearned to obey: now shalt thou command!

Knowest thou not who is most needed by all? He who commandeth great things.

To execute great things is difficult: but the more difficult task is to command great things.

This is thy most unpardonable obstinacy: thou hast the power, and thou wilt not rule."—

And I answered: "I lack the lion's voice for all commanding."

Then was there again spoken unto me as a whispering: "It is the stillest words which bring the storm. Thoughts that come with doves' footsteps guide the world.

O Zarathustra, thou shalt go as a shadow of that which is to come: thus wilt thou command, and in commanding go foremost."—

And I answered: "I am ashamed."

Then was there again spoken unto me without voice: "Thou must yet become a child, and be without shame.

The pride of youth is still upon thee; late hast thou become young: but he who would become a child must surmount even his youth."—

And I considered a long while, and trembled. At last, however, did I say what I had said at first. "I will not."

Then did a laughing take place all around me. Alas, how that laughing lacerated my bowels and cut into my heart!

And there was spoken unto me for the last time: "O Zarathustra, thy fruits are ripe, but thou art not ripe for thy fruits!

So must thou go again into solitude: for thou shalt yet become mellow."—

And again was there a laughing, and it fled: then did it become still around me, as with a double stillness. I lay, however, on the ground, and the sweat flowed from my limbs.

—Now have ye heard all, and why I have to return into my solitude. Nothing have I kept hidden from you, my friends.

But even this have ye heard from me, *who* is still the most reserved of men—and will be so!

Ah, my friends! I should have something more to say unto you! I should have something more to give unto you! Why do I not give it? Am I then a niggard?—

When, however, Zarathustra had spoken these words, the violence of his pain, and a sense of the nearness of his departure from his friends came over him, so that he wept aloud; and no one knew how to console him. In the night, however, he went away alone and left his friends.

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

THIRD PART

"Ye look aloft when ye long for exaltation, and I look downward because I am exalted.

"Who among you can at the same time laugh and be exalted?

"He who climbeth on the highest mountains, laugheth at all tragic plays and tragic realities."—ZARATHUSTRA, I., "Reading and Writing" (p. 56).

45. *The Wanderer*

THEN, when it was about midnight, Zarathustra went his way over the ridge of the isle, that he might arrive early in the morning at the other coast; because there he meant to embark. For there was a good roadstead there, in which foreign ships also liked to anchor: those ships took many people with them, who wished to cross over from the Happy Isles. So when Zarathustra thus ascended the mountain, he thought on the way of his many solitary wanderings from youth onwards, and how many mountains and ridges and summits he had already climbed.

I am a wanderer and mountain-climber, said he to his heart. I love not the plains, and it seemeth I cannot long sit still.

And whatever may still overtake me as fate and experience —a wandering will be therein, and a mountain-climbing: in the end one experienceth only oneself.

The time is now past when accidents could befall me; and what *could* now fall to my lot which would not already be mine own!

It returneth only, it cometh home to me at last—mine own Self, and such of it as hath been long abroad, and scattered among things and accidents.

And one thing more do I know: I stand now before my last summit, and before that which hath been longest reserved for me. Ah, my hardest path must I ascend! Ah, I have begun my lonesomest wandering!

He, however, who is of my nature doth not avoid such an hour: the hour that saith unto him: Now only dost thou go the way to thy greatness! Summit and abyss—these are now comprised together!

Thou goest the way to thy greatness: now hath it become thy last refuge, what was hitherto thy last danger!

Thou goest the way to thy greatness: it must now be thy best courage that there is no longer any path behind thee!

Thou goest the way to thy greatness: here shall no one steal after thee! Thy foot itself hath effaced the path behind thee, and over it standeth written: Impossibility.

And if all ladders henceforth fail thee, then must thou learn to mount upon thine own head: how couldst thou mount upward otherwise?

Upon thine own head, and beyond thine own heart! Now must the gentlest in thee become the hardest.

He who hath always much-indulged himself, sickeneth at last by his much-indulgence. Praises on what maketh hardy! I do not praise the land where butter and honey—flow!

To learn *to look away from* oneself, is necessary in order to see *many things:*—this hardiness is needed by every mountain-climber.

He, however, who is obtrusive with his eyes as a discerner, how can he ever see more of anything than its foreground!

But thou, O Zarathustra, wouldst view the ground of everything, and its background: thus must thou mount even above thyself—up, upwards, until thou hast even thy stars *under* thee!

Yea! To look down upon myself, and even upon my stars: that only would I call my *summit,* that hath remained for me as my *last* summit!—

Thus spake Zarathustra to himself while ascending, comforting his heart with harsh maxims: for he was sore at heart as he had never been before. And when he had reached the top of the mountain-ridge, behold, there lay the other sea spread out before him; and he stood still and was long silent. The night, however, was cold at this height, and clear and starry.

I recognise my destiny, said he at last, sadly. Well! I am ready. Now hath my last lonesomeness begun.

Ah, this sombre, sad sea, below me! Ah, this sombre nocturnal vexation! Ah, fate and sea! To you must I now *go down!*

Before my highest mountain do I stand, and before my longest wandering: therefore must I first go deeper down than I ever ascended:

—Deeper down into pain than I ever ascended, even into its darkest flood! So willeth my fate. Well! I am ready.

Whence come the highest mountains? so did I once ask. Then did I learn that they come out of the sea.

That testimony is inscribed on their stones, and on the walls of their summits. Out of the deepest must the highest come to its height.—

Thus spake Zarathustra on the ridge of the mountain where it was cold: when, however, he came into the vicinity of the sea, and at last stood alone amongst the cliffs, then had he become weary on his way, and eagerer than ever before.

Everything as yet sleepeth, said he; even the sea sleepeth. Drowsily and strangely doth its eye gaze upon me.

But it breatheth warmly—I feel it. And I feel also that it dreameth. It tosseth about dreamily on hard pillows.

Hark! Hark! How it groaneth with evil recollections! Or evil expectations?

Ah, I am sad along with thee, thou dusky monster, and angry with myself even for thy sake.

Ah, that my hand hath not strength enough! Gladly, indeed, would I free thee from evil dreams!—

And while Zarathustra thus spake, he laughed at himself with melancholy and bitterness. What! Zarathustra, said he, wilt thou even sing consolation to the sea?

Ah, thou amiable fool, Zarathustra, thou too-blindly confiding one! But thus hast thou ever been: ever hast thou approached confidently all that is terrible.

Every monster wouldst thou caress. A whiff of warm breath, a little soft tuft on its paw:—and immediately wert thou ready to love and lure it.

Love is the danger of the lonesomest one, love to anything, *if it only live!* Laughable, verily, is my folly and my modesty in love!—

Thus spake Zarathustra, and laughed thereby a second time. Then, however, he thought of his abandoned friends—and as if he had done them a wrong with his thoughts, he upbraided himself because of his thoughts. And forthwith it came to pass that the laugher wept—with anger and longing wept Zarathustra bitterly.

46. *The Vision and the Enigma*

1

When it got abroad among the sailors that Zarathustra was on board the ship—for a man who came from the Happy Isles had gone on board along with him,—there was great curiosity and expectation. But Zarathustra kept silent for two days, and was cold and deaf with sadness; so that he neither answered looks nor questions. On the evening of the second day, however, he again opened his ears, though he still kept silent: for there were many curious and dangerous things to be heard on board the ship, which came from afar, and was to go still further. Zarathustra, however, was fond of all those who make distant voyages, and dislike to live without danger. And behold! when listening, his own tongue was at last loosened, and the ice of his heart broke. Then did he begin to speak thus:

To you, the daring venturers and adventurers, and whoever hath embarked with cunning sails upon frightful seas,—

To you the enigma-intoxicated, the twilight-enjoyers, whose souls are allured by flutes to every treacherous gulf:

—For ye dislike to grope at a thread with cowardly hand: and where ye can *divine,* there do ye hate to *calculate*—

To you only do I tell the enigma that I *saw*—the vision of the lonesomest one.—

Gloomily walked I lately in corpse-coloured twilight—gloomily and sternly, with compressed lips. Not only one sun had set for me.

A path which ascended daringly among boulders, an evil, lonesome path, which neither herb nor shrub any longer cheered, a mountain-path, crunched under the daring of my foot.

Mutely marching over the scornful clinking of pebbles, trampling the stone that let it slip: thus did my foot force its way upwards.

Upwards:—in spite of the spirit that drew it downwards, towards the abyss, the spirit of gravity, my devil and arch-enemy.

Upwards:—although it sat upon me, half-dwarf, half-mole; paralysed, paralysing; dripping lead in mine ear, and thoughts like drops of lead into my brain.

"O Zarathustra," it whispered scornfully, syllable by syllable, "thou stone of wisdom! Thou threwest thyself high, but every thrown stone must—fall!

O Zarathustra, thou stone of wisdom, thou sling-stone, thou star-destroyer! Thyself threwest thou so high,—but every thrown stone—must fall!

Condemned of thyself, and to thine own stoning: O Zarathustra, far indeed threwest thou thy stone—but upon *thyself* will it recoil!"

Then was the dwarf silent; and it lasted long. The silence, however, oppressed me; and to be thus in pairs, one is verily lonesomer than when alone!

I ascended, I ascended, I dreamt, I thought,—but everything oppressed me. A sick one did I resemble, whom bad torture wearieth, and a worse dream reawakeneth out of his first sleep.—

But there is something in me which I call courage: it hath hitherto slain for me every dejection. This courage at last bade me stand still and say: "Dwarf! Thou! Or I!"—

For courage is the best slayer,—courage which *attacketh:* for in every attack there is sound of triumph.

Man, however, is the most courageous animal: thereby hath he overcome every animal. With sound of triumph hath he overcome every pain; human pain, however, is the sorest pain.

Courage slayeth also giddiness at abysses: and where doth man not stand at abysses! Is not seeing itself—seeing abysses?

Courage is the best slayer: courage slayeth also fellow-suffering. Fellow-suffering, however, is the deepest abyss: as deeply as man looketh into life, so deeply also doth he look into suffering.

Courage, however, is the best slayer, courage which attacketh: it slayeth even death itself; for it saith: "*Was that* life? Well! Once more!"

In such speech, however, there is much sound of triumph. He who hath ears to hear, let him hear.—

2

"Halt, dwarf!" said I. "Either I—or thou! I, however, am the stronger of the two:—thou knowest not mine abysmal thought! *It*—couldst thou not endure!"

Then happened that which made me lighter: for the dwarf sprang from my shoulder, the prying sprite! And it squatted on a stone in front of me. There was however a gateway just where we halted.

"Look at this gateway! Dwarf!" I continued, "it hath two faces. Two roads come together here: these hath no one yet gone to the end of.

This long lane backwards: it continueth for an eternity. And that long lane forward—that is another eternity.

They are antithetical to one another, these roads; they directly abut on one another:—and it is here, at this gateway that they come together. The name of the gateway is inscribed above: 'This Moment.'

But should one follow them further—and ever further and further on, thinkest thou, dwarf, that these roads would be eternally antithetical?"—

"Everything straight lieth," murmured the dwarf, contemptuously. "All truth is crooked; time itself is a circle."

"Thou spirit of gravity!" said I wrathfully, "do not take it too lightly! Or I shall let thee squat where thou squattest, Haltfoot,—and I carried thee *high*!"

"Observe," continued I, "This Moment! From the gateway, This Moment, there runneth a long eternal lane *backwards:* behind us lieth an eternity.

Must not whatever *can* run its course of all things, have already run along that lane? Must not whatever *can* happen of all things have already happened, resulted, and gone by?

And if everything has already existed, what thinkest thou, dwarf, of This Moment? Must not this gateway also—have already existed?

And are not all things closely bound together in such wise that This Moment draweth all coming things after it? *Consequently*—itself also?

For whatever *can* run its course of all things, also in this long lane *outward—must* it once more run!—

And this slow spider which creepeth in the moonlight, and this moonlight itself, and thou and I in this gateway whispering together, whispering of eternal things—must we not all have already existed?

—And must we not return and run in that other lane out before us, that long weird lane—must we not eternally return?"—

Thus did I speak, and always more softly: for I was afraid of mine own thoughts, and arrear-thoughts. Then, suddenly did I hear a dog *howl* near me.

Had I ever heard a dog howl thus? My thoughts ran back. Yes! When I was a child, in my most distant childhood:

—Then did I hear a dog howl thus. And saw it also, with hair bristling, its head upwards, trembling in the stillest midnight, when even dogs believe in ghosts:

—So that it excited my commiseration. For just then went the full moon, silent as death, over the house; just then did it stand still, a glowing globe—at rest on the flat roof, as if on some one's property:—

Thereby had the dog been terrified: for dogs believe in thieves and ghosts. And when I again heard such howling, then did it excite my commiseration once more.

Where was now the dwarf? And the gateway? And the spider? And all the whispering? Had I dreamt? Had I awakened? 'Twixt rugged rocks did I suddenly stand alone, dreary in the dreariest moonlight.

But there lay a man! And there! The dog leaping, bristling, whining—now did it see me coming—then did it howl again, then did it *cry:*—had I ever heard a dog cry so for help?

And verily, what I saw, the like had I never seen. A young shepherd did I see, writhing, choking, quivering, with distorted countenance, and with a heavy black serpent hanging out of his mouth.

Had I ever seen so much loathing and pale horror on one countenance? He had perhaps gone to sleep? Then had the serpent crawled into his throat—there had it bitten itself fast.

My hand pulled at the serpent, and pulled:—in vain! I failed to pull the serpent out of his throat. Then there cried out of me: "Bite! Bite!

Its head off! Bite!"—so cried it out of me; my horror, my hatred, my loathing, my pity, all my good and my bad cried with one voice out of me.—

Ye daring ones around me! Ye venturers and adventurers, and whoever of you have embarked with cunning sails on unexplored seas! Ye enigma-enjoyers!

Solve unto me the enigma that I then beheld, interpret unto me the vision of the lonesomest one!

For it was a vision and a foresight:—*what* did I then behold in parable? And *who* is it that must come some day?

Who is the shepherd into whose throat the serpent thus crawled? *Who* is the man into whose throat all the heaviest and blackest will thus crawl?

—The shepherd however bit as my cry had admonished him; he bit with a strong bite! Far away did he spit the head of the serpent:—and sprang up.—

No longer shepherd, no longer man—a transfigured being, a light-surrounded being, that *laughed!* Never on earth laughed a man as *he* laughed!

O my brethren, I heard a laughter which was no human laughter,—and now gnaweth a thirst at me, a longing that is never allayed.

My longing for that laughter gnaweth at me: oh, how can I still endure to live! And how could I endure to die at present!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

47. *Involuntary Bliss*

WITH such enigmas and bitterness in his heart did Zarathustra sail o'er the sea. When, however, he was four day-journeys from the Happy Isles and from his friends, then had he surmounted all his pain:—triumphantly and with firm foot did he again accept his fate. And then talked Zarathustra in this wise to his exulting conscience:

Alone am I again, and like to be so, alone with the pure heaven, and the open sea; and again is the afternoon around me.

On an afternoon did I find my friends for the first time; on an afternoon, also, did I find them a second time:—at the hour when all light becometh stiller.

For whatever happiness is still on its way 'twixt heaven and earth, now seeketh for lodging a luminous soul: *with happiness* hath all light now become stiller.

O afternoon of my life! Once did my happiness also descend to the valley that it might seek a lodging: then did it find those open hospitable souls.

O afternoon of my life! What did I not surrender that I might have one thing: this living plantation of my thoughts, and this dawn of my highest hope!

Companions did the creating one once seek, and children of *his* hope: and lo, it turned out that he could not find them, except he himself should first create them.

Thus am I in the midst of my work, to my children going, and from them returning: for the sake of his children must Zarathustra perfect himself.

For in one's heart one loveth only one's child and one's work; and where there is great love to oneself, then is it the sign of pregnancy: so have I found it.

Still are my children verdant in their first spring, standing nigh one another, and shaken in common by the winds, the trees of my garden and of my best soil.

And verily, where such trees stand beside one another, there *are* Happy Isles!

But one day will I take them up, and put each by itself alone: that it may learn lonesomeness and defiance and prudence.

Gnarled and crooked and with flexible hardness shall it then stand by the sea, a living lighthouse of unconquerable life.

Yonder where the storms rush down into the sea, and the snout of the mountain drinketh water, shall each on a time have his day and night watches, for *his* testing and recognition.

Recognised and tested shall each be, to see if he be of my type and lineage:—if he be master of a long will, silent even when he speaketh, and giving in such wise that he *taketh* in giving:—

—So that he may one day become my companion, a fellow-creator and fellow-enjoyer with Zarathustra:—such a one as writeth my will on my tables, for the fuller perfection of all things.

And for his sake and for those like him, must I perfect *myself:* therefore do I now avoid my happiness, and present myself to every misfortune—for *my* final testing and recognition.

And verily, it were time that I went away; and the wanderer's shadow and the longest tedium and the stillest hour—have all said unto me: "It is the highest time!"

The word blew to me through the keyhole and said "Come!" The door sprang subtly open unto me, and said "Go!"

But I lay enchained to my love for my children: desire spread this snare for me—the desire for love—that I should become the prey of my children, and lose myself in them.

Desiring—that is now for me to have lost myself. *I possess you, my children!* In this possessing shall everything be assurance and nothing desire.

But brooding lay the sun of my love upon me, in his own juice stewed Zarathustra,—then did shadows and doubts fly past me.

For frost and winter I now longed: "Oh, that frost and winter would again make me crack and crunch!" sighed I: —then arose icy mist out of me.

My past burst its tomb, many pains buried alike woke up:—fully slept had they merely, concealed in corpse-clothes.

So called everything unto me in signs: "It is time!" But I—heard not, until at last mine abyss moved, and my thought bit me.

Ah, abysmal thought, which art *my* thought! When shall I find strength to hear thee burrowing, and no longer tremble?

To my very throat throbbeth my heart when I hear them burrowing! Thy muteness even is like to strangle me, thou abysmal mute one!

As yet have I never ventured to call thee *up;* it hath been enough that I—have carried thee about with me! As yet have I not been strong enough for my final lion-wantonness and playfulness.

Sufficiently formidable unto me hath thy weight ever been: but one day shall I yet find the strength and the lion's voice which will call thee up!

When I shall have surmounted myself therein, then will I surmount myself also in that which is greater; and a *victory* shall be the seal of my perfection!—

Meanwhile do I sail along on uncertain seas; chance flattereth me, smooth-tongued chance; forward and backward do I gaze—, still see I no end.

As yet hath the hour of my final struggle not come to me—or doth it come to me perhaps just now? Verily, with insidious beauty do sea and life gaze upon me round about:

O afternoon of my life! O happiness before eventide! O haven upon high seas! O peace in uncertainty! How I distrust all of you!

Verily, distrustful am I of your insidious beauty! Like the lover am I, who distrusteth too sleek smiling.

As he pusheth the best-beloved before him—tender even in severity, the jealous one—, so do I push this blissful hour before me.

Away with thee, thou blissful hour! With thee hath there come to me an involuntary bliss! Ready for my severest pain do I here stand:—at the wrong time hast thou come!

Away with thee, thou blissful hour! Rather harbour there—with my children! Hasten! and bless them before eventide with *my* happiness!

There, already approacheth eventide: the sun sinketh. Away—my happiness!—

Thus spake Zarathustra. And he waited for his misfortune the whole night; but he waited in vain. The night remained clear and calm, and happiness itself came nigher and nigher unto him. Towards morning, however, Zarathustra laughed to his heart, and said mockingly: "Happiness runneth after me. That is because I do not run after women. Happiness, however, is a woman."

48. Before Sunrise

O HEAVEN above me, thou pure, thou deep heaven! Thou abyss of light! Gazing on thee, I tremble with divine desires.

Up to thy height to toss myself—that is *my* depth! In thy purity to hide myself—that is *mine* innocence!

The God veileth his beauty: thus hidest thou thy stars. Thou speakest not: *thus* proclaimest thou thy wisdom unto me.

Mute o'er the raging sea hast thou risen for me to-day; thy love and thy modesty make a revelation unto my raging soul.

In that thou camest unto me beautiful, veiled in thy beauty, in that thou spakest unto me mutely, obvious in thy wisdom:

Oh, how could I fail to divine all the modesty of thy soul! *Before* the sun didst thou come unto me—the lonesomest one.

We have been friends from the beginning: to us are grief, gruesomeness, and ground common; even the sun is common to us.

We do not speak to each other, because we know too much—: we keep silent to each other, we smile our knowledge to each other.

Art thou not the light of my fire? Hast thou not the sister-soul of mine insight?

Together did we learn everything; together did we learn to ascend beyond ourselves to ourselves, and to smile uncloudedly:—

—Uncloudedly to smile down out of luminous eyes and out of miles of distance, when under us constraint and purpose and guilt stream like rain.

And wandered I alone, for *what* did my soul hunger by night and in labyrinthine paths? And climbed I mountains, *whom* did I ever seek, if not thee, upon mountains?

And all my wandering and mountain-climbing: a necessity was it merely, and a makeshift of the unhandy one:—to *fly* only, wanteth mine entire will, to fly into *thee!*

And what have I hated more than passing clouds, and whatever tainteth thee? And mine own hatred have I even hated, because it tainted thee!

The passing clouds I detest—those stealthy cats of prey: they take from thee and me what is common to us—the vast unbounded Yea- and Amen-saying.

These mediators and mixers we detest—the passing clouds: those half-and-half ones, that have neither learned to bless nor to curse from the heart.

Rather will I sit in a tub under a closed heaven, rather will I sit in the abyss without heaven, than see thee, thou luminous heaven, tainted with passing clouds!

And oft have I longed to pin them fast with the jagged gold-wires of lightning, that I might, like the thunder, beat the drum upon their kettle-bellies:—

—An angry drummer, because they rob me of thy Yea and Amen!—thou heaven above me, thou pure, thou luminous heaven! Thou abyss of light!—because they rob thee of *my* Yea and Amen.

For rather will I have noise and thunders and tempest-blasts, than this discreet, doubting cat-repose; and also amongst men do I hate most of all the soft-treaders, and half-and-half ones, and the doubting, hesitating, passing clouds.

And "he who cannot bless shall *learn* to curse!"—this clear teaching dropt unto me from the clear heaven; this star standeth in my heaven even in dark nights.

I, however, am a blesser and a Yea-sayer, if thou be but around me, thou pure, thou luminous heaven! Thou abyss of light!—into all abysses do I then carry my beneficent Yea-saying.

A blesser have I become and a Yea-sayer: and therefore strove I long and was a striver, that I might one day get my hands free for blessing.

This, however, is my blessing: to stand above everything as its own heaven, its round roof, its azure bell and eternal security: and blessed is he who thus blesseth!

For all things are baptized at the font of eternity, and beyond good and evil; good and evil themselves, however, are but fugitive shadows and damp afflictions and passing clouds.

Verily, it is a blessing and not a blasphemy when I teach that "above all things there standeth the heaven of chance, the heaven of innocence, the heaven of hazard, the heaven of wantonness."

"Of Hazard"—that is the oldest nobility in the world; that gave I back to all things; I emancipated them from bondage under purpose.

This freedom and celestial serenity did I put like an azure bell above all things, when I taught that over them and through them, no "eternal Will"—willeth.

This wantonness and folly did I put in place of that Will, when I taught that "In everything there is one thing impossible —rationality!"

A *little* reason, to be sure, a germ of wisdom scattered from star to star—this leaven is mixed in all things: for the sake of folly, wisdom is mixed in all things!

A little wisdom is indeed possible; but this blessed security have I found in all things, that they prefer—*to dance* on the feet of chance.

O heaven above me! thou pure, thou lofty heaven! This is now thy purity unto me, that there is no eternal reason-spider and reason-cobweb:—

—That thou art to me a dancing-floor for divine chances, that thou art to me a table of the Gods, for divine dice and dice-players!—

But thou blushest? Have I spoken unspeakable things? Have I abused, when I meant to bless thee?

Or is it the shame of being two of us that maketh thee blush! —Dost thou bid me go and be silent, because now—*day* cometh?

The world is deep:—and deeper than e'er the day could read. Not everything may be uttered in presence of day. But day cometh: so let us part!

O heaven above me, thou modest one! thou glowing one! O thou, my happiness before sunrise! The day cometh: so let us part!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

49. The Bedwarfing Virtue

1

When Zarathustra was again on the continent, he did not go straightway to his mountains and his cave, but made many wanderings and questionings, and ascertained this and that; so that he said of himself jestingly: "Lo, a river that floweth back unto its source in many windings!" For he wanted to learn what had taken place *among men* during the interval: whether they had become greater or smaller. And once, when he saw a row of new houses, he marvelled, and said:

"What do these houses mean? Verily, no great soul put them up as its simile!

Did perhaps a silly child take them out of its toy-box? Would that another child put them again into the box!

And these rooms and chambers—can *men* go out and in there? They seem to be made for silk dolls; or for dainty-eaters, who perhaps let others eat with them."

And Zarathustra stood still and meditated. At last he said sorrowfully: "There hath *everything* become smaller!

Everywhere do I see lower doorways: he who is of *my* type can still go therethrough, but—he must stoop!

Oh, when shall I arrive again at my home, where I shall no longer have to stoop—shall no longer have to stoop *before the small ones!*"—And Zarathustra sighed, and gazed into the distance.—

The same day, however, he gave his discourse on the bedwarfing virtue.

2

I pass through this people and keep mine eyes open: they do not forgive me for not envying their virtues.

They bite at me, because I say unto them that for small people, small virtues are necessary—and because it is hard for me to understand that small people are *necessary!*

Here am I still like a cock in a strange farm-yard, at which even the hens peck: but on that account I am not unfriendly to the hens.

I am courteous towards them, as towards all small annoyances; to be prickly towards what is small, seemeth to me wisdom for hedgehogs.

They all speak of me when they sit around their fire in the evening—they speak of me, but no one thinketh—of me!

This is the new stillness which I have experienced: their noise around me spreadeth a mantle over my thoughts.

They shout to one another: "What is this gloomy cloud about to do to us? Let us see that it doth not bring a plague upon us!"

And recently did a woman seize upon her child that was coming unto me: "Take the children away," cried she, "such eyes scorch children's souls."

They cough when I speak: they think coughing an objection to strong winds—they divine nothing of the boisterousness of my happiness!

"We have not yet time for Zarathustra"—so they object; but what matter about a time that "hath no time" for Zarathustra?

And if they should altogether praise me, how could I go to sleep on *their* praise? A girdle of spines is their praise unto me: it scratcheth me even when I take it off.

And this also did I learn among them: the praiser doeth as if he gave back; in truth, however, he wanteth more to be given him!

Ask my foot if their lauding and luring strains please it! Verily, to such measure and ticktack, it liketh neither to dance nor to stand still.

To small virtues would they fain lure and laud me; to the ticktack of small happiness would they fain persuade my foot.

I pass through this people and keep mine eyes open; they have become *smaller,* and ever become smaller:—*the reason thereof is their doctrine of happiness and virtue.*

For they are moderate also in virtue,—because they want comfort. With comfort, however, moderate virtue only is compatible

To be sure, they also learn in their way to stride on and stride forward: that, I call their *hobbling.*—Thereby they become a hindrance to all who are in haste.

And many of them go forward, and look backwards thereby, with stiffened necks: those do I like to run up against.

Foot and eye shall not lie, nor give the lie to each other. But there is much lying among small people.

Some of them *will,* but most of them are *willed.* Some of them are genuine, but most of them are bad actors.

There are actors without knowing it amongst them, and actors without intending it—, the genuine ones are always rare, especially the genuine actors.

Of man there is little here: therefore do their women masculinise themselves. For only he who is man enough, will—*save the woman* in woman.

And this hypocrisy found I worst amongst them, that even those who command feign the virtues of those who serve.

"I serve, thou servest, we serve"—so chanteth here even the hypocrisy of the rulers—and alas! if the first lord be *only* the first servant!

Ah, even upon their hypocrisy did mine eyes' curiosity alight; and well did I divine all their fly-happiness, and their buzzing around sunny window-panes.

So much kindness, so much weakness do I see. So much justice and pity, so much weakness.

Round, fair, and considerate are they to one another, as grains of sand are round, fair, and considerate to grains of sand.

Modestly to embrace a small happiness— that do they call "submission"! and at the same time they peer modestly after a new small happiness.

In their hearts they want simply one thing most of all: that no one hurt them. Thus do they anticipate every one's wishes and do well unto every one.

That, however, is *cowardice,* though it be called "virtue."—

And when they chance to speak harshly, those small people, then do *I* hear therein only their hoarseness—every draught of air maketh them hoarse.

Shrewd indeed are they, their virtues have shrewd fingers. But they lack fists: their fingers do not know how to creep behind fists.

Virtue for them is what maketh modest and tame: therewith have they made the wolf a dog, and man himself man's best domestic animal.

"We set our chair in the *midst*"—so saith their smirking unto me—"and as far from dying gladiators as from satisfied swine."

That, however, is—*mediocrity,* though it be called moderation.—

3

I pass through this people and let fall many words: but they know neither how to take nor how to retain them.

They wonder why I came not to revile venery and vice; and verily, I came not to warn against pickpockets either!

They wonder why I am not ready to abet and whet their wisdom: as if they had not yet enough of wiseacres, whose voices grate on mine ear like slate-pencils!

And when I call out: "Curse all the cowardly devils in you, that would fain whimper and fold the hands and adore"—then do they shout: "Zarathustra is godless."

And especially do their teachers of submission shout this;—but precisely in their ears do I love to cry: "Yea! I *am* Zarathustra, the godless!"

Those teachers of submission! Wherever there is aught puny, or sickly, or scabby, there do they creep like lice; and only my disgust preventeth me from cracking them.

Well! This is my sermon for *their* ears: I am Zarathustra the godless, who saith: "Who is more godless than I, that I may enjoy his teaching?"

I am Zarathustra the godless: where do I find mine equal? And all those are mine equals who give unto themselves their Will, and divest themselves of all submission.

I am Zarathustra the godless! I cook every chance in *my* pot. And only when it hath been quite cooked do I welcome it as *my* food.

And verily, many a chance came imperiously unto me: but still more imperiously did my *Will* speak unto it,—then did it lie imploringly upon its knees—

—Imploring that it might find home and heart with me, and saying flatteringly: "See, O Zarathustra, how friend only cometh unto friend!"—

But why talk I, when no one hath *mine* ears! And so will I shout it out unto all the winds:

Ye ever become smaller, ye small people! Ye crumble away, ye comfortable ones! Ye will yet perish—

—By your many small virtues, by your many small omissions, and by your many small submissions!

Too tender, too yielding: so is your soil! But for a tree to become *great*, it seeketh to twine hard roots around hard rocks!

Also what ye omit weaveth at the web of all the human future; even your naught is a cobweb, and a spider that liveth on the blood of the future.

And when ye take, then is it like stealing, ye small virtuous ones; but even among knaves *honour* saith that "one shall only steal when one cannot rob."

"It giveth itself"—that is also a doctrine of submission. But I say unto you, ye comfortable ones, that *it taketh to itself,* and will ever take more and more from you!

Ah, that ye would renounce all *half*-willing, and would decide for idleness as ye decide for action!

Ah, that ye understood my word: "Do ever what ye will—but first be such as *can will.*

Love ever your neighbour as yourselves—but first be such as *love themselves*—

—Such as love with great love, such as love with great contempt!" Thus speaketh Zarathustra the godless.—

But why talk I, when no one hath *mine* ears! It is still an hour too early for me here.

Mine own forerunner am I among this people, mine own cockcrow in dark lanes.

But *their* hour cometh! And there cometh also mine! Hourly do they become smaller, poorer, unfruitfuller,—poor herbs! poor earth!

And *soon* shall they stand before me like dry grass and prairie, and verily, weary of themselves—and panting for *fire,* more than for water!

O blessed hour of the lightning! O mystery before noontide!—Running fires will I one day make of them, and heralds with flaming tongues:—

—Herald shall they one day with flaming tongues: It cometh, it is nigh, *the great noontide!*

Thus spake Zarathustra

50. *On the Olive-Mount*

WINTER, a bad guest, sitteth with me at home; blue are my hands with his friendly hand-shaking.

I honour him, that bad guest, but gladly leave him alone. Gladly do I run away from him; and when one runneth *well*, then one escapeth him!

With warm feet and warm thoughts do I run where the wind is calm—to the sunny corner of mine olive-mount.

There do I laugh at my stern guest, and am still fond of him; because he cleareth my house of flies, and quieteth many little noises.

For he suffereth it not if a gnat wanteth to buzz, or even two of them; also the lanes maketh he lonesome, so that the moonlight is afraid there at night.

A hard guest is he,—but I honour him, and do not worship, like the tenderlings, the pot-bellied fire-idol.

Better even a little teeth-chattering than idol-adoration!—so willeth my nature. And especially have I a grudge against all ardent, steaming, steamy fire-idols.

Him whom I love, I love better in winter than in summer; better do I now mock at mine enemies, and more heartily, when winter sitteth in my house.

Heartily, verily, even when I *creep* into bed—: there, still laugheth and wantoneth my hidden happiness; even my deceptive dream laugheth.

I, a—creeper? Never in my life did I creep before the powerful; and if ever I lied, then did I lie out of love. Therefore am I glad even in my winter-bed.

A poor bed warmeth me more than a rich one, for I am jealous of my poverty. And in winter she is most faithful unto me.

With a wickedness do I begin every day: I mock at the winter with a cold bath: on that account grumbleth my stern house-mate.

Also do I like to tickle him with a wax-taper, that he may finally let the heavens emerge from ashy-grey twilight.

For especially wicked am I in the morning: at the early hour when the pail rattleth at the well, and horses neigh warmly in grey lanes:—

Impatiently do I then wait, that the clear sky may finally dawn for me, the snow-bearded winter-sky, the hoary one, the white-head,—

—The winter-sky, the silent winter-sky, which often stifleth even its sun!

Did I perhaps learn from it the long clear silence? Or did it learn it from me? Or hath each of us devised it himself?

Of all good things the origin is a thousandfold,—all good roguish things spring into existence for joy: how could they always do so—for once only!

A good roguish thing is also the long silence, and to look, like the winter-sky, out of a clear, round-eyed countenance:—

—Like it to stifle one's sun, and one's inflexible solar will: verily, this art and this winter-roguishness have I learned *well!*

My best-loved wickedness and art is it, that my silence hath learned not to betray itself by silence.

Clattering with diction and dice, I outwit the solemn assistants: all those stern watchers, shall my will and purpose elude

That no one might see down into my depth and into mine ultimate will—for that purpose did I devise the long clear silence.

Many a shrewd one did I find: he veiled his countenance and made his water muddy, that no one might see therethrough and thereunder.

But precisely unto him came the shrewder distrusters and nut-crackers: precisely from him did they fish his best-concealed fish!

But the clear, the honest, the transparent—these are for me the wisest silent ones: in them, so *profound* is the depth that even the clearest water doth not—betray it.—

Thou snow-bearded, silent, winter-sky, thou round-eyed whitehead above me! Oh, thou heavenly simile of my soul and its wantonness!

And *must* I not conceal myself like one who hath swallowed gold—lest my soul should be ripped up?

Must I not wear stilts, that they may *overlook* my long legs—all those enviers and injurers around me?

Those dingy, fire-warmed, used-up, green-tinted, ill-natured souls—how *could* their envy endure my happiness!

Thus do I show them only the ice and winter of my peaks—and *not* that my mountain windeth all the solar girdles around it!

They hear only the whistling of my winter-storms: and know *not* that I also travel over warm seas, like longing, heavy, hot south-winds.

They commiserate also my accidents and chances:—but *my* word saith: "Suffer the chance to come unto me: innocent is it as a little child!"

How *could* they endure my happiness, if I did not put around it accidents, and winter-privations, and bear-skin caps, and enmantling snowflakes!

—If I did not myself commiserate their *pity*, the pity of those enviers and injurers!

—If I did not myself sigh before them, and chatter with cold, and patiently *let* myself be swathed in their pity!

This is the wise waggish-will and good-will of my soul, that it *concealeth not* its winters and glacial storms; it concealeth not its chilblains either.

To one man, lonesomeness is the flight of the sick one; to another, it is the flight *from* the sick ones.

Let them *hear* me chattering and sighing with winter-cold, all those poor squinting knaves around me! With such sighing and chattering do I flee from their heated rooms.

Let them sympathise with me and sigh with me on account of my chilblains: "At the ice of knowledge will he yet *freeze to death!*"—so they mourn.

Meanwhile do I run with warm feet hither and thither on mine olive-mount: in the sunny corner of mine olive-mount do I sing, and mock at all pity.—

Thus sang Zarathustra.

51. On Passing-By

Thus slowly wandering through many peoples and divers cities, did Zarathustra return by round-about roads to his mountains and his cave. And behold, thereby came he unawares also to the gate of the *great city.* Here, however, a foaming fool, with extended hands, sprang forward to him and stood in his way. It was the same fool whom the people called "the ape of Zarathustra:" for he had learned from him something of the expression and modulation of language, and perhaps liked also to borrow from the store of his wisdom. And the fool talked thus to Zarathustra:

O Zarathustra, here is the great city: here hast thou nothing to seek and everything to lose.

Why wouldst thou wade through this mire? Have pity upon thy foot! Spit rather on the gate of the city, and—turn back!

Here is the hell for anchorites' thoughts: here are great thoughts seethed alive and boiled small.

Here do all great sentiments decay: here may only rattle-boned sensations rattle!

Smellest thou not already the shambles and cookshops of the spirit? Steameth not this city with the fumes of slaughtered spirit?

Seest thou not the souls hanging like limp dirty rags?—And they make newspapers also out of these rags!

Hearest thou not how spirit hath here become a verbal game? Loathsome verbal swill doth it vomit forth!—And they make newspapers also out of this verbal swill.

They hound one another, and know not whither! They inflame one another, and know not why! They tinkle with their pinchbeck, they jingle with their gold.

They are cold, and seek warmth from distilled waters: they are inflamed, and seek coolness from frozen spirits; they are all sick and sore through public opinion.

All lusts and vices are here at home; but here there are also the virtuous; there is much appointable appointed virtue:—

Much appointable virtue with scribe-fingers, and hardy sitting-flesh and waiting-flesh, blessed with small breast-stars, and padded, haunchless daughters.

There is here also much piety, and much faithful spittle-licking and spittle-backing, before the God of Hosts.

"From on high," drippeth the star, and the gracious spittle; for the high, longeth every starless bosom.

The moon hath its court, and the court hath its mooncalves: unto all, however, that cometh from the court do the mendicant people pray, and all appointable mendicant virtues.

"I serve, thou servest, we serve"—so prayeth all appointable virtue to the prince: that the merited star may at last stick on the slender breast!

But the moon still revolveth around all that is earthly: so revolveth also the prince around what is earthliest of all—that, however, is the gold of the shopman.

The God of the Hosts of war is not the God of the golden bar; the prince proposeth, but the shopman—disposeth!

By all that is luminous and strong and good in thee, O Zarathustra! Spit on this city of shopmen and return back!

Here floweth all blood putridly and tepidly and frothily through all veins: spit on the great city, which is the great slum where all the scum frotheth together!

Spit on the city of compressed souls and slender breasts, of pointed eyes and sticky fingers—

—On the city of the obtrusive, the brazen-faced, the pen-demagogues and tongue-demagogues, the overheated ambitious:—

Where everything maimed, ill-famed, lustful, untrustful, over-mellow, sickly-yellow and seditious, festereth perniciously:—

—Spit on the great city and turn back!—

Here, however, did Zarathustra interrupt the foaming fool, and shut his mouth.—

Stop this at once! called out Zarathustra, long have thy speech and thy species disgusted me!

Why didst thou live so long by the swamp, that thou thyself hadst to become a frog and a toad?

Floweth there not a tainted, frothy, swamp-blood in thine own veins, when thou hast thus learned to croak and revile?

Why wentest thou not into the forest? Or why didst thou not till the ground? Is the sea not full of green islands?

I despise thy contempt; and when thou warnedst me—why didst thou not warn thyself?

Out of love alone shall my contempt and my warning bird take wing; but not out of the swamp!—

They call thee mine ape, thou foaming fool: but I call thee my grunting-pig,—by thy grunting, thou spoilest even my praise of folly.

What was it that first made thee grunt? Because no one sufficiently *flattered* thee:—therefore didst thou seat thyself beside this filth, that thou mightest have cause for much grunting,—

—That thou mightest have cause for much *vengeance!* For vengeance, thou vain fool, is all thy foaming; I have divined thee well!

But thy fools'-word injureth *me,* even when thou art right! And even if Zarathustra's word *were* a hundred times justified, thou wouldst ever—*do* wrong with my word!

Thus spake Zarathustra. Then did he look on the great city and sighed, and was long silent. At last he spake thus:

I loathe also this great city, and not only this fool. Here and there—there is nothing to better, nothing to worsen.

Woe to this great city!—And I would that I already saw the pillar of fire in which it will be consumed!

For such pillars of fire must precede the great noontide. But this hath its time and its own fate.—

This precept, however, give I unto thee, in parting, thou fool: Where one can no longer love, there should one—*pass by!*—

Thus spake Zarathustra, and passed by the fool and the great city.

52. *The Apostates*

1

AH, LIETH everything already withered and grey which but lately stood green and many-hued on this meadow! And how much honey of hope did I carry hence into my beehives!

Those young hearts have already all become old—and not old even! only weary, ordinary, comfortable:—they declare it: "We have again become pious."

Of late did I see them run forth at early morn with valorous steps: but the feet of their knowledge became weary, and now do they malign even their morning valour!

Verily, many of them once lifted their legs like the dancer; to them winked the laughter of my wisdom:—then did they bethink themselves. Just now have I seen them bent down—to creep to the cross.

Around light and liberty did they once flutter like gnats and young poets. A little older, a little colder: and already are they mystifiers, and mumblers and mollycoddles.

Did perhaps their hearts despond, because lonesomeness had swallowed me like a whale? Did their ear perhaps hearken yearningly-long for me *in vain,* and for my trumpet-notes and herald-calls?

—Ah! Ever are there but few of those whose hearts have persistent courage and exuberance; and in such remaineth also the spirit patient. The rest, however, are *cowardly.*

The rest: these are always the great majority, the commonplace, the superfluous, the far-too many—those all are cowardly!—

Him who is of my type, will also the experiences of my type meet on the way: so that his first companions must be corpses and buffoons.

His second companions, however—they will call themselves his *believers,*—will be a living host, with much love, much folly, much unbearded veneration.

To those believers shall he who is of my type among men not bind his heart; in those spring-times and many-hued meadows shall he not believe, who knoweth the fickly faint-hearted human species!

Could they do otherwise, then would they also *will* otherwise. The half-and-half spoil every whole. That leaves become withered,—what is there to lament about that!

Let them go and fall away, O Zarathustra, and do not lament! Better even to blow amongst them with rustling winds,—

—Blow amongst those leaves, O Zarathustra, that everything *withered* may run away from thee the faster!—

2

"We have again become pious"—so do those apostates confess; and some of them are still too pusillanimous thus to confess.

Unto them I look into the eye,—before them I say it unto their face and unto the blush on their cheeks: Ye are those who again *pray!*

It is however a shame to pray! Not for all, but for thee, and me, and whoever hath his conscience in his head. For *thee* it is a shame to pray!

Thou knowest it well: the faint-hearted devil in thee, which would fain fold its arms, and place its hands in its bosom, and take it easier:—this faint-hearted devil persuadeth thee that "there *is* a God!"

Thereby, however, dost thou belong to the light-dreading type, to whom light never permitteth repose: now must thou daily thrust thy head deeper into obscurity and vapour!

And verily, thou choosest the hour well: for just now do the nocturnal birds again fly abroad. The hour hath come for all light-dreading people, the vesper hour and leisure hour, when they do not—"take leisure."

I hear it and smell it: it hath come—their hour for hunt and procession, not indeed for a wild hunt, but for a tame, lame, snuffling, soft-treaders', soft-prayers' hunt,—

—For a hunt after susceptible simpletons: all mouse-traps for the heart have again been set! And whenever I lift a curtain, a night-moth rusheth out of it.

Did it perhaps squat there along with another night-moth? For everywhere do I smell small concealed communities; and wherever there are closets there are new devotees therein, and the atmosphere of devotees.

They sit for long evenings beside one another, and say: "Let us again become like little children and say, 'good God!' "—ruined in mouths and stomachs by the pious confectioners.

Or they look for long evenings at a crafty, lurking cross-spider, that preacheth prudence to the spiders themselves, and teacheth that "under crosses it is good for cobweb-spinning!"

Or they sit all day at swamps with angle-rods, and on that account think themselves *profound;* but whoever fisheth where there are no fish, I do not even call him superficial!

Or they learn in godly-gay style to play the harp with a hymn-poet, who would fain harp himself into the heart of young girls:—for he hath tired of old girls and their praises.

Or they learn to shudder with a learned semi-madcap, who waiteth in darkened rooms for spirits to come to him—and the spirit runneth away entirely!

Or they listen to an old roving howl- and growl-piper, who hath learned from the sad winds the sadness of sounds; now pipeth he as the wind, and preacheth sadness in sad strains.

And some of them have even become night-watchmen: they know now how to blow horns, and go about at night and awaken old things which have long fallen asleep.

Five words about old things did I hear yesternight at the garden-wall: they came from such old, sorrowful, arid night-watchmen.

"For a father he careth not sufficiently for his children: human fathers do this better!"—

"He is too old! He now careth no more for his children,"—answered the other night-watchman.

"*Hath* he then children? No one can prove it unless he himself prove it! I have long wished that he would for once prove it thoroughly."

"Prove? As if *he* had ever proved anything! Proving is difficult to him; he layeth great stress on one's *believing* him."

"Ay! Ay! Belief saveth him; belief in him. That is the way with old people! So it is with us also!"—

—Thus spake to each other the two old night-watchmen and light-scarers, and tooted thereupon sorrowfully on their horns: so did it happen yesternight at the garden-wall.

To me, however, did the heart writhe with laughter, and was like to break; it knew not where to go, and sunk into the midriff.

Verily, it will be my death yet—to choke with laughter when I see asses drunken, and hear night-watchmen thus doubt about God.

Hath the time not *long* since passed for all such doubts? Who may nowadays awaken such old slumbering, light-shunning things!

With the old Deities hath it long since come to an end:—and verily, a good joyful Deity-end had they!

They did not "begloom" themselves to death—that do people fabricate! On the contrary, they—*laughed* themselves to death once on a time!

That took place when the ungodliest utterance came from a God himself—the utterance: "There is but one God! Thou shalt have no other gods before me!"—

—An old grim-beard of a God, a jealous one, forgot himself in such wise:—

And all the gods then laughed, and shook upon their thrones, and exclaimed: "Is it not just divinity that there are gods, but no God?"

He that hath an ear let him hear.—

Thus talked Zarathustra in the city he loved, which is surnamed "The Pied Cow." For from here he had but two days to travel to reach once more his cave and his animals; his soul, however, rejoiced unceasingly on account of the nighness of his return home.

53. *The Return Home*

O LONESOMENESS! my *home,* lonesomeness! Too long have I lived wildly in wild remoteness, to return to thee without tears!

Now threaten me with the finger as mothers threaten; now smile upon me as mothers smile; now say just: "Who was it that like a whirlwind once rushed away from me?—

—Who when departing called out: 'Too long have I sat with lonesomeness; there have I unlearned silence!' *That* hast thou learned now—surely?

O Zarathustra, everything do I know; and that thou wert *more forsaken* amongst the many, thou unique one, than thou ever wert with me!

One thing is forsakenness, another matter is lonesomeness: *that* hast thou now learned! And that amongst men thou wilt ever be wild and strange:

—Wild and strange even when they love thee: for above all they want to be *treated indulgently!*

Here, however, art thou at home and house with thyself; here canst thou utter everything, and unbosom all motives; nothing is here ashamed of concealed, congealed feelings.

Here do all things come caressingly to thy talk and flatter thee: for they want to ride upon thy back. On every simile dost thou here ride to every truth.

Uprightly and openly mayest thou here talk to all things: and verily, it soundeth as praise in their ears, for one to talk to all things—directly!

Another matter, however, is forsakenness. For, dost thou remember, O Zarathustra? When thy bird screamed overhead, when thou stoodest in the forest, irresolute, ignorant where to go, beside a corpse:—

—When thou spakest: 'Let mine animals lead me! More dangerous have I found it among men than among animals:' —*That* was forsakenness!

And dost thou remember, O Zarathustra? When thou sattest in thine isle, a well of wine giving and granting amongst empty buckets, bestowing and distributing amongst the thirsty:

—Until at last thou alone sattest thirsty amongst the drunken ones, and wailedst nightly: 'Is taking not more blessed than giving? And stealing yet more blessed than taking?'—*That* was forsakenness!

And dost thou remember, O Zarathustra? When thy stillest hour came and drove thee forth from thyself, when with wicked whispering it said: 'Speak and succumb!'—

—When it disgusted thee with all thy waiting and silence, and discouraged thy humble courage: *That* was forsakenness!"—

O lonesomeness! My home, lonesomeness! How blessedly and tenderly speaketh thy voice unto me!

We do not question each other, we do not complain to each other; we go together openly through open doors.

For all is open with thee and clear; and even the hours run here on lighter feet. For in the dark, time weigheth heavier upon one than in the light.

Here fly open unto me all beings' words and word-cabinets: here all being wanteth to become words, here all becoming wanteth to learn of me how to talk.

Down there, however—all talking is in vain! There, forgetting and passing-by are the best wisdom: *that* have I learned now!

He who would understand everything in man must handle everything. But for that I have too clean hands.

I do not like even to inhale their breath; alas! that I have lived so long among their noise and bad breaths!

O blessed stillness around me! O pure odours around me! How from a deep breast this stillness fetcheth pure breath! How it hearkeneth, this blessed stillness!

But down there—there speaketh everything, there is everything misheard. If one announce one's wisdom with bells, the shopmen in the market-place will out-jingle it with pennies!

Everything among them talketh; no one knoweth any longer how to understand. Everything falleth into the water; nothing falleth any longer into deep wells.

Everything among them talketh, nothing succeedeth any longer and accomplisheth itself. Everything cackleth, but who will still sit quietly on the nest and hatch eggs?

Everything among them talketh, everything is out-talked. And that which yesterday was still too hard for time itself and its tooth, hangeth today, outchamped and outchewed, from the mouths of the men of today.

Everything among them talketh, everything is betrayed. And what was once called the secret and secrecy of profound souls, belongeth to-day to the street-trumpeters and other butterflies.

O human hubbub, thou wonderful thing! Thou noise in dark streets! Now art thou again behind me:—my greatest danger lieth behind me!

In indulging and pitying lay ever my greatest danger; and all human hubbub wisheth to be indulged and tolerated.

With suppressed truths, with fool's hand and befooled heart, and rich in petty lies of pity:—thus have I ever lived among men.

Disguised did I sit amongst them, ready to misjudge *myself* that I might endure *them,* and willingly saying to myself: "Thou fool, thou dost not know men!"

One unlearneth men when one liveth amongst them: there is too much foreground in all men—what can far-seeing, far-longing eyes do *there!*

And, fool that I was, when they misjudged me, I indulged them on that account more than myself, being habitually hard on myself, and often even taking revenge on myself for the indulgence.

Stung all over by poisonous flies, and hollowed like the stone by many drops of wickedness: thus did I sit among them, and still said to myself: "Innocent is everything petty of its pettiness!"

Especially did I find those who call themselves "the good," the most poisonous flies; they sting in all innocence, they lie in all innocence; how *could* they—be just towards me!

He who liveth amongst the good—pity teacheth him to lie. Pity maketh stifling air for all free souls. For the stupidity of the good is unfathomable.

To conceal myself and my riches—*that* did I learn down there: for every one did I still find poor in spirit. It was the lie of my pity, that I knew in every one.

—That I saw and scented in every one, what was *enough* of spirit for him, and what was *too much!*

Their stiff wise men: I call them wise, not stiff—thus did I learn to slur over words.

The grave-diggers dig for themselves diseases. Under old rubbish rest bad vapours. One should not stir up the marsh. One should live on mountains.

With blessed nostrils do I again breathe mountain-freedom.

Freed at last is my nose from the smell of all human hubbub!

With sharp breezes tickled, as with sparkling wine, *sneezeth* my soul—sneezeth, and shouteth self-congratulatingly: "Health to thee!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

54. *The Three Evil Things*

1

In my dream, in my last morning-dream, I stood today on a promontory—beyond the world; I held a pair of scales, and *weighed* the world.

Alas, that the rosy dawn came too early to me: she glowed me awake, the jealous one! Jealous is she always of the glows of my morning-dream.

Measurable by him who hath time, weighable by a good weigher, attainable by strong pinions, divinable by divine nutcrackers: thus did my dream find the world:—

My dream, a bold sailor, half-ship, half-hurricane, silent as the butterfly, impatient as the falcon: how had it the patience and leisure to-day for world-weighing!

Did my wisdom perhaps speak secretly to it, my laughing, wide-awake day-wisdom, which mocketh at all "infinite worlds"? For it saith: "Where force is, there becometh *number* the master: it hath more force."

How confidently did my dream contemplate this finite world, not new-fangledly, not old-fangledly, not timidly, not entreatingly:—

—As if a big round apple presented itself to my hand, a ripe golden apple, with a coolly-soft, velvety skin:—thus did the world present itself unto me:—

—As if a tree nodded unto me, a broad-branched, strong-willed tree, curved as a recline and a foot-stool for weary travellers: thus did the world stand on my promontory:—

—As if delicate hands carried a casket towards me—a casket open for the delectation of modest adoring eyes: thus did the world present itself before me today:—

—Not riddle enough to scare human love from it, not solution enough to put to sleep human wisdom:—a humanly good thing was the world to me to-day, of which such bad things are said!

How I thank my morning-dream that I thus at today's dawn, weighed the world! As a humanly good thing did it come unto me, this dream and heart-comforter!

And that I may do the like by day, and imitate and copy its best, now will I put the three worst things on the scales, and weigh them humanly well.—

He who taught to bless taught also to curse: what are the three best cursed things in the world? These will I put on the scales.

Voluptuousness, passion for power, and *selfishness:* these three things have hitherto been best cursed, and have been in worst and falsest repute—these three things will I weigh humanly well.

Well! here is my promontory, and there is the sea—*it* rolleth hither unto me, shaggily and fawningly, the old, faithful, hundred-headed dog-monster that I love!—

Well! Here will I hold the scales over the weltering sea: and also a witness do I choose to look on—thee, the anchorite-tree, thee, the strong-odoured, broad-arched tree that I love!—

On what bridge goeth the now to the hereafter? By what constraint doth the high stoop to the low? And what enjoineth even the highest still—to grow upwards?—

Now stand the scales poised and at rest: three heavy questions have I thrown in; three heavy answers carrieth the other scale.

2

Voluptuousness: unto all hair-shirted despisers of the body, a sting and stake; and, cursed as "the world," by all backworldsmen: for it mocketh and befooleth all erring, misinferring teachers.

Voluptuousness: to the rabble, the slow fire at which it is burnt; to all wormy wood, to all stinking rags, the prepared heat and stew furnace.

Voluptuousness: to free hearts, a thing innocent and free, the garden-happiness of the earth, all the future's thanks-overflow to the present.

Voluptuousness: only to the withered a sweet poison; to the lion-willed, however, the great cordial, and the reverently saved wine of wines.

Voluptuousness: the great symbolic happiness of a higher happiness and highest hope. For to many is marriage promised, and more than marriage,—

—To many that are more unknown to each other than man and woman:—and who hath fully understood *how unknown* to each other are man and woman!

Voluptuousness:—but I will have hedges around my thoughts, and even around my words, lest swine and libertine should break into my gardens!—

Passion for power: the glowing scourge of the hardest of the heart-hard; the cruel torture reserved for the cruellest themselves; the gloomy flame of living pyres.

Passion for power: the wicked gadfly which is mounted on the vainest peoples; the scorner of all uncertain virtue; which rideth on every horse and on every pride.

Passion for power: the earthquake which breaketh and upbreaketh all that is rotten and hollow; the rolling, rumbling, punitive demolisher of whited sepulchres; the flashing interrogative-sign beside premature answers.

Passion for power: before whose glance man creepeth and croucheth and drudgeth, and becometh lower than the serpent and the swine:—until at last great contempt crieth out of him—,

Passion for power: the terrible teacher of great contempt, which preacheth to their face to cities and empires: "Away with thee!"—until a voice crieth out of themselves: "Away with *me!*"

Passion for power: which, however, mounteth alluringly even to the pure and lonesome, and up to self-satisfied elevations, glowing like a love that painteth purple felicities alluringly on earthly heavens.

Passion for power: but who would call it *passion,* when the height longeth to stoop for power! Verily, nothing sick or diseased is there in such longing and descending!

That the lonesome height may not forever remain lonesome and self-sufficing; that the mountains may come to the valleys and the winds of the heights to the plains:—

Oh, who could find the right prenomen and honouring name for such longing! "Bestowing virtue"—thus did Zarathustra once name the unnamable.

And then it happened also,—and verily, it happened for the first time!—that his word blessed *selfishness,* the wholesome, healthy selfishness, that springeth from the powerful soul:—

—From the powerful soul, to which the high body appertaineth, the handsome, triumphing, refreshing body, around which everything becometh a mirror:

—The pliant, persuasive body, the dancer, whose symbol and epitome is the self-enjoying soul. Of such bodies and souls the self-enjoyment calleth itself "virtue."

With its words of good and bad doth such self-enjoyment shelter itself as with sacred groves; with the names of its happiness doth it banish from itself everything contemptible.

Away from itself doth it banish everything cowardly; it saith: "Bad—*that is* cowardly!" Contemptible seem to it the ever-solicitous, the sighing, the complaining, and whoever pick up the most trifling advantage.

It despiseth also all bitter-sweet wisdom: for verily, there is also wisdom that bloometh in the dark, a night-shade wisdom, which ever sigheth: "All is vain!"

Shy distrust is regarded by it as base, and every one who wanteth oaths instead of looks and hands: also all over-distrustful wisdom,—for such is the mode of cowardly souls.

Baser still it regardeth the obsequious, doggish one, who immediately lieth on his back, the submissive one; and there is also wisdom that is submissive, and doggish, and pious, and obsequious.

Hateful to it altogether, and a loathing, is he who will never defend himself, he who swalloweth down poisonous spittle and bad looks, the all-too-patient one, the all-endurer, the all-satisfied one: for that is the mode of slaves.

Whether they be servile before gods and divine spurnings, or before men and stupid human opinions: at *all* kinds of slaves doth it spit, this blessed selfishness!

Bad: thus doth it call all that is spirit-broken, and sordidly-servile—constrained, blinking eyes, depressed hearts, and the false submissive style, which kisseth with broad cowardly lips.

And spurious wisdom: so doth it call all the wit that slaves, and hoary-headed and weary ones affect; and especially all the cunning, spurious-witted, curious-witted foolishness of priests!

The spurious wise, however, all the priests, the world-weary, and those whose souls are of feminine and servile nature—oh, how hath their game all along abused selfishness!

And precisely *that* was to be virtue and was to be called virtue—to abuse selfishness! And "selfless"—so did they wish themselves with good reason, all those world-weary cowards and cross-spiders!

But to all those cometh now the day, the change, the sword of judgment, *the great noontide:* then shall many things be revealed!

And he who proclaimeth the *ego* wholesome and holy, and selfishness blessed, verily, he, the prognosticator, speaketh also what he knoweth: *"Behold, it cometh, it is nigh, the great noontide!"*

Thus spake Zarathustra.

55. *The Spirit of Gravity*

1

My mouthpiece—is of the people: too coarsely and cordially do I talk for Angora rabbits. And still stranger soundeth my word unto all ink-fish and pen-foxes.

My hand—is a fool's hand: woe unto all tables and walls, and whatever hath room for fool's sketching, fool's scrawling!

My foot—is a horse-foot; therewith do I trample and trot over stick and stone, in the fields up and down, and am bedevilled with delight in all fast racing.

My stomach—is surely an eagle's stomach? For it preferreth lamb's flesh. Certainly it is a bird's stomach.

Nourished with innocent things, and with few, ready and impatient to fly, to fly away—that is now my nature: why should there not be something of bird-nature therein!

And especially that I am hostile to the spirit of gravity, that is bird-nature:—verily, deadly hostile, supremely hostile, originally hostile! Oh, whither hath my hostility not flown and misflown!

Thereof could I sing a song— —and *will* sing it: though I be alone in an empty house, and must sing it to mine own ears.

Other singers are there, to be sure, to whom only the full house maketh the voice soft, the hand eloquent, the eye expressive, the heart wakeful:—those do I not resemble.—

2

He who one day teacheth men to fly will have shifted all landmarks; to him will all landmarks themselves fly into the air; the earth will he christen anew—as "the light body."

The ostrich runneth faster than the fastest horse, but it also thrusteth its head heavily into the heavy earth: thus is it with the man who cannot yet fly.

Heavy unto him are earth and life, and so *willeth* the spirit of gravity! But he who would become light, and be a bird, must love himself:—thus do *I* teach.

Not, to be sure, with the love of the sick and infected, for with them stinketh even self-love!

One must learn to love oneself—thus do I teach—with a wholesome and healthy love: that one may endure to be with oneself, and not go roving about.

Such roving about christeneth itself "brotherly love"; with these words hath there hitherto been the best lying and dissembling, and especially by those who have been burdensome to every one.

And verily, it is no commandment for today and tomorrow to *learn* to love oneself. Rather is it of all arts the finest, subtlest, last and patientest.

For to its possessor is all possession well concealed, and of all treasure-pits one's own is last excavated—so causeth the spirit of gravity.

Almost in the cradle are we apportioned with heavy words and worths: "good" and "evil"—so calleth itself this dowry. For the sake of it we are forgiven for living.

And therefore suffereth one little children to come unto one, to forbid them betimes to love themselves—so causeth the spirit of gravity.

And we—we bear loyally what is apportioned unto us, on hard shoulders, over rugged mountains! And when we sweat, then do people say to us: "Yea, life is hard to bear!"

But man himself only is hard to bear! The reason thereof is that he carrieth too many extraneous things on his shoulders. Like the camel kneeleth he down, and letteth himself be well laden.

Especially the strong load-bearing man in whom reverence resideth. Too many *extraneous* heavy words and worths loadeth he upon himself—then seemeth life to him a desert!

And verily! Many a thing also that is *our own* is hard to bear! And many internal things in man are like the oyster—repulsive and slippery and hard to grasp;—

So that an elegant shell, with elegant adornment, must plead for them. But this art also must one learn: to *have* a shell, and a fine appearance, and sagacious blindness!

Again, it deceiveth about many things in man, that many a shell is poor and pitiable, and too much of a shell. Much concealed goodness and power is never dreamt of; the choicest dainties find no tasters!

Women know that, the choicest of them: a little fatter a little leaner—oh, how much fate is in so little!

Man is difficult to discover, and unto himself most difficult of all; often lieth the spirit concerning the soul. So causeth the spirit of gravity.

He, however, hath discovered himself who saith: This is *my* good and evil: therewith hath he silenced the mole and the dwarf, who say: "Good for all, evil for all."

Verily, neither do I like those who call everything good, and this world the best of all. Those do I call the all-satisfied.

All-satisfiedness, which knoweth how to taste everything,—that is not the best taste! I honour the refractory, fastidious tongues and stomachs, which have learned to say "I" and "Yea" and "Nay."

To chew and digest everything, however—that is the genuine swine-nature! Ever to say YE-A—that hath only the ass learned, and those like it!—

Deep yellow and hot red—so wanteth *my* taste—it mixeth blood with all colours. He, however, who whitewasheth his house, betrayeth unto me a whitewashed soul.

With mummies, some fall in love; others with phantoms: both alike hostile to all flesh and blood—oh, how repugnant are both to my taste! For I love blood.

And there will I not reside and abide where every one spitteth and speweth: that is now *my* taste,—rather would I live amongst thieves and perjurers. Nobody carrieth gold in his mouth.

Still more repugnant unto me, however, are all lick-spittles; and the most repugnant animal of man that I found, did I christen "parasite": it would not love, and would yet live by love.

Unhappy do I call all those who have only one choice: either to become evil beasts, or evil beast-tamers. Amongst such would I not build my tabernacle.

Unhappy do I also call those who have ever to *wait,*—they are repugnant to my taste—all the toll-gatherers and traders, and kings, and other landkeepers and shopkeepers.

Verily, I learned waiting also, and thoroughly so,—but only waiting for *myself*. And above all did I learn standing and walking and running and leaping and climbing and dancing.

This however is my teaching: he who wisheth one day to fly, must first learn standing and walking and running and climbing and dancing:—one doth not fly into flying!

With rope-ladders learned I to reach many a window, with nimble legs did I climb high masts: to sit on high masts of perception seemed to me no small bliss;—

—To flicker like small flames on high masts: a small light, certainly, but a great comfort to cast-away sailors and shipwrecked ones!

By divers ways and wendings did I arrive at my truth; not by one ladder did I mount to the height where mine eye roveth into my remoteness.

And unwillingly only did I ask my way—that was always counter to my taste! Rather did I question and test the ways themselves.

A testing and a questioning hath been all my travelling:—and verily, one must also *learn* to answer such questioning! That, however,—is my taste:

—Neither a good nor a bad taste, but *my* taste, of which I have no longer either shame or secrecy.

"This—is now *my* way,—where is yours?" Thus did I answer those who asked me "the way." For *the* way—it doth not exist!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

56. Old and New Tables

1

HERE do I sit and wait, old broken tables around me and also new half-written tables. When cometh mine hour?

—The hour of my descent, of my down-going: for once more will I go unto men.

For that hour do I now wait: for first must the signs come unto me that it is *mine* hour—namely, the laughing lion with the flock of doves.

Meanwhile do I talk to myself as one who hath time. No one telleth me anything new, so I tell myself mine own story.

2

When I came unto men, then found I them resting on an old infatuation: all of them thought they had long known what was good and bad for men.

An old wearisome business seemed to them all discourse about virtue; and he who wished to sleep well spake of "good" and "bad" ere retiring to rest.

This somnolence did I disturb when I taught that *no one yet knoweth* what is good and bad:—unless it be the creating one!

—It is he, however, who createth man's goal, and giveth to the earth its meaning and its future: he only *effecteth* it *that* aught is good or bad.

And I bade them upset their old academic chairs, and wherever that old infatuation had sat; I bade them laugh at their great moralists, their saints, their poets, and their saviours.

At their gloomy sages did I bid them laugh, and whoever had sat admonishing as a black scarecrow on the tree of life.

On their great grave-highway did I seat myself, and even beside the carrion and vultures—and I laughed at all their bygone and its mellow decaying glory.

Verily, like penitential preachers and fools did I cry wrath and shame on all their greatness and smallness. Oh, that their best is so very small! Oh, that their worst is so very small! Thus did I laugh.

Thus did my wise longing, born in the mountains, cry and laugh in me; a wild wisdom, verily!—my great pinion-rustling longing.

And oft did it carry me off and up and away and in the midst of laughter; then flew I quivering like an arrow with sun-intoxicated rapture:

—Out into distant futures, which no dream hath yet seen, into warmer souths than ever sculptor conceived,—where gods in their dancing are ashamed of all clothes:

(That I may speak in parables and halt and stammer like the poets: and verily I am ashamed that I have still to be a poet!)

Where all becoming seemed to me dancing of gods, and wantoning of gods, and the world unloosed and unbridled and fleeing back to itself:—

—As an eternal self-fleeing and re-seeking of one another of many gods, as the blessed self-contradicting, recommuning, and refraternising with one another of many gods:—

Where all time seemed to me a blessed mockery of moments, where necessity was freedom itself, which played happily with the goad of freedom:—

Where I also found again mine old devil and arch-enemy, the spirit of gravity, and all that it created: constraint, law, necessity and consequence and purpose and will and good and evil:—

For must there not be that which is danced *over*, danced beyond? Must there not, for the sake of the nimble, the nimblest, —be moles and clumsy dwarfs?—

3

There was it also where I picked up from the path the word "Superman," and that man is something that must be surpassed.

—That man is a bridge and not a goal—rejoicing over his noontides and evenings, as advances to new rosy dawns:

—The Zarathustra word of the great noontide, and whatever else I have hung up over men like purple evening-afterglows.

Verily, also new stars did I make them see, along with new nights; and over cloud and day and night, did I spread out laughter like a gay-coloured canopy.

I taught them all *my* poetisation and aspiration: to compose and collect into unity what is fragment in man, and riddle and fearful chance;—

—As composer, riddle-reader, and redeemer of chance, did I teach them to create the future, and all that *hath been*—to redeem by creating.

The past of man to redeem, and every "It was" to transform, until the Will saith: "But so did I will it! So shall I will it—"

—This did I call redemption; this alone taught I them to call redemption.— —

Now do I await *my* redemption—that I may go unto them for the last time.

For once more will I go unto men: *amongst* them will my sun set; in dying will I give them my choicest gift!

From the sun did I learn this, when it goeth down, the exuberant one: gold doth it then pour into the sea, out of inexhaustible riches,—

—So that the poorest fisherman roweth even with *golden* oars! For this did I once see, and did not tire of weeping in beholding it.— —

Like the sun will also Zarathustra go down: now sitteth he here and waiteth, old broken tables around him, and also new tables—half-written.

4

Behold, here is a new table; but where are my brethren who will carry it with me to the valley and into hearts of flesh?—

Thus demandeth my great love to the remotest ones: *be not considerate of thy neighbour!* Man is something that must be surpassed.

There are many divers ways and modes of surpassing: see *thou* thereto! But only a buffoon thinketh: "man can also be *overleapt.*"

Surpass thyself even in thy neighbour: and a right which thou canst seize upon, shalt thou not allow to be given thee!

What thou doest can no one do to thee again. Lo, there is no requital.

He who cannot command himself shall obey. And many a one *can* command himself, but still sorely lacketh self-obedience!

5

Thus wisheth the type of noble souls: they desire to have nothing *gratuitously,* least of all, life.

He who is of the populace wisheth to live gratuitously; we others, however, to whom life hath given itself—we are ever considering *what* we can best give *in return!*

And verily, it is a noble dictum which saith: "What life promiseth *us,* that promise will *we* keep—to life!"

One should not wish to enjoy where one doth not contribute to the enjoyment. And one should not *wish* to enjoy!

For enjoyment and innocence are the most bashful things Neither like to be sought for. One should *have* them,—but one should rather *seek* for guilt and pain!—

6

O my brethren, he who is a firstling is ever sacrificed. Now, however, are we firstlings!

We all bleed on secret sacrificial altars, we all burn and broil in honour of ancient idols.

Our best is still young: this exciteth old palates. Our flesh is tender, our skin is only lambs' skin:—how could we not excite old idol-priests!

In ourselves dwelleth he still, the old idol-priest, who broileth our best for his banquet. Ah, my brethren, how could firstlings fail to be sacrifices!

But so wisheth our type; and I love those who do not wish to preserve themselves, the down-going ones do I love with mine entire love: for they go beyond.—

7

To be true—that *can* few be! And he who can, will not! Least of all, however, can the good be true.

Oh, those good ones! *Good men never speak the truth.* For the spirit, thus to be good, is a malady.

They yield, those good ones, they submit themselves; their heart repeateth, their soul obeyeth: *he,* however, who obeyeth, *doth not listen to himself!*

All that is called evil by the good, must come together in order that one truth may be born. O my brethren, are ye also evil enough for *this* truth?

The daring venture, the prolonged distrust, the cruel Nay, the tedium, the cutting-into-the-quick—how seldom do *these* come together! Out of such seed, however—is truth produced!

Beside the bad conscience hath hitherto grown all *knowledge!* Break up, break up, ye discerning ones, the old tables!

8

When the water hath planks, when gangways and railings o'erspan the stream, verily, he is not believed who then saith: "All is in flux."

But even the simpletons contradict him. "What?" say the simpletons, "all in flux? Planks and railings are still *over* the stream!

"*Over* the stream all is stable, all the values of things, the bridges and bearings, all 'good' and 'evil': these are all *stable!*"—

Cometh, however, the hard winter, the stream-tamer, then learn even the wittiest distrust, and verily, not only the simpletons then say: "Should not everything—*stand still?"*

"Fundamentally standeth everything still"—that is an appropriate winter doctrine, good cheer for an unproductive period, a great comfort for winter-sleepers and fireside-loungers.

"Fundamentally standeth everything still"—: but *contrary* thereto, preacheth the thawing wind!

The thawing wind, a bullock, which is no ploughing bullock —a furious bullock, a destroyer, which with angry horns breaketh the ice! The ice however— —*breaketh gangways!*

O my brethren, is not everything *at present in flux?* Have not all railings and gangways fallen into the water? Who would still *hold on* to "good" and "evil"?

"Woe to us! Hail to us! The thawing wind bloweth!"— Thus preach, my brethren, through all the streets!

9

There is an old illusion—it is called good and evil. Around soothsayers and astrologers hath hitherto revolved the orbit of this illusion.

Once did one *believe* in soothsayers and astrologers; and *therefore* did one believe, "Everything is fate: thou shalt, for thou must!"

Then again did one distrust all soothsayers and astrologers; and *therefore* did one believe, "Everything is freedom: thou canst, for thou willest!"

O my brethren, concerning the stars and the future there hath hitherto been only illusion, and not knowledge; and *therefore* concerning good and evil there hath hitherto been only illusion and not knowledge!

10

"Thou shalt not rob! Thou shalt not slay!"—such precepts were once called holy; before them did one bow the knee and the head, and take off one's shoes.

But I ask you: Where have there ever been better robbers and slayers in the world than such holy precepts?

Is there not even in all life—robbing and slaying? And for such precepts to be called holy, was not *truth* itself thereby—slain?

—Or was it a sermon of death that called holy what contradicted and dissuaded from life?—O my brethren, break up, break up for me the old tables!

11

It is my sympathy with all the past that I see it is abandoned,—

—Abandoned to the favour, the spirit and the madness of every generation that cometh, and reinterpreteth all that hath been as its bridge!

A great potentate might arise, an artful prodigy, who with approval and disapproval could strain and constrain all the past, until it became for him a bridge, a harbinger, a herald, and a cock-crowing.

This however is the other danger, and mine other sympathy: —he who is of the populace, his thoughts go back to his grandfather,—with his grandfather, however, doth time cease.

Thus is all the past abandoned: for it might some day happen for the populace to become master, and drown all time in shallow waters.

Therefore, O my brethren, a *new nobility* is needed, which shall be the adversary of all populace and potentate rule, and shall inscribe anew the word "noble" on new tables.

For many noble ones are needed, and many kinds of noble ones, *for a new nobility!* Or, as I once said in parable: "That is just divinity, that there are gods, but no God!"

12

O my brethren, I consecrate you and point you to a new nobility: ye shall become procreators and cultivators and sowers of the future;—

—Verily, not to a nobility which ye could purchase like traders with traders' gold; for little worth is all that hath its price.

Let it not be your honour henceforth whence ye come, but whither ye go! Your Will and your feet which seek to surpass you—let these be your new honour!

Verily, not that ye have served a prince—of what account are princes now!—nor that ye have become a bulwark to that which standeth, that it may stand more firmly.

Not that your family have become courtly at courts, and that ye have learned—gay-coloured, like the flamingo—to stand long hours in shallow pools:

(For *ability*-to-stand is a merit in courtiers; and all courtiers believe that unto blessedness after death pertaineth—*permission*-to-sit!)

Nor even that a Spirit called Holy, led your forefathers into promised lands, which I do not praise: for where the worst of all trees grew—the cross,—in that land there is nothing to praise!—

—And verily, wherever this "Holy Spirit" led its knights, always in such campaigns did—goats and geese, and wryheads and guy-heads run *foremost!*—

O my brethren, not backward shall your nobility gaze, but *outward!* Exiles shall ye be from all fatherlands and forefather-lands!

Your *children's land* shall ye love: let this love be your new nobility,—the undiscovered in the remotest seas! For it do I bid your sails search and search!

Unto your children shall ye *make amends* for being the children of your fathers: all the past shall ye *thus* redeem! This new table do I place over you!

13

"Why should one live? All is vain! To live—that is to thresh straw; to live—that is to burn oneself and yet not get warm."—

Such ancient babbling still passeth for "wisdom", because it is old, however, and smelleth mustily, *therefore* is it the more honoured. Even mould ennobleth.—

Children might thus speak: they *shun* the fire because it hath burnt them! There is much childishness in the old books of wisdom.

And he who ever "thresheth straw," why should he be allowed to rail at threshing! Such a fool one would have to muzzle!

Such persons sit down to the table and bring nothing with them, not even good hunger:—and then do they rail: "All is vain!"

But to eat and drink well, my brethren, is verily no vain art! Break up, break up for me the tables of the never-joyous ones!

14

"To the clean are all things clean"—thus say the people. I, however, say unto you: To the swine all things become swinish!

Therefore preach the visionaries and bowed-heads (whose hearts are also bowed down): "The world itself is a filthy monster."

For these are all unclean spirits; especially those, however, who have no peace or rest, unless they see the world *from the backside*—the backworldsmen!

To those do I say it to the face, although it sound unpleasantly: the world resembleth man, in that it hath a backside,—*so much* is true!

There is in the world much filth: *so much* is true! But the world itself is not therefore a filthy monster!

There is wisdom in the fact that much in the world smelleth badly: loathing itself createth wings, and fountain-divining powers!

In the best there is still something to loathe; and the best is still something that must be surpassed!—

O my brethren, there is much wisdom in the fact that much filth is in the world!—

15

Such sayings did I hear pious backworldsmen speak to their consciences, and verily without wickedness or guile,—although there is nothing more guileful in the world, or more wicked.

"Let the world be as it is! Raise not a finger against it!"

"Let whoever will choke and stab and skin and scrape the people: raise not a finger against it! Thereby will they learn to renounce the world."

"And thine own reason—this shalt thou thyself stifle and choke; for it is a reason of this world,—thereby wilt thou learn thyself to renounce the world."—

—Shatter, shatter, O my brethren, those old tables of the pious! Tatter the maxims of the world-maligners!—

16

"He who learneth much unlearneth all violent cravings"—that do people now whisper to one another in all the dark lanes.

"Wisdom wearieth, nothing is worth while; thou shalt not crave!"—this new table found I hanging even in the public markets.

Break up for me, O my brethren, break up also that *new* table! The weary-o'-the-world put it up, and the preachers of death and the jailer: for lo, it is also a sermon for slavery:—

Because they learned badly and not the best, and everything too early and everything too fast; because they *ate* badly: from thence hath resulted their ruined stomach;—

—For a ruined stomach, is their spirit: *it* persuadeth to death! For verily, my brethren, the spirit *is* a stomach!

Life is a well of delight, but to him in whom the ruined stomach speaketh, the father of affliction, all fountains are poisoned.

To discern: that is *delight* to the lion-willed! But he who hath become weary, is himself merely "willed"; with him play all the waves.

And such is always the nature of weak men: they lose themselves on their way. And at last asketh their weariness: "Why did we ever go on the way? All is indifferent!"

To them soundeth it pleasant to have preached in their ears: "Nothing is worth while! Ye shall not will!" That, however, is a sermon for slavery.

O my brethren, a fresh blustering wind cometh Zarathustra unto all way-weary ones; many noses will he yet make sneeze!

Even through walls bloweth my free breath, and into prisons and imprisoned spirits!

Willing emancipateth: for willing is creating: so do I teach. And *only* for creating shall ye learn!

And also the learning shall ye *learn* only from me, the learning well!—He who hath ears let him hear!

17

There standeth the boat—thither goeth it over, perhaps into vast nothingness—but who willeth to enter into this "Perhaps"?

None of you want to enter into the death-boat! How should ye then be *world-weary* ones!

World-weary ones! And have not even withdrawn from the earth! Eager did I ever find you for the earth, amorous still of your own earth-weariness!

Not in vain doth your lip hang down:—a small worldly wish still sitteth thereon! And in your eye—floateth there not a cloudlet of unforgotten earthly bliss?

There are on the earth many good inventions, some useful, some pleasant: for their sake is the earth to be loved.

And many such good inventions are there, that they are like woman's breasts: useful at the same time, and pleasant.

Ye world-weary ones, however! Ye earth-idlers! You, shall one beat with stripes! With stripes shall one again make you sprightly limbs.

For if ye be not invalids, or decrepit creatures, of whom the earth is weary, then are ye sly sloths, or dainty, sneaking pleasure-cats. And if ye will not again *run* gaily, then shall ye —pass away!

To the incurable shall one not seek to be a physician: thus teacheth Zarathustra:—so shall ye pass away!

But more *courage* is needed to make an end than to make a new verse: that do all physicians and poets know well.—

18

O my brethren, there are tables which weariness framed, and tables which slothfulness framed, corrupt slothfulness: although they speak similarly, they want to be heard differently.—

See this languishing one! Only a span-breadth is he from his goal; but from weariness hath he lain down obstinately in the dust, this brave one!

From weariness yawneth he at the path, at the earth, at the goal, and at himself: not a step further will he go,—this brave one!

Now gloweth the sun upon him, and the dogs lick at his sweat: but he lieth there in his obstinacy and preferreth to languish:—

—A span-breadth from his goal, to languish! Verily, ye will have to drag him into his heaven by the hair of his head—this hero!

Better still that ye let him lie where he hath lain down, that sleep may come unto him, the comforter, with cooling patter-rain.

Let him lie, until of his own accord he awakeneth,—until of his own accord he repudiateth all weariness, and what weariness hath taught through him!

Only, my brethren, see that ye scare the dogs away from him, the idle skulkers, and all the swarming vermin:—

—All the swarming vermin of the "cultured," that—feast on the sweat of every hero!—

19

I form circles around me and holy boundaries; ever fewer ascend with me ever higher mountains: I build a mountain-range out of ever holier mountains.—

But wherever ye would ascend with me, O my brethren, take care lest a *parasite* ascend with you!

A parasite: that is a reptile, a creeping, cringing reptile, that trieth to fatten on your infirm and sore places.

And *this* is its art: it divineth where ascending souls are weary, in your trouble and dejection, in your sensitive modesty, doth it build its loathsome nest.

Where the strong are weak, where the noble are all-too-gentle—there buildeth it its loathsome nest; the parasite liveth where the great have small sore-places.

What is the highest of all species of being, and what is the lowest? The parasite is the lowest species; he, however, who is of the highest species feedeth most parasites.

For the soul which hath the longest ladder, and can go deepest down: how could there fail to be most parasites upon it?—

—The most comprehensive soul, which can run and stray and rove furthest in itself; the most necessary soul, which out of joy flingeth itself into chance:—

—The soul in Being, which plungeth into Becoming; the possessing soul, which *seeketh* to attain desire and longing:—

—The soul fleeing from itself, which overtaketh itself in the widest circuit; the wisest soul, unto which folly speaketh most sweetly:—

—The soul most self-loving, in which all things have their current and counter-current, their ebb and their flow:—oh, how could *the loftiest soul* fail to have the worst parasites?

20

O my brethren, am I then cruel? But I say: What falleth, that shall one also push!

Everything of today—it falleth, it decayeth; who would preserve it! But I—I wish also to push it!

Know ye the delight which rolleth stones into precipitous depths?—Those men of today, see just how they roll into my depths!

A prelude am I to better players, O my brethren! An example! *Do* according to mine example!

And him whom ye do not teach to fly, teach I pray you—*to fall faster!*—

21

I love the brave: but it is not enough to be a swordsman,—one must also know *whereon* to use swordsmanship!

And often is it greater bravery to keep quiet and pass by, that *thereby* one may reserve oneself for a worthier foe!

Ye shall only have foes to be hated; but not foes to be despised: ye must be proud of your foes. Thus have I already taught.

For the worthier foe, O my brethren, shall ye reserve yourselves: therefore must ye pass by many a one,—

—Especially many of the rabble, who din your ears with noise about people and peoples.

Keep your eye clear of their For and Against! There is there much right, much wrong: he who looketh on becometh wroth.

Therein viewing, therein hewing—they are the same thing: therefore depart into the forests and lay your sword to sleep!

Go *your* ways! and let the people and peoples go theirs!—gloomy ways, verily, on which not a single hope glinteth any more!

Let there the trader rule, where all that still glittereth is—traders' gold. It is the time of kings no longer: that which now calleth itself the people is unworthy of kings.

See how these peoples themselves now do just like the traders: they pick up the smallest advantage out of all kinds of rubbish!

They lay lures for one another, they lure things out of one another,—that they call "good neighbourliness." O blessed remote period when a people said to itself: "I will be—*master* over peoples!"

For, my brethren, the best shall rule, the best also *willeth* to rule! And where the teaching is different, there—the best *is lacking.*

22

If *they* had—bread for nothing, alas! for what would *they* cry! Their maintainment—that is their true entertainment; and they shall have it hard!

Beasts of prey, are they: in their "working"—there is even plundering, in their "earning"—there is even over-reaching! Therefore shall they have it hard!

Better beasts of prey shall they thus become, subtler, cleverer, *more man-like:* for man is the best beast of prey.

All the animals hath man already robbed of their virtues: that is why of all animals it hath been hardest for man.

Only the birds are still beyond him. And if man should yet learn to fly, alas! *to what height*—would his rapacity fly!

23

Thus would I have man and woman: fit for war, the one; fit for maternity, the other; both, however, fit for dancing with head and legs.

And lost be the day to us in which a measure hath not been danced. And false be every truth which hath not had laughter along with it!

24

Your marriage-arranging: see that it be not a *bad arranging!* Ye have arranged too hastily: so there *followeth* therefrom—marriage-breaking!

And better marriage-breaking than marriage-bending, marriage-lying!—Thus spake a woman unto me: "Indeed, I broke the marriage, but first did the marriage break—me!"

The badly paired found I ever the most revengeful: they make every one suffer for it that they no longer run singly.

On that account want I the honest ones to say to one another: "We love each other: let us *see to it* that we maintain our love! Or shall our pledging be blundering?"

—"Give us a set term and a small marriage, that we may see if we are fit for the great marriage! It is a great matter always to be twain."

Thus do I counsel all honest ones; and what would be my love to the Superman, and to all that is to come, if I should counsel and speak otherwise!

Not only to propagate yourselves onwards but *upwards*—thereto, O my brethren, may the garden of marriage help you!

25

He who hath grown wise concerning old origins, lo, he will at last seek after the fountains of the future and new origins.—

O my brethren, not long will it be until *new peoples* shall arise and new fountains shall rush down into new depths.

For the earthquake—it choketh up many wells, it causeth much languishing: but it bringeth also to light inner powers and secrets.

The earthquake discloseth new fountains. In the earthquake of old peoples new fountains burst forth.

And whoever calleth out: "Lo, here is a well for many thirsty ones, one heart for many longing ones, one will for many instruments":—around him collecteth a *people,* that is to say, many attempting ones.

Who can command, who must obey—*that is there attempted!* Ah, with what long seeking and solving and failing and learning and re-attempting!

Human society: it is an attempt—so I teach—a long seeking: it seeketh however the ruler!—

—An attempt, my brethren! And *no* "contract"! Destroy, I pray you, destroy that word of the soft-hearted and half-and-half!

26

O my brethren! With whom lieth the greatest danger to the whole human future? Is it not with the good and just?—

—As those who say and feel in their hearts: "We already know what is good and just, we possess it also; woe to those who still seek thereafter!"

And whatever harm the wicked may do, the harm of the good is the harmfulest harm!

And whatever harm the world-maligners may do, the harm of the good is the harmfulest harm!

O my brethren, into the hearts of the good and just looked some one once on a time, who said: "They are the Pharisees." But people did not understand him.

The good and just themselves were not free to understand him; their spirit was imprisoned in their good conscience. The stupidity of the good is unfathomably wise.

It is the truth, however, that the good *must* be Pharisees—they have no choice!

The good *must* crucify him who deviseth his own virtue! That *is* the truth!

The second one, however, who discovered their country—the country, heart and soil of the good and just,—it was he who asked: "Whom do they hate most?"

The *creator,* hate they most, him who breaketh the tables and old values, the breaker,—him they call the law-breaker.

For the good—they *cannot* create; they are always the beginning of the end:—

—They crucify him who writeth new values on new tables, they sacrifice *unto themselves* the future—they crucify the whole human future!

The good—they have always been the beginning of the end.—

27

O my brethren, have ye also understood this word? And what I once said of the "last man"?— —

With whom lieth the greatest danger to the whole human future? Is it not with the good and just?

Break up, break up, I pray you, the good and just!—O my brethren, have ye understood also this word?

28

Ye flee from me? Ye are frightened? Ye tremble at this word?

O my brethren, when I enjoined you to break up the good, and the tables of the good, then only did I embark man on his high seas.

And now only cometh unto him the great terror, the great outlook, the great sickness, the great nausea, the great sea-sickness.

False shores and false securities did the good teach you; in the lies of the good were ye born and bred. Everything hath been radically contorted and distorted by the good.

But he who discovered the country of "man," discovered also the country of "man's future." Now shall ye be sailors for me, brave, patient!

Keep yourselves up betimes, my brethren, learn to keep yourselves up! The sea stormeth: many seek to raise themselves again by you.

The sea stormeth: all is in the sea. Well! Cheer up! Ye old seaman-hearts!

What of fatherland! *Thither* striveth our helm where our *children's land* is! Thitherwards, stormier than the sea, stormeth our great longing!—

29

"Why so hard!"—said to the diamond one day the charcoal; "are we then not near relatives?"—

Why so soft? O my brethren; thus do *I* ask you: are ye then not—my brethren?

Why so soft, so submissive and yielding? Why is there so much negation and abnegation in your hearts? Why is there so little fate in your looks?

And if ye will not be fates and inexorable ones, how can ye one day—conquer with me?

And if your hardness will not glance and cut and chip to pieces, how can ye one day—create with me?

For the creators are hard. And blessedness must it seem to you to press your hand upon millenniums as upon wax,—

—Blessedness to write upon the will of millenniums as upon brass,—harder than brass, nobler than brass. Entirely hard is only the noblest.

This new table, O my brethren, put I up over you: *Become hard!*—

30

O thou, my Will! Thou change of every need, *my* needfulness! Preserve me from all small victories!

Thou fatedness of my soul, which I call fate! Thou In-me! Over-me! Preserve and spare me for one great fate!

And thy last greatness, my Will, spare it for thy last—that thou mayest be inexorable *in* thy victory! Ah, who hath not succumbed to his victory!

Ah, whose eye hath not bedimmed in this intoxicated twilight! Ah, whose foot hath not faltered and forgotten in victory—how to stand!—

—That I may one day be ready and ripe in the great noontide: ready and ripe like the glowing ore, the lightning-bearing cloud, and the swelling milk-udder:—

—Ready for myself and for my most hidden Will: a bow eager for its arrow, an arrow eager for its star:—

—A star, ready and ripe in its noontide, glowing, pierced, blessed by annihilating sun-arrows:—

—A sun itself, and an inexorable sun-will, ready for annihilation in victory!

O Will, thou change of every need, *my* needfulness! Spare me for one great victory!——

Thus spake Zarathustra.

57. *The Convalescent*

1

One morning, not long after his return to his cave, Zarathustra sprang up from his couch like a madman, crying with a frightful voice, and acting as if some one still lay on the couch who did not wish to rise. Zarathustra's voice also resounded in such a manner that his animals came to him frightened, and out of all the neighbouring caves and lurking-places all the creatures slipped away—flying, fluttering, creeping or leaping, according to their variety of foot or wing. Zarathustra, however, spake these words:

Up, abysmal thought out of my depth! I am thy cock and morning dawn, thou overslept reptile: Up! Up! My voice shall soon crow thee awake!

Unbind the fetters of thine ears: listen! For I wish to hear thee! Up! Up! There is thunder enough to make the very graves listen!

And rub the sleep and all the dimness and blindness out of thine eyes! Hear me also with thine eyes: my voice is a medicine even for those born blind.

And once thou art awake, then shalt thou ever remain awake. It is not *my* custom to awake great-grandmothers out of their sleep that I may bid them—sleep on!

Thou stirrest, stretchest thyself, wheezest? Up! Up! Not wheeze, shalt thou,—but speak unto me! Zarathustra calleth thee, Zarathustra the godless!

I, Zarathustra, the advocate of living, the advocate of suffering, the advocate of the circuit—thee do I call, my most abysmal thought!

Joy to me! Thou comest,—I hear thee! Mine abyss *speaketh*, my lowest depth have I turned over into the light!

Joy to me! Come hither! Give me thy hand— —ha! let be! aha!— —Disgust, disgust, disgust— — —alas to me!

2

Hardly, however, had Zarathustra spoken these words, when he fell down as one dead, and remained long as one dead. When however he again came to himself, then was he pale and trembling, and remained lying; and for long he would neither eat nor drink. This condition continued for seven days; his animals, however, did not leave him day nor night, except that the eagle flew forth to fetch food. And what it fetched and foraged, it laid on Zarathustra's couch: so that Zarathustra at last lay among yellow and red berries, grapes, rosy apples, sweet-smelling herbage, and pine-cones. At his feet, however, two lambs were stretched, which the eagle had with difficulty carried off from their shepherds.

At last, after seven days, Zarathustra raised himself upon his couch, took a rosy apple in his hand, smelt it and found its smell pleasant. Then did his animals think the time had come to speak unto him.

"O Zarathustra," said they, "now hast thou lain thus for seven days with heavy eyes: wilt thou not set thyself again upon thy feet?

Step out of thy cave: the world waiteth for thee as a garden. The wind playeth with heavy fragrance which seeketh for thee; and all brooks would like to run after thee.

All things long for thee, since thou hast remained alone for seven days—step forth out of thy cave! All things want to be thy physicians!

Did perhaps a new knowledge come to thee, a bitter, grievous knowledge? Like leavened dough layest thou, thy soul arose and swelled beyond all its bounds.—"

—O mine animals, answered Zarathustra, talk on thus and let me listen! It refresheth me so to hear your talk: where there is talk, there is the world as a garden unto me.

How charming it is that there are words and tones; are not words and tones rainbows and seeming bridges 'twixt the eternally separated?

To each soul belongeth another world; to each soul is every other soul a back-world.

Among the most alike doth semblance deceive most delightfully: for the smallest gap is most difficult to bridge over.

For me—how could there be an outside-of-me? There is no outside! But this we forget on hearing tones; how delightful it is that we forget!

Have not names and tones been given unto things that man may refresh himself with them? It is a beautiful folly, speaking; therewith danceth man over everything.

How lovely is all speech and all falsehoods of *tones*! With tones danceth our love on variegated rainbows.—

—"O Zarathustra," said then his animals, "to those who think like us, things all dance themselves: they come and hold out the hand and laugh and flee—and return.

Everything goeth, everything returneth; eternally rolleth the wheel of existence. Everything dieth, everything blossometh forth again; eternally runneth on the year of existence.

Everything breaketh, everything is integrated anew; eternally buildeth itself the same house of existence. All things separate, all things again greet one another; eternally true to itself remaineth the ring of existence.

Every moment beginneth existence, around every 'Here' rolleth the ball 'There.' The middle is everywhere. Crooked is the path of eternity."—

—O ye wags and barrel-organs! answered Zarathustra, and smiled once more, how well do ye know what had to be fulfilled in seven days:—

—And how that monster crept into my throat and choked me! But I bit off its head and spat it away from me.

And ye—ye have made a lyre-lay out of it? Now, however, do I lie here, still exhausted with that biting and spitting-away, still sick with mine own salvation.

And ye looked on at it all? O mine animals, are ye also cruel? Did ye like to look at my great pain as men do? For man is the cruellest animal.

At tragedies, bull-fights, and crucifixions hath he hitherto been happiest on earth; and when he invented his hell, behold, that was his heaven on earth.

When the great man crieth—: immediately runneth the little man thither, and his tongue hangeth out of his mouth for very lusting. He, however, calleth it his "pity."

The little man, especially the poet—how passionately doth he accuse life in words! Hearken to him, but do not fail to hear the delight which is in all accusation!

Such accusers of life—them life overcometh with a glance of the eye. "Thou lovest me?" saith the insolent one; "wait a little, as yet have I no time for thee."

Towards himself man is the cruellest animal; and in all who call themselves "sinners" and "bearers of the cross" and "penitents," do not overlook the voluptuousness in their plaints and accusations!

And I myself—do, I thereby want to be man's accuser? Ah, mine animals, this only have I learned hitherto, that for man his baddest is necessary for his best,—

—That all that is baddest is the best *power,* and the hardest stone for the highest creator; and that man must become better *and* badder:—

Not to *this* torture-stake was I tied, that I know man is bad, —but I cried, as no one hath yet cried:

"Ah, that his baddest is so very small! Ah, that his best is so very small!"

The great disgust at man—*it* strangled me and had crept into my throat: and what the soothsayer had presaged: "All is alike, nothing is worth while, knowledge strangleth."

A long twilight limped on before me, a fatally weary, fatally intoxicated sadness, which spake with yawning mouth.

"Eternally he returneth, the man of whom thou art weary, the small man"—so yawned my sadness, and dragged its foot and could not go to sleep.

A cavern, became the human earth to me; its breast caved in; everything living became to me human dust and bones and mouldering past.

My sighing sat on all human graves, and could no longer arise: my sighing and questioning croaked and choked, and gnawed and nagged day and night:

—"Ah, man returneth eternally! The small man returneth eternally!"

Naked had I once seen both of them, the greatest man and the smallest man: all too like one another—all too human even the greatest man!

All too small, even the greatest man!—that was my disgust at man! And the eternal return also of the smallest man!—that was my disgust at all existence!

Ah, Disgust! Disgust! Disgust!— —Thus spake Zarathustra, and sighed and shuddered; for he remembered his sickness. Then did his animals prevent him from speaking further

"Do not speak further, thou convalescent!"—so answered his animals, "but go out where the world waiteth for thee like a garden.

Go out unto the roses, the bees, and the flocks of doves! Especially, however, unto the singing-birds, to learn *singing* from them!

For singing is for the convalescent; the sound ones may talk. And when the sound also want songs, then want they other songs than the convalescent."

—"O ye wags and barrel-organs, do be silent!" answered Zarathustra, and smiled at his animals. "How well ye know what consolation I devised for myself in seven days!

That I have to sing once more—*that* consolation did I devise for myself, and *this* convalescence: would ye also make another lyre-lay thereof?"

—"Do not talk further," answered his animals once more; "rather, thou convalescent, prepare for thyself first a lyre, a new lyre!

For behold, O Zarathustra! For thy new lays there are needed new lyres.

Sing and bubble over, O Zarathustra, heal thy soul with new lays: that thou mayest bear thy great fate, which hath not yet been any one's fate!

For thine animals know it well, O Zarathustra, who thou art and must become: behold, *thou art the teacher of the eternal return,*—that is now *thy* fate!

That thou must be the first to teach this teaching—how could this great fate not be thy greatest danger and infirmity!

Behold, we know what thou teachest: that all things eternally return, and ourselves with them, and that we have already existed times without number, and all things with us.

Thou teachest that there is a great year of Becoming, a prodigy of a great year; it must, like a sand-glass, ever turn up anew, that it may anew run down and run out:—

—So that all those years are like one another in the greatest and also in the smallest, so that we ourselves, in every great year, are like ourselves in the greatest and also in the smallest.

And if thou wouldst now die, O Zarathustra, behold, we know also how thou wouldst then speak to thyself:—but thine animals beseech thee not to die yet!

Thou wouldst speak, and without trembling, buoyant rather with bliss, for a great weight and worry would be taken from thee, thou patientest one!—

'Now do I die and disappear,' wouldst thou say, 'and in a moment I am nothing. Souls are as mortal as bodies.

But the plexus of causes returneth in which I am intertwined,—it will again create me! I myself pertain to the causes of the eternal return.

I come again with this sun, with this earth, with this eagle, with this serpent—*not* to a new life, or a better life, or a similar life:

—I come again eternally to this identical and selfsame life, in its greatest and its smallest, to teach again the eternal return of all things,—

—To speak again the word of the great noontide of earth and man, to announce again to man the Superman.

I have spoken my word. I break down by my word: so willeth mine eternal fate—as announcer do I succumb!

The hour hath now come for the down-goer to bless himself. Thus—*endeth* Zarathustra's down-going.' "— —

When the animals had spoken these words they were silent and waited, so that Zarathustra might say something to them; but Zarathustra did not hear that they were silent. On the contrary, he lay quietly with closed eyes like a person sleeping, although he did not sleep; for he communed just then with his soul. The serpent, however, and the eagle, when they found him silent in such wise, respected the great stillness around him, and prudently retired.

58. The Great Longing

O MY soul, I have taught thee to say "today" as "once on a time" and "formerly," and to dance thy measure over every Here and There and Yonder.

O my soul, I delivered thee from all by-places, I brushed down from thee dust and spiders and twilight.

O my soul, I washed the petty shame and the by-place virtue from thee, and persuaded thee to stand naked before the eyes of the sun.

With the storm that is called "spirit" did I blow over thy surging sea; all clouds did I blow away from it; I strangled even the strangler called "sin."

O my soul, I gave thee the right to say Nay like the storm, and to say Yea as the open heaven saith Yea: calm as the light remainest thou, and now walkest through denying storms.

O my soul, I restored to thee liberty over the created and the uncreated; and who knoweth, as thou knowest, the voluptuousness of the future?

O my soul, I taught thee the contempt which doth not come like worm-eating, the great, the loving contempt, which loveth most where it contemneth most.

O my soul, I taught thee so to persuade that thou persuadest even the grounds themselves to thee: like the sun, which persuadeth even the sea to its height.

O my soul, I have taken from thee all obeying and knee-bending and homage-paying; I have myself given thee the names, "Change of need" and "Fate."

O my soul, I have given thee new names and gay-coloured playthings, I have called thee "Fate" and "the Circuit of circuits" and "the Navel-string of time" and "the Azure bell."

O my soul, to thy domain gave I all wisdom to drink all new wines, and also all immemorially old strong wines of wisdom.

O my soul, every sun shed I upon thee, and every night and every silence and every longing:—then grewest thou up for me as a vine.

O my soul, exuberant and heavy dost thou now stand forth, a vine with swelling udders and full clusters of brown golden grapes:—

—Filled and weighted by thy happiness, waiting from superabundance, and yet ashamed of thy waiting.

O my soul, there is nowhere a soul which could be more loving and more comprehensive and more extensive! Where could future and past be closer together than with thee?

O my soul, I have given thee everything, and all my hands have become empty by thee:—and now! Now sayest thou to me, smiling and full of melancholy: "Which of us oweth thanks?—

—Doth the giver not owe thanks because the receiver received? Is bestowing not a necessity? Is receiving not—pitying?"

O my soul, I understand the smiling of thy melancholy: thine over-abundance itself now stretcheth out longing hands!

Thy fulness looketh forth over raging seas, and seeketh and waiteth: the longing of over-fulness looketh forth from the smiling heaven of thine eyes!

And verily, O my soul! Who could see thy smiling and not melt into tears? The angels themselves melt into tears through the over-graciousness of thy smiling.

Thy graciousness and over-graciousness, is it which will not complain and weep: and yet, O my soul, longeth thy smiling for tears, and thy trembling mouth for sobs.

"Is not all weeping complaining? And all complaining, accusing?" Thus speakest thou to thyself; and therefore, O my soul, wilt thou rather smile than pour forth thy grief—

—Than in gushing tears pour forth all thy grief concerning thy fulness, and concerning the craving of the vine for the vintager and vintage-knife!

But wilt thou not weep, wilt thou not weep forth thy purple melancholy, then wilt thou have to *sing,* O my soul!—Behold, I smile myself, who foretell thee this:

—Thou wilt have to sing with passionate song, until all seas turn calm to hearken unto thy longing,—

—Until over calm longing seas the bark glideth, the golden marvel, around the gold of which all good, bad, and marvellous things frisk:—

—Also many large and small animals, and everything that hath light marvellous feet, so that it can run on violet-blue paths,—

—Towards the golden marvel, the spontaneous bark, and its master: he, however, is the vintager who waiteth with the diamond vintage-knife,—

—Thy great deliverer, O my soul, the nameless one —for whom future songs only will find names! And verily, already hath thy breath the fragrance of future songs,—

—Already glowest thou and dreamest, already drinkest thou thirstily at all deep echoing wells of consolation, already reposeth thy melancholy in the bliss of future songs!— —

O my soul, now have I given thee all, and even my last possession, and all my hands have become empty by thee: —*that I bade thee sing,* behold, that was my last thing to give!

That I bade thee sing,—say now, say: *which* of us now—oweth thanks?—Better still, however: sing unto me, sing, O my soul! And let me thank thee!—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

59. *The Second Dance Song*

1

"INTO thine eyes gazed I lately, O Life: gold saw I gleam in thy night-eyes,—my heart stood still with delight:

—A golden bark saw I gleam on darkened waters, a sinking, drinking, reblinking, golden swing-bark!

At my dance-frantic foot, dost thou cast a glance, a laughing, questioning, melting, thrown glance:

Twice only movedst thou thy rattle with thy little hands—then did my feet swing with dance-fury.—

My heels reared aloft, my toes they hearkened,—thee they would know: hath not the dancer his ear—in his toe!

Unto thee did I spring: then fledst thou back from my bound; and towards me waved thy fleeing, flying tresses round!

Away from thee did I spring, and from thy snaky tresses: then stoodst thou there half-turned, and in thine eye caresses.

With crooked glances—dost thou teach me crooked courses; on crooked courses learn my feet—crafty fancies!

I fear thee near, I love thee far; thy flight allureth me, thy seeking secureth me:—I suffer, but for thee, what would I not gladly bear!

For thee, whose coldness inflameth, whose hatred misleadeth, whose flight enchaineth, whose mockery—pleadeth:

—Who would not hate thee, thou great bindress, inwindress, temptress, seekress, findress! Who would not love thee, thou innocent, impatient, wind-swift, child-eyed sinner!

Whither pullest thou me now, thou paragon and tomboy? And now foolest thou me fleeing; thou sweet romp dost annoy!

I dance after thee, I follow even faint traces lonely. Where art thou? Give me thy hand! Or thy finger only!

Here are caves and thickets: we shall go astray!—Halt! Stand still! Seest thou not owls and bats in fluttering fray?

Thou bat! Thou owl! Thou wouldst play me foul? Where are we? From the dogs hast thou learned thus to bark and howl.

Thou gnashest on me sweetly with little white teeth; thine evil eyes shoot out upon me, thy curly little mane from underneath!

This is a dance over stock and stone: I am the hunter,—wilt thou be my hound, or my chamois anon?

Now beside me! And quickly, wickedly springing! Now up! And over!—Alas! I have fallen myself overswinging!

Oh, see me lying, thou arrogant one, and imploring grace! Gladly would I walk with thee—in some lovelier place!

—In the paths of love, through bushes variegated, quiet, trim! Or there along the lake, where gold-fishes dance and swim!

Thou art now a-weary? There above are sheep and sun-set stripes: is it not sweet to sleep—the shepherd pipes?

Thou art so very weary? I carry thee thither; let just thine arm sink! And art thou thirsty—I should have something; but thy mouth would not like it to drink!—

—Oh, that cursed, nimble, supple serpent and lurking-witch! Where art thou gone? But in my face do I feel through thy hand, two spots and red blotches itch!

I am verily weary of it, ever thy sheepish shepherd to be Thou witch, if I have hitherto sung unto thee, now shalt *thou* —cry unto me!

To the rhythm of my whip shalt thou dance and cry! I forget not my whip?—Not I!"—

2

Then did Life answer me thus, and kept thereby her fine ears closed:

"O Zarathustra! Crack not so terribly with thy whip! Thou knowest surely that noise killeth thought,—and just now there came to me such delicate thoughts.

We are both of us genuine ne'er-do-wells and ne'er-do-ills. Beyond good and evil found we our island and our green meadow—we two alone! Therefore must we be friendly to each other!

And even should we not love each other from the bottom of our hearts,—must we then have a grudge against each other if we do not love each other perfectly?

And that I am friendly to thee, and often too friendly, that knowest thou: and the reason is that I am envious of thy Wisdom. Ah, this mad old fool, Wisdom!

If thy Wisdom should one day run away from thee, ah! then would also my love run away from thee quickly."—

Thereupon did Life look thoughtfully behind and around, and said softly: "O Zarathustra, thou art not faithful enough to me!

Thou lovest me not nearly so much as thou sayest; I know thou thinkest of soon leaving me.

There is an old heavy, heavy, booming-clock: it boometh by night up to thy cave:—

—When thou hearest this clock strike the hours at midnight, then thinkest thou between one and twelve thereon—

—Thou thinkest thereon, O Zarathustra, I know it—of soon leaving me!"—

"Yea," answered I, hesitatingly, "but thou knowest it also." —And I said something into her ear, in amongst her confused, yellow, foolish tresses.

"Thou *knowest* that, O Zarathustra? That knoweth no one—— —"

And we gazed at each other, and looked at the green meadow o'er which the cool evening was just passing, and we wept together.—Then, however, was Life dearer unto me than all my Wisdom had ever been.—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

3

One!

O man! Take heed!

Two!

What saith deep midnight's voice indeed?

Three!

"I slept my sleep—

Four!

"From deepest dream I've woke and plead:—

Five!

"The world is deep,

Six!

"And deeper than the day could read.

Seven!

"Deep is its woe—

Eight!

"Joy—deeper still than grief can be:

Nine!

"Woe saith: Hence! Go!

Ten!

"But joys all want eternity—

Eleven!

"Want deep profound eternity!"

Twelve!

60. *The Seven Seals*

(OR THE YEA AND AMEN LAY.)

1

If I be a diviner and full of the divining spirit which wandereth on high mountain-ridges, 'twixt two seas,—

Wandereth 'twixt the past and the future as a heavy cloud—hostile to sultry plains, and to all that is weary and can neither die nor live:

Ready for lightning in its dark bosom, and for the redeeming flash of light, charged with lightnings which say Yea! which laugh Yea! ready for divining flashes of lightning:—

—Blessed, however, is he who is thus charged! And verily, long must he hang like a heavy tempest on the mountain, who shall one day kindle the light of the future!—

Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity and for the marriage-ring of rings—the ring of the return?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love thee, O Eternity!

For I love thee, O Eternity!

2

If ever my wrath hath burst graves, shifted landmarks, or rolled old shattered tables into precipitous depths:

If ever my scorn hath scattered mouldered words to the winds, and if I have come like a besom to cross-spiders, and as a cleansing wind to old charnel-houses:

If ever I have sat rejoicing where old gods lie buried, world-blessing, world-loving, beside the monuments of old world-maligners:—

—For even churches and gods'-graves do I love, if only heaven looketh through their ruined roofs with pure eyes; gladly do I sit like grass and red poppies on ruined churches—

Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings—the ring of the return?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love thee, O Eternity!

For I love thee, O Eternity!

3

If ever a breath hath come to me of the creative breath, and of the heavenly necessity which compelleth even chances to dance star-dances:

If ever I have laughed with the laughter of the creative lightning, to which the long thunder of the deed followeth, grumblingly, but obediently:

If ever I have played dice with the gods at the divine table of the earth, so that the earth quaked and ruptured, and snorted forth fire-streams:—

—For a divine table is the earth, and trembling with new creative dictums and dice-casts of the gods:

Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings—the ring of the return?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love thee, O Eternity!

For I love thee, O Eternity!

4

If ever I have drunk a full draught of the foaming spice- and confection-bowl in which all things are well mixed:

If ever my hand hath mingled the furthest with the nearest, fire with spirit, joy with sorrow, and the harshest with the kindest:

If I myself am a grain of the saving salt which maketh everything in the confection-bowl mix well:—

—For there is a salt which uniteth good with evil; and even the evilest is worthy, as spicing and as final over-foaming:—

Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings—the ring of the return?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love thee, O Eternity!

For I love thee, O Eternity!

5

If I be fond of the sea, and all that is sealike, and fondest of it when it angrily contradicteth me:

If the exploring delight be in me, which impelleth sails to the undiscovered, if the seafarer's delight be in my delight:

If ever my rejoicing hath called out: "The shore hath vanished,—now hath fallen from me the last chain—

The boundless roareth around me, far away sparkle for me space and time,—well! cheer up! old heart!"—

Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings—the ring of the return?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love thee, O Eternity!

For I love thee, O Eternity!

6

If my virtue be a dancer's virtue, and if I have often sprung with both feet into golden-emerald rapture:

If my wickedness be a laughing wickedness, at home among rose-banks and hedges of lilies:

—for in laughter is all evil present, but it is sanctified and absolved by its own bliss:—

And if it be my Alpha and Omega that everything heavy shall become light, everybody a dancer, and every spirit a bird: and verily, that is my Alpha and Omega!—

Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings—the ring of the return?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love thee, O Eternity!

For I love thee, O Eternity!

7

If ever I have spread out a tranquil heaven above me, and have flown into mine own heaven with mine own pinions:

If I have swum playfully in profound luminous distances, and if my freedom's avian wisdom hath come to me:—

—Thus however speaketh avian wisdom:—"Lo, there is no above and no below! Throw thyself about,—outward, backward, thou light one! Sing! speak no more!

—Are not all words made for the heavy? Do not all words lie to the light ones? Sing! speak no more!"—

Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings—the ring of the return?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love thee, O Eternity!

For I love thee, O Eternity!

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

FOURTH AND LAST PART

Ah, where in the world have there been greater follies than with the pitiful? And what in the world hath caused more suffering than the follies of the pitiful?

Woe unto all loving ones who have not an elevation which is above their pity!

Thus spake the devil unto me, once on a time: "Ever God hath his hell: it is his love for man."

And lately did I hear him say these words: "God is dead: of his pity for man hath God died."—ZARATHUSTRA, II., "The Pitiful" (p. 102).

61. The Honey Sacrifice

—And again passed moons and years over Zarathustra's soul, and he heeded it not; his hair, however, became white. One day when he sat on a stone in front of his cave, and gazed calmly into the distance—one there gazeth out on the sea, and away beyond sinuous abysses,—then went his animals thoughtfully round about him, and at last set themselves in front of him.

"O Zarathustra," said they, "gazest thou out perhaps for thy happiness?"—"Of what account is my happiness!" answered he, "I have long ceased to strive any more for happiness, I strive for my work."—"O Zarathustra," said the animals once more, "that sayest thou as one who hath overmuch of good things. Liest thou not in a sky-blue lake of happiness?"—"Ye wags," answered Zarathustra, and smiled, "how well did ye choose the simile! But ye know also that my happiness is heavy, and not like a fluid wave of water: it presseth me and will not leave me, and is like molten pitch."—

Then went his animals again thoughtfully around him, and placed themselves once more in front of him. "O Zarathustra," said they, "it is consequently *for that reason* that thou thyself always becometh yellower and darker, although thy hair looketh white and flaxen? Lo, thou sittest in thy pitch!"—"What do ye say, mine animals?" said Zarathustra, laughing; "verily I reviled when I spake of pitch. As it happeneth with me, so is it with all fruits that turn ripe. It is the *honey* in my veins that maketh my blood thicker, and also my soul stiller." —"So will it be, O Zarathustra," answered his animals, and pressed up to him; "but wilt thou not today ascend a high mountain? The air is pure, and today one seeth more of the world than ever."—"Yea, mine animals," answered he, "ye counsel admirably and according to my heart: I will today ascend a high mountain! But see that honey is there ready to hand, yellow, white, good, ice-cool, golden-comb-honey. For know that when aloft I will make the honey-sacrifice."—

When Zarathustra, however, was aloft on the summit, he sent his animals home that had accompanied him, and found that he was now alone:—then he laughed from the bottom of his heart, looked around him, and spake thus:

That I spake of sacrifices and honey-sacrifices, it was merely a ruse in talking and verily, a useful folly! Here aloft can I now speak freer than in front of mountain-caves and anchorites' domestic animals.

What to sacrifice! I squander what is given me, a squanderer with a thousand hands: how could I call that—sacrificing?

And when I desired honey I only desired bait, and sweet mucus and mucilage, for which even the mouths of growling bears, and strange, sulky, evil birds, water:

—The best bait, as huntsmen and fishermen require it. For if the world be as a gloomy forest of animals, and a pleasure-ground for all wild huntsmen, it seemeth to me rather—and preferably—a fathomless, rich sea;

—A sea full of many-hued fishes and crabs, for which even the gods might long, and might be tempted to become fishers in it, and casters of nets,—so rich is the world in wonderful things, great and small!

Especially the human world, the human sea:—towards *it* do I now throw out my golden angle-rod and say: Open up, thou human abyss!

Open up, and throw unto me thy fish and shining crabs! With my best bait shall I allure to myself today the strangest human fish!

—My happiness itself do I throw out into all places far and wide 'twixt orient, noontide, and occident, to see if many human fish will not learn to hug and tug at my happiness;—

Until, biting at my sharp hidden hooks, they have to come up unto *my* height, the motleyest abyss-groundlings, to the wickedest of all fishers of men.

For *this* am I from the heart and from the beginning—drawing, hither-drawing, upward-drawing, upbringing; a drawer, a trainer, a training-master, who not in vain counselled himself once on a time: "Become what thou art!"

Thus may men now come *up* to me; for as yet do I await the signs that it is time for my down-going; as yet do I not myself go down, as I must do, amongst men.

Therefore do I here wait, crafty and scornful upon high mountains, no impatient one, no patient one; rather one who hath even unlearnt patience,—because he no longer "suffereth."

For my fate giveth me time: it hath forgotten me perhaps? Or doth it sit behind a big stone and catch flies?

And verily, I am well-disposed to mine eternal fate, because it doth not hound and hurry me, but leaveth me time for merriment and mischief; so that I have to-day ascended this high mountain to catch fish.

Did ever any one catch fish upon high mountains? And though it be a folly what I here seek and do, it is better so than that down below I should become solemn with waiting, and green and yellow—

—A posturing wrath-snorter with waiting, a holy howl-storm from the mountains, an impatient one that shouteth down into the valleys: "Hearken, else I will scourge you with the scourge of God!"

Not that I would have a grudge against such wrathful ones on that account: they are well enough for laughter to me! Impatient must they now be, those big alarm-drums, which find a voice now or never!

Myself, however, and my fate—we do not talk to the Present, neither do we talk to the Never: for talking we have patience and time and more than time. For one day must it yet come, and may not pass by.

What must one day come and may not pass by? Our great Hazar, that is to say, our great, remote human-kingdom, the Zarathustra-kingdom of a thousand years— —

How remote may such "remoteness" be? What doth it concern me? But on that account it is none the less sure unto me—, with both feet stand I secure on this ground;

—On an eternal ground, on hard primary rock, on this highest, hardest, primary mountain-ridge, unto which all winds come, as unto the storm-parting, asking Where? and Whence? and Whither?

Here laugh, laugh, my hearty, healthy wickedness! From high mountains cast down thy glittering scorn-laughter! Allure for me with thy glittering the finest human fish!

And whatever belongeth unto *me* in all seas, my in-and-for-me in all things—fish *that* out for me, bring *that* up to me: for that do I wait, the wickedest of all fish-catchers.

Out! out! my fishing-hook! In and down, thou bait of my happiness! Drip thy sweetest dew, thou honey of my heart! Bite, my fishing-hook, into the belly of all black affliction!

Look out, look out, mine eye! Oh, how many seas round about me, what dawning human futures! And above me—what rosy red stillness! What unclouded silence!

62. *The Cry of Distress*

The next day sat Zarathustra again on the stone in front of his cave, whilst his animals roved about in the world outside to bring home new food,—also new honey: for Zarathustra had spent and wasted the old honey to the very last particle. When he thus sat, however, with a stick in his hand, tracing the shadow of his figure on the earth, and reflecting—verily! not upon himself and his shadow,—all at once he startled and shrank back: for he saw another shadow beside his own. And when he hastily looked around and stood up, behold, there stood the soothsayer beside him, the same whom he had once given to eat and drink at his table, the proclaimer of the great weariness, who taught: "All is alike, nothing is worth while, the world is without meaning, knowledge strangleth." But his face had changed since then; and when Zarathustra looked into his eyes, his heart was startled once more: so much evil announcement and ashy-grey lightnings passed over that countenance.

The soothsayer, who had perceived what went on in Zarathustra's soul, wiped his face with his hand, as if he would wipe out the impression; the same did also Zarathustra. And when both of them had thus silently composed and strengthened themselves, they gave each other the hand, as a token that they wanted once more to recognise each other.

"Welcome hither," said Zarathustra, "thou soothsayer of the great weariness, not in vain shalt thou once have been my messmate and guest. Eat and drink also with me to-day, and forgive it that a cheerful old man sitteth with thee at table!"—"A cheerful old man?" answered the soothsayer, shaking his head, "but whoever thou art, or wouldst be, O Zarathustra, thou hast been here aloft the longest time,—in a little while thy bark shall no longer rest on dry land!"—"Do I then rest on dry land?"—asked Zarathustra, laughing.—"The waves around thy mountain," answered the soothsayer, "rise and rise, the waves of great distress and affliction: they will soon raise thy bark also and carry thee away."—Thereupon was Zarathustra silent and wondered.—"Dost thou still hear nothing?" continued the soothsayer: "doth it not rush and roar out of the depth?"—Zarathustra was silent once more and listened: then heard he a long, long cry, which the abysses threw to one another and passed on; for none of them wished to retain it: so evil did it sound.

"Thou ill announcer," said Zarathustra at last, "that is a cry of distress, and the cry of a man; it may come perhaps out of a black sea. But what doth human distress matter to me! My last sin which hath been reserved for me,—-knowest thou what it is called?"

—*"Pity!"* answered the soothsayer from an overflowing heart, and raised both his hands aloft—"O Zarathustra, I have come that I may seduce thee to thy last sin!"—

And hardly had those words been uttered when there sounded the cry once more, and longer and more alarming than before—also much nearer. "Hearest thou? Hearest thou, O Zarathustra?" called out the soothsayer, "the cry concerneth thee, it calleth thee: Come, come, come; it is time, it is the highest time!"—

Zarathustra was silent thereupon, confused and staggered; at last he asked, like one who hesitateth in himself: "And who is it that there calleth me?"

"But thou knowest it, certainly," answered the soothsayer warmly, "why dost thou conceal thyself? It is *the higher man* that crieth for thee!"

"The higher man?" cried Zarathustra, horror-stricken: "what wanteth *he?* What wanteth *he?* The higher man! What wanteth he here?"—and his skin covered with perspiration.

The soothsayer, however, did not heed Zarathustra's alarm, but listened and listened in the downward direction. When, however, it had been still there for a long while, he looked behind, and saw Zarathustra standing trembling.

"O Zarathustra," he began, with sorrowful voice, "thou dost not stand there like one whose happiness maketh him giddy: thou wilt have to dance lest thou tumble down!

But although thou shouldst dance before me, and leap all thy side-leaps, no one may say unto me: 'Behold, here danceth the last joyous man!'

In vain would any one come to this height who sought *him* here: caves would he find, indeed, and back-caves, hiding-places for hidden ones; but not lucky mines, nor treasure-chambers, nor new gold-veins of happiness.

Happiness—how indeed could one find happiness among such buried-alive and solitary ones! Must I yet seek the last happiness on the Happy Isles, and far away among forgotten seas?

But all is alike, nothing is worth while, no seeking is of service, there are no longer any Happy Isles!"——

Thus sighed the soothsayer; with his last sigh, however, Zarathustra again became serene and assured, like one who hath come out of a deep chasm into the light. "Nay! Nay! Three times Nay!" exclaimed he with a strong voice, and stroked his beard—"*that* do I know better! There are still Happy Isles! Silence *thereon,* thou sighing sorrow-sack!

Cease to splash *thereon,* thou rain-cloud of the forenoon! Do I not already stand here wet with thy misery, and drenched like a dog?

Now do I shake myself and run away from thee, that I may again become dry: thereat mayest thou not wonder! Do I seem to thee discourteous? Here however is *my* court.

But as regards the higher man: well! I shall seek him at once in those forests: *from thence* came his cry. Perhaps he is there hard beset by an evil beast.

He is in *my* domain: therein shall he receive no scath! And verily, there are many evil beasts about me."—

With those words Zarathustra turned around to depart. Then said the soothsayer: "O Zarathustra, thou art a rogue!

I know it well: thou wouldst fain be rid of me! Rather wouldst thou run into the forest and lay snares for evil beasts!

But what good will it do thee? In the evening wilt thou have me again: in thine own cave will I sit, patient and heavy like a block—and wait for thee!"

"So be it!" shouted back Zarathustra, as he went away: "and what is mine in my cave belongeth also unto thee, my guest!

Shouldst thou however find honey therein, well! just lick it up, thou growling bear, and sweeten thy soul! For in the evening we want both to be in good spirits;

—In good spirits and joyful, because this day hath come to an end! And thou thyself shalt dance to my lays, as my dancing-bear.

Thou dost not believe this? Thou shakest thy head? Well! Cheer up, old bear! But I also—am a soothsayer."

Thus spake Zarathustra.

63. Talk with the Kings

1

Ere Zarathustra had been an hour on his way in the mountains and forests, he saw all at once a strange procession. Right on the path which he was about to descend came two kings walking, bedecked with crowns and purple girdles, and variegated like flamingoes: they drove before them a laden ass. "What do these kings want in my domain?" said Zarathustra in astonishment to his heart, and hid himself hastily behind a thicket. When however the kings approached to him, he said half-aloud, like one speaking only to himself: "Strange! Strange! How doth this harmonise? Two kings do I see—and only one ass!"

Thereupon the two kings made a halt; they smiled and looked towards the spot whence the voice proceeded, and afterwards looked into each other's faces. "Such things do we also think among ourselves," said the king on the right, "but we do not utter them."

The king on the left, however, shrugged his shoulders and answered: "That may perhaps be a goat-herd. Or an anchorite who hath lived too long among rocks and trees. For no society at all spoileth also good manners."

"Good manners?" replied angrily and bitterly the other king: "what then do we run out of the way of? Is it not 'good manners'? Our 'good society'?

Better, verily, to live among anchorites and goat-herds, than with our gilded, false, over-rouged populace—though it call itself 'good society.'

—Though it call itself 'nobility.' But there all is false and foul, above all the blood—thanks to old evil diseases and worse curers.

The best and dearest to me at present is still a sound peasant, coarse, artful, obstinate and enduring: that is at present the noblest type.

The peasant is at present the best; and the peasant type should be master! But it is the kingdom of the populace—I no longer allow anything to be imposed upon me. The populace, however—that meaneth, hodgepodge.

Populace-hodgepodge: therein is everything mixed with everything, saint and swindler, gentleman and Jew, and every beast out of Noah's ark.

Good manners! Everything is false and foul with us. No one knoweth any longer how to reverence: it is *that* precisely that we run away from. They are fulsome obtrusive dogs; they gild palm-leaves.

This loathing choketh me, that we kings ourselves have become false, draped and disguised with the old faded pomp of our ancestors, show-pieces for the stupidest, the craftiest, and whosoever at present trafficketh for power.

We *are not* the first men—and have nevertheless to *stand for* them: of this imposture have we at last become weary and disgusted.

From the rabble have we gone out of the way, from all those bawlers and scribe-blowflies, from the trader-stench, the ambition-fidgeting, the bad breath—: fie, to live among the rabble;

—Fie, to stand for the first men among the rabble! Ah, loathing! Loathing! Loathing! What doth it now matter about us kings!"—

"Thine old sickness seizeth thee," said here the king on the left, "thy loathing seizeth thee, my poor brother. Thou knowest, however, that some one heareth us."

Immediately thereupon, Zarathustra, who had opened ears and eyes to this talk, rose from his hiding-place, advanced towards the kings, and thus began:

"He who hearkeneth unto you, he who gladly hearkeneth unto you, is called Zarathustra.

I am Zarathustra who once said: 'What doth it now matter about kings!' Forgive me; I rejoiced when ye said to each other: 'What doth it matter about us kings!'

Here, however, is *my* domain and jurisdiction: what may ye be seeking in my domain? Perhaps, however, ye have *found* on your way what *I* seek: namely, the higher man."

When the kings heard this, they beat upon their breasts and said with one voice: "We are recognised!

With the sword of thine utterance severest thou the thickest darkness of our hearts. Thou hast discovered our distress; for lo! we are on our way to find the higher man—

—The man that is higher than we, although we are kings. To him do we convey this ass. For the highest man shall also be the highest lord on earth.

There is no sorer misfortune in all human destiny, than when the mighty of the earth are not also the first men. Then everything becometh false and distorted and monstrous.

And when they are even the last men, and more beast than man, then riseth and riseth the populace in honour, and at last saith even the populace-virtue: 'Lo, I alone am virtue!' "—

What have I just heard? answered Zarathustra. What wisdom in kings! I am enchanted, and verily, I have already promptings to make a rhyme thereon:—

—Even if it should happen to be a rhyme not suited for every one's ears. I unlearned long ago to have consideration for long ears. Well then! Well now!

(Here, however, it happened that the ass also found utterance: it said distinctly and with malevolence, Y-E-A.)

'Twas once—methinks year one of our blessed Lord,—
Drunk without wine, the Sybil thus deplored:—
"How ill things go!
Decline! Decline! Ne'er sank the world so low!
Rome now hath turned harlot and harlot-stew,
Rome's Cæsar a beast, and God—hath turned Jew!"

2

With those rhymes of Zarathustra the kings were delighted; the king on the right, however, said: "O Zarathustra, how well it was that we set out to see thee!

For thine enemies showed us thy likeness in their mirror: there lookedst thou with the grimace of a devil, and sneeringly: so that we were afraid of thee.

But what good did it do! Always didst thou prick us anew in heart and ear with thy sayings. Then did we say at last: What doth it matter how he look!

We must *hear* him; him who teacheth: 'Ye shall love peace as a means to new wars, and the short peace more than the long!'

No one ever spake such warlike words: 'What is good? To be brave is good. It is the good war that halloweth every cause.'

O Zarathustra, our fathers' blood stirred in our veins at such words: it was like the voice of spring to old wine-casks.

When the swords ran among one another like red-spotted serpents, then did our fathers become fond of life; the sun of every peace seemed to them languid and lukewarm, the long peace, however, made them ashamed.

How they sighed, our fathers, when they saw on the wall brightly furbished, dried-up swords! Like those they thirsted for war. For a sword thirsteth to drink blood, and sparkleth with desire."— —

—When the kings thus discoursed and talked eagerly of the happiness of their fathers, there came upon Zarathustra no little desire to mock at their eagerness: for evidently they were very peaceable kings whom he saw before him, kings with old and refined features. But he restrained himself. "Well!" said he, "thither leadeth the way, there lieth the cave of Zarathustra; and this day is to have a long evening! At present, however, a cry of distress calleth me hastily away from you.

It will honour my cave if kings want to sit and wait in it: but, to be sure, ye will have to wait long!

Well! What of that! Where doth one at present learn better to wait than at courts? And the whole virtue of kings that hath remained unto them—is it not called to-day: *Ability to wait?*"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

64. *The Leech*

AND Zarathustra went thoughtfully on, further and lower down, through forests and past moory bottoms; as it happeneth, however, to every one who meditateth upon hard matters, he trod thereby unawares upon a man. And lo, there spurted into his face all at once a cry of pain, and two curses and twenty bad invectives, so that in his fright he raised his stick and also struck the trodden one. Immediately afterwards, however, he regained his composure, and his heart laughed at the folly he had just committed.

"Pardon me," said he to the trodden one, who had got up enraged, and had seated himself, "pardon me, and hear first of all a parable.

As a wanderer who dreameth of remote things on a lonesome highway, runneth unawares against a sleeping dog, a dog which lieth in the sun:

—As both of them then start up and snap at each other, like deadly enemies, those two beings mortally frightened—so did it happen unto us.

And yet! And yet—how little was lacking for them to caress each other, that dog and that lonesome one! Are they not both—lonesome ones!"

—"Whoever thou art," said the trodden one, still enraged, "thou treadest also too nigh me with thy parable, and not only with thy foot!

Lo! am I then a dog?"—And thereupon the sitting one got up, and pulled his naked arm out of the swamp. For at first he had lain outstretched on the ground, hidden and indiscernible, like those who lie in wait for swamp-game.

"But whatever art thou about!" called out Zarathustra in alarm, for he saw a deal of blood streaming over the naked arm,—"what hath hurt thee? Hath an evil beast bit thee thou unfortunate one?"

The bleeding one laughed, still angry, "What matter is it to thee!" said he, and was about to go on. "Here am I at home and in my province. Let him question me whoever will: to a dolt, however, I shall hardly answer."

"Thou art mistaken," said Zarathustra sympathetically, and held him fast; "thou art mistaken. Here thou art not at home, but in my domain, and therein shall no one receive any hurt.

Call me however what thou wilt—I am who I must be. I call myself Zarathustra.

Well! Up thither is the way to Zarathustra's cave: it is not far,—wilt thou not attend to thy wounds at my home?

It hath gone badly with thee, thou unfortunate one, in this life: first a beast bit thee, and then—a man trod upon thee!"— —

When however the trodden one had heard the name of Zarathustra he was transformed. "What happeneth unto me!" he exclaimed, "*who* preoccupieth me so much in this life as this one man, namely Zarathustra, and that one animal that liveth on blood, the leech?

For the sake of the leech did I lie here by this swamp, like a fisher, and already had mine outstretched arm been bitten ten times, when there biteth a still finer leech at my blood, Zarathustra himself!

O happiness! O miracle! Praised be this day which enticed me into the swamp! Praised be the best, the livest cupping-glass, that at present liveth; praised be the great conscience-leech Zarathustra!"—

Thus spake the trodden one, and Zarathustra rejoiced at his words and their refined reverential style. "Who art thou?" asked he, and gave him his hand, "there is much to clear up and elucidate between us, but already methinketh pure clear day is dawning."

"I am *the spiritually conscientious one,*" answered he who was asked, "and in matters of the spirit it is difficult for any one to take it more rigorously, more restrictedly, and more severely than I, except him from whom I learnt it, Zarathustra himself.

Better know nothing than half-know many things! Better be a fool on one's own account, than a sage on other people's approbation! I—go to the basis:

—What matter if it be great or small? If it be called swamp or sky? A handbreadth of basis is enough for me, if it be actually basis and ground!

—A handbreadth of basis: thereon can one stand. In the true knowing-knowledge there is nothing great and nothing small."

"Then thou art perhaps an expert on the leech?" asked Zarathustra; "and thou investigatest the leech to its ultimate basis, thou conscientious one?"

"O Zarathustra," answered the trodden one, "that would be something immense; how could I presume to do so!

That, however, of which I am master and knower, is the *brain* of the leech:—that is *my* world!

And it is also a world! Forgive it, however, that my pride here findeth expression, for here I have not mine equal. Therefore said I: 'here am I at home.'

How long have I investigated this one thing, the brain of the leech, so that here the slippery truth might no longer slip from me! Here is *my* domain!

—For the sake of this did I cast everything else aside, for the sake of this did everything else become indifferent to me; and close beside my knowledge lieth my black ignorance.

My spiritual conscience requireth from me that it should be so—that I should know one thing, and not know all else: they are a loathing unto me, all the semi-spiritual, all the hazy, hovering, and visionary.

Where mine honesty ceaseth, there am I blind, and want also to be blind. Where I want to know, however, there want I also to be honest—namely, severe, rigorous, restricted, cruel and inexorable.

Because *thou* once saidest, O Zarathustra: 'Spirit is life which itself cutteth into life';—that led and allured me to thy doctrine. And verily, with mine own blood have I increased mine own knowledge!"

—"As the evidence indicateth," broke in Zarathustra; for still was the blood flowing down on the naked arm of the conscientious one. For there had ten leeches bitten into it.

"O thou strange fellow, how much doth this very evidence teach me—namely, thou thyself! And not all, perhaps, might I pour into thy rigorous ear!

Well then! We part here! But I would fain find thee again. Up thither is the way to my cave: to-night shalt thou there by my welcome guest!

Fain would I also make amends to thy body for Zarathustra treading upon thee with his feet: I think about that. Just now, however, a cry of distress calleth me hastily away from thee."

Thus spake Zarathustra.

65. *The Magician*

1

WHEN however Zarathustra had gone round a rock, then saw he on the same path, not far below him, a man who threw his limbs about like a maniac, and at last tumbled to the ground on his belly. "Halt!" said then Zarathustra to his heart, "he there must surely be the higher man, from him came that dreadful cry of distress,—I will see if I can help him." When, however, he ran to the spot where the man lay on the ground, he found a trembling old man with fixed eyes; and in spite of all Zarathustra's efforts to lift him and set him again on his feet, it was all in vain. The unfortunate one, also, did not seem to notice that some one was beside him; on the contrary, he continually looked around with moving gestures, like one forsaken and isolated from all the world. At last, however, after much trembling, and convulsion, and curling-himself-up, he began to lament thus:

Who warm'th me, who lov'th me still?
   Give ardent fingers!
   Give heartening charcoal-warmers!
Prone, outstretched, trembling,
Like him, half dead and cold, whose feet one warm'th—
And shaken, ah! by unfamiliar fevers,
Shivering with sharpened, icy-cold frost-arrows,
   By thee pursued, my fancy!
Ineffable! Recondite! Sore-frightening!
   Thou huntsman 'hind the cloud-banks!

Now lightning-struck by thee,
Thou mocking eye that me in darkness watcheth:
—Thus do I lie,
Bend myself, twist myself, convulsed
With all eternal torture,
And smitten
By thee, cruellest huntsman,
Thou unfamiliar—*God* . . .

Smite deeper!
Smite yet once more!
Pierce through and rend my heart!
What mean'th this torture
With dull, indented arrows?
Why look'st thou hither,
Of human pain not weary,
With mischief-loving, godly flash-glances?
Not murder wilt thou,
But torture, torture?
For why—*me* torture,
Thou mischief-loving, unfamiliar God?—

Ha! Ha!
Thou stealest nigh
In midnight's gloomy hour? . . .
What wilt thou?
Speak!
Thou crowdst me, pressest—
Ha! now far too closely!
Thou hearst me breathing,
Thou o'erhearst my heart,
Thou ever jealous one!

—Of what, pray, ever jealous?
Off! Off!
For why the ladder?
Wouldst thou *get in?*
To heart in-clamber?
To mine own secretest
Conceptions in-clamber?
Shameless one! Thou unknown one!—Thief!
What seekst thou by thy stealing?
What seekst thou by thy hearkening?
What seekst thou by thy torturing?
Thou torturer!
Thou—hangman-God!
Or shall I, as the mastiffs do,
Roll me before thee?
And cringing, enraptured, frantical,
My tail friendly—waggle!

In vain!
Goad further!
Cruellest goader!
No dog—thy game just am I,
Cruellest huntsman!
Thy proudest of captives,
Thou robber 'hind the cloud-banks . . .
Speak finally!
Thou lightning-veiled one! Thou unknown one! Speak
What wilt thou, highway-ambusher, from—*me?*
What *wilt* thou, unfamiliar—God?
What?
Ransom-gold?
How much of ransom-gold?

Solicit much—that bid'th my pride!
And be concise—that bid'th mine other pride!

Ha! Ha!
Me—wantst thou? me?
—Entire? . . .

Ha! Ha!
And torturest me, fool that thou art,
Dead-torturest quite my pride?
Give *love* to me—who warm'th me still?
   Who lov'th me still?—
Give ardent fingers
Give heartening charcoal-warmers,
Give me, the lonesomest,
The ice (ah! seven-fold frozen ice
For very enemies,
For foes, doth make one thirst).
Give, yield to me,
Cruellest foe,
—*Thyself!*——

Away!
There fled he surely,
My final, only comrade,
My greatest foe,
Mine unfamiliar—
My hangman-God! . .

—Nay!
Come thou back!
With all of thy great tortures!

To me the last of lonesome ones,
Oh, come thou back!
All my hot tears in streamlets trickle
Their course to thee!
And all my final hearty fervour—
Up-glow'th to *thee!*
Oh, come thou back,
  Mine unfamiliar God! my *pain!*
  My final bliss!

2

—Here, however, Zarathustra could no longer restrain himself; he took his staff and struck the wailer with all his might. "Stop this," cried he to him with wrathful laughter, "stop this, thou stage-player! Thou false coiner! Thou liar from the very heart! I know thee well!

I will soon make warm legs to thee, thou evil magician: I know well how—to make it hot for such as thou!"

—"Leave off," said the old man, and sprang up from the ground, "strike me no more, O Zarathustra! I did it only for amusement!

That kind of thing belongeth to mine art. Thee thyself, I wanted to put to the proof when I gave this performance. And verily, thou hast well detected me!

But thou thyself—hast given me no small proof of thyself: thou art *hard,* thou wise Zarathustra! Hard strikest thou with thy 'truths,' thy cudgel forceth from me—*this* truth!"

—"Flatter not," answered Zarathustra, still excited and frowning, "thou stage-player from the heart! Thou art false: why speakest thou—of truth!

Thou peacock of peacocks, thou sea of vanity; *what* didst thou represent before me, thou evil magician; *whom* was I meant to believe in when thou wailedst in such wise?"

"The penitent in spirit," said the old man, "it was him—I represented; thou thyself once devisedst this expression—

—The poet and magician who at last turneth his spirit against himself, the transformed one who freezeth to death by his bad science and conscience.

And just acknowledge it: it was long, O Zarathustra, before thou discoveredst my trick and lie! Thou *believedst* in my distress when thou heldest my head with both thy hands,—

—I heard thee lament 'we have loved him too little, loved him too little!' Because I so far deceived thee, my wickedness rejoiced in me."

"Thou mayest have deceived subtler ones than I," said Zarathustra sternly. "I am not on my guard against deceivers; I *have to be* without precaution: so willeth my lot.

Thou, however,—*must* deceive: so far do I know thee! Thou must ever be equivocal, trivocal, quadrivocal, and quinquivocal! Even what thou hast now confessed, is not nearly true enough nor false enough for me!

Thou bad false coiner, how couldst thou do otherwise! Thy very malady wouldst thou whitewash if thou showed thyself naked to thy physician.

Thus didst thou whitewash thy lie before me when thou saidst: 'I did so *only* for amusement!' There was also *seriousness* therein, thou *art* something of a penitent-in-spirit!

I divine thee well: thou hast become the enchanter of all the world; but for thyself thou hast no lie or artifice left,—thou art disenchanted to thyself!

Thou hast reaped disgust as thy one truth. No word in thee is any longer genuine, but thy mouth is so: that is to say, the disgust that cleaveth unto thy mouth."——

—"Who art thou at all!" cried here the old magician with defiant voice, "who dareth to speak thus unto *me,* the greatest man now living?"—and a green flash shot from his eye at Zarathustra. But immediately after he changed, and said sadly:

"O Zarathustra, I am weary of it, I am disgusted with mine arts, I am not *great,* why do I dissemble! But thou knowest it well—I sought for greatness!

A great man I wanted to appear, and persuaded many; but the lie hath been beyond my power. On it do I collapse.

O Zarathustra, everything is a lie in me; but that I collapse —this my collapsing is *genuine!*"—

"It honoureth thee," said Zarathustra gloomily, looking down with sidelong glance, "it honoureth thee that thou soughtest for greatness, but it betrayeth thee also. Thou art not great.

Thou bad old magician, *that* is the best and the honestest thing I honour in thee, that thou hast become weary of thyself, and hast expressed it: 'I am not great.'

Therein do I honour thee as a penitent-in-spirit, and although only for the twinkling of an eye, in that one moment wast thou—genuine.

But tell me, what seekest thou here in *my* forests and rocks? And if thou hast put thyself in *my* way, what proof of me wouldst thou have?—

—Wherein didst thou put *me* to the test?"

Thus spake Zarathustra, and his eyes sparkled. But the old magician kept silence for a while; then said he: "Did I put thee to the test? I—seek only.

O Zarathustra, I seek a genuine one, a right one, a simple one, an unequivocal one, a man of perfect honesty, a vessel of wisdom, a saint of knowledge, a great man!

Knowest thou it not, O Zarathustra? *I seek Zarathustra.*"

—And here there arose a long silence between them: Zarathustra, however, became profoundly absorbed in thought, so that he shut his eyes. But afterwards coming back to the situation, he grasped the hand of the magician, and said, full of politeness and policy:

"Well! Up thither leadeth the way, there is the cave of Zarathustra. In it mayest thou seek him whom thou wouldst fain find.

And ask counsel of mine animals, mine eagle and my serpent: they shall help thee to seek. My cave however is large.

I myself, to be sure—I have as yet seen no great man. That which is great, the acutest eye is at present insensible to it. It is the kingdom of the populace.

Many a one have I found who stretched and inflated himself, and the people cried: 'Behold; a great man!' But what good do all bellows do! The wind cometh out at last.

At last bursteth the frog which hath inflated itself too long: then cometh out the wind. To prick a swollen one in the belly, I call good pastime. Hear that, ye boys!

Our today is of the popular: who still *knoweth* what is great and what is small! Who could there seek successfully for greatness! A fool only: it succeedeth with fools.

Thou seekest for great men, thou strange fool? Who *taught* that to thee? Is today the time for it? Oh, thou bad seeker, why dost thou—tempt me?"— —

Thus spake Zarathustra, comforted in his heart, and went laughing on his way.

66. *Out of Service*

NOT long, however, after Zarathustra had freed himself from the magician, he again saw a person sitting beside the path which he followed, namely a tall, black man, with a haggard. pale countenance: *this man* grieved him exceedingly. "Alas," said he to his heart, "there sitteth disguised affliction; methinketh he is of the type of the priests: what do *they* want in my domain?

What! Hardly have I escaped from that magician, and must another necromancer again run across my path,—

—Some sorcerer with laying-on-of-hands, some sombre wonder-worker by the grace of God, some anointed world-maligner, whom, may the devil take!

But the devil is never at the place which would be his right place: he always cometh too late, that cursed dwarf and club-foot!"—

Thus cursed Zarathustra impatiently in his heart, and considered how with averted look he might slip past the black man. But behold, it came about otherwise. For at the same moment had the sitting one already perceived him; and not unlike one whom an unexpected happiness overtaketh, he sprang to his feet, and went straight towards Zarathustra.

"Whoever thou art, thou traveller," said he, "help a strayed one, a seeker, an old man, who may here easily come to grief!

The world here is strange to me, and remote; wild beasts also did I hear howling; and he who could have given me protection—he is himself no more.

I was seeking the last pious man, a saint and an anchorite, who, alone in his forest, had not yet heard of what all the world knoweth at present."

"*What* doth all the world know at present?" asked Zarathustra. "Perhaps that the old God no longer liveth, in whom all the world once believed?"

"Thou sayest it," answered the old man sorrowfully. "And I served that old God until his last hour.

Now, however, am I out of service, without master, and yet not free; likewise am I no longer merry even for an hour, except it be in recollections.

Therefore did I ascend into these mountains, that I might finally have a festival for myself once more, as becometh an old pope and church-father: for know it, that I am the last pope!—a festival of pious recollections and divine services.

Now, however, is he himself dead, the most pious of men, the saint in the forest, who praised his God constantly with singing and mumbling.

He himself found I no longer when I found his cot—but two wolves found I therein, which howled on account of his death,—for all animals loved him. Then did I haste away.

Had I thus come in vain into these forests and mountains? Then did my heart determine that I should seek another, the most pious of all those who believe not in God—, my heart determined that I should seek Zarathustra!"

Thus spake the hoary man, and gazed with keen eyes at him who stood before him. Zarathustra however seized the hand of the old pope and regarded it a long while with admiration.

"Lo! thou venerable one," said he then, "what a fine and long hand! That is the hand of one who hath ever dispensed blessings. Now, however, doth it hold fast him whom thou seekest, me, Zarathustra.

It is I, the ungodly Zarathustra, who saith: 'Who is ungodlier than I, that I may enjoy his teaching?' "—

Thus spake Zarathustra, and penetrated with his glances the thoughts and arrear-thoughts of the old pope. At last the latter began:

"He who most loved and possessed him hath now also lost him most—:

—Lo, I myself am surely the most godless of us at present? But who could rejoice at that!"—

—"Thou servedst him to the last?" asked Zarathustra thoughtfully, after a deep silence, "thou knowest *how* he died? Is it true what they say, that sympathy choked him;

—That he saw how *man* hung on the cross, and could not endure it;—that his love to man became his hell, and at last his death?"— —

The old pope however did not answer, but looked aside timidly, with a painful and gloomy expression.

"Let him go," said Zarathustra, after prolonged meditation, still looking the old man straight in the eye.

"Let him go, he is gone. And though it honoureth thee that thou speakest only in praise of this dead one, yet thou knowest as well as I *who* he was, and that he went curious ways."

"To speak before three eyes," said the old pope cheerfully (he was blind of one eye), "in divine matters I am more enlightened than Zarathustra himself—and may well be so.

My love served him long years, my will followed all his will. A good servant, however, knoweth everything, and many a thing even which a master hideth from himself.

He was a hidden God, full of secrecy. Verily, he did not come by his son otherwise than by secret ways. At the door of his faith standeth adultery.

Whoever extolleth him as a God of love, doth not think highly enough of love itself. Did not that God want also to be judge? But the loving one loveth irrespective of reward and requital.

When he was young, that God out of the Orient, then was he harsh and revengeful, and built himself a hell for the delight of his favourites.

At last, however, he became old and soft and mellow and pitiful, more like a grandfather than a father, but most like a tottering old grandmother.

There did he sit shrivelled in his chimney-corner, fretting on account of his weak legs, world-weary, will-weary, and one day he suffocated of his all-too-great pity."— —

"Thou old pope," said here Zarathustra interposing, "hast thou seen *that* with thine eyes? It could well have happened in that way: in that way, *and* also otherwise. When gods die they always die many kinds of death.

Well! At all events, one way or other—he is gone! He was counter to the taste of mine ears and eyes; worse than that I should not like to say against him.

I love everything that looketh bright and speaketh honestly. But he—thou knowest it, forsooth, thou old priest, there was something of thy type in him, the priest-type—he was equivocal.

He was also indistinct. How he raged at us, this wrath-snorter, because we understood him badly! But why did he not speak more clearly?

And if the fault lay in our ears, why did he give us ears that heard him badly? If there was dirt in our ears, well! who put it in them?

Too much miscarried with him, this potter who had not learned thoroughly! That he took revenge on his pots and creations, however, because they turned out badly—that was a sin against *good taste.*

There is also good taste in piety: *this* at last said: 'Away with *such* a God! Better to have no God, better to set up destiny on one's own account, better to be a fool, better to be God oneself!' "

—"What do I hear!" said then the old pope, with intent ears; "O Zarathustra, thou art more pious than thou believest, with such an unbelief! Some god in thee hath converted thee to thine ungodliness.

Is it not thy piety itself which no longer letteth thee believe in a God? And thine over-great honesty will yet lead thee even beyond good and evil!

Behold, what hath been reserved for thee? Thou hast eyes and hands and mouth, which have been predestined for blessing from eternity. One doth not bless with the hand alone.

Nigh unto thee, though thou professest to be the ungodliest one, I feel a hale and holy odour of long benedictions: I feel glad and grieved thereby.

Let me be thy guest, O Zarathustra, for a single night! Nowhere on earth shall I now feel better than with thee!"—

"Amen! So shall it be!" said Zarathustra, with great astonishment; "up thither leadeth the way, there lieth the cave of Zarathustra.

Gladly, forsooth, would I conduct thee thither myself, thou venerable one; for I love all pious men. But now a cry of distress calleth me hastily away from thee.

In my domain shall no one come to grief; my cave is a good haven. And best of all would I like to put every sorrowful one again on firm land and firm legs.

Who, however, could take *thy* melancholy off thy shoulders? For that I am too weak. Long, verily, should we have to wait until some one re-awoke thy God for thee.

For that old God liveth no more: he is indeed dead."—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

67. The Ugliest Man

—AND again did Zarathustra's feet run through mountains and forests, and his eyes sought and sought, but nowhere was he to be seen whom they wanted to see—the sorely distressed sufferer and crier. On the whole way, however, he rejoiced in his heart and was full of gratitude. "What good things," said he, "hath this day given me, as amends for its bad beginning! What strange interlocutors have I found!

At their words will I now chew a long while as at good corn; small shall my teeth grind and crush them, until they flow like milk into my soul!"—

When, however, the path again curved round a rock, all at once the landscape changed, and Zarathustra entered into a realm of death. Here bristled aloft black and red cliffs, without any grass, tree, or bird's voice. For it was a valley which all animals avoided, even the beasts of prey, except that a species of ugly, thick, green serpent came here to die when they became old. Therefore the shepherds called this valley: "Serpent-death."

Zarathustra, however, became absorbed in dark recollections, for it seemed to him as if he had once before stood in this valley. And much heaviness settled on his mind, so that he walked slowly and always more slowly, and at last stood still. Then, however, when he opened his eyes, he saw something sitting by the wayside shaped like a man, and hardly like a man, something nondescript. And all at once there came over Zarathustra a great shame, because he had gazed on such a thing. Blushing up to the very roots of his white hair, he turned aside his glance, and raised his foot that he might leave this ill-starred place. Then, however, became the dead wilderness vocal: for from the ground a noise welled up, gurgling and rattling, as water gurgleth and rattleth at night through stopped-up water-pipes; and at last it turned into human voice and human speech:—it sounded thus:

"Zarathustra! Zarathustra! Read my riddle! Say, say! *What is the revenge on the witness?*

I entice thee back; here is smooth ice! See to it, see to it, that thy pride does not here break its legs!

Thou thinkest thyself wise, thou proud Zarathustra! Read then the riddle, thou hard nut-cracker,—the riddle that I am! Say then: who am *I!*"

—When however Zarathustra had heard these words,—what think ye then took place in his soul? *Pity overcame him;* and he sank down all at once, like an oak that hath long withstood many tree-fellers,—heavily, suddenly, to the terror even of those who meant to fell it. But immediately he got up again from the ground, and his countenance became stern.

"I know thee well," said he, with a brazen voice, "*thou art the murderer of God!* Let me go.

Thou couldst not *endure* him who beheld *thee,*—who ever beheld thee through and through, thou ugliest man. Thou tookest revenge on this witness!"

Thus spake Zarathustra and was about to go; but the nondescript grasped at a corner of his garment and began anew to gurgle and seek for words. "Stay," said he at last—

—"Stay! Do not pass by! I have divined what axe it was that struck thee to the ground: hail to thee, O Zarathustra, that thou art again upon thy feet!

Thou hast divined, I know it well, how the man feeleth who killed him,—the murderer of God. Stay! Sit down here beside me; it is not to no purpose.

To whom would I go but unto thee? Stay, sit down! Do not however look at me! Honour thus—mine ugliness!

They persecute me: now art *thou* my last refuge. *Not* with their hatred, *not* with their bailiffs;—Oh, such persecution would I mock at, and be proud and cheerful!

Hath not all success hitherto been with the well-persecuted ones? And he who persecuteth well learneth readily to be *obsequent*—when once he is—put behind! But it is their *pity*—

—Their pity is it from which I flee away and flee to thee. O Zarathustra, protect me, thou, my last refuge, thou sole one who divinedst me:

—Thou hast divined how the man feeleth who killed *him*. Stay! And if thou wilt go, thou impatient one, go not the way that I came. *That* way is bad.

Art thou angry with me because I have already racked language too long? Because I have already counselled thee? But know that it is I, the ugliest man,

—Who have also the largest, heaviest feet. Where *I* have gone, the way is bad. I tread all paths to death and destruction.

But that thou passedst me by in silence, that thou blushedst —I saw it well: thereby did I know thee as Zarathustra.

Every one else would have thrown to me his alms, his pity, in look and speech. But for that—I am not beggar enough: that didst thou divine.

For that I am too *rich,* rich in what is great, frightful, ugliest, most unutterable! Thy shame, O Zarathustra, *honoured* me!

With difficulty did I get out of the crowd of the pitiful,—that I might find the only one who at present teacheth that 'pity is obtrusive'—thyself, O Zarathustra!

—Whether it be the pity of a God, or whether it be human pity, it is offensive to modesty. And unwillingness to help may be nobler than the virtue that rusheth to do so.

That however—namely, pity—is called virtue itself at present by all petty people:—they have no reverence for great misfortune, great ugliness, great failure.

Beyond all these do I look, as a dog looketh over the backs of thronging flocks of sheep. They are petty, good-wooled, good-willed, grey people.

As the heron looketh contemptuously at shallow pools, with backward-bent head, so do I look at the throng of grey little waves and wills and souls.

Too long have we acknowledged them to be right, those petty people: *so* we have at last given them power as well;—and now do they teach that 'good is only what petty people call good.'

And 'truth' is at present what the preacher spake who himself sprang from them, that singular saint and advocate of the petty people, who testified of himself: 'I—am the truth.'

That immodest one hath long made the petty people greatly puffed up,—he who taught no small error when he taught: 'I—am the truth.'

Hath an immodest one ever been answered more courteously?—Thou, however, O Zarathustra, passedst him by, and saidst: 'Nay! Nay! Three times Nay!'

Thou warnedst against his error; thou warnedst—the first to do so—against pity:—not every one, not none, but thyself and thy type.

Thou art ashamed of the shame of the great sufferer; and verily when thou sayest: 'From pity there cometh a heavy cloud; take heed, ye men!'

—When thou teachest: 'All creators are hard, all great love is beyond their pity:' O Zarathustra, how well versed dost thou seem to me in weather-signs!

Thou thyself, however,—warn thyself also against *thy* pity! For many are on their way to thee, many suffering, doubting, despairing, drowning, freezing ones—

I warn thee also against myself. Thou hast read my best, my worst riddle, myself, and what I have done. I know the axe that felleth thee.

But he—*had to* die: he looked with eyes which beheld *everything,*—he beheld men's depths and dregs, all his hidden ignominy and ugliness.

His pity knew no modesty: he crept into my dirtiest corners. This most prying, over-intrusive, over-pitiful one had to die.

He ever beheld *me:* on such a witness I would have revenge —or not live myself.

The God who beheld everything, *and also man:* that God had to die! Man cannot *endure* it that such a witness should live."

Thus spake the ugliest man. Zarathustra however got up, and prepared to go on: for he felt frozen to the very bowels.

"Thou nondescript," said he, "thou warnedst me against thy path. As thanks for it I praise mine to thee. Behold, up thither is the cave of Zarathustra.

My cave is large and deep and hath many corners; there findeth he that is most hidden his hiding-place. And close beside it, there are a hundred lurking-places and by-places for creeping, fluttering, and hopping creatures.

Thou outcast, who hast cast thyself out, thou wilt not live amongst men and men's pity? Well then, do like me! Thus wilt thou learn also from me; only the doer learneth.

And talk first and foremost to mine animals! The proudest animal and the wisest animal—they might well be the right counsellors for us both!"— —

Thus spake Zarathustra and went his way, more thoughtfully and slowly even than before: for he asked himself many things, and hardly knew what to answer.

"How poor indeed is man," thought he in his heart, "how ugly, how wheezy, how full of hidden shame!

They tell me that man loveth himself. Ah, how great must that self-love be! How much contempt is opposed to it!

Even this man hath loved himself, as he hath despised himself,—a great lover methinketh he is, and a great despiser.

No one have I yet found who more thoroughly despised himself: even *that* is elevation. Alas, was *this* perhaps the higher man whose cry I heard?

I love the great despisers. Man is something that hath to be surpassed."— —

68. The Voluntary Beggar

WHEN Zarathustra had left the ugliest man, he was chilled and felt lonesome: for much coldness and lonesomeness came over his spirit, so that even his limbs became colder thereby. When, however, he wandered on and on, uphill and down, at times past green meadows, though also sometimes over wild stony couches where formerly perhaps an impatient brook had made its bed, then he turned all at once warmer and heartier again.

"What hath happened unto me?" he asked himself, "something warm and living quickeneth me; it must be in the neighbourhood.

Already am I less alone; unconscious companions and brethren rove around me; their warm breath toucheth my soul."

When, however, he spied about and sought for the comforters of his lonesomeness, behold, there were kine there standing together on an eminence, whose proximity and smell had warmed his heart. The kine, however, seemed to listen eagerly to a speaker, and took no heed of him who approached. When, however, Zarathustra was quite nigh unto them, then did he hear plainly that a human voice spake in the midst of the kine, and apparently all of them had turned their heads towards the speaker.

Then ran Zarathustra up speedily and drove the animals aside; for he feared that some one had here met with harm, which the pity of the kine would hardly be able to relieve. But in this he was deceived; for behold, there sat a man on the ground who seemed to be persuading the animals to have no fear of him, a peaceable man and Preacher-on-the-Mount, out of whose eyes kindness itself preached. "What dost thou seek here?" called out Zarathustra in astonishment.

"What do I here seek?" answered he: "the same that thou seekest, thou mischief-maker; that is to say, happiness upon earth.

To that end, however, I would fain learn of these kine. For I tell thee that I have already talked half a morning unto them, and just now were they about to give me their answer. Why dost thou disturb them?

Except we be converted and become as kine, we shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven. For we ought to learn from them one thing: ruminating.

And verily, although a man should gain the whole world, and yet not learn one thing, ruminating, what would it profit him! He would not be rid of his affliction,

—His great affliction: that, however, is at present called *disgust*. Who hath not at present his heart, his mouth and his eyes full of disgust? Thou also! Thou also! But behold these kine!"—

Thus spake the Preacher-on-the-Mount, and turned then his own look towards Zarathustra—for hitherto it had rested lovingly on the kine—: then, however, he put on a different expression. "Who is this with whom I talk?" he exclaimed, frightened, and sprang up from the ground.

"This is the man without disgust, this is Zarathustra himself, the surmounter of the great disgust, this is the eye, this is the mouth, this is the heart of Zarathustra himself."

And whilst he thus spake he kissed with o'erflowing eyes the hands of him with whom he spake, and behaved altogether like one to whom a precious gift and jewel hath fallen unawares from heaven. The kine, however, gazed at it all and wondered.

"Speak not of me, thou strange one; thou amiable one!" said Zarathustra, and restrained his affection, "speak to me firstly of thyself! Art thou not the voluntary beggar who once cast away great riches,—

—Who was ashamed of his riches and of the rich, and fled to the poorest to bestow upon them his abundance and his heart? But they received him not."

"But they received me not," said the voluntary beggar, "thou knowest it, forsooth. So I went at last to the animals and to those kine."

"Then learnedst thou," interrupted Zarathustra, "how much harder it is to give properly than to take properly, and that bestowing well is an *art*—the last, subtlest master-art of kindness."

"Especially nowadays," answered the voluntary beggar: "at present, that is to say, when everything low hath become rebellious and exclusive and haughty in its manner—in the manner of the populace.

For the hour hath come, thou knowest it forsooth, for the great, evil, long, slow mob-and-slave-insurrection: it extendeth and extendeth!

Now doth it provoke the lower classes, all benevolence and petty giving; and the overrich may be on their guard!

Whoever at present drip, like bulgy bottles out of all-too-small necks:—of such bottles at present one willingly breaketh the necks.

Wanton avidity, bilious envy, careworn revenge, populace-pride: all these struck mine eye. It is no longer true that the poor are blessed. The kingdom of heaven, however, is with the kine."

"And why is it not with the rich?" asked Zarathustra temptingly, while he kept back the kine which sniffed familiarly at the peaceful one.

"Why dost thou tempt me?" answered the other. "Thou knowest it thyself better even than I. What was it drove me to the poorest, O Zarathustra? Was it not my disgust at the richest?

—At the culprits of riches, with cold eyes and rank thoughts, who pick up profit out of all kinds of rubbish—at this rabble that stinketh to heaven,

—At this gilded, falsified populace, whose fathers were pickpockets, or carrion-crows, or rag-pickers, with wives compliant, lewd and forgetful:—for they are all of them not far different from harlots—

Populace above, populace below! What are 'poor' and 'rich' at present! That distinction did I unlearn,—then did I flee away further and ever further, until I came to those kine."

Thus spake the peaceful one, and puffed himself and perspired with his words: so that the kine wondered anew. Zarathustra, however, kept looking into his face with a smile, all the time the man talked so severely—and shook silently his head.

"Thou doest violence to thyself, thou Preacher-on-the-Mount, when thou usest such severe words. For such severity neither thy mouth nor thine eye have been given thee.

Nor, methinketh, hath thy stomach either: unto *it* all such rage and hatred and foaming-over is repugnant. Thy stomach wanteth softer things: thou art not a butcher.

Rather seemest thou to me a plant-eater and a root-man. Perhaps thou grindest corn. Certainly, however, thou art averse to fleshly joys, and thou lovest honey."

"Thou hast divined me well," answered the voluntary beggar, with lightened heart. "I love honey, I also grind corn; for I have sought out what tasteth sweetly and maketh pure breath:

—Also what requireth a long time, a day's-work and a mouth's-work for gentle idlers and sluggards.

Furthest, to be sure, have those kine carried it: they have devised ruminating and lying in the sun. They also abstain from all heavy thoughts which inflate the heart."

—"Well!" said Zarathustra, "thou shouldst also see *mine* animals, mine eagle and my serpent,—their like do not at present exist on earth.

Behold, thither leadeth the way to my cave: be tonight its guest. And talk to mine animals of the happiness of animals,—

—Until I myself come home. For now a cry of distress calleth me hastily away from thee. Also, shouldst thou find new honey with me, ice-cold, golden-comb-honey, eat it!

Now, however, take leave at once of thy kine, thou strange one! thou amiable one! though it be hard for thee. For they are thy warmest friends and preceptors!"—

—"One excepted, whom I hold still dearer," answered the voluntary beggar. "Thou thyself art good, O Zarathustra, and better even than a cow!"

"Away, away with thee! thou evil flatterer!" cried Zarathustra mischievously, "why dost thou spoil me with such praise and flattery-honey?

"Away, away from me!" cried he once more, and heaved his stick at the fond beggar, who, however, ran nimbly away.

69. *The Shadow*

Scarcely however was the voluntary beggar gone in haste, and Zarathustra again alone, when he heard behind him a new voice which called out: "Stay! Zarathustra! Do wait! It is myself, forsooth, O Zarathustra, myself, thy shadow!" But Zarathustra did not wait; for a sudden irritation came over him on account of the crowd and the crowding in his mountains. "Whither hath my lonesomeness gone?" spake he.

"It is verily becoming too much for me; these mountains swarm; my kingdom is no longer of *this* world; I require new mountains.

My shadow calleth me? What matter about my shadow! Let it run after me! I—run away from it."

Thus spake Zarathustra to his heart and ran away. But the one behind followed after him, so that immediately there were three runners, one after the other—namely, foremost the voluntary beggar, then Zarathustra, and thirdly, and hindmost, his shadow. But not long had they run thus when Zarathustra became conscious of his folly, and shook off with one jerk all his irritation and detestation.

"What!" said he, "have not the most ludicrous things always happened to us old anchorites and saints?

Verily, my folly hath grown big in the mountains! Now do I hear six old fools' legs rattling behind one another!

But doth Zarathustra need to be frightened by his shadow? Also, methinketh that after all it hath longer legs than mine."

Thus spake Zarathustra, and, laughing with eyes and entrails, he stood still and turned round quickly—and behold, he almost thereby threw his shadow and follower to the ground, so closely had the latter followed at his heels, and so weak was he. For when Zarathustra scrutinised him with his glance he was frightened as by a sudden apparition, so slender, swarthy, hollow and worn-out did this follower appear.

"Who art thou?" asked Zarathustra vehemently, "what doest thou here? And why callest thou thyself my shadow? Thou art not pleasing unto me."

"Forgive me," answered the shadow, "that it is I; and if I please thee not—well, O Zarathustra! therein do I admire thee and thy good taste.

A wanderer am I, who have walked long at thy heels; always on the way, but without a goal, also without a home: so that verily, I lack little of being the eternally Wandering Jew, except that I am not eternal and not a Jew.

What? Must I ever be on the way? Whirled by every wind, unsettled, driven about? O earth, thou hast become too round for me!

On every surface have I already sat, like tired dust have I fallen asleep on mirrors and window-panes: everything taketh from me, nothing giveth; I become thin—I am almost equal to a shadow.

After thee, however, O Zarathustra, did I fly and hie longest; and though I hid myself from thee, I was nevertheless thy best shadow: wherever thou hast sat, there sat I also.

With thee have I wandered about in the remotest, coldest worlds, like a phantom that voluntarily haunteth winter roofs and snows.

With thee have I pushed into all the forbidden, all the worst and the furthest: and if there be anything of virtue in me, it is that I have had no fear of any prohibition.

With thee have I broken up whatever my heart revered; all boundary-stones and statues have I o'erthrown; the most dangerous wishes did I pursue,—verily, beyond every crime did I once go.

With thee did I unlearn the belief in words and worths and in great names. When the devil casteth his skin, doth not his name also fall away? It is also skin. The devil himself is perhaps—skin.

'Nothing is true, all is permitted': so said I to myself. Into the coldest water did I plunge with head and heart. Ah, how oft did I stand there naked on that account, like a red crab!

Ah, where have gone all my goodness and all my shame and all my belief in the good! Ah, where is the lying innocence which I once possessed, the innocence of the good and of their noble lies!

Too oft, verily, did I follow close to the heels of truth: then did it kick me on the face. Sometimes I meant to lie, and behold! then only did I hit—the truth.

Too much hath become clear unto me: now it doth not concern me any more. Nothing liveth any longer that I love,—how should I still love myself?

'To live as I incline, or not to live at all': so do I wish; so wisheth also the holiest. But alas! how have *I* still—inclination?

Have *I*—still a goal? A haven towards which *my* sail is set?

A good wind? Ah, he only who knoweth *whither* he saileth, knoweth what wind is good, and a fair wind for him.

What still remaineth to me? A heart weary and flippant; an unstable will; fluttering wings; a broken backbone.

This seeking for *my* home: O Zarathustra, dost thou know that this seeking hath been *my* home-sickening; it eateth me up.

'*Where* is—*my* home?' For it do I ask and seek, and have sought, but have not found it. O eternal everywhere, O eternal nowhere, O eternal—in-vain!"

Thus spake the shadow, and Zarathustra's countenance lengthened at his words. "Thou art my shadow!" said he at last sadly.

"Thy danger is not small, thou free spirit and wanderer! Thou hast had a bad day: see that a still worse evening doth not overtake thee!

To such unsettled ones as thou, seemeth at last even a prisoner blessed. Didst thou ever see how captured criminals sleep? They sleep quietly, they enjoy their new security.

Beware lest in the end a narrow faith capture thee, a hard, rigorous delusion! For now everything that is narrow and fixed seduceth and tempteth thee.

Thou hast lost thy goal. Alas, how wilt thou forego and forget that loss? Thereby—hast thou also lost thy way!

Thou poor rover and rambler, thou tired butterfly! wilt thou have a rest and a home this evening? Then go up to my cave!

Thither leadeth the way to my cave. And now will I run quickly away from thee again. Already lieth as it were a shadow upon me.

I will run alone, so that it may again become bright around me. Therefore must I still be a long time merrily upon my legs. In the evening, however, there will be—dancing with me!"— —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

70. Noontide

—AND Zarathustra ran and ran, but he found no one else, and was alone and ever found himself again; he enjoyed and quaffed his solitude, and thought of good things—for hours. About the hour of noontide, however, when the sun stood exactly over Zarathustra's head, he passed an old, bent and gnarled tree, which was encircled round by the ardent love of a vine, and hidden from itself; from this there hung yellow grapes in abundance, confronting the wanderer. Then he felt inclined to quench a little thirst, and to break off for himself a cluster of grapes. When, however, he had already his arm outstretched for that purpose, he felt still more inclined for something else—namely, to lie down beside the tree at the hour of perfect noontide and sleep.

This Zarathustra did; and no sooner had he laid himself on the ground in the stillness and secrecy of the variegated grass, than he had forgotten his little thirst, and fell asleep. For as the proverb of Zarathustra saith: "One thing is more necessary than the other." Only that his eyes remained open:—for they never grew weary of viewing and admiring the tree and the love of the vine. In falling asleep, however, Zarathustra spake thus to his heart:

"Hush! Hush! Hath not the world now become perfect? What hath happened unto me?

As a delicate wind danceth invisibly upon parqueted seas, light, feather-light, so—danceth sleep upon me.

No eye doth it close to me, it leaveth my soul awake. Light is it, verily, feather-light.

It persuadeth me, I know not how, it toucheth me inwardly with a caressing hand, it constraineth me. Yea, it constraineth me, so that my soul stretcheth itself out:—

—How long and weary it becometh, my strange soul! Hath a seventh-day evening come to it precisely at noontide? Hath it already wandered too long, blissfully, among good and ripe things?

It stretcheth itself out, long—longer! it lieth still, my strange soul. Too many good things hath it already tasted; this golden sadness oppresseth it, it distorteth its mouth.

—As a ship that putteth into the calmest cove:—it now draweth up to the land, weary of long voyages and uncertain seas. Is not the land more faithful?

As such a ship huggeth the shore, tuggeth the shore:—then it sufficeth for a spider to spin its thread from the ship to the land. No stronger ropes are required there.

As such a weary ship in the calmest cove, so do I also now repose, nigh to the earth, faithful, trusting, waiting, bound to it with the lightest threads.

O happiness! O happiness! Wilt thou perhaps sing, O my soul? Thou liest in the grass. But this is the secret, solemn hour, when no shepherd playeth his pipe.

Take care! Hot noontide sleepeth on the fields. Do not sing! Hush! The world is perfect.

Do not sing, thou prairie-bird, my soul! Do not even whisper! Lo—hush! The old noontide sleepeth, it moveth its mouth: doth it not just now drink a drop of happiness—

—An old brown drop of golden happiness, golden wine? Something whisketh over it, its happiness laugheth. Thus—laugheth a God. Hush!—

—'For happiness, how little sufficeth for happiness!' Thus spake I once and thought myself wise. But it was a blasphemy: *that* have I now learned. Wise fools speak better.

The least thing precisely, the gentlest thing, the lightest thing, a lizard's rustling, a breath, a whisk, an eye-glance—*little* maketh up the *best* happiness. Hush!

—What hath befallen me: Hark! Hath time flown away? Do I not fall? Have I not fallen—hark! into the well of eternity?

—What happeneth to me? Hush! It stingeth me—alas—to the heart? To the heart! Oh, break up, break up, my heart, after such happiness, after such a sting!

—What? Hath not the world just now become perfect? Round and ripe? Oh, for the golden round ring—whither doth it fly? Let me run after it! Quick!

Hush— —" (and here Zarathustra stretched himself, and felt that he was asleep.)

"Up!" said he to himself, "thou sleeper! Thou noontide sleeper! Well then, up, ye old legs! It is time and more than time; many a good stretch of road is still awaiting you—

Now have ye slept your fill; for how long a time? A half-eternity! Well then, up now, mine old heart! For how long after such a sleep mayest thou—remain awake?"

(But then did he fall asleep anew, and his soul spake against him and defended itself, and lay down again)—"Leave me alone! Hush! Hath not the world just now become perfect? Oh, for the golden round ball!"—

"Get up," said Zarathustra, "thou little thief, thou sluggard! What! Still stretching thyself, yawning, sighing, falling into deep wells?

Who art thou then, O my soul!" (and here he became frightened, for a sunbeam shot down from heaven upon his face.)

"O heaven above me," said he sighing, and sat upright, "thou gazest at me? Thou hearkenest unto my strange soul?

When wilt thou drink this drop of dew that fell down upon all earthly things,—when wilt thou drink this strange soul—

—When, thou well of eternity! thou joyous, awful, noontide abyss! when wilt thou drink my soul back into thee?"

Thus spake Zarathustra, and rose from his couch beside the tree, as if awakening from a strange drunkenness: and behold! there stood the sun still exactly above his head. One might, however, rightly infer therefrom that Zarathustra had not then slept long.

71. The Greeting

It was late in the afternoon only when Zarathustra, after long useless searching and strolling about, again came home to his cave. When, however, he stood over against it, not more than twenty paces therefrom, the thing happened which he now least of all expected: he heard anew the great *cry of distress*. And extraordinary! this time the cry came out of his own cave. It was a long, manifold, peculiar cry, and Zarathustra plainly distinguished that it was composed of many voices: although heard at a distance it might sound like the cry out of a single mouth.

Thereupon Zarathustra rushed forward to his cave, and behold! what a spectacle awaited him after that concert! For there did they all sit together whom he had passed during the day: the king on the right and the king on the left, the old magician, the pope, the voluntary beggar, the shadow, the intellectually conscientious one, the sorrowful soothsayer, and the ass; the ugliest man, however, had set a crown on his head, and had put round him two purple girdles,—for he liked, like all ugly ones, to disguise himself and play the handsome person. In the midst, however, of that sorrowful company stood Zarathustra's eagle, ruffled and disquieted, for it had been called upon to answer too much for which its pride had not any answer; the wise serpent however hung round its neck.

All this did Zarathustra behold with great astonishment; then however he scrutinised each individual guest with courteous curiosity, read their souls and wondered anew. In the meantime the assembled ones had risen from their seats, and waited with reverence for Zarathustra to speak. Zarathustra however spake thus:

"Ye despairing ones! Ye strange ones! So it was *your* cry of distress that I heard? And now do I know also where he is to be sought, whom I have sought for in vain today: *the higher man*—:

—In mine own cave sitteth he, the higher man! But why do I wonder! Have not I myself allured him to me by honey-offerings and artful lure-calls of my happiness?

But it seemeth to me that ye are badly adapted for company: ye make one another's hearts fretful, ye that cry for help, when ye sit here together? There is one that must first come,

—One who will make you laugh once more, a good jovial buffoon, a dancer, a wind, a wild romp, some old fool:—what think ye?

Forgive me, however, ye despairing ones, for speaking such trivial words before you, unworthy, verily, of such guests! But ye do not divine *what* maketh my heart wanton:—

—Ye yourselves do it, and your aspect, forgive it me! For every one becometh courageous who beholdeth a despairing one. To encourage a despairing one—every one thinketh himself strong enough to do so.

To myself have ye given this power,—a good gift, mine honourable guests! An excellent guest's-present! Well, do not then upbraid when I also offer you something of mine.

This is mine empire and my dominion: that which is mine, however, shall this evening and tonight be yours. Mine animals shall serve you: let my cave be your resting-place!

At house and home with me shall no one despair: in my purlieus do I protect every one from his wild beasts. And that is the first thing which I offer you: security!

The second thing, however, is my little finger. And when ye have *that,* then take the whole hand also, yea and the heart with it! Welcome here, welcome to you, my guests!"

Thus spake Zarathustra, and laughed with love and mischief. After this greeting his guests bowed once more and were reverentially silent; the king on the right, however, answered him in their name.

"O Zarathustra, by the way in which thou hast given us thy hand and thy greeting, we recognise thee as Zarathustra. Thou hast humbled thyself before us; almost hast thou hurt our reverence—:

—Who however could have humbled himself as thou hast done, with such pride? *That* uplifteth us ourselves; a refreshment is it, to our eyes and hearts.

To behold this, merely, gladly would we ascend higher mountains than this. For as eager beholders have we come; we wanted to see what brighteneth dim eyes.

And lo! now is it all over with our cries of distress. Now are our minds and hearts open and enraptured. Little is lacking for our spirits to become wanton.

There is nothing, O Zarathustra, that groweth more pleasingly on earth than a lofty, strong will: it is the finest growth. An entire landscape refresheth itself at one such tree.

To the pine do I compare him, O Zarathustra, which groweth up like thee—tall, silent, hardy, solitary, of the best, supplest wood, stately,—

—In the end, however, grasping out for *its* dominion with strong, green branches, asking weighty questions of the wind, the storm, and whatever is at home on high places;

—Answering more weightily, a commander, a victor! Oh! who should not ascend high mountains to behold such growths?

At thy tree, O Zarathustra, the gloomy and ill-constituted also refresh themselves; at thy look even the wavering becometh steady and heal their hearts.

And verily, towards thy mountain and thy tree do many eyes turn to-day; a great longing hath arisen, and many have learned to ask: 'Who is Zarathustra?'

And those into whose ears thou hast at any time dripped thy song and thy honey: all the hidden ones, the lone-dwellers and the twain-dwellers, have simultaneously said to their hearts:

'Doth Zarathustra still live? It is no longer worth while to live, everything is indifferent, everything is useless: or else—we must live with Zarathustra!'

'Why doth he not come who hath so long announced himself?' thus do many people ask; 'hath solitude swallowed him up? Or should we perhaps go to him?'

Now doth it come to pass that solitude itself becometh fragile and breaketh open, like a grave that breaketh open and can no longer hold its dead. Everywhere one seeth resurrected ones.

Now do the waves rise and rise around thy mountain, O Zarathustra. And however high be thy height, many of them must rise up to thee: thy boat shall not rest much longer on dry ground.

And that we despairing ones have now come into thy cave, and already no longer despair:—it is but a prognostic and a presage that better ones are on the way to thee,—

—For they themselves are on the way to thee, the last remnant of God among men—that is to say, all the men of great longing, of great loathing, of great satiety,

—All who do not want to live unless they learn again to *hope*—unless they learn from thee. O Zarathustra, the *great* hope!"

Thus spake the king on the right, and seized the hand of Zarathustra in order to kiss it; but Zarathustra checked his veneration, and stepped back frightened, fleeing as it were, silently and suddenly into the far distance. After a little while, however, he was again at home with his guests, looked at them with clear scrutinising eyes, and said:

"My guests, ye higher men, I will speak plain language and plainly with you. It is not for *you* that I have waited here in these mountains."

(" 'Plain language and plainly?' Good God!" said here the king on the left to himself; "one seeth he doth not know the good Occidentals, this sage out of the Orient!

But he meaneth 'blunt language and bluntly'—well! That is not the worst taste in these days!")

"Ye may, verily, all of you be higher men," continued Zarathustra; "but for me—ye are neither high enough, nor strong enough.

For me, that is to say, for the inexorable which is now silent in me, but will not always be silent. And if ye appertain to me, still it is not as my right arm.

For he who himself standeth, like you, on sickly and tender legs, wisheth above all to be *treated indulgently,* whether he be conscious of it or hide it from himself.

My arms and my legs, however, I do not treat indulgently, *I do not treat my warriors indulgently:* how then could ye be fit for *my* warfare?

With you I should spoil all my victories. And many of you would tumble over if ye but heard the loud beating of my drums.

Moreover, ye are not sufficiently beautiful and well-born for me. I require pure, smooth mirrors for my doctrines; on your surface even mine own likeness is distorted.

On your shoulders presseth many a burden, many a recollection; many a mischievous dwarf squatteth in your corners. There is concealed populace also in you.

And though ye be high and of a higher type, much in you is crooked and misshapen. There is no smith in the world that could hammer you right and straight for me.

Ye are only bridges: may higher ones pass over upon you! Ye signify steps: so do not upbraid him who ascendeth beyond you into *his* height!

Out of your seed there may one day arise for me a genuine son and perfect heir: but that time is distant. Ye yourselves are not those unto whom my heritage and name belong.

Not for you do I wait here in these mountains; not with you may I descend for the last time. Ye have come unto me only as a presage that higher ones are on the way to me,—

—*Not* the men of great longing, of great loathing, of great satiety, and that which ye call the remnant of God;

—Nay! Nay! Three times Nay! For *others* do I wait here in these mountains, and will not lift my foot from thence without them;

—For higher ones, stronger ones, triumphanter ones, merrier ones, for such as are built squarely in body and soul: *laughing lions* must come!

O my guests, ye strange ones—have ye yet heard nothing of my children? And that they are on the way to me?

Do speak unto me of my gardens, of my Happy Isles, of my new beautiful race—why do ye not speak unto me thereof?

This guests'-present do I solicit of your love, that ye speak unto me of my children. For them am I rich, for them I became poor: what have I not surrendered.

What would I not surrender that I might have one thing *these* children, *this* living plantation, *these* life-trees of my will and of my highest hope!"

Thus spake Zarathustra, and stopped suddenly in his discourse: for his longing came over him, and he closed his eyes and his mouth, because of the agitation of his heart. And all his guests also were silent, and stood still and confounded: except only that the old soothsayer made signs with his hands and his gestures.

72. *The Supper*

For at this point the soothsayer interrupted the greeting of Zarathustra and his guests: he pressed forward as one who had no time to lose, seized Zarathustra's hand and exclaimed: "But Zarathustra!

One thing is more necessary than the other, so sayest thou thyself: well, one thing is now more necessary *unto me* than all others.

A word at the right time: didst thou not invite me to *table?* And here are many who have made long journeys. Thou dost not mean to feed us merely with discourses?

Besides, all of you have thought too much about freezing, drowning, suffocating, and other bodily dangers: none of you, however, have thought of *my* danger, namely, perishing of hunger—"

(Thus spake the soothsayer. When Zarathustra's animals, however, heard these words, they ran away in terror. For they saw that all they had brought home during the day would not be enough to fill the one soothsayer.)

"Likewise perishing of thirst," continued the soothsayer. "And although I hear water splashing here like words of wisdom—that is to say, plenteously and unweariedly, I—want *wine!*

Not every one is a born water-drinker like Zarathustra. Neither doth water suit weary and withered ones: *we* deserve wine—*it* alone giveth immediate vigour and improvised health!"

On this occasion, when the soothsayer was longing for wine, it happened that the king on the left, the silent one, also found expression for once. "*We* took care," said he, "about wine, I, along with my brother the king on the right: we have enough of wine,—a whole ass-load of it. So there is nothing lacking but bread."

"Bread," replied Zarathustra, laughing when he spake, "it is precisely bread that anchorites have not. But man doth not live by bread alone, but also by the flesh of good lambs, of which I have two:

—*These* shall we slaughter quickly, and cook spicily with sage: it is so that I like them. And there is also no lack of roots and fruits, good enough even for the fastidious and dainty,—nor of nuts and other riddles for cracking.

Thus will we have a good repast in a little while. But whoever wisheth to eat with us must also give a hand to the work, even the kings. For with Zarathustra even a king may be a cook."

This proposal appealed to the hearts of all of them, save that the voluntary beggar objected to the flesh and wine and spices.

"Just hear this glutton Zarathustra!" said he jokingly: "doth one go into caves and high mountains to make such repasts?

Now indeed do I understand what he once taught us: 'Blessed be moderate poverty!' And why he wisheth to do away with beggars."

"Be of good cheer," replied Zarathustra, "as I am. Abide by thy customs, thou excellent one: grind thy corn, drink thy water, praise thy cooking,—if only it make thee glad!

I am a law only for mine own; I am not a law for all. He, however, who belongeth unto me must be strong of bone and light of foot,—

—Joyous in fight and feast, no sulker, no John o' Dreams, ready for the hardest task as for the feast, healthy and hale.

The best belongeth unto mine and me; and if it be not given us, then do we take it:—the best food, the purest sky, the strongest thoughts, the fairest women!"—

Thus spake Zarathustra; the king on the right however answered and said: "Strange! Did one ever hear such sensible things out of the mouth of a wise man?

And verily, it is the strangest thing in a wise man, if over and above, he be still sensible, and not an ass."

Thus spake the king on the right and wondered; the ass however, with ill-will, said YE-A to his remark. This however was the beginning of that long repast which is called "The Supper" in the history-books. At this there was nothing else spoken of but *the higher man.*

73. *The Higher Man*

1

WHEN I came unto men for the first time, then did I commit the anchorite folly, the great folly: I appeared on the market-place.

And when I spake unto all, I spake unto none. In the evening, however, rope-dancers were my companions, and corpses; and I myself almost a corpse.

With the new morning, however, there came unto me a new truth: then did I learn to say: "Of what account to me are market-place and populace and populace-noise and long populace-cars!"

Ye higher men, learn *this* from me: On the market-place no one believeth in higher men. But if ye will speak there, very well! The populace, however, blinketh: "We are all equal."

"Ye higher men,"—so blinketh the populace—"there are no higher men, we are all equal; man is man, before God—we are all equal!"

Before God!—Now, however, this God hath died. Before the populace, however, we will not be equal. Ye higher men, away from the market-place!

2

Before God!—Now however this God hath died! Ye higher men, this God was your greatest danger.

Only since he lay in the grave have ye again arisen. Now only cometh the great noontide, now only doth the higher man become—master!

Have ye understood this word, O my brethren? Ye are frightened: do your hearts turn giddy? Doth the abyss here yawn for you? Doth the hell-hound here yelp at you?

Well! Take heart! ye higher men! Now only travaileth the mountain of the human future. God hath died: now do *we* desire—the Superman to live.

3

The most careful ask to-day: "How is man to be maintained?" Zarathustra however asketh, as the first and only one: "How is man to be *surpassed?"*

The Superman, I have at heart; *that* is the first and only thing to me—and *not* man: not the neighbour, not the poorest, not the sorriest, not the best.—

O my brethren, what I can love in man is that he is an over-going and a down-going. And also in you there is much that maketh me love and hope.

In that ye have despised, ye higher men, that maketh me hope. For the great despisers are the great reverers.

In that ye have despaired, there is much to honour. For ye have not learned to submit yourselves, ye have not learned petty policy.

For to-day have the petty people become master: they all preach submission and humility and policy and diligence and consideration and the long *et cetera* of petty virtues.

Whatever is of the effeminate type, whatever originateth from the servile type, and especially the populace-mishmash: —*that* wisheth now to be master of all human destiny—O disgust! Disgust! Disgust!

That asketh and asketh and never tireth: "How is man to maintain himself best, longest, most pleasantly?" Thereby—are they the masters of today.

These masters of today—surpass them, O my brethren—these petty people: *they* are the Superman's greatest danger!

Surpass, ye higher men, the petty virtues, the petty policy, the sand-grain considerateness, the ant-hill trumpery, the pitiable comfortableness, the "happiness of the greatest number"—!

And rather despair than submit yourselves. And verily, I love you, because ye know not today how to live, ye higher men! For thus do *ye* live—best!

4

Have ye courage, O my brethren? Are ye stout-hearted? *Not* the courage before witnesses, but anchorite and eagle courage, which not even a God any longer beholdeth?

Cold souls, mules, the blind and the drunken, I do not call stout-hearted. He hath heart who knoweth fear, but *vanquisheth* it; who seeth the abyss, but with *pride*.

He who seeth the abyss, but with eagle's eyes,—he who with eagle's talons *graspeth* the abyss: he hath courage.— —

5

"Man is evil"—so said to me for consolation, all the wisest ones. Ah, if only it be still true today! For the evil is man's best force.

"Man must become better and eviler"—so do *I* teach. The evilest is necessary for the Superman's best.

It may have been well for the preacher of the petty people to suffer and be burdened by men's sin. I, however, rejoice in great sin as my great *consolation*.—

Such things, however, are not said for long ears. Every word, also, is not suited for every mouth. These are fine far-away things: at them sheep's claws shall not grasp!

6

Ye higher men, think ye that I am here to put right what ye have put wrong?

Or that I wished henceforth to make snugger couches for you sufferers? Or show you restless, miswandering, misclimbing ones, new and easier footpaths?

Nay! Nay! Three times Nay! Always more, always better ones of your type shall succumb,—for ye shall always have it worse and harder. Thus only—

—Thus only groweth man aloft to the height where the lightning striketh and shattereth him: high enough for the lightning!

Towards the few, the long, the remote go forth my soul and my seeking: of what account to me are your many little, short miseries!

Ye do not yet suffer enough for me! For ye suffer from yourselves, ye have not yet suffered *from man*. Ye would lie if ye spake otherwise! None of you suffereth from what *I* have suffered.— —

7

It is not enough for me that the lightning no longer doeth harm. I do not wish to conduct it away: it shall learn—to work for *me*.—

My wisdom hath accumulated long like a cloud, it becometh stiller and darker. So doeth all wisdom which shall one day bear *lightnings*.—

Unto these men of today will I not be *light*, nor be called light. *Them*—will I blind: lightning of my wisdom! put out their eyes!

8

Do not will anything beyond your power: there is a bad falseness in those who will beyond their power.

Especially when they will great things! For they awaken distrust in great things, these subtle false-coiners and stage-players:—

—Until at last they are false towards themselves, squint-eyed, whited cankers, glossed over with strong words, parade virtues and brilliant false deeds.

Take good care there, ye higher men! For nothing is more precious to me, and rarer, than honesty.

Is this today not that of the populace? The populace however knoweth not what is great and what is small, what is straight and what is honest: it is innocently crooked, it ever lieth.

9

Have a good distrust today, ye higher men, ye enheartened ones! Ye open-hearted ones! And keep your reasons secret! For this today is that of the populace.

What the populace once learned to believe without reasons, who could—refute it to them by means of reasons?

And on the market-place one convinceth with gestures. But reasons make the populace distrustful.

And when truth hath once triumphed there, then ask yourselves with good distrust: "What strong error hath fought for it?"

Be on your guard also against the learned! They hate you, because they are unproductive! They have cold, withered eyes before which every bird is unplumed.

Such persons vaunt about not lying: but inability to lie is still far from being love to truth. Be on your guard!

Freedom from fever is still far from being knowledge! Refrigerated spirits I do not believe in. He who cannot lie, doth not know what truth is.

10

If ye would go up high, then use your own legs! Do not get yourselves *carried* aloft; do not seat yourselves on other people's backs and heads!

Thou hast mounted, however, on horseback? Thou now ridest briskly up to thy goal? Well, my friend! But thy lame foot is also with thee on horseback!

When thou reachest thy goal, when thou alightest from thy horse: precisely on thy *height,* thou higher man,—then wilt thou stumble!

11

Ye creating ones, ye higher men! One is only pregnant with one's own child.

Do not let yourselves be imposed upon or put upon! Who then is *your* neighbour? Even if ye act "for your neighbour"—ye still do not create for him!

Unlearn, I pray you, this "for," ye creating ones: your very virtue wisheth you to have naught to do with "for" and "on account of" and "because." Against these false little words shall ye stop your ears.

"For one's neighbour," is the virtue only of the petty people: there it is said "like and like," and "hand washeth hand":—they have neither the right nor the power for *your* self-seeking!

In your self-seeking, ye creating ones, there is the foresight and foreseeing of the pregnant! What no one's eye hath yet seen, namely, the fruit—this, sheltereth and saveth and nourisheth your entire love.

Where your entire love is, namely, with your child, there is also your entire virtue! Your work, your will is *your* "neighbour": let no false values impose upon you!

12

Ye creating ones, ye higher men! Whoever hath to give birth is sick; whoever hath given birth, however, is unclean.

Ask women: one giveth birth, not because it giveth pleasure. The pain maketh hens and poets cackle.

Ye creating ones, in you there is much uncleanness. That is because ye have had to be mothers.

A new child: oh, how much new filth hath also come into the world! Go apart! He who hath given birth shall wash his soul!

13

Be not virtuous beyond your powers! And seek nothing from yourselves opposed to probability!

Walk in the footsteps in which your fathers' virtue hath already walked! How would ye rise high, if your fathers' will should not rise with you?

He, however, who would be a firstling, let him take care lest he also become a lastling! And where the vices of your fathers are, there should ye not set up as saints!

He whose fathers were inclined for women, and for strong wine and flesh of wildboar swine; what would it be if he demanded chastity of himself?

A folly would it be! Much, verily, doth it seem to me for such a one, if he should be the husband of one or of two or of three women.

And if he founded monasteries, and inscribed over their portals: "The way to holiness,"—I should still say: What good is it! it is a new folly!

He hath founded for himself a penance-house and refuge-house: much good may it do! But I do not believe in it.

In solitude there groweth what any one bringeth into it—also the brute in one's nature. Thus is solitude inadvisable unto many.

Hath there ever been anything filthier on earth than the saints of the wilderness? *Around them* was not only the devil loose—but also the swine.

14

Shy, ashamed, awkward, like the tiger whose spring hath failed—thus, ye higher men, have I often seen you slink aside. A *cast* which ye made had failed.

But what doth it matter, ye dice-players! Ye had not learned to play and mock, as one must play and mock! Do we not ever sit at a great table of mocking and playing?

And if great things have been a failure with you, have ye yourselves therefore—been a failure? And if ye yourselves have been a failure, hath man therefore—been a failure? If man, however, hath been a failure: well then! never mind!

15

The higher its type, always the seldomer doth a thing succeed. Ye higher men here, have ye not all—been failures?

Be of good cheer; what doth it matter? How much is still possible! Learn to laugh at yourselves, as ye ought to laugh!

What wonder even that ye have failed and only half-succeeded, ye half-shattered ones! Doth not—man's *future* strive and struggle in you?

Man's furthest, profoundest, star-highest issues, his prodigious powers—do not all these foam through one another in your vessel?

What wonder that many a vessel shattereth! Learn to laugh at yourselves, as ye ought to laugh! Ye higher men, Oh, how much is still possible!

And verily, how much hath already succeeded! How rich is this earth in small, good, perfect things, in well-constituted things!

Set around you small, good, perfect things, ye higher men. Their golden maturity healeth the heart. The perfect teacheth one to hope.

16

What hath hitherto been the greatest sin here on earth? Was it not the word of him who said: "Woe unto them that laugh now!"

Did he himself find no cause for laughter on the earth? Then he sought badly. A child even findeth cause for it.

He—did not love sufficiently: otherwise would he also have loved us, the laughing ones! But he hated and hooted us; wailing and teeth-gnashing did he promise us.

Must one then curse immediately, when one doth not love? That—seemeth to me bad taste. Thus did he, however, this absolute one. He sprang from the populace.

And he himself just did not love sufficiently; otherwise would he have raged less because people did not love him. All great love doth not *seek* love:—it seeketh more.

Go out of the way of all such absolute ones! They are a poor sickly type, a populace-type: they look at this life with ill-will, they have an evil eye for this earth.

Go out of the way of all such absolute ones! They have heavy feet and sultry hearts:—they do not know how to dance. How could the earth be light to such ones!

17

Tortuously do all good things come nigh to their goal. Like cats they curve their backs, they purr inwardly with their approaching happiness,—all good things laugh.

His step betrayeth whether a person already walketh on *his* *own* path: just see me walk! He, however, who cometh nigh to his goal, danceth.

And verily, a statue have I not become, not yet do I stand there stiff, stupid and stony, like a pillar; I love fast racing.

And though there be on earth fens and dense afflictions, he who hath light feet runneth even across the mud, and danceth, as upon well-swept ice.

Lift up your hearts, my brethren, high, higher! And do not forget your legs! Lift up also your legs, ye good dancers, and better still, if ye stand upon your heads!

18

This crown of the laughter, this rose-garland crown: I myself have put on this crown, I myself have consecrated my laughter. No one else have I found to-day potent enough for this.

Zarathustra the dancer, Zarathustra the light one, who beckoneth with his pinions, one ready for flight, beckoning unto all birds, ready and prepared, a blissfully light-spirited one:—

Zarathustra the soothsayer, Zarathustra the sooth-laugher, no impatient one, no absolute one, one who loveth leaps and side-leaps; I myself have put on this crown!

19

Lift up your hearts, my brethren, high, higher! And do not forget your legs! Lift up also your legs, ye good dancers, and better still if ye stand upon your heads!

There are also heavy animals in a state of happiness, there are club-footed ones from the beginning. Curiously do they exert themselves, like an elephant which endeavoureth to stand upon its head.

Better, however, to be foolish with happiness than foolish with misfortune, better to dance awkwardly than walk lamely. So learn, I pray you, my wisdom, ye higher men: even the worst thing hath two good reverse sides,—

—Even the worst thing hath good dancing-legs: so learn, I pray you, ye higher men, to put yourselves on your proper legs!

So unlearn, I pray you, the sorrow-sighing, and all the populace-sadness! Oh, how sad the buffoons of the populace seem to me today! This today, however, is that of the populace.

20

Do like unto the wind when it rusheth forth from its mountain-caves: unto its own piping will it dance; the seas tremble and leap under its footsteps.

That which giveth wings to asses, that which milketh the lionesses:—praised be that good, unruly spirit, which cometh like a hurricane unto all the present and unto all the populace,—

—Which is hostile to thistle-heads and puzzle-heads, and to all withered leaves and weeds:—praised be this wild, good, free spirit of the storm, which danceth upon fens and afflictions, as upon meadows!

Which hateth the consumptive populace-dogs, and all the ill-constituted, sullen brood:—praised be this spirit of all free spirits, the laughing storm, which bloweth dust into the eyes of all the melanopic and melancholic!

Ye higher men, the worst thing in you is that ye have none of you learned to dance as ye ought to dance—to dance beyond yourselves! What doth it matter that ye have failed!

How many things are still possible! So *learn* to laugh beyond yourselves! Lift up your hearts, ye good dancers, high! higher! And do not forget the good laughter!

This crown of the laughter, this rose-garland crown: to you, my brethren, do I cast this crown! Laughing have I consecrated; ye higher men, *learn,* I pray you—to laugh!

74. *The Song of Melancholy*

1

WHEN Zarathustra spake these sayings, he stood nigh to the entrance of his cave; with the last words, however, he slipped away from his guests, and fled for a little while into the open air.

"O pure odours around me," cried he, "O blessed stillness around me! But where are mine animals? Hither, hither, mine eagle and my serpent!

Tell me, mine animals: these higher men, all of them—do they perhaps not *smell* well? O pure odours around me! Now only do I know and feel how I love you, mine animals."

—And Zarathustra said once more: "I love you, mine animals!" The eagle, however, and the serpent pressed close to him when he spake these words, and looked up to him. In this attitude were they all three silent together, and sniffed and sipped the good air with one another. For the air here outside was better than with the higher men.

2

Hardly, however, had Zarathustra left the cave when the old magician got up, looked cunningly about him, and said: "He is gone!

And already, ye higher men—let me tickle you with this complimentary and flattering name, as he himself doeth—already doth mine evil spirit of deceit and magic attack me, my melancholy devil,

—Which is an adversary to this Zarathustra from the very heart: forgive it for this! Now doth it wish to conjure before you, it hath just *its* hour; in vain do I struggle with this evil spirit.

Unto all of you, whatever honours ye like to assume in your names, whether ye call yourselves 'the free spirits' or 'the conscientious,' or 'the penitents of the spirit,' or 'the unfettered,' or 'the great longers,'—

—Unto all of you, who like me suffer *from the great loathing,* to whom the old God hath died, and as yet no new God lieth in cradles and swaddling clothes—unto all of you is mine evil spirit and magic-devil favourable.

I know you, ye higher men, I know him,—I know also this fiend whom I love in spite of me, this Zarathustra: he himself often seemeth to me like the beautiful mask of a saint,

—Like a new strange mummery in which mine evil spirit, the melancholy devil, delighteth:—I love Zarathustra, so doth it often seem to me, for the sake of mine evil spirit.—

But already doth *it* attack me and constrain me, this spirit of melancholy, this evening-twilight devil: and verily, ye higher men, it hath a longing—

—Open your eyes!—it hath a longing to come *naked,* whether male or female, I do not yet know: but it cometh, it constraineth me, alas! open your wits!

The day dieth out, unto all things cometh now the evening, also unto the best things; hear now, and see, ye higher men, what devil—man or woman—this spirit of evening-melancholy is!"

Thus spake the old magician, looked cunningly about him, and then seized his harp.

3

In evening's limpid air,
What time the dew's soothings
Unto the earth downpour,
Invisibly and unheard—
For tender shoe-gear wear
The soothing dews, like all that's kind-gentle—:
Bethinkst thou then, bethinkst thou, burning heart,
How once thou thirstedest
For heaven's kindly teardrops and dew's down-droppings,
All singed and weary thirstedest,
What time on yellow grass-pathways
Wicked, occidental sunny glances
Through sombre trees about thee sported,
Blindingly sunny glow-glances, gladly-hurting?

"Of *truth* the wooer? Thou?"—so taunted they—
"Nay! Merely poet!
A brute insidious, plundering, grovelling,
That aye must lie,
That wittingly, wilfully, aye must lie:
For booty lusting,
Motley masked,
Self-hidden, shrouded,
Himself his booty—
He—of truth the wooer?
Nay! Mere fool! Mere poet!
Just motley speaking,
From mask of fool confusedly shouting,
Circumambling on fabricated word-bridges,
On motley rainbow-arches,
'Twixt the spurious heavenly,
And spurious earthly,
Round us roving, round us soaring,—
Mere fool! Mere poet!

He—of truth the wooer?
Not still, stiff, smooth and cold,
Become an image,
A godlike statue,
Set up in front of temples,
As a God's own door-guard:
Nay! hostile to all such truthfulness-statues,
In every desert homelier than at temples,
With cattish wantonness,
Through every window leaping
Quickly into chances,

Every wild forest a-sniffing,
Greedily-longingly, sniffing,
That thou, in wild forests,
'Mong the motley-speckled fierce creatures,
Shouldest rove, sinful-sound and fine-coloured,
With longing lips smacking,
Blessedly mocking, blessedly hellish, blessedly blood-thirsty,
Robbing, skulking, lying—roving:—

Or unto eagles like which fixedly,
Long adown the precipice look,
Adown *their* precipice:— —
Oh, how they whirl down now,
Thereunder, therein,
To ever deeper profoundness whirling!—
Then,
Sudden,
With aim aright,
With quivering flight,
On *lambkins* pouncing,
Headlong down, sore-hungry,
For lambkins longing,
Fierce 'gainst all lamb-spirits,
Furious-fierce 'gainst all that look
Sheeplike, or lambeyed, or crisp-woolly,
—Grey, with lambsheep kindliness!

Even thus,
Eaglelike, pantherlike,
Are the poet's desires,
Are *thine own* desires 'neath a thousand guises.

Thou fool! Thou poet!
Thou who all mankind viewedst—
So God, as sheep—:
The God *to rend* within mankind,
As the sheep in mankind,
And in rending *laughing*—

That, that is thine own blessedness!
Of a panther and eagle—blessedness!
Of a poet and fool—the blessedness!"— —

In evening's limpid air,
What time the moon's sickle,
Green, 'twixt the purple-glowings,
And jealous, steal'th forth:
—Of day the foe,
With every step in secret,
The rosy garland-hammocks
Downsickling, till they've sunken
Down nightwards, faded, downsunken:—

Thus had I sunken one day
From mine own truth-insanity,
From mine own fervid day-longings,
Of day aweary, sick of sunshine,
—Sunk downwards, evenwards, shadowwards:
By one sole trueness
All scorched and thirsty:
—Bethinkst thou still, bethinkst thou, burning heart,
How then thou thirstedest?—
That I should banned be
From all the trueness!
Mere fool! Mere poet!

75. Science

THUS sang the magician; and all who were present went like birds unawares into the net of his artful and melancholy voluptuousness. Only the spiritually conscientious one had not been caught: he at once snatched the harp from the magician and called out: "Air! Let in good air! Let in Zarathustra! Thou makest this cave sultry and poisonous, thou bad old magician!

Thou seducest, thou false one, thou subtle one, to unknown desires and deserts. And alas, that such as thou should talk and make ado about the *truth!*

Alas, to all free spirits who are not on their guard against *such* magicians! It is all over with their freedom: thou teachest and temptest back into prisons,—

—Thou old melancholy devil, out of thy lament soundeth a lurement: thou resemblest those who with their praise of chastity secretly invite to voluptuousness!"

Thus spake the conscientious one; the old magician, however, looked about him, enjoying his triumph, and on that account put up with the annoyance which the conscientious one caused him. "Be still!" said he with modest voice, "good songs want to re-echo well; after good songs one should be long silent.

Thus do all those present, the higher men. Thou, however, hast perhaps understood but little of my song? In thee there is little of the magic spirit."

"Thou praisest me," replied the conscientious one, "in that thou separatest me from thyself; very well! But, ye others, what do I see? Ye still sit there, all of you, with lusting eyes—:

Ye free spirits, whither hath your freedom gone! Ye almost seem to me to resemble those who have long looked at bad girls dancing naked: your souls themselves dance!

In you, ye higher men, there must be more of that which the magician calleth his evil spirit of magic and deceit:—we must indeed be different.

And verily, we spake and thought long enough together ere Zarathustra came home to his cave, for me not to be unaware that we *are* different.

We *seek* different things even here aloft, ye and I. For I seek more *security;* on that account have I come to Zarathustra. For he is still the most steadfast tower and will—

—Today, when everything tottereth, when all the earth quaketh. Ye, however, when I see what eyes ye make, it almost seemeth to me that ye seek *more insecurity,*

—More horror, more danger, more earthquake. Ye long (it almost seemeth so to me—forgive my presumption, ye higher men)—

—Ye long for the worst and dangerousest life, which frighteneth *me* most,—for the life of wild beasts, for forests, caves, steep mountains and labyrinthine gorges.

And it is not those who lead *out of* danger that please you best, but those who lead you away from all paths, the misleaders. But if such longing in you be *actual,* it seemeth to me nevertheless to be *impossible.*

For fear—that is man's original and fundamental feeling; through fear everything is explained, original sin and original virtue. Through fear there grew also *my* virtue, that is to say: Science.

For fear of wild animals—that hath been longest fostered in man, inclusive of the animal which he concealeth and feareth in himself:—Zarathustra calleth it 'the beast inside.'

Such prolonged ancient fear, at last become subtle, spiritual and intellectual—at present, me thinketh, it is called *Science.*"—

Thus spake the conscientious one; but Zarathustra, who had just come back into his cave and had heard and divined the last discourse, threw a handful of roses to the conscientious one, and laughed on account of his "truths." "Why!" he exclaimed, "what did I hear just now? Verily, it seemeth to me, thou art a fool, or else I myself am one: and quietly and quickly will I put thy 'truth' upside down.

For *fear*—is an exception with us. Courage, however, and adventure, and delight in the uncertain, in the unattempted—*courage* seemeth to me the entire primitive history of man.

The wildest and most courageous animals hath he envied and robbed of all their virtues: thus only did he become—man.

This courage, at last become subtle, spiritual and intellectual, this human courage, with eagle's pinions and serpent's wisdom: *this,* it seemeth to me, is called at present—"

"Zarathustra!" cried all of them there assembled, as if with one voice, and burst out at the same time into a great laughter; there arose, however, from them as it were a heavy cloud. Even the magician laughed, and said wisely: "Well! It is gone, mine evil spirit!

And did I not myself warn you against it when I said that it was a deceiver, a lying and deceiving spirit?

Especially when it showeth itself naked. But what can *I* do with regard to its tricks! Have *I* created it and the world?

Well! Let us be good again, and of good cheer! And although Zarathustra looketh with evil eye—just see him! he disliketh me—:

—Ere night cometh will he again learn to love and laud me; he cannot live long without committing such follies.

He—loveth his enemies: this art knoweth he better than any one I have seen. But he taketh revenge for it—on his friends!"

Thus spake the old magician, and the higher men applauded him; so that Zarathustra went round, and mischievously and lovingly shook hands with his friends,—like one who hath to make amends and apologise to every one for something. When however he had thereby come to the door of his cave, lo, then had he again a longing for the good air outside, and for his animals,—and wished to steal out.

67. *Among Daughters of the Desert*

1

"GO NOT away!" said then the wanderer who called himself Zarathustra's shadow, "abide with us—otherwise the old gloomy affliction might again fall upon us.

Now hath that old magician given us of his worst for our good, and lo! the good, pious pope there hath tears in his eyes, and hath quite embarked again upon the sea of melancholy.

Those kings may well put on a good air before us still: for that have *they* learned best of us all at present! Had they however no one to see them, I wager that with them also the bad game would again commence,—

—The bad game of drifting clouds, of damp melancholy, of curtained heavens, of stolen suns, of howling autumn-winds,

—The bad game of our howling and crying for help! Abide with us, O Zarathustra! Here there is much concealed misery that wisheth to speak, much evening, much cloud, much damp air!

Thou hast nourished us with strong food for men, and powerful proverbs: do not let the weakly, womanly spirits attack us anew at dessert!

Thou alone makest the air around thee strong and clear. Did I ever find anywhere on earth such good air as with thee in thy cave?

Many lands have I seen, my nose hath learned to test and estimate many kinds of air: but with thee do my nostrils taste their greatest delight!

Unless it be,—unless it be—, do forgive an old recollection! Forgive me an old after-dinner song, which I once composed amongst daughters of the desert:—

For with them was there equally good, clear, Oriental air; there was I furthest from cloudy, damp, melancholy Old-Europe!

Then did I love such Oriental maidens and other blue kingdoms of heaven, over which hang no clouds and no thoughts.

Ye would not believe how charmingly they sat there, when they did not dance, profound, but without thoughts, like little secrets, like beribboned riddles, like dessert-nuts—

Many-hued and foreign, forsooth! but without clouds: riddles which can be guessed: to please such maidens I then composed an after-dinner psalm."

Thus spake the wanderer who called himself Zarathustra's shadow; and before any one answered him, he had seized the harp of the old magician, crossed his legs, and looked calmly and sagely around him:—with his nostrils, however, he inhaled the air slowly and questioningly, like one who in new countries tasteth new foreign air. Afterward he began to sing with a kind of roaring.

2

The deserts grow: woe him who doth them hide!
—Ha!
Solemnly!
In effect solemnly!
A worthy beginning!
Afric manner, solemnly!
Of a lion worthy,
Or perhaps of a virtuous howl-monkey—
—But it's naught to you,
Ye friendly damsels dearly loved,
At whose own feet to me,
The first occasion,
To a European under palm-trees,
At seat is now granted. Selah.

Wonderful, truly!
Here do I sit now,
The desert nigh, and yet I am
So far still from the desert,
Even in naught yet deserted:
That is, I'm swallowed down
By this the smallest oasis—:
—It opened up just yawning,
Its loveliest mouth agape,
Most sweet-odoured of all mouthlets:
Then fell I right in,
Right down, right through—in 'mong you,
Ye friendly damsels dearly loved! Selah.

Hail! hail! to that whale, fishlike,
If it thus for its guest's convenience
Made things nice!—(ye well know,
Surely, my learned allusion?)
Hail to its belly,
If it had e'er
A such loveliest oasis-belly
As this is: though however I doubt about it,
—With this come I out of Old-Europe,
That doubt'th more eagerly than doth any
Elderly married woman.
May the Lord improve it!
Amen!

Here do I sit now,
In this the smallest oasis,
Like a date indeed,
Brown, quite sweet, gold-suppurating,
For rounded mouth of maiden longing,
But yet still more for youthful, maidlike,
Ice-cold and snow-white and incisory
Front teeth: and for such assuredly,
Pine the hearts all of ardent date-fruits. Selah.

To the there-named south-fruits now,
Similar, all-too-similar,
Do I lie here; by little
Flying insects
Round-sniffled and round-played.
And also by yet littler,
Foolisher, and peccabler
Wishes and phantasies,—

Environed by you,
Ye silent, presentientest
Maiden-kittens,
Dudu and Suleika,
—*Roundsphinxed,* that into one word
I may crowd much feeling:
(Forgive me, O God,
All such speech-sinning!)
—Sit I here the best of air sniffling,
Paradisal air, truly,
Bright and buoyant air, golden-mottled,
As goodly air as ever
From lunar orb downfell!—
Be it by hazard,
Or supervened it by arrogancy?
As the ancient poets relate it.
But doubter, I'm now calling it
In question: with this do I come indeed
Out of Europe,
That doubt'th more eagerly than doth any
Elderly married woman.
May the Lord improve it!
Amen.

This the finest air drinking,
With nostrils out-swelled like goblets,
Lacking future, lacking remembrances,
Thus do I sit here, ye
Friendly damsels dearly loved,
And look at the palm-tree there,
How it, to a dance-girl, like,

Doth bow and bend and on its haunches bob,
—One doth it too, when one view'th it long!—
To a dance-girl like, who as it seem'th to me,
Too long, and dangerously persistent,
Always, always, just on *single* leg hath stood?
—Then forgot she thereby, as it seem'th to me,
The *other* leg?
For vainly I, at least,
Did search for the amissing
Fellow-jewel
—Namely, the other leg—
In the sanctified precincts,
Nigh her very dearest, very tenderest,
Flapping and fluttering and flickering skirting.
Yea, if ye should, ye beauteous friendly ones,
Quite take my word:
She hath, alas! *lost* it!
Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu!
It is away!
For ever away!
The other leg!
Oh, pity for that loveliest other leg!
Where may it now tarry, all-forsaken weeping?
The lonesomest leg?
In fear perhaps before a
Furious, yellow, blond and curled
Leonine monster? Or perhaps even
Gnawed away, nibbled badly—
Most wretched, woeful! woeful! nibbled badly! Selah.

Oh, weep ye not,
Gentle spirits!

Weep ye not, ye
Date-fruit spirits! Milk-bosoms!
Ye sweetwood-heart
Purselets!
Weep ye no more,
Pallid Dudu!
Be a man, Suleika! Bold! Bold!
—Or else should there perhaps
Something strengthening, heart-strengthening,
Here most proper be?
Some inspiring text?
Some solemn exhortation?—
Ha! Up now! honour!
Moral honour! European honour!
Blow again, continue,
Bellows-box of virtue!
Ha!
Once more thy roaring,
Thy moral roaring!
As a virtuous lion
Nigh the daughters of deserts roaring!
—For virtue's out-howl,
Ye very dearest maidens,
Is more than every
European fervour, European hot-hunger!
And now do I stand here,
As European,
I can't be different, God's help to me!
Amen!

The deserts grow: woe him who doth them hide!

77. *The Awakening*

1

After the song of the wanderer and shadow, the cave became all at once full of noise and laughter: and since the assembled guests all spake simultaneously, and even the ass, encouraged thereby, no longer remained silent, a little aversion and scorn for his visitors came over Zarathustra, although he rejoiced at their gladness. For it seemed to him a sign of convalescence. So he slipped out into the open air and spake to his animals.

"Whither hath their distress now gone?" said he, and already did he himself feel relieved of his petty disgust—"with me, it seemeth that they have unlearned their cries of distress!

—Though, alas! not yet their crying." And Zarathustra stopped his ears, for just then did the Ye-a of the ass mix strangely with the noisy jubilation of those higher men.

"They are merry," he began again, "and who knoweth? perhaps at their host's expense; and if they have learned of me to laugh, still it is not *my* laughter they have learned.

But what matter about that! They are old people: they recover in their own way, they laugh in their own way; mine ears have already endured worse and have not become peevish.

This day is a victory: he already yieldeth, he fleeth, *the spirit of gravity,* mine old arch-enemy! How well this day is about to end, which began so badly and gloomily!

And it is *about to* end. Already cometh the evening: over the sea rideth it hither, the good rider! How it bobbeth, the blessed one, the home-returning one, in its purple saddles!

The sky gazeth brightly thereon, the world lieth deep. Oh, all ye strange ones who have come to me, it is already worth while to have lived with me!"

Thus spake Zarathustra. And again came the cries and laughter of the higher men out of the cave: then began he anew:

"They bite at it, my bait taketh, there departeth also from them their enemy, the spirit of gravity. Now do they learn to laugh at themselves: do I hear rightly?

My virile food taketh effect, my strong and savoury sayings: and verily, I did not nourish them with flatulent vegetables! But with warrior-food, with conqueror-food: new desires did I awaken.

New hopes are in their arms and legs, their hearts expand. They find new words, soon will their spirits breathe wantonness.

Such food may sure enough not be proper for children, nor even for longing girls old and young. One persuadeth their bowels otherwise; I am not their physician and teacher.

The *disgust* departeth from these higher men; well! that is my victory. In my domain they become assured; all stupid shame fleeth away; they empty themselves.

They empty their hearts, good times return unto them, they keep holiday and ruminate,—they become *thankful*.

That do I take as the best sign: they become thankful. Not long will it be ere they devise festivals, and put up memorials to their old joys.

They are *convalescents!*" Thus spake Zarathustra joyfully to his heart and gazed outward; his animals, however, pressed up to him, and honoured his happiness and his silence.

2

All on a sudden however, Zarathustra's ear was frightened: for the cave which had hitherto been full of noise and laughter, became all at once still as death;—his nose, however, smelt a sweet-scented vapour and incense-odour, as if from burning pine-cones.

"What happeneth? What are they about?" he asked himself, and stole up to the entrance, that he might be able unobserved to see his guests. But wonder upon wonder! what was he then obliged to behold with his own eyes!

"They have all of them become *pious* again, they *pray,* they are mad!"—said he, and was astonished beyond measure. And forsooth! all these higher men, the two kings, the pope out of service, the evil magician, the voluntary beggar, the wanderer and shadow, the old soothsayer, the spiritually conscientious one, and the ugliest man—they all lay on their knees like children and credulous old women, and worshipped the ass. And just then began the ugliest man to gurgle and snort, as if something unutterable in him tried to find expression; when, however, he had actually found words, behold! it was a pious strange litany in praise of the adored and censed ass. And the litany sounded thus:

Amen! And glory and honour and wisdom and thanks and praise and strength be to our God, from everlasting to everlasting!

—The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

He carried our burdens, he hath taken upon him the form of a servant, he is patient of heart and never saith Nay; and he who loveth his God chastiseth him.

—The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

He speaketh not: except that he ever saith Yea to the world which he created: thus doth he extol his world. It is his artfulness that speaketh not: thus is he rarely found wrong.

—The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

Uncomely goeth he through the world. Grey is the favourite colour in which he wrappeth his virtue. Hath he spirit, then doth he conceal it; every one, however, believeth in his long ears.

—The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

What hidden wisdom it is to wear long ears, and only to say Yea and never Nay! Hath he not created the world in his own image, namely, as stupid as possible?

—The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

Thou goest straight and crooked ways; it concerneth thee little what seemeth straight or crooked unto us men. Beyond good and evil is thy domain. It is thine innocence not to know what innocence is.

—The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

Lo! how thou spurnest none from thee, neither beggars nor kings. Thou sufferest little children to come unto thee, and when the bad boys decoy thee, then sayest thou simply, YE-A.

—The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

Thou lovest she-asses and fresh figs, thou art no food-despiser. A thistle tickleth thy heart when thou chancest to be hungry. There is the wisdom of a God therein.

—The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

78. *The Ass-Festival*

1

AT THIS place in the litany, however, Zarathustra could no longer control himself; he himself cried out YE-A, louder even than the ass, and sprang into the midst of his maddened guests. "Whatever are you about, ye grown-up children?' he exclaimed, pulling up the praying ones from the ground. "Alas, if any one else, except Zarathustra, had seen you:

Every one would think you the worst blasphemers, or the very foolishest old women, with your new belief!

And thou thyself, thou old pope, how is it in accordance with thee, to adore an ass in such a manner as God?"—

"O Zarathustra," answered the pope, "forgive me, but in divine matters I am more enlightened even than thou. And it is right that it should be so.

Better to adore God so, in this form, than in no form at all! Think over this saying, mine exalted friend: thou wilt readily divine that in such a saying there is wisdom.

He who said 'God is a Spirit'—made the greatest stride and slide hitherto made on earth towards unbelief: such a dictum is not easily amended again on earth!

Mine old heart leapeth and boundeth because there is still something to adore on earth. Forgive it, O Zarathustra, to an old, pious pontiff-heart!—"

—"And thou," said Zarathustra to the wanderer and shadow, "thou callest and thinkest thyself a free spirit? And thou here practisest such idolatry and hierolatry?

Worse verily, doest thou here than with thy bad brown girls, thou bad, new believer!"

"It is sad enough," answered the wanderer and shadow, "thou art right: but how can I help it! The old God liveth again, O Zarathustra, thou mayst say what thou wilt.

The ugliest man is to blame for it all: he hath reawakened him. And if he say that he once killed him, with Gods *death* is always just a prejudice."

—"And thou," said Zarathustra, "thou bad old magician, what didst thou do! Who ought to believe any longer in thee in this free age, when *thou* believest in such divine donkeyism?

It was a stupid thing that thou didst; how couldst thou, a shrewd man, do such a stupid thing!"

"O Zarathustra," answered the shrewd magician, "thou art right, it was a stupid thing,—it was also repugnant to me."

—"And thou even," said Zarathustra to the spiritually conscientious one, "consider, and put thy finger to thy nose! Doth nothing go against thy conscience here? Is thy spirit not too cleanly for this praying and the fumes of those devotees?"

"There is something therein," said the spiritually conscientious one, and put his finger to his nose, "there is something in this spectacle which even doeth good to my conscience.

Perhaps I dare not believe in God: certain it is however, that God seemeth to me most worthy of belief in this form.

God is said to be eternal, according to the testimony of the most pious: he who hath so much time taketh his time. As slow and as stupid as possible: *thereby* can such a one nevertheless go very far.

And he who hath too much spirit might well become infatuated with stupidity and folly. Think of thyself, O Zarathustra!

Thou thyself—verily! even thou couldst well become an ass through superabundance of wisdom.

Doth not the true sage willingly walk on the crookedest paths? The evidence teacheth it, O Zarathustra,—*thine own* evidence!"

—"And thou thyself, finally," said Zarathustra, and turned towards the ugliest man, who still lay on the ground stretching up his arm to the ass (for he gave it wine to drink). "Say, thou nondescript, what hast thou been about!

Thou seemest to me transformed, thine eyes glow, the mantle of the sublime covereth thine ugliness: *what* didst thou do?

Is it then true what they say, that thou hast again awakened him? And why? Was he not for good reasons killed and made away with?

Thou thyself seemest to me awakened: what didst thou do? why didst *thou* turn round? Why didst *thou* get converted? Speak, thou nondescript!"

"O Zarathustra," answered the ugliest man, "thou art a rogue!

Whether *he* yet liveth, or again liveth, or is thoroughly dead —which of us both knoweth that best? I ask thee.

One thing however do I know,—from thyself did I learn it once, O Zarathustra: he who wanteth to kill most thoroughly, *laugheth.*

'Not by wrath but by laughter doth one kill'—thus spakest thou once, O Zarathustra, thou hidden one, thou destroyer without wrath, thou dangerous saint,—thou art a rogue!"

2

Then, however, did it come to pass that Zarathustra, astonished at such merely roguish answers, jumped back to the door of his cave, and turning towards all his guests, cried out with a strong voice:

"O ye wags, all of you, ye buffoons! Why do ye dissemble and disguise yourselves before me!

How the hearts of all of you convulsed with delight and wickedness, because ye had at last become again like little children—namely, pious,—

—Because ye at last did again as children do—namely, prayed, folded your hands and said 'good God'!

But now leave, I pray you, *this* nursery, mine own cave, where today all childishness is carried on. Cool down, here outside, your hot child-wantonness and heart-tumult!

To be sure: except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into *that* kingdom of heaven." (And Zarathustra pointed aloft with his hands.)

"But we do not at all want to enter into the kingdom of heaven: we have become men,—*so we want the kingdom of earth.*"

3

And once more began Zarathustra to speak. "O my new friends," said he,—"ye strange ones, ye higher men, how well do ye now please me,—

—Since ye have again become joyful! Ye have, verily, all blossomed forth: it seemeth to me that for such flowers as you, *new festivals* are required.

—A little valiant nonsense, some divine service and ass festival, some old joyful Zarathustra fool, some blusterer to blow your souls bright.

Forget not this night and this ass-festival, ye higher men! *That* did ye devise when with me, that do I take as a good omen,—such things only the convalescents devise!

And should ye celebrate it again, this ass-festival, do it from love to yourselves, do it also from love to me! And in remembrance of *me!*"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

79. The Drunken Song

1

MEANWHILE one after another had gone out into the open air, and into the cool, thoughtful night; Zarathustra himself, however, led the ugliest man by the hand, that he might show him his night-world, and the great round moon, and the silvery water-falls near his cave. There they at last stood still beside one another; all of them old people, but with comforted, brave hearts, and astonished in themselves that it was so well with them on earth; the mystery of the night, however, came nigher and nigher to their hearts. And anew Zarathustra thought to himself: "Oh, how well do they now please me, these higher men!"—but he did not say it aloud, for he respected their happiness and their silence.—

Then, however, there happened that which in this astonishing long day was most astonishing: the ugliest man began once more and for the last time to gurgle and snort, and when he had at length found expression, behold! there sprang a question plump and plain out of his mouth, a good, deep, clear question, which moved the hearts of all who listened to him.

"My friends, all of you," said the ugliest man, "what think ye? For the sake of this day—*I* am for the first time content to have lived mine entire life.

And that I testify so much is still not enough for me. It is worth while living on the earth: one day, one festival with Zarathustra, hath taught me to love the earth.

'Was *that*—life?' will I say unto death. 'Well! Once more!'

My friends, what think ye? Will ye not, like me, say unto death: 'Was *that*—life? For the sake of Zarathustra, well! Once more!' "— —

Thus spake the ugliest man; it was not, however, far from midnight. And what took place then, think ye? As soon as the higher men heard his question, they became all at once conscious of their transformation and convalescence, and of him who was the cause thereof: then did they rush up to Zarathustra, thanking, honouring, caressing him, and kissing his hands, each in his own peculiar way; so that some laughed and some wept. The old soothsayer, however, danced with delight; and though he was then, as some narrators suppose, full of sweet wine, he was certainly still fuller of sweet life, and had renounced all weariness. There are even those who narrate that the ass then danced: for not in vain had the ugliest man previously given it wine to drink. That may be the case, or it may be otherwise; and if in truth the ass did not dance that evening, there nevertheless happened then greater and rarer wonders than the dancing of an ass would have been. In short, as the proverb of Zarathustra saith: "What doth it matter!"

2

When, however, this took place with the ugliest man, Zarathustra stood there like one drunken: his glance dulled, his tongue faltered and his feet staggered. And who could divine what thoughts then passed through Zarathustra's soul? Apparently, however, his spirit retreated and fled in advance and was in remote distances, and as it were "wandering on high mountain-ridges," as it standeth written, " 'twixt two seas,

—Wandering 'twixt the past and the future as a heavy cloud." Gradually, however, while the higher men held him in their arms, he came back to himself a little, and resisted with his hands the crowd of the honouring and caring ones; but he did not speak. All at once, however, he turned his head quickly, for he seemed to hear something: then laid he his finger on his mouth and said: *"Come!"*

And immediately it became still and mysterious round about; from the depth however there came up slowly the sound of a clock-bell. Zarathustra listened thereto, like the higher men; then, however, laid he his finger on his mouth the second time, and said again: *"Come! Come! It is getting on to midnight!"*—and his voice had changed. But still he had not moved from the spot. Then it became yet stiller and more mysterious, and everything hearkened, even the ass, and Zarathustra's noble animals, the eagle and the serpent,—likewise the cave of Zarathustra and the big cool moon, and the night itself. Zarathustra, however, laid his hand upon his mouth for the third time, and said:

Come! Come! Come! Let us now wander! It is the hour: let us wander into the night!

3

Ye higher men, it is getting on to midnight: then will I say something into your ears, as that old clock-bell saith it into mine ear,—

—As mysteriously, as frightfully, and as cordially as that midnight clock-bell speaketh it to me, which hath experienced more than one man:

—Which hath already counted the smarting throbbings of your fathers' hearts—ah! ah! how it sigheth! how it laugheth in its dream! the old, deep, deep midnight!

Hush! Hush! Then is there many a thing heard which may not be heard by day; now however, in the cool air, when even all the tumult of your hearts hath become still,—

—Now doth it speak, now is it heard, now doth it steal into overwakeful, nocturnal souls: ah! ah! how the midnight sigheth! how it laugheth in its dream!

—Hearest thou not how it mysteriously, frightfully, and cordially speaketh unto *thee*, the old deep, deep midnight? *O man, take heed!*

4

Woe to me! Whither hath time gone? Have I not sunk into deep wells? The world sleepeth—

Ah! Ah! The dog howleth, the moon shineth. Rather will I die, rather will I die, than say unto you what my midnight-heart now thinketh.

Already have I died. It is all over. Spider, why spinnest thou around me? Wilt thou have blood? Ah! Ah! The dew falleth, the hour cometh—

—The hour in which I frost and freeze, which asketh and asketh and asketh: "Who hath sufficient courage for it?

—Who is to be master of the world? Who is going to say: *Thus* shall ye flow, ye great and small streams!"

—The hour approacheth: O man, thou higher man, take heed! this talk is for fine ears, for thine ears—*what saith deep midnight's voice indeed?*

5

It carrieth me away, my soul danceth. Day's-work! Day's-work! Who is to be master of the world?

The moon is cool, the wind is still. Ah! Ah! Have ye already flown high enough? Ye have danced: a leg, nevertheless, is not a wing.

Ye good dancers, now is all delight over: wine hath become lees, every cup hath become brittle, the sepulchres mutter.

Ye have not flown high enough: now do the sepulchres mutter: "Free the dead! Why is it so long night? Doth not the moon make us drunken?"

Ye higher men, free the sepulchres, awaken the corpses! Ah, why doth the worm still burrow? There approacheth, there approacheth, the hour,—

—There boometh the clock-bell, there thrilleth still the heart, there burroweth still the wood-worm, the heart-worm. Ah! Ah! *The world is deep!*

6

Sweet lyre! Sweet lyre! I love thy tone, thy drunken, ranunculine tone!—how long, how far hath come unto me thy tone from the distance, from the ponds of love!

Thou old clock-bell, thou sweet lyre! Every pain hath torn thy heart, father-pain, fathers'-pain, forefathers'-pain; thy speech hath become ripe,—

—Ripe like the golden autumn and the afternoon, like mine anchorite heart—now sayest thou: The world itself hath become ripe, the grape turneth brown,

—Now doth it wish to die, to die of happiness. Ye higher men, do ye not feel it? There welleth up mysteriously an odour,

—A perfume and odour of eternity, a rosy-blessed, brown, gold-wine-odour of old happiness.

—Of drunken midnight-death happiness, which singeth: the world is deep, *and deeper than the day could read!*

7

Leave me alone! Leave me alone! I am too pure for thee. Touch me not! Hath not my world just now become perfect?

My skin is too pure for thy hands. Leave me alone, thou dull, doltish, stupid day! Is not the midnight brighter?

The purest are to be masters of the world, the least known, the strongest, the midnight-souls, who are brighter and deeper than any day.

O day, thou gropest for me? Thou feelest for my happiness? For thee am I rich, lonesome, a treasure-pit, a gold chamber?

O world, thou wantest *me?* Am I worldly for thee? Am I spiritual for thee? Am I divine for thee? But day and world, ye are too coarse,—

—Have cleverer hands, grasp after deeper happiness, after deeper unhappiness, grasp after some God; grasp not after me:

—Mine unhappiness, my happiness is deep, thou strange day, but yet am I no God, no God's-hell: *deep is its woe.*

8

God's woe is deeper, thou strange world! Grasp at God's woe, not at me! What am I! A drunken sweet lyre,—

—A midnight-lyre, a bell-frog, which no one understandeth, but which *must* speak before deaf ones, ye higher men! For ye do not understand me!

Gone! Gone! O youth! O noontide! O afternoon! Now have come evening and night and midnight,—the dog howleth, the wind:

—Is the wind not a dog? It whineth, it barketh, it howleth. Ah! Ah! how she sigheth! how she laugheth, how she wheezeth and panteth, the midnight!

How she just now speaketh soberly, this drunken poetess! hath she perhaps overdrunk her drunkenness? hath she become overawake? doth she ruminate?

—Her woe doth she ruminate over, in a dream, the old, deep midnight—and still more her joy. For joy, although woe be deep, *joy is deeper still than grief can be.*

9

Thou grape-vine! Why dost thou praise me? Have I not cut thee! I am cruel, thou bleedest—: what meaneth thy praise of my drunken cruelty?

"Whatever hath become perfect, everything mature—wanteth to die!" so sayest thou. Blessed, blessed be the vintner's knife! But everything immature wanteth to live: alas!

Woe saith: "Hence! Go! Away, thou woe!" But everything that suffereth wanteth to live, that it may become mature and lively and longing.

—Longing for the further, the higher, the brighter. "I want heirs," so saith everything that suffereth, "I want children, I do not want *myself,"*—

Joy, however, doth not want heirs, it doth not want children,—joy wanteth itself, it wanteth eternity, it wanteth recurrence, it wanteth everything eternally-like-itself.

Woe saith: "Break, bleed, thou heart! Wander, thou leg! Thou wing, fly! Onward! upward! thou pain!" Well! Cheer up! O mine old heart: *Woe saith: "Hence! Go!"*

10

Ye higher men, what think ye? Am I a soothsayer? Or a dreamer? Or a drunkard? Or a dream-reader? Or a midnight-bell?

Or a drop of dew? Or a fume and fragrance of eternity? Hear ye it not? Smell ye it not? Just now hath my world become perfect, midnight is also mid-day,—

Pain is also a joy, curse is also a blessing, night is also a sun,—go away! or ye will learn that a sage is also a fool.

Said ye ever Yea to one joy? O my friends, then said ye Yea also unto *all* woe. All things are enlinked, enlaced and enamoured,—

—Wanted ye ever once to come twice; said ye ever: "Thou pleasest me, happiness! Instant! Moment!" then wanted ye *all* to come back again!

—All anew, all eternal, all enlinked, enlaced and enamoured, Oh, then did ye *love* the world,—

—Ye eternal ones, ye love it eternally and for all time: and also unto woe do ye say: Hence! Go! but come back! *For joys all want—eternity!*

11

All joy wanteth the eternity of all things, it wanteth honey, it wanteth lees, it wanteth drunken midnight, it wanteth graves, it wanteth grave-tears' consolation, it wanteth gilded evening-red—

—*What* doth not joy want! it is thirstier, heartier, hungrier, more frightful, more mysterious, than all woe: it wanteth *itself,* it biteth into *itself,* the ring's will writheth in it,—

—It wanteth love, it wanteth hate, it is over-rich, it bestoweth, it throweth away, it beggeth for some one to take from it, it thanketh the taker, it would fain be hated,—

—So rich is joy that it thirsteth for woe, for hell, for hate, for shame, for the lame, for the *world,*—for this world, Oh, ye know it indeed!

Ye higher men, for you doth it long, this joy, this irrepressible, blessed joy—for your woe, ye failures! For failures, longeth all eternal joy.

For joys all want themselves, therefore do they also want grief! O happiness, O pain! Oh break, thou heart! Ye higher men, do learn it, that joys want eternity.

—Joys want the eternity of *all* things, they *want deep, profound eternity!*

12

Have ye now learned my song? Have ye divined what it would say? Well! Cheer up! Ye higher men, sing now my roundelay!

Sing now yourselves the song, the name of which is "Once more," the signification of which is "Unto all eternity!"—sing, ye higher men, Zarathustra's roundelay!

O man! Take heed!
What saith deep midnight's voice indeed?
"I slept my sleep—,
"From deepest dream I've woke, and plead:
"The world is deep,
"And deeper than the day could read.
"Deep is its woe—,
"Joy—deeper still than grief can be:
"Woe saith: Hence! Go!
"But joys all want eternity—,
"—Want deep, profound eternity!"

80. *The Sign*

In the morning, however, after this night, Zarathustra jumped up from his couch, and, having girded his loins, he came out of his cave glowing and strong, like a morning sun coming out of gloomy mountains.

"Thou great star," spake he, as he had spoken once before, "thou deep eye of happiness, what would be all thy happiness if thou hadst not *those* for whom thou shinest!

And if they remained in their chambers whilst thou art already awake, and comest and bestowest and distributest, how would thy proud modesty upbraid for it!

Well! they still sleep, these higher men, whilst *I* am awake: *they* are not my proper companions! Not for them do I wait here in my mountains.

my work I want to be, at my day: but they understand not what are the signs of my morning, my step—is not for them the awakening-call.

They still sleep in my cave; their dream still drinketh at my drunken songs. The audient ear for *me*—the *obedient* ear, is yet lacking in their limbs."

—This had Zarathustra spoken to his heart when the sun arose: then looked he inquiringly aloft, for he heard above him the sharp call of his eagle. "Well!" called he upwards, "thus is it pleasing and proper to me. Mine animals are awake, for I am awake.

Mine eagle is awake, and like me honoureth the sun. With eagle-talons doth it grasp at the new light. Ye are my proper animals; I love you.

But still do I lack my proper men!"—

Thus spake Zarathustra; then, however, it happened that all on a sudden he became aware that he was flocked around and fluttered around, as if by innumerable birds,—the whizzing of so many wings, however, and the crowding around his head was so great that he shut his eyes. And verily, there came down upon him as it were a cloud, like a cloud of arrows which poureth upon a new enemy. But behold, here it was a cloud of love, and showered upon a new friend.

"What happeneth unto me?" thought Zarathustra in his astonished heart, and slowly seated himself on the big stone which lay close to the exit from his cave. But while he grasped about with his hands, around him, above him and below him, and repelled the tender birds, behold, there then happened to him something still stranger: for he grasped thereby unawares into a mass of thick, warm, shaggy hair; at the same time, however, there sounded before him a roar,—a long, soft lion-roar.

"The sign cometh," said Zarathustra, and a change came

over his heart. And in truth, when it turned clear before him, there lay a yellow, powerful animal at his feet, resting its head on his knee,—unwilling to leave him out of love, and doing like a dog which again findeth its old master. The doves, however, were no less eager with their love than the lion; and whenever a dove whisked over its nose, the lion shook its head and wondered and laughed.

When all this went on Zarathustra spake only a word: *"My children are nigh, my children"*—, then he became quite mute. His heart, however, was loosed, and from his eyes there dropped down tears and fell upon his hands. And he took no further notice of anything, but sat there motionless, without repelling the animals further. Then flew the doves to and fro, and perched on his shoulder, and caressed his white hair, and did not tire of their tenderness and joyousness. The strong lion, however, licked always the tears that fell on Zarathustra's hands, and roared and growled shyly. Thus did these animals do.—

All this went on for a long time, or a short time: for properly speaking, there is *no* time on earth for such things—. Meanwhile, however, the higher men had awakened in Zarathustra's cave, and marshalled themselves for a procession to go to meet Zarathustra, and give him their morning greeting: for they had found when they awakened that he no longer tarried with them. When, however, they reached the door of the cave and the noise of their steps had preceded them, the lion started violently; it turned away all at once from Zarathustra, and roaring wildly, sprang towards the cave. The higher men, however, when they heard the lion roaring, cried all aloud as with one voice, fled back and vanished in an instant.

Zarathustra himself, however, stunned and strange, rose from his seat, looked around him, stood there astonished, inquired of his heart, bethought himself, and remained alone. "What did I hear?" said he at last, slowly, "what happened unto me just now?"

But soon there came to him his recollection, and he took in at a glance all that had taken place between yesterday and today. "Here is indeed the stone," said he, and stroked his beard, "on *it* sat I yester-morn; and here came the soothsayer unto me, and here heard I first the cry which I heard just now, the great cry of distress.

O ye higher men, *your* distress was it that the old soothsayer foretold to me yester-morn,—

—Unto your distress did he want to seduce and tempt me: 'O Zarathustra,' said he to me, 'I come to seduce thee to thy last sin.'

To my last sin?" cried Zarathustra, and laughed angrily at his own words: "*what* hath been reserved for me as my last sin?"

—And once more Zarathustra became absorbed in himself, and sat down again on the big stone and meditated. Suddenly he sprang up,—

"*Fellow-suffering! Fellow-suffering with the higher men!*" he cried out, and his countenance changed into brass. "Well! *That*—hath had its time!

My suffering and my fellow-suffering—what matter about them! Do I then strive after *happiness?* I strive after my *work!*

Well! The lion hath come, my children are nigh, Zarathustra hath grown ripe, mine hour hath come:—

This is *my* morning, *my* day beginneth: *arise now, arise, thou great noontide!*"— —

Thus spake Zarathustra and left his cave, glowing and strong, like a morning sun coming out of gloomy mountains.

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THE GENEALOGY OF MORALS

PEOPLES AND COUNTRIES

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

THE GENEALOGY OF MORALS

A POLEMIC

TRANSLATED BY

HORACE B. SAMUEL, M.A.

PEOPLES AND COUNTRIES

(*FRAGMENT*)

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

IN 1887, with the view of amplifying and completing certain new doctrines which he had merely sketched in *Beyond Good and Evil* (see especially aphorism 260), Nietzsche published *The Genealogy of Morals.* This work is perhaps the least aphoristic, in form, of all Nietzsche's productions. For analytical power, more especially in those parts where Nietzsche examines the ascetic ideal, *The Genealogy of Morals* is unequalled by any other of his works; and, in the light which it throws upon the attitude of the ecclesiast to the man of resentment and misfortune, it is one of the most valuable contributions to sacerdotal psychology

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PREFACE.

I.

WE are unknown, we knowers, ourselves to ourselves: this has its own good reason. We have never searched for ourselves—how should it then come to pass, that we should ever *find* ourselves? Rightly has it been said: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." *Our* treasure is there, where stand the hives of our knowledge. It is to those hives that we are always striving; as born creatures of flight, and as the honey-gatherers of the spirit, we care really in our hearts only for one thing—to bring something "home to the hive!"

As far as the rest of life with its so-called "experiences" is concerned, which of us has even sufficient serious interest? or sufficient time? In our dealings with such points of life, we are, I fear, never properly to the point; to be precise, our heart is not there, and certainly not our ear. Rather like one who, delighting in a divine distraction, or sunken in the seas of his own soul, in whose ear the clock has just thundered with all its force its twelve strokes of noon, suddenly wakes up, and asks himself, "What has in point of fact just struck?" so do we at times rub afterwards, as it were, our puzzled ears, and ask in complete astonishment and complete embarrassment, "Through what have we in point of fact just lived?" further, "Who are we in point of fact?" and count, *after they have struck*, as I have explained, all the twelve throbbing beats of the clock of our experience, of our life, of our being—ah!—and count wrong in the endeavour. Of necessity we remain strangers to ourselves, we understand ourselves not, in ourselves we are bound to be mistaken, for of us holds good to all eternity the motto, "Each one is the farthest away from himself"—as far as ourselves are concerned we are not "knowers."

2.

My thoughts concerning the *genealogy* of our moral prejudices—for they constitute the issue in this polemic—have their first, bald, and provisional expression in that collection of aphorisms entitled *Human, all-too-Human, a Book for Free Minds*, the writing of which was begun in Sorrento, during a winter which allowed me to gaze over the broad and dangerous territory through which my mind had up to that time wandered. This took place in the winter of 1876–77; the thoughts themselves are older.

They were in their substance already the same thoughts which I take up again in the following treatises:—we hope that they have derived benefit from the long interval, that they have grown riper, clearer, stronger, more complete. The fact, however, that I still cling to them even now, that in the meanwhile they have always held faster by each other, have, in fact, grown out of their original shape and into each other, all this strengthens in my mind the joyous confidence that they must have been originally neither separate disconnected capricious nor sporadic phenomena, but have sprung from a common root, from a fundamental "*fiat*" of knowledge, whose empire reached to the soul's depth, and that ever grew more definite in its voice, and more definite in its demands. That is the only state of affairs that is proper in the case of a philosopher.

We have no right to be "*disconnected*"; we must neither err "disconnectedly" nor strike the truth "disconnectedly." Rather with the necessity with which a tree bears its fruit, so do our thoughts, our values, our Yes's and No's and If's and Whether's, grow connected and interrelated, mutual witnesses of *one* will, *one* health, *one* kingdom, *one* sun—as to whether they are to *your* taste, these fruits of ours?—But what matters that to the trees? What matters that to us, us the philosophers?

3.

Owing to a scrupulosity peculiar to myself, which I confess reluctantly,—it concerns indeed *morality*,—a scrupulosity, which manifests itself in my life at such an early period, with so much spontaneity, with so chronic a persistence and so keen an opposition to environment, epoch, precedent, and ancestry that I should have been almost entitled to style it my "*à priori*"—my curiosity and my suspicion felt themselves betimes bound to halt at the question, of what in point of actual fact was the *origin* of our "Good" and of our "Evil." Indeed, at the boyish age of thirteen the problem of the origin of Evil already haunted me: at an age "when games and God divide one's heart," I devoted to that problem my first childish attempt at the literary game, my first philosophic essay—and as regards my infantile solution of the problem, well, I gave quite properly the honour to God, and made him the *father* of evil. Did my own "*à priori*" demand that precise solution from me? that new, immoral, or at least "amoral" "*à priori*" and that "categorical imperative" which was its voice (but oh! how hostile to the Kantian article, and how pregnant with problems!), to which since then I have given more and more attention, and indeed what is more than attention. Fortunately I soon learned to separate theological from moral prejudices, and I gave up looking for a *supernatural* origin of evil. A certain amount of historical and philological education, to say nothing of an innate faculty of psychological discrimination *par excellence* succeeded in transforming almost immediately my original problem into the following one:—Under what conditions did Man invent for himself those judgments of values, "Good" and "Evil"? *And what intrinsic value do they possess in themselves?* Have they up to the present hindered or advanced human well-being? Are they a symptom of the distress, impoverishment, and degeneration of Human Life? Or, conversely, is it in them that is manifested the fulness, the strength, and the will of Life, its courage, its self-confidence, its future? On this point I found and hazarded in my mind the most diverse answers, I established distinctions in periods, peoples, and castes, I became a specialist in my problem, and from my answers grew new questions, new investigations, new conjectures, new probabilities; until at last I had a land of my own and a soil of my own, a whole secret world growing and flowering, like hidden gardens of whose existence no one could have an inkling—oh, how happy are we, we finders of knowledge, provided that we know how to keep silent sufficiently long.

4.

My first impulse to publish some of my hypotheses concerning the origin of morality I owe to a clear, well-written, and even precocious little book, in which a perverse and vicious kind of moral philosophy (your real *English* kind) was definitely presented to me for the first time; and this attracted me—with that magnetic attraction, inherent in that which is diametrically opposed and antithetical to one's own ideas. The title of the book was *The Origin of the Moral Emotions*; its author, Dr. Paul Rée; the year of its appearance, 1877. I may almost say that I have never read anything in which every single dogma and conclusion has called forth from me so emphatic a negation as did that book; albeit a negation untainted by either pique or intolerance. I referred accordingly both in season and out of season in the previous works, at which I was then working, to the arguments of that book, not to refute them—for what have I got to do with mere refutations—but substituting, as is natural to a positive mind, for an improbable theory one which is more probable, and occasionally no doubt for one philosophic error another. In that early period I gave, as I have said, the first public expression to those theories of origin to which these essays are devoted, but with a clumsiness which I was the last to conceal from myself, for I was as yet cramped, being still without a special language for these special subjects, still frequently liable to relapse and to vacillation. To go into details, compare what I say in *Human, all-too-Human*, part i., about the parallel early history of Good and Evil, Aph. 45 (namely, their origin from the castes of the aristocrats and the slaves); similarly, Aph. 136 et seq., concerning the birth and value of ascetic morality; similarly, Aphs. 96, 99, vol. ii., Aph. 89, concerning the Morality of Custom, that far older and more original kind of morality which is *toto cœlo* different from the altruistic ethics (in which Dr. Rée, like all the English moral philosophers, sees the ethical "Thing-in-itself"); finally, Aph. 92. Similarly, Aph. 26 in *Human, all-too-Human*, part ii., and Aph. 112, the *Dawn of Day*, concerning the origin of Justice as a balance between persons of approximately equal power (equilibrium as the hypothesis of all contract, consequently of all law); similarly, concerning the origin of Punishment, *Human, all-too-Human*, part ii., Aphs. 22, 23, in regard to which the deterrent object is neither essential nor original (as Dr. Rée thinks:—rather is it that this object is only imported, under certain definite conditions, and always as something extra and additional).

5.

In reality I had set my heart at that time on something much more important than the nature of the theories of myself or others concerning the origin of morality (or, more precisely, the real function from my view of these theories was to point an end to which they were one among many means). The issue for me was the value of morality, and on that subject I had to place myself in a state of abstraction, in which I was almost alone with my great teacher Schopenhauer, to whom that book, with all its passion and inherent contradiction (for that book also was a polemic), turned for present help as though he were still alive. The issue was, strangely enough, the value of the "unegoistic" instincts, the instincts of pity, self-denial, and self-sacrifice which Schopenhauer had so persistently painted in golden colours, deified and etherealised, that eventually they appeared to him, as it were, high and dry, as "intrinsic values in themselves," on the strength of which he uttered both to Life and to himself his own negation. But against *these very* instincts there voiced itself in my soul a more and more fundamental mistrust, a scepticism that dug ever deeper and deeper: and in this very instinct I saw the *great* danger of mankind, its most sublime temptation and seduction—seduction to what? to nothingness?—in these very instincts I saw the beginning of the end, stability, the exhaustion that gazes backwards, the will turning *against* Life, the last illness announcing itself with its own mincing melancholy: I realised that the morality of pity which spread wider and wider, and whose grip infected even philosophers with its disease, was the most sinister symptom of our modern European civilisation; I realised that it was the route along which that civilisation slid on its way to—a new Buddhism?—a European Buddhism?—*Nihilism?* This exaggerated estimation in which modern philosophers have held pity, is quite a new phenomenon: up to that time philosophers were absolutely unanimous as to the *worthlessness* of pity. I need only mention Plato, Spinoza, La Rochefoucauld, and Kant—four minds as mutually different as is possible, but united on one point; their contempt of pity.

6.

This problem of the value of pity and of the pity-morality (I am an opponent of the modern infamous emasculation of our emotions) seems at the first blush a mere isolated problem, a note of interrogation for itself; he, however, who once halts at this problem, and learns how to put questions, will experience what I experienced:—a new and immense vista unfolds itself before him, a sense of potentiality seizes him like a vertigo, every species of doubt, mistrust, and fear springs up, the belief in morality, nay, in all morality, totters, —finally a new demand voices itself. Let us speak out this *new demand*: we need a *critique* of moral values, *the value of these values* is for the first time to be called into question—and for this purpose a knowledge is necessary of the conditions and circumstances out of which these values grew, and under which they experienced their evolution and their distortion (morality as a result, as a symptom, as a mask, as Tartuffism, as disease, as a misunderstanding; but also morality as a cause, as a remedy, as a stimulant, as a fetter, as a drug), especially as such a knowledge has neither existed up to the present time nor is even now generally desired. The value of these "values" was taken for granted as an indisputable fact, which was beyond all question. No one has, up to the present, exhibited the faintest doubt or hesitation in judging the "good man" to be of a higher value than the "evil man," of a higher value with regard specifically to human progress, utility, and prosperity generally, not forgetting the future. What? Suppose the converse were the truth! What? Suppose there lurked in the "good man" a symptom of retrogression, such as a danger, a temptation, a poison, a *narcotic*, by means of which the present *battened on the future*! More comfortable and less risky perhaps than its opposite, but also pettier, meaner! So that morality would really be saddled with the guilt, if the *maximum potentiality of the power and splendour* of the human species were never to be attained? So that really morality would be the danger of dangers?

7.

Enough, that after this vista had disclosed itself to me, I myself had reason to search for learned, bold, and industrious colleagues (I am doing it even to this very day). It means traversing with new clamorous questions, and at the same time with new eyes, the immense, distant, and completely unexplored land of morality—of a morality which has actually existed and been actually lived! and is this not practically equivalent to first *discovering* that land? If, in this context, I thought, amongst others, of the aforesaid Dr. Rée, I did so because I had no doubt that from the very nature of his questions he would be compelled to have recourse to a truer method, in order to obtain his answers. Have I deceived myself on that score? I wished at all events to give a better direction of vision to an eye of such keenness, and such impartiality. I wished to direct him to the real *history of morality*, and to warn him, while there was yet time, against a world of English theories that culminated *in the blue vacuum of heaven.* Other colours, of course, rise immediately to one's mind as being a hundred times more potent than blue for a genealogy of morals:—for instance, *grey*, by which I mean authentic facts capable of definite proof and having actually existed, or, to put it shortly, the whole of that long hieroglyphic script (which is so hard to decipher) about the past history of human morals. This script was unknown to Dr. Rée; but he had read Darwin:—and so in his philosophy the Darwinian beast and that pink of modernity, the demure weakling and dilettante, who "bites no longer," shake hands politely in a fashion that is at least instructive, the latter exhibiting a certain facial expression of refined and good-humoured indolence, tinged with a touch of pessimism and exhaustion; as if it really did not pay to take all these things—I mean moral problems—so seriously. I, on the other hand, think that there are no subjects which *pay* better for being taken seriously; part of this payment is, that perhaps eventually they admit of being taken *gaily*. This gaiety indeed, or, to use my own language, this *joyful wisdom*, is a payment; a payment for a protracted, brave, laborious, and burrowing seriousness, which, it goes without saying, is the attribute of but a few. But on that day on which we say from the fullness of our hearts, "Forward! our old morality too is fit material *for Comedy*," we shall have discovered a new plot, and a new possibility for the Dionysian drama entitled *The Soul's Fate*—and he will speedily utilise it, one can wager safely, he, the great ancient eternal dramatist of the comedy of our existence.

8.

If this writing be obscure to any individual, and jar on his ears, I do not think that it is necessarily I who am to blame. It is clear enough, on the hypothesis which I presuppose, namely, that the reader has first read my previous writings and has not grudged them a certain amount of trouble: it is not, indeed, a simple matter to get really at their essence. Take, for instance, my *Zarathustra*; I allow no one to pass muster as knowing that book, unless every single word therein has at some time wrought in him a profound wound, and at some time exercised on him a profound enchantment: then and not till then can he enjoy the privilege of participating reverently in the halcyon element, from which that work is born, in its sunny brilliance, its distance, its spaciousness, its certainty. In other cases the aphoristic form produces difficulty, but this is only because this form is treated *too casually*. An aphorism properly coined and cast into its final mould is far from being "deciphered" as soon as it has been read; on the contrary, it is then that it first requires *to be expounded*—of course for that purpose an art of exposition is necessary. The third essay in this book provides an example of what is offered, of what in such cases I call exposition: an aphorism is prefixed to that essay, the essay itself is its commentary. Certainly one *quality* which nowadays has been best forgotten — and that is why it will take some time yet for my writings to become readable—is essential in order to practise reading as an art—a quality for the exercise of which it is necessary to be a cow, and under *no circumstances* a modern man!—*rumination.*

SILS-MARIA, UPPER ENGADINE,
July 1887.

FIRST ESSAY.

"GOOD AND EVIL," "GOOD AND BAD."

1.

THOSE English psychologists, who up to the present are the only philosophers who are to be thanked for any endeavour to get as far as a history of the origin of morality—these men, I say, offer us in their own personalities no paltry problem;—they even have, if I am to be quite frank about it, in their capacity of living riddles, an advantage over their books—*they themselves are interesting!* These English psychologists—what do they really mean? We always find them voluntarily or involuntarily at the same task of pushing to the front the *partie honteuse* of our inner world, and looking for the efficient, governing, and decisive principle in that precise quarter where the intellectual self-respect of the race would be the most reluctant to find it (for example, in the *vis inertiæ* of habit, or in forgetfulness, or in a blind and fortuitous mechanism and association of ideas, or in some factor that is purely passive, reflex, molecular, or fundamentally stupid)—what is the real motive power which always impels these psychologists in precisely *this* direction? Is it an instinct for human disparagement somewhat sinister, vulgar, and malignant, or perhaps incomprehensible even to itself? or perhaps a touch of pessimistic jealousy, the mistrust of disillusioned idealists who have become gloomy, poisoned, and bitter? or a petty subconscious enmity and rancour against Christianity (and Plato), that has conceivably never crossed the threshold of consciousness? or just a vicious taste for those elements of life which are bizarre, painfully paradoxical, mystical, and illogical? or, as a final alternative, a dash of each of these motives—a little vulgarity, a little gloominess, a little anti-Christianity, a little craving for the necessary piquancy?

But I am told that it is simply a case of old frigid and tedious frogs crawling and hopping around men and inside men, as if they were as thoroughly at home there, as they would be in a *swamp*.

I am opposed to this statement, nay, I do not believe it; and if, in the impossibility of knowledge, one is permitted to wish, so do I wish from my heart that just the converse metaphor should apply, and that these analysts with their psychological microscopes should be, at bottom, brave, proud, and magnanimous animals who know how to bridle both their hearts and their smarts, and have specifically trained themselves to sacrifice what is desirable to what is true, *any* truth in fact, even the simple, bitter, ugly, repulsive, unchristian, and immoral truths—for there are truths of that description.

2.

All honour, then, to the noble spirits who would fain dominate these historians of morality. But it is certainly a pity that they lack the *historical* *sense* itself, that they themselves are quite deserted by all the beneficent spirits of history. The whole train of their thought runs, as was always the way of old-fashioned philosophers, on *thoroughly* unhistorical lines: there is no doubt on this point. The crass ineptitude of their genealogy of morals is immediately apparent when the question arises of ascertaining the origin of the idea and judgment of "good." "Man had originally," so speaks their decree, "praised and called 'good' altruistic acts from the standpoint of those on whom they were conferred, that is, those to whom they were *useful*; subsequently the origin of this praise was *forgotten*, and altruistic acts, simply because, as a sheer matter of habit, they were praised as good, came also to be felt as good—as though they contained in themselves some intrinsic goodness." The thing is obvious:—this initial derivation contains already all the typical and idiosyncratic traits of the English psychologists—we have "utility," "forgetting," "habit," and finally "error," the whole assemblage forming the basis of a system of values, on which the higher man has up to the present prided himself as though it were a kind of privilege of man in general. This pride *must* be brought low, this system of values *must* lose its values: is that attained?

Now the first argument that comes ready to my hand is that the real homestead of the concept "good" is sought and located in the wrong place: the judgment "good" did *not* originate among those to whom goodness was shown. Much rather has it been the good themselves, that is, the aristocratic, the powerful, the high-stationed, the high-minded, who have felt that they themselves were good, and that their actions were good, that is to say of the first order, in contradistinction to all the low, the low-minded, the vulgar, and the plebeian. It was out of this pathos of distance that they first arrogated the right to create values for their own profit, and to coin the names of such values: what had they to do with utility? The standpoint of utility is as alien and as inapplicable as it could possibly be, when we have to deal with so volcanic an effervescence of supreme values, creating and demarcating as they do a hierarchy within themselves: it is at this juncture that one arrives at an appreciation of the contrast to that tepid temperature, which is the presupposition on which every combination of worldly wisdom and every calculation of practical expediency is always based—and not for one occasional, not for one exceptional instance, but chronically. The pathos of nobility and distance, as I have said, the chronic and despotic *esprit de corps* and fundamental instinct of a higher dominant race coming into association with a meaner race, an "under race," this is the origin of the antithesis of good and bad.

(The masters' right of giving names goes so far that it is permissible to look upon language itself as the expression of the power of the masters: they say "this *is* that, and that," they seal finally every object and every event with a sound, and thereby at the same time take possession of it.) It is because of this origin that the word "good" is far from having any necessary connection with altruistic acts, in accordance with the superstitious belief of these moral philosophers. On the contrary, it is on the occasion of the *decay* of aristocratic values, that the antitheses between "egoistic" and "altruistic" presses more and more heavily on the human conscience—it is, to use my own language, the *herd instinct* which finds in this antithesis an expression in many ways. And even then it takes a considerable time for this instinct to become sufficiently dominant, for the valuation to be inextricably dependent on this antithesis (as is the case in contemporary Europe); for to-day that prejudice is predominant, which, acting even now with all the intensity of an obsession and brain disease, holds that "moral," "altruistic," and "*désintéressé*" are concepts of equal value.

3.

In the second place, quite apart from the fact that this hypothesis as to the genesis of the value "good" cannot be historically upheld, it suffers from an inherent psychological contradiction. The utility of altruistic conduct has presumably been the origin of its being praised, and this origin has become *forgotten*:—But in what conceivable way is this forgetting *possible*? Has perchance the utility of such conduct ceased at some given moment? The contrary is the case. This utility has rather been experienced every day at all times, and is consequently a feature that obtains a new and regular emphasis with every fresh day; it follows that, so far from vanishing from the consciousness, so far indeed from being forgotten, it must necessarily become impressed on the consciousness with ever-increasing distinctness. How much more logical is that contrary theory (it is not the truer for that) which is represented, for instance, by Herbert Spencer, who places the concept "good" as essentially similar to the concept "useful," "purposive," so that in the judgments "good" and "bad" mankind is simply summarising and investing with a sanction its *unforgotten* and *unforgettable* experiences concerning the "useful-purposive" and the "mischievous-non-purposive." According to this theory, "good" is the attribute of that which has previously shown itself useful; and so is able to claim to be considered "valuable in the highest degree," "valuable in itself." This method of explanation is also, as I have said, wrong, but at any rate the explanation itself is coherent, and psychologically tenable.

4.

The guide-post which first put me on the *right* track was this question—what is the true etymological significance of the various symbols for the idea "good" which have been coined in the various languages? I then found that they all led back to *the same evolution of the same idea*—that everywhere "aristocrat," "noble" (in the social sense), is the root idea, out of which have necessarily developed "good" in the sense of "with aristocratic soul," "noble," in the sense of "with a soul of high calibre," "with a privileged soul"—a development which invariably runs parallel with that other evolution by which "vulgar," "plebeian," "low," are made to change finally into "bad." The most eloquent proof of this last contention is the German word "*schlecht*" itself: this word is identical with "*schlicht*"—(compare "*schlechtweg*" and "*schlechterdings*") — which, originally and as yet without any sinister innuendo, simply denoted the plebeian man in contrast to the aristocratic man. It is at the sufficiently late period of the Thirty Years' War that this sense becomes changed to the sense now current. From the standpoint of the Genealogy of Morals this discovery seems to be substantial: the lateness of it is to be attributed to the retarding influence exercised in the modern world by democratic prejudice in the sphere of all questions of origin. This extends, as will shortly be shown, even to the province of natural science and physiology, which *prima facie* is the most objective. The extent of the mischief which is caused by this prejudice (once it is free of all trammels except those of its own malice), particularly to Ethics and History, is shown by the notorious case of Buckle: it was in Buckle that that *plebeianism* of the modern spirit, which is of English origin, broke out once again from its malignant soil with all the violence of a slimy volcano, and with that salted, rampant, and vulgar eloquence with which up to the present time all volcanoes have spoken.

5.

With regard to *our* problem, which can justly be called an *intimate* problem, and which elects to appeal to only a limited number of ears: it is of no small interest to ascertain that in those words and roots which denote "good" we catch glimpses of that arch-trait, on the strength of which the aristocrats feel themselves to be beings of a higher order than their fellows. Indeed, they call themselves in perhaps the most frequent instances simply after their superiority in power (*e.g.* "the powerful," "the lords," "the commanders"), or after the most obvious sign of their superiority, as for example "the rich," "the possessors" (that is the meaning of *arya*; and the Iranian and Slav languages correspond). But they also call themselves after some *characteristic idiosyncrasy*; and this is the case which now concerns us. They name themselves, for instance, "the truthful": this is first done by the Greek nobility whose mouthpiece is found in Theognis, the Megarian poet. The word ἐσθλός, which is coined for the purpose, signifies etymologically "one who *is*," who has reality, who is real, who is true; and then with a subjective twist, the "true," as the "truthful": at this stage in the evolution of the idea, it becomes the motto and party cry of the nobility, and quite completes the transition to the meaning "noble," so as to place outside the pale the lying, vulgar man, as Theognis conceives and portrays him—till finally the word after the decay of the nobility is left to delineate psychological *noblesse*, and becomes as it were ripe and mellow. In the word *κακός* as in *δειλός* (the plebeian in contrast to the *ἀγαθός*) the cowardice is emphasised. This affords perhaps an inkling on what lines the etymological origin of the very ambiguous *ἀγαθός* is to be investigated. In the Latin *malus* (which I place side by side with *μέλας*) the vulgar man can be distinguished as the dark-coloured, and above all as the black-haired ("*hic niger est*"), as the pre-Aryan inhabitants of the Italian soil, whose complexion formed the clearest feature of distinction from the dominant blondes, namely, the Aryan conquering race:—at any rate Gaelic has afforded me the exact analogue—*Fin* (for instance, in the name *Fin-Gal*), the distinctive word of the nobility, finally—good, noble, clean, but originally the blonde-haired man in contrast to the dark black-haired aboriginals. The Celts, if I may make a parenthetic statement, were throughout a blonde race; and it is wrong to connect, as Virchow still connects, those traces of an essentially dark-haired population which are to be seen on the more elaborate ethnographical maps of Germany with any Celtic ancestry or with any admixture of Celtic blood: in this context it is rather the *pre-Aryan* population of Germany which surges up to these districts. (The same is true substantially of the whole of Europe: in point of fact, the subject race has finally again obtained the upper hand, in complexion and the shortness of the skull, and perhaps in the intellectual and social qualities. Who can guarantee that modern democracy, still more modern anarchy, and indeed that tendency to the "Commune," the most primitive form of society, which is now common to all the Socialists in Europe, does not in its real essence signify a monstrous reversion—and that the conquering and *master* race—the Aryan race, is not also becoming inferior physiologically?) I believe that I can explain the Latin *bonus* as the "warrior": my hypothesis is that I am right in deriving *bonus* from an older *duonus* (compare *bellum* = *duellum* = *duen-lum*, in which the word *duonus* appears to me to be contained). *Bonus* accordingly as the man of discord, of variance, "entzweiung" (*duo*), as the warrior: one sees what in ancient Rome "the good" meant for a man. Must not our actual German word *gut* mean "*the godlike*, the man of godlike race"? and be identical with the national name (originally the nobles' name) of the *Goths*?

The grounds for this supposition do not appertain to this work.

6.

Above all, there is no exception (though there are opportunities for exceptions) to this rule, that the idea of political superiority always resolves itself into the idea of psychological superiority, in those cases where the highest caste is at the same time the *priestly* caste, and in accordance with its general characteristics confers on itself the privilege of a title which alludes specifically to its priestly function. It is in these cases, for instance, that "clean" and "unclean" confront each other for the first time as badges of class distinction; here again there develops a “good” and a “bad,” in a sense which has ceased to be merely social. Moreover, care should be taken not to take these ideas of “clean” and “unclean” too seriously, too broadly, or too symbolically: all the ideas of ancient man have, on the contrary, got to be understood in their initial stages, in a sense which is, to an almost inconceivable extent, crude, coarse, physical, and narrow, and above all essentially *unsymbolical.* The “clean man” is originally only a man who washes himself, who abstains from certain foods which are conducive to skin diseases, who does not sleep with the unclean women of the lower classes, who has a horror of blood—not more, not much more! On the other hand, the very nature of a priestly aristocracy shows the reasons why just at such an early juncture there should ensue a really dangerous sharpening and intensification of opposed values: it is, in fact, through these opposed values that gulfs are cleft in the social plane, which a veritable Achilles of free thought would shudder to cross. There is from the outset a certain *diseased taint* in such sacerdotal aristocracies, and in the habits which prevail in such societies—habits which, *averse* as they are to action, constitute a compound of introspection and explosive emotionalism, as a result of which there appears that introspective morbidity and neurasthenia, which adheres almost inevitably to all priests at all times: with regard, however, to the remedy which they themselves have invented for this disease—the philosopher has no option but to state, that it has proved itself in its effects a hundred times more dangerous than the disease, from which it should have been the deliverer. Humanity itself is still diseased from the effects of the naïvetés of this priestly cure. Take, for instance, certain kinds of diet (abstention from flesh), fasts, sexual continence, flight into the wilderness (a kind of Weir-Mitchell isolation, though of course without that system of excessive feeding and fattening which is the most efficient antidote to all the hysteria of the ascetic ideal); consider too the whole metaphysic of the priests, with its war on the senses, its enervation, its hair-splitting; consider its self-hypnotism on the fakir and Brahman principles (it uses Brahman as a glass disc and obsession), and that climax which we can understand only too well of an unusual satiety with its panacea of *nothingness* (or God:—the demand for a *unio mystica* with God is the demand of the Buddhist for nothingness, Nirvana—and nothing else!). In sacerdotal societies *every* element is on a more dangerous scale, not merely cures and remedies, but also pride, revenge, cunning, exaltation, love, ambition, virtue, morbidity:—further, it can fairly be stated that it is on the soil of this *essentially dangerous* form of human society, the sacerdotal form, that man really becomes for the first time an *interesting animal*, that it is in this form that the soul of man has in a higher sense attained *depths* and become *evil*—and those are the two fundamental forms of the superiority which up to the present man has exhibited over every other animal.

7.

The reader will have already surmised with what ease the priestly mode of valuation can branch off from the knightly aristocratic mode, and then develop into the very antithesis of the latter: special impetus is given to this opposition, by every occasion when the castes of the priests and warriors confront each other with mutual jealousy and cannot agree over the prize. The knightly-aristocratic "values" are based on a careful cult of the physical, on a flowering, rich, and even effervescing healthiness, that goes considerably beyond what is necessary for maintaining life, on war, adventure, the chase, the dance, the tourney—on everything, in fact, which is contained in strong, free, and joyous action. The priestly-aristocratic mode of valuation is—we have seen—based on other hypotheses: it is bad enough for this class when it is a question of war! Yet the priests are, as is notorious, *the worst enemies*—why? Because they are the weakest. Their weakness causes their hate to expand into a monstrous and sinister shape, a shape which is most crafty and most poisonous. The really great haters in the history of the world have always been priests, who are also the cleverest haters—in comparison with the cleverness of priestly revenge, every other piece of cleverness is practically negligible. Human history would be too fatuous for anything were it not for the cleverness imported into it by the weak—take at once the most important instance. All the world's efforts against the "aristocrats," the "mighty," the "masters," the "holders of power," are negligible by comparison with what has been accomplished against those classes by *the Jews*—the Jews, that priestly nation which eventually realised that the one method of effecting satisfaction on its enemies and tyrants was by means of a radical transvaluation of values, which was at the same time an act of the *cleverest revenge.* Yet the method was only appropriate to a nation of priests, to a nation of the most jealously nursed priestly revengefulness. It was the Jews who, in opposition to the aristocratic equation (good = aristocratic = beautiful = happy = loved by the gods), dared with a terrifying logic to suggest the contrary equation, and indeed to maintain with the teeth of the most profound hatred (the hatred of weakness) this contrary equation, namely, "the wretched are alone the good; the poor, the weak, the lowly, are alone the good; the suffering, the needy, the sick, the loathsome, are the only ones who are pious, the only ones who are blessed, for them alone is salvation—but you, on the other hand, you aristocrats, you men of power, you are to all eternity the evil, the horrible, the covetous, the insatiate, the godless; eternally also shall you be the unblessed, the cursed, the damned!" We know who it was who reaped the heritage of this Jewish transvaluation. In the context of the monstrous and inordinately fateful initiative which the Jews have exhibited in connection with this most fundamental of all declarations of war, I remember the passage which came to my pen on another occasion (*Beyond Good and Evil*, Aph. 195)—that it was, in fact, with the Jews that the *revolt of the slaves* begins in the sphere *of morals*; that revolt which has behind it a history of two millennia, and which at the present day has only moved out of our sight, because it—has achieved victory.

8.

But you understand this not? You have no eyes for a force which has taken two thousand years to achieve victory?—There is nothing wonderful in this: all *lengthy* processes are hard to see and to realise. But *this* is what took place: from the trunk of that tree of revenge and hate, Jewish hate,—that most profound and sublime hate, which creates ideals and changes old values to new creations, the like of which has never been on earth,—there grew a phenomenon which was equally incomparable, *a new love*, the most profound and sublime of all kinds of love; —and from what other trunk could it have grown? But beware of supposing that this love has soared on its upward growth, as in any way a real negation of that thirst for revenge, as an antithesis to the Jewish hate! No, the contrary is the truth! This love grew out of that hate, as its crown, as its triumphant crown, circling wider and wider amid the clarity and fulness of the sun, and pursuing in the very kingdom of light and height its goal of hatred, its victory, its spoil, its strategy, with the same intensity with which the roots of that tree of hate sank into everything which was deep and evil with increasing stability and increasing desire. This Jesus of Nazareth, the incarnate gospel of love, this " Redeemer " bringing salvation and victory to the poor, the sick, the sinful—was he not really temptation in its most sinister and irresistible form, temptation to take the tortuous path to those very *Jewish* values and those very Jewish ideals? Has not Israel really obtained the final goal of its sublime revenge, by the tortuous paths of this " Redeemer," for all that he might pose as Israel's adversary and Israel's destroyer? Is it not due to the black magic of a really *great* policy of revenge, of a far-seeing, burrowing revenge, both acting and calculating with slowness, that Israel himself must repudiate before all the world the actual instrument of his own revenge and nail it to the cross, so that all the world—that is, all the enemies of Israel—could nibble without suspicion at this very bait? Could, moreover, any human mind with all its elaborate ingenuity invent a bait that was more truly *dangerous*? Anything that was even equivalent in the power of its seductive, intoxicating, defiling, and corrupting influence to that symbol of the holy cross, to that awful paradox of a " god on the cross," to that mystery of the unthinkable, supreme, and utter horror of the self-crucifixion of a god for the *salvation of man*? It is at least certain that *sub hoc signo* Israel, with its revenge and transvaluation of all values, has up to the present always triumphed again over all other ideals, over all more aristocratic ideals.

9.

"But why do you talk of nobler ideals? Let us submit to the facts; that the people have triumphed—or the slaves, or the populace, or the herd, or whatever name you care to give them—if this has happened through the Jews, so be it! In that case no nation ever had a greater mission in the world's history. The 'masters' have been done away with; the morality of the vulgar man has triumphed. This triumph may also be called a blood-poisoning (it has mutually fused the races)—I do not dispute it; but there is no doubt but that this intoxication has succeeded. The 'redemption' of the human race (that is, from the masters) is progressing swimmingly; everything is obviously becoming Judaised, or Christianised, or vulgarised (what is there in the words?). It seems impossible to stop the course of this poisoning through the whole body politic of mankind—but its *tempo* and pace may from the present time be slower, more delicate, quieter. more discreet—there is time enough. In view of this context has the Church nowadays any necessary purpose? has it, in fact, a right to live? Or could man get on without it? *Quæritur.* It seems that it fetters and retards this tendency, instead of accelerating it. Well, even that might be its utility. The Church certainly is a crude and boorish institution, that is repugnant to an intelligence with any pretence at delicacy, to a really modern taste. Should it not at any rate learn to be somewhat more subtle? It alienates nowadays, more than it allures. Which of us would, forsooth, be a freethinker if there were no Church? It is the Church which repels us, *not* its poison—apart from the Church we like the poison." This is the epilogue of a freethinker to my discourse, of an honourable animal (as he has given abundant proof), and a democrat to boot; he had up to that time listened to me, and could not endure my silence, but for me, indeed, with regard to this topic there is much on which to be silent.

10.

The revolt of the slaves in morals begins in the very principle of *resentment* becoming creative and giving birth to values—a resentment experienced by creatures who, deprived as they are of the proper outlet of action, are forced to find their compensation in an imaginary revenge. While every aristocratic morality springs from a triumphant affirmation of its own demands, the slave morality says "no" from the very outset to what is "outside itself," "different from itself," and "not itself": and this "no" is its creative deed. This volte-face of the valuing standpoint—this *inevitable* gravitation to the objective instead of back to the subjective—is typical of "resentment": the slave-morality requires as the condition of its existence an external and objective world, to employ physiological terminology, it requires objective stimuli to be capable of action at all—its action is fundamentally a reaction. The contrary is the case when we come to the aristocrat's system of values: it acts and grows spontaneously, it merely seeks its antithesis in order to pronounce a more grateful and exultant "yes" to its own self;—its negative conception, "low," "vulgar," "bad," is merely a pale late-born foil in comparison with its positive and fundamental conception (saturated as it is with life and passion), of "we aristocrats, we good ones, we beautiful ones, we happy ones."

When the aristocratic morality goes astray and commits sacrilege on reality, this is limited to that particular sphere with which it is *not* sufficiently acquainted—a sphere, in fact, from the real knowledge of which it disdainfully defends itself. It misjudges, in some cases, the sphere which it despises, the sphere of the common vulgar man and the low people: on the other hand, due weight should be given to the consideration that in any case the mood of contempt, of disdain, of superciliousness, even on the supposition that it *falsely* portrays the object of its contempt, will always be far removed from that degree of falsity which will always characterise the attacks—in effigy, of course—of the vindictive hatred and revengefulness of the weak in onslaughts on their enemies. In point of fact, there is in contempt too strong an admixture of nonchalance, of casualness, of boredom, of impatience, even of personal exultation, for it to be capable of distorting its victim into a real caricature or a real monstrosity. Attention again should be paid to the almost benevolent *nuances* which, for instance, the Greek nobility imports into all the words by which it distinguishes the common people from itself; note how continuously a kind of pity, care, and consideration imparts its honeyed *flavour*, until at last almost all the words which are applied to the vulgar man survive finally as expressions for "unhappy," "worthy of pity" (compare *δειλός*, *δείλαιος*, *πονηρός*, *μοχθηρός*; the latter two names really denoting the vulgar man as labour-slave and beast of burden) —and how, conversely, "bad," "low," "unhappy" have never ceased to ring in the Greek ear with a tone in which "unhappy" is the predominant note: this is a heritage of the old noble aristocratic morality, which remains true to itself even in contempt (let philologists remember the sense in which *ὀϊζυρός*, *ἄνολβος*, *τλήμων*, *δυστυχεῖν*, *ξυμφορά* used to be employed). The "well-born" simply *felt* themselves the "happy"; they did not have to manufacture their happiness artificially through looking at their enemies, or in cases to talk and *lie themselves into* happiness (as is the custom with all resentful men); and similarly, complete men as they were, exuberant with strength, and consequently *necessarily* energetic, they were too wise to dissociate happiness from action — activity becomes in their minds necessarily counted as happiness (that is the etymology of *εὖ πρᾶττειν*)—all in sharp contrast to the "happiness" of the weak and the oppressed, with their festering venom and malignity, among whom happiness appears essentially as a narcotic, a deadening, a quietude, a peace, a

"Sabbath," an enervation of the mind and relaxation of the limbs,—in short, a purely *passive* phenomenon. While the aristocratic man lived in confidence and openness with himself (γενναῖος, "noble-born," emphasises the nuance "sincere," and perhaps also "naïf"), the resentful man, on the other hand, is neither sincere nor naïf, nor honest and candid with himself. His soul *squints*; his mind loves hidden crannies, tortuous paths and back-doors, everything secret appeals to him as *his* world, *his* safety, *his* balm; he is past master in silence, in not forgetting, in waiting, in provisional self-depreciation and self-abasement. A race of such *resentful* men will of necessity eventually prove more *prudent* than any aristocratic race, it will honour prudence on quite a distinct scale, as, in fact, a paramount condition of existence, while prudence among aristocratic men is apt to be tinged with a delicate flavour of luxury and refinement; so among them it plays nothing like so integral a part as that complete certainty of function of the governing *unconscious* instincts, or as indeed a certain lack of prudence, such as a vehement and valiant charge, whether against danger or the enemy, or as those ecstatic bursts of rage, love, reverence, gratitude, by which at all times noble souls have recognised each other. When the resentment of the aristocratic man manifests itself, it fulfils and exhausts itself in an immediate reaction, and consequently instills no *venom*: on the other hand, it never manifests itself at all in countless instances, when in the case of the feeble and weak it would be inevitable. An inability to take seriously for any length of time their enemies, their disasters, their *misdeeds*—that is the sign of the full strong natures who possess a superfluity of moulding plastic force, that heals completely and produces forgetfulness: a good example of this in the modern world is Mirabeau, who had no memory for any insults and meannesses which were practised on him, and who was only incapable of forgiving because he forgot. Such a man indeed shakes off with a shrug many a worm which would have buried itself in another; it is only in characters like these that we see the possibility (supposing, of course, that there is such a possibility in the world) of the real "*love* of one's enemies." What respect for his enemies is found, forsooth, in an aristocratic man—and such a reverence is already a bridge to love! He insists on having his enemy to himself as his distinction. He tolerates no other enemy but a man in whose character there is nothing to despise and *much* to honour! On the other hand, imagine the "enemy" as the resentful man conceives him—and it is here exactly that we see his work, his creativeness; he has conceived "the evil enemy," the "evil one," and indeed that is the root idea from which he now evolves as a contrasting and corresponding figure a "good one," himself—his very self!

11.

The method of this man is quite contrary to that of the aristocratic man, who conceives the root idea "good" spontaneously and straight away, that is to say, out of himself, and from that material then creates for himself a concept of "bad"! This "bad" of aristocratic origin and that "evil" out of the cauldron of unsatisfied hatred—the former an imitation, an "extra," an additional nuance; the latter, on the other hand, the original, the beginning, the essential act in the conception of a slave-morality—these two words "bad" and "evil," how great a difference do they mark, in spite of the fact that they have an identical contrary in the idea "good." But the idea "good" is *not* the same: much rather let the question be asked, "Who is really evil according to the meaning of the morality of resentment?" In all sternness let it be answered thus:—*just* the good man of the other morality, just the aristocrat, the powerful one, the one who rules, but who is distorted by the venomous eye of resentfulness, into a new colour, a new signification, a new appearance. This particular point we would be the last to deny: the man who learnt to know those "good" ones only as enemies, learnt at the same time not to know them only as "*evil enemies*," and the same men who *inter pares* were kept so rigorously in bounds through convention, respect, custom, and gratitude, though much more through mutual vigilance and jealousy *inter pares*, these men who in their relations with each other find so many new ways of manifesting consideration, self-control, delicacy, loyalty, pride, and friendship, these men are in reference to what is outside their circle (where the foreign element, a *foreign* country, begins), not much better than beasts of prey, which have been let loose. They enjoy there freedom from all social control, they feel that in the wilderness they can give vent with impunity to that tension which is produced by enclosure and imprisonment in the peace of society, they *revert* to the innocence of the beast-of-prey conscience, like jubilant monsters, who perhaps come from a ghastly bout of murder, arson, rape, and torture, with bravado and a moral equanimity, as though merely some wild student's prank had been played, perfectly convinced that the poets have now an ample theme to sing and celebrate. It is impossible not to recognise at the core of all these aristocratic races the beast of prey; the magnificent *blonde brute*, avidly rampant for spoil and victory; this hidden core needed an outlet from time to time, the beast must get loose again, must return into the wilderness—the Roman, Arabic, German, and Japanese nobility, the Homeric heroes, the Scandinavian Vikings, are all alike in this need. It is the aristocratic races who have left the idea "Barbarian" on all the tracks in which they have marched; nay, a consciousness of this very barbarianism, and even a pride in it, manifests itself even in their highest civilisation (for example, when Pericles says to his Athenians in that celebrated funeral oration, "Our audacity has forced a way over every land and sea, rearing everywhere imperishable memorials of itself for *good* and for *evil*"). This audacity of aristocratic races, mad, absurd, and spasmodic as may be its expresssion; the incalculable and fantastic nature of their enterprises,—

Pericles sets in special relief and glory the *ῥαθυμία* of the Athenians, their nonchalance and contempt for safety, body, life, and comfort, their awful joy and intense delight in all destruction, in all the ecstasies of victory and cruelty,—all these features become crystallised, for those who suffered thereby in the picture of the "barbarian," of the "evil enemy," perhaps of the "Goth" and of the "Vandal." The profound, icy mistrust which the German provokes, as soon as he arrives at power,—even at the present time,—is always still an aftermath of that inextinguishable horror with which for whole centuries Europe has regarded the wrath of the blonde Teuton beast (although between the old Germans and ourselves there exists scarcely a psychological, let alone a physical, relationship). I have once called attention to the embarrassment of Hesiod, when he conceived the series of social ages, and endeavoured to express them in gold, silver, and bronze. He could only dispose of the contradiction, with which he was confronted, by the Homeric world, an age magnificent indeed, but at the same time so awful and so violent, by making two ages out of one, which he henceforth placed one behind each other—first, the age of the heroes and demigods, as that world had remained in the memories of the aristocratic families, who found therein their own ancestors; secondly, the bronze age, as that corresponding age appeared to the descendants of the oppressed, spoiled, ill-treated, exiled, enslaved; namely, as an age of bronze, as I have said, hard, cold, terrible, without feelings and without conscience, crushing everything, and bespattering everything with blood. Granted the truth of the theory now believed to be true, that the very *essence of all civilisation* is to *train* out of man, the beast of prey, a tame and civilised animal, a domesticated animal, it follows indubitably that we must regard as the real *tools of civilisation* all those instincts of reaction and resentment, by the help of which the aristocratic races, together with their ideals, were finally degraded and overpowered; though that has not yet come to be synonymous with saying that the bearers of those tools also *represented* the civilisation. It is rather the contrary that is not only probable—nay, it is *palpable* to-day; these bearers of vindictive instincts that have to be bottled up, these descendants of all European and non-European slavery, especially of the pre-Aryan population—these people, I say, represent the *decline* of humanity! These "tools of civilisation" are a disgrace to humanity, and constitute in reality more of an argument against civilisation, more of a reason why civilisation should be suspected. One may be perfectly justified in being always afraid of the blonde beast that lies at the core of all aristocratic races, and in being on one's guard: but who would not a hundred times prefer to be afraid, when one at the same time admires, than to be immune from fear, at the cost of being perpetually obsessed with the loathsome spectacle of the distorted, the dwarfed, the stunted, the envenomed? And is that not our fate? What produces to-day our repulsion towards "man"?—for we *suffer* from "man," there is no doubt about it. It is not fear; it is rather that we have nothing more to fear from men; it is that the worm "man" is in the foreground and pullulates; it is that the "tame man," the wretched mediocre and unedifying creature, has learnt to consider himself a goal and a pinnacle, an inner meaning, an historic principle, a "higher man"; yes, it is that he has a certain right so to consider himself, in so far as he feels that in contrast to that excess of deformity, disease, exhaustion, and effeteness whose odour is beginning to pollute present-day Europe, he at any rate has achieved a relative success, he at any rate still says "yes" to life.

12.

I cannot refrain at this juncture from uttering a sigh and one last hope. What is it precisely which I find intolerable? That which I alone cannot get rid of, which makes me choke and faint? Bad air! bad air! That something misbegotten comes near me; that I must inhale the odour of the entrails of a misbegotten soul!—That excepted, what can one not endure in the way of need, privation, bad weather, sickness, toil, solitude? In point of fact, one manages to get over everything, born as one is to a burrowing and battling existence; one always returns once again to the light, one always lives again one's golden hour of victory—and then one stands as one was born, unbreakable, tense, ready for something more difficult, for something more distant, like a bow stretched but the tauter by every strain.

But from time to time do ye grant me—assuming that "beyond good and evil" there are goddesses who can grant—one glimpse, grant me but one glimpse only, of something perfect, fully realised, happy, mighty, triumphant, of something that still gives cause for fear! A glimpse of a man that justifies the existence of man, a glimpse of an incarnate human happiness that realises and redeems, for the sake of which one may hold fast to *the belief in man!* For the position is this: in the dwarfing and levelling of the European man lurks *our* greatest peril, for it is this outlook which fatigues—we see to-day nothing which wishes to be greater, we surmise that the process is always still backwards, still backwards towards something more attenuated, more inoffensive, more cunning, more comfortable, more mediocre, more indifferent, more Chinese, more Christian—man, there is no doubt about it, grows always "better" —the destiny of Europe lies even in this—that in losing the fear of man, we have also lost the hope in man, yea, the will to be man. The sight of man now fatigues.—What is present-day Nihilism if it is not *that*?—We are tired of *man.*

13.

But let us come back to it; the problem of *another* origin of the *good*—of the good, as the resentful man has thought it out—demands its solution. It is not surprising that the lambs should bear a grudge against the great birds of prey, but that is no reason for blaming the great birds of prey for taking the little lambs. And when the lambs say among themselves, "These birds of prey are evil, and he who is as far removed from being a bird of prey, who is rather its opposite, a lamb,—is he not good?" then there is nothing to cavil at in the setting up of this ideal, though it may also be that the birds of prey will regard it a little sneeringly, and perchance say to themselves, "*We* bear no grudge against them, these good lambs, we even like them: nothing is tastier than a tender lamb." To require of strength that it should *not* express itself as strength, that it should not be a wish to overpower, a wish to overthrow, a wish to become master, a thirst for enemies and antagonisms and triumphs, is just as absurd as to require of weakness that it should express itself as strength. A quantum of force is just such a quantum of movement, will, action—rather it is nothing else than just those very phenomena of moving, willing, acting, and can only appear otherwise in the misleading errors of language (and the fundamental fallacies of reason which have become petrified therein), which understands, and understands wrongly, all working as conditioned by a worker, by a "subject." And just exactly as the people separate the lightning from its flash, and interpret the latter as a thing done, as the working of a subject which is called lightning, so also does the popular morality separate strength from the expression of strength, as though behind the strong man there existed some indifferent neutral *substratum*, which enjoyed a *caprice and option* as to whether or not it should express strength. But there is no such *substratum*, there is no "being" behind doing, working, becoming; "the doer" is a mere appanage to the action. The action is everything. In point of fact, the people duplicate the doing, when they make the lightning lighten, that is a "doing-doing": they make the same phenomenon first a cause, and then, secondly, the effect of that cause. The scientists fail to improve matters when they say, "Force moves, force causes," and so on. Our whole science is still, in spite of all its coldness, of all its freedom from passion, a dupe of the tricks of language, and has never succeeded in getting rid of that superstitious changeling "the subject" (the atom, to give another instance, is such a changeling, just as the Kantian "Thing-in-itself"). What wonder, if the suppressed and stealthily simmering passions of revenge and hatred exploit for their own advantage this belief, and indeed hold no belief with a more steadfast enthusiasm than this—"that the strong has the *option* of being weak, and the bird of prey of being a lamb." Thereby do they win for themselves the right of attributing to the birds of prey the *responsibility* for being birds of prey: when the oppressed, down-trodden, and overpowered say to themselves with the vindictive guile of weakness, "Let us be otherwise than the evil, namely, good! and good is every one who does not oppress, who hurts no one, who does not attack, who does not pay back, who hands over revenge to God, who holds himself, as we do, in hiding; who goes out of the way of evil, and demands, in short, little from life; like ourselves the patient, the meek, the just,"—yet all this, in its cold and unprejudiced interpretation, means nothing more than "once for all, the weak are weak; it is good to do *nothing for which we are not strong enough*"; but this dismal state of affairs, this prudence of the lowest order, which even insects possess (which in a great danger are fain to sham death so as to avoid doing "too much"), has, thanks to the counterfeiting and self-deception of weakness, come to masquerade in the pomp of an ascetic, mute, and expectant virtue, just as though the *very* weakness of the weak—that is, forsooth, its *being*, its working, its whole unique inevitable inseparable reality—were a voluntary result, something wished, chosen, a deed, an act of *merit*. This kind of man finds the belief in a neutral, free-choosing "subject" *necessary* from an instinct of self-preservation, of self-assertion, in which every lie is fain to sanctify itself. The subject (or, to use popular language, the *soul*) has perhaps proved itself the best dogma in the world simply because it rendered possible to the horde of mortal, weak, and oppressed individuals of every kind, that most sublime specimen of self-deception, the interpretation of weakness as freedom, of being this, or being that, as *merit*.

14.

Will any one look a little into—right into—the mystery of how *ideals* are *manufactured* in this world? Who has the courage to do it? Come! Here we have a vista opened into these grimy workshops. Wait just a moment, dear Mr. Inquisitive and Foolhardy; your eye must first grow accustomed to this false changing light—Yes! Enough! Now speak! What is happening below down yonder? Speak out that what you see, man of the most dangerous curiosity—for now *I* am the listener.

"I see nothing, I hear the more. It is a cautious, spiteful, gentle whispering and muttering together in all the corners and crannies. It seems to me that they are lying; a sugary softness adheres to every sound. Weakness is turned to *merit*, there is no doubt about it—it is just as you say."

Further!

"And the impotence which requites not, is turned to 'goodness,' craven baseness to meekness, submission to those whom one hates, to obedience (namely, obedience to one of whom they say that he ordered this submission—they call him God). The inoffensive character of the weak, the very cowardice in which he is rich, his standing at the door, his forced necessity of waiting, gain here fine names, such as 'patience,' which is also called 'virtue'; not being able to avenge one's self, is called not wishing to avenge one's self, perhaps even forgiveness (for *they* know not what they do—we alone know what *they* do). They also talk of the 'love of their enemies' and sweat thereby."

Further!

"They are miserable, there is no doubt about it, all these whisperers and counterfeiters in the corners, although they try to get warm by crouching close to each other, but they tell me that their misery is a favour and distinction given to them by God, just as one beats the dogs one likes best; that perhaps this misery is also a preparation, a probation, a training; that perhaps it is still more something which will one day be compensated and paid back with a tremendous interest in gold, nay in happiness. This they call 'Blessedness.'"

Further!

"They are now giving me to understand, that not only are they better men than the mighty, the lords of the earth, whose spittle they have got to lick (*not* out of fear, not at all out of fear! But because God ordains that one should honour all authority)—not only are they better men, but that they also have a 'better time,' at any rate, will one day have a 'better time.' But enough! Enough! I can endure it no longer. Bad air! Bad air! These workshops *where ideals are manufactured*—verily they reek with the crassest lies."

Nay. Just one minute! You are saying nothing about the masterpieces of these virtuosos of black magic, who can produce whiteness, milk, and innocence out of any black you like: have you not noticed what a pitch of refinement is attained by their *chef d'œuvre*, their most audacious, subtle, ingenious, and lying artist-trick? Take care! These cellar-beasts, full of revenge and hate—what do they make, forsooth, out of their revenge and hate? Do you hear these words? Would you suspect, if you trusted only their words, that you are among men of resentment and nothing else?

"I understand, I prick my ears up again (ah! ah! ah! and I hold my nose). Now do I hear for the first time that which they have said so often: 'We good, *we are the righteous*'—what they demand they call not revenge but 'the triumph of *righteousness*'; what they hate is not their enemy, no, they hate 'unrighteousness,' 'godlessness'; what they believe in and hope is not the hope of revenge, the intoxication of sweet revenge (—"sweeter than honey," did Homer call it?), but the victory of God, of the *righteous God* over the 'godless'; what is left for them to love in this world is not their brothers in hate, but their 'brothers in love,' as they say, all the good and righteous on the earth."

And how do they name that which serves them as a solace against all the troubles of life—their phantasmagoria of their anticipated future blessedness?

"How? Do I hear right? They call it 'the last judgment,' the advent of *their* kingdom, 'the kingdom of God'—but *in the meanwhile* they live 'in faith,' 'in love,' 'in hope.'"

Enough! Enough!

15.

In the faith in what? In the love for what? In the hope of what? These weaklings!—they also, forsooth, wish to be the strong some time; there is no doubt about it, some time *their* kingdom also must come—"the kingdom of God" is their name for it, as has been mentioned:—

they are so meek in everything! Yet in order to experience *that* kingdom it is necessary to live long, to live beyond death,—yes, *eternal* life is necessary so that one can make up for ever for that earthly life "in faith," "in love," "in hope." Make up for what? Make up by what? Dante, as it seems to me, made a crass mistake when with awe-inspiring ingenuity he placed that inscription over the gate of his hell, "Me too made eternal love": at any rate the following inscription would have a much better right to stand over the gate of the Christian Paradise and its "eternal blessedness"—"Me too made eternal hate"—granted of course that a truth may rightly stand over the gate to a lie! For what is the blessedness of that Paradise? Possibly we could quickly surmise it; but it is better that it should be explicitly attested by an authority who in such matters is not to be disparaged, Thomas of Aquinas, the great teacher and saint. "*Beati in regno celesti,*" says he, as gently as a lamb, "*videbunt pœnas damnatorum, ut beatitudo illis magis complaceat.*" Or if we wish to hear a stronger tone, a word from the mouth of a triumphant father of the Church, who warned his disciples against the cruel ecstasies of the public spectacles—But why? Faith offers us much more,—says he, *de Spectac.*, c. 29 ss.,—something much stronger; thanks to the redemption, joys of quite another kind stand at our disposal; instead of athletes we have our martyrs; we wish for blood, well, we have the blood of Christ—but what then awaits us on the day of his return, of his triumph. And then does he

proceed, does this enraptured visionary: "*at enim supersunt alia spectacula, ille ultimus et perpetuus judicii dies, ille nationibus insperatus, ille derisus, cum tanta sæculi vetustas et tot ejus nativitates uno igne haurientur. Quæ tunc spectaculi latitudo! Quid admirer! quid rideam! Ubi gaudeam! Ubi exultem, spectans tot et tantos reges, qui in cælum recepti nuntiabantur, cum ipso Jove et ipsis suis testibus in imis tenebris congemescentes! Item præsides*" (the provincial governors) "*persecutores dominici nominis sævioribus quam ipsi flammis sævierunt insultantibus contra Christianos liquescentes! Quos præterea sapientes illos philosophos coram discipulis suis una conflagrantibus erubescentes, quibus nihil ad deum pertinere suadebant, quibus animas aut nullas aut non in pristina corpora redituras affirmabant! Etiam poetas non ad Rhadamanti nec ad Minois, sed ad inopinati Christi tribunal palpitantes! Tunc magis tragœdi audiendi, magis scilicet vocales*" (with louder tones and more violent shrieks) "*in sua propria calamitate; tunc histriones cognoscendi, solutiores multo per ignem; tunc spectandus auriga in flammea rota totus rubens, tunc xystici contemplandi non in gymnasiis, sed in igne jaculati, nisi quod ne tunc quidem illos velim vivos, ut qui malim ad eos potius conspectum insatiabilem conferre, qui in dominum sævierunt. Hic est ille, dicam fabri aut quæstuariæ filius*" (as is shown by the whole of the following, and in particular by this well-known description of the mother of Jesus from the Talmud, Tertullian is henceforth referring to the Jews), "*sabbati destructor, Samarites et dæmonium habens. Hic*

est quem a Juda redemistis, hic est ille arundine et colaphis diverberatus, sputamentis de decoratus, felle et aceto potatus. Hic est, quem clam discentes subripuerunt, ut resurrexisse dicatur vel hortulanus detraxit, ne lactucæ suæ frequentia commeantium læderentur. Ut talia spectes, ut talibus exultes, quis tibi prætor aut consul aut sacerdos de sua liberalitate præstabit? Et tamen hæc jam habemus quodammodo per fidem spiritu imaginante repræsentata. Ceterum qualia illa sunt, quæ nec oculus vidit nec auris audivit nec in cor hominis ascenderunt?" (1 Cor. ii. 9.) "*Credo circo et utraque cavea*" (first and fourth row, or, according to others, the comic and the tragic stage) "*et omni studio gratiora.*" *Per fidem*: so stands it written.

16.

Let us come to a conclusion. The two *opposing values*, "good and bad," "good and evil," have fought a dreadful, thousand-year fight in the world, and though indubitably the second value has been for a long time in the preponderance, there are not wanting places where the fortune of the fight is still undecisive. It can almost be said that in the meanwhile the fight reaches a higher and higher level, and that in the meanwhile it has become more and more intense, and always more and more psychological; so that nowadays there is perhaps no more decisive mark of the *higher nature*, of the more psychological nature, than to be in that sense self-contradictory, and to be actually still a battleground for those two opposites. The symbol of this fight, written in a writing which has remained worthy of perusal throughout the course of history up to the present time, is called "Rome against Judæa, Judæa against Rome." Hitherto there has been no greater event than *that* fight, the putting of *that* question, *that* deadly antagonism. Rome found in the Jew the incarnation of the unnatural, as though it were its diametrically opposed monstrosity, and in Rome the Jew was held to be *convicted of hatred* of the whole human race: and rightly so, in so far as it is right to link the well-being and the future of the human race to the unconditional mastery of the aristocratic values, of the Roman values. What, conversely, did the Jews feel against Rome? One can surmise it from a thousand symptoms, but it is sufficient to carry one's mind back to the Johannian Apocalypse, that most obscene of all the written outbursts, which has revenge on its conscience. (One should also appraise at its full value the profound logic of the Christian instinct, when over this very book of hate it wrote the name of the Disciple of Love, that self-same disciple to whom it attributed that impassioned and ecstatic Gospel—therein lurks a portion of truth, however much literary forging may have been necessary for this purpose.) The Romans were the strong and aristocratic; a nation stronger and more aristocratic has never existed in the world, has never even been dreamed of; every relic of them, every inscription enraptures, granted that one can divine *what* it is that writes the inscription. The Jews, conversely, were that priestly nation of resentment *par excellence*, possessed by a unique genius for popular morals: just compare with the Jews the nations with analogous gifts, such as the Chinese or the Germans, so as to realise afterwards what is first rate, and what is fifth rate.

Which of them has been provisionally victorious, Rome or Judæa? but there is not a shadow of doubt; just consider to whom in Rome itself nowadays you bow down, as though before the quintessence of all the highest values—and not only in Rome, but almost over half the world, everywhere where man has been tamed or is about to be tamed—to *three Jews*, as we know, and *one Jewess* (to Jesus of Nazareth, to Peter the fisher, to Paul the tent-maker, and to the mother of the aforesaid Jesus, named Mary). This is very remarkable: Rome is undoubtedly defeated. At any rate there took place in the Renaissance a brilliantly sinister revival of the classical ideal, of the aristocratic valuation of all things: Rome herself, like a man waking up from a trance, stirred beneath the burden of the new Judaised Rome that had been built over her, which presented the appearance of an œcumenical synagogue and was called the "Church": but immediately Judæa triumphed again, thanks to that fundamentally popular (German and English) movement of revenge, which is called the Reformation, and taking also into account its inevitable corollary, the restoration of the Church—the restoration also of the ancient graveyard peace of classical Rome. Judæa proved yet once more victorious over the classical ideal in the French Revolution, and in a sense which was even more crucial and even more profound: the last political aristocracy that existed in Europe, that of the *French* seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, broke into pieces beneath the instincts of a resentful populace—never had the world heard a greater jubilation, a more uproarious enthusiasm: indeed, there took place in the midst of it the most monstrous and unexpected phenomenon; the ancient ideal *itself* swept before the eyes and conscience of humanity with all its life and with unheard-of splendour, and in opposition to resentment's lying war-cry of *the prerogative of the most*, in opposition to the will to lowliness, abasement, and equalisation, the will to a retrogression and twilight of humanity, there rang out once again, stronger, simpler, more penetrating than ever, the terrible and enchanting counter-warcry of *the prerogative of the few*! Like a final sign-post to other ways, there appeared Napoleon, the most unique and violent anachronism that ever existed, and in him the incarnate problem *of the aristocratic ideal in itself*—consider well what a problem it is:—Napoleon, that synthesis of Monster and Superman.

17.

Was it therewith over? Was that greatest of all antitheses of ideals thereby relegated *ad acta* for all time? Or only postponed, postponed for a long time? May there not take place at some time or other a much more awful, much more carefully prepared flaring up of the old conflagration? Further! Should not one wish *that* consummation with all one's strength?—will it one's self? demand it one's self? He who at this juncture begins, like my readers, to reflect, to think further, will have difficulty in coming quickly to a conclusion,—ground enough for me to come myself to a conclusion, taking it for granted that for some time past what I mean has been sufficiently clear, what I exactly *mean* by that dangerous motto which is inscribed on the body of my last book: *Beyond Good and Evil*—at any rate that is not the same as "Beyond Good and Bad."

NOTE.—I avail myself of the opportunity offered by this treatise to express, openly and formally, a wish which up to the present has only been expressed in occasional conversations with scholars, namely, that some Faculty of philosophy should, by means of a series of prize essays, gain the glory of having promoted the further study of the *history of morals*—perhaps this book may serve to give a forcible impetus in such a direction. With regard to a possibility of this character, the following question deserves consideration. It merits quite as much the attention of philologists and historians as of actual professional philosophers.

"*What indication of the history of the evolution of the moral ideas is afforded by philology, and especially by etymological investigation?*"

On the other hand, it is of course equally necessary to induce physiologists and doctors to be interested in these problems (*of the value* of the *valuations* which have prevailed up to the present): in this connection the professional philosophers may be trusted to act as the spokesmen and intermediaries in these particular instances, after, of course, they have quite succeeded in transforming the relationship between philosophy and physiology and medicine, which is originally one of coldness and suspicion, into the most friendly and fruitful reciprocity. In point of fact, all tables of values, all the "thou shalts" known to history and ethnology, need primarily a *physiological*, at any rate in preference to a psychological, elucidation and interpretation ; all equally require a critique from medical science. The question, "What is the *value* of this or that table of 'values' and morality?" will be asked from the most varied standpoints. For instance, the question of "valuable *for what*" can never be analysed with sufficient nicety. That, for instance, which would evidently have value with regard to promoting in a race the greatest possible powers of endurance (or with regard to increasing its adaptability to a specific climate, or with regard to the preservation of the greatest number) would have nothing like the same value, if it were a question of evolving a stronger species. In gauging values, the good of the majority and the good of the minority are opposed standpoints : we leave it to the naïveté of English biologists to regard the former standpoint as *intrinsically* superior. *All* the sciences have now to pave the way for the future task of the philosopher ; this task being understood to mean, that he must solve the problem of *value*, that he has to fix the *hierarchy of values*.

SECOND ESSAY.

"GUILT," "BAD CONSCIENCE," AND THE LIKE.

1.

THE breeding of an animal that *can promise*—is not this just that very paradox of a task which nature has set itself in regard to man? Is not this the very problem of man? The fact that this problem has been to a great extent solved, must appear all the more phenomenal to one who can estimate at its full value that force of *forgetfulness* which works in opposition to it. Forgetfulness is no mere *vis inertiæ*, as the superficial believe, rather is it a power of obstruction, active and, in the strictest sense of the word, positive—a power responsible for the fact that what we have lived, experienced, taken into ourselves, no more enters into consciousness during the process of digestion (it might be called psychic absorption) than all the whole manifold process by which our physical nutrition, the so-called "incorporation," is carried on. The temporary shutting of the doors and windows of consciousness, the relief from the clamant alarums and excursions, with which our subconscious world of servant organs works in mutual co-operation and antagonism; a little quietude, a little *tabula rasa* of the consciousness, so as to make room again for the new, and above all for the more noble functions and functionaries, room for government, foresight, predetermination (for our organism is on an oligarchic model)—this is the utility, as I have said, of the active forgetfulness, which is a very sentinel and nurse of psychic order, repose, etiquette; and this shows at once why it is that there can exist no happiness, no gladness, no hope, no pride, no real *present*, without forgetfulness. The man in whom this preventative apparatus is damaged and discarded, is to be compared to a dyspeptic, and it is something more than a comparison—he can "get rid of" nothing. But this very animal who finds it necessary to be forgetful, in whom, in fact, forgetfulness represents a force and a form of *robust* health, has reared for himself an opposition-power, a memory, with whose help forgetfulness is, in certain instances, kept in check—in the cases, namely, where promises have to be made;—so that it is by no means a mere passive inability to get rid of a once indented impression, not merely the indigestion occasioned by a once pledged word, which one cannot dispose of, but an *active* refusal to get rid of it, a continuing and a wish to continue what has once been willed, an actual *memory of the will*; so that between the original "I will," "I shall do," and the actual discharge of the will, its *act*, we can easily interpose a world of new strange phenomena, circumstances, veritable volitions, without the snapping of this long chain of the will. But what is the underlying hypothesis of all this? How thoroughly, in order to be able to regulate the future in this way, must man have first learnt to distinguish between necessitated and accidental phenomena, to think causally, to see the distant as present and to anticipate it, to fix with certainty what is the end, and what is the means to that end; above all, to reckon, to have power to calculate—how thoroughly must man have first become *calculable*, *disciplined*, *necessitated* even for himself and his own conception of himself, that, like a man entering into a promise, he could guarantee himself *as a future.*

2.

This is simply the long history of the origin of *responsibility.* That task of breeding an animal which can make promises, includes, as we have already grasped, as its condition and preliminary, the more immediate task of first *making* man to a certain extent, necessitated, uniform, like among his like, regular, and consequently calculable. The immense work of what I have called, "morality of custom" * (cp. *Dawn of Day*, Aphs. 9, 14, and 16), the actual work of man on himself during the longest period of the human race, his whole prehistoric work, finds its meaning, its great justification (in spite of all its innate hardness, despotism, stupidity, and idiocy) in this fact: man, with the help of the morality of customs and of social strait-waistcoats, was *made* genuinely calculable. If, however, we place ourselves at the end of this colossal process, at the point where the tree finally matures its fruits, when society and its morality of custom finally bring to light that to which it was only the means, then do we find as the ripest fruit on its tree the *sovereign individual*, that resembles only himself, that has got loose from the morality of custom, the autonomous "super-moral" individual (for "autonomous" and "moral" are mutually exclusive terms),—in short, the man of the personal, long, and independent will, *competent to promise*,—and we find in him a proud consciousness (vibrating in every fibre), of *what* has been at last achieved and become vivified in him, a genuine consciousness of power and freedom, a feeling of human perfection in general. And this man who has grown to freedom, who is really *competent* to promise, this lord of the *free* will, this sovereign—how is it possible for him not to know how great is his superiority over everything incapable of binding itself by promises, or of being its own security, how great is the trust, the awe, the reverence that he awakes—he "deserves" all three—not to know that with this mastery over himself he is necessarily also given the mastery over circumstances, over nature, over all creatures with shorter wills, less reliable characters? The "free" man, the owner of a long unbreakable will, finds in this possession his *standard of value*: looking out from himself upon the others, he honours or he despises, and just as necessarily as he honours his peers, the strong and the reliable (those who can bind themselves by promises),—that is, every one who promises like a sovereign, with difficulty, rarely and slowly, who is sparing with his trusts but confers *honour* by the very fact of trusting, who gives his word as something that can be relied on, because he knows himself strong enough to keep it even in the teeth of disasters, even in the "teeth of fate,"—so with equal necessity will he have the heel of his foot ready for the lean and empty jackasses, who promise when they have no business to do so, and his rod of chastisement ready for the liar, who already breaks his word at the very minute when it is on his lips. The proud knowledge of the extraordinary privilege of *responsibility*, the consciousness of this rare freedom, of this power over himself and over fate, has sunk right down to his innermost depths, and has become an instinct, a dominating instinct—what name will he give to it, to this dominating instinct, if he needs to have a word for it? But there is no doubt about it—the sovereign man calls it his *conscience.*

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* The German is: "Sittlichkeit der Sitte." H. B. S.

3.

His conscience?—One apprehends at once that the idea "conscience," which is here seen in its supreme manifestation, supreme in fact to almost the point of strangeness, should already have behind it a long history and evolution. The ability to guarantee one's self with all due pride, and also at the same time to *say yes* to one's self—that is, as has been said, a ripe fruit, but also a *late* fruit:—How long must needs this fruit hang sour and bitter on the tree! And for an even longer period there was not a glimpse of such a fruit to to be had—no one had taken it on himself to promise it, although everything on the tree was quite ready for it, and everything was maturing for that very consummation. "How is a memory to be made for the man-animal? How is an impression to be so deeply fixed upon this ephemeral understanding, half dense, and half silly, upon this incarnate forgetfulness, that it will be permanently present?" As one may imagine, this primeval problem was not solved by exactly gentle answers and gentle means; perhaps there is nothing more awful and more sinister in the early history of man than his *system of mnemonics*. "Something is burnt in so as to remain in his memory: only that which never stops *hurting* remains in his memory." This is an axiom of the oldest (unfortunately also the longest) psychology in the world. It might even be said that wherever solemnity, seriousness, mystery, and gloomy colours are now found in the life of the men and of nations of the world, there is some *survival* of that horror which was once the universal concomitant of all promises, pledges, and obligations. The past, the past with all its length, depth, and hardness, wafts to us its breath, and bubbles up in us again, when we become "serious." When man thinks it necessary to make for himself a memory, he never accomplishes it without blood, tortures, and sacrifice; the most dreadful sacrifices and forfeitures (among them the sacrifice of the first-born), the most loathsome mutilation (for instance, castration), the most cruel rituals of all the religious cults (for all religions are really at bottom systems of cruelty)—all these things originate from that instinct which found in pain its most potent mnemonic. In a certain sense the whole of asceticism is to be ascribed to this: certain ideas have got to be made inextinguishable, omnipresent, "fixed," with the object of hypnotising the whole nervous and intellectual system through these "fixed ideas"—and the ascetic methods and modes of life are the means of freeing those ideas from the competition of all other ideas so as to make them "unforgettable." The worse memory man had, the ghastlier the signs presented by his customs; the severity of the penal laws affords in particular a gauge of the extent of man's difficulty in conquering forgetfulness, and in keeping a few primal postulates of social intercourse ever present to the minds of those who were the slaves of every momentary emotion and every momentary desire. We Germans do certainly not regard ourselves as an especially cruel and hard-hearted nation, still less as an especially casual and happy-go-lucky one; but one has only to look at our old penal ordinances in order to realise what a lot of trouble it takes in the world to evolve a "nation of thinkers" (I mean: *the* European nation which exhibits at this very day the maximum of reliability, seriousness, bad taste, and positiveness, which has on the strength of these qualities a right to train every kind of European mandarin). These Germans employed terrible means to make for themselves a memory, to enable them to master their rooted plebeian instincts and the brutal crudity of those instincts: think of the old German punishments, for instance, stoning (as far back as the legend, the millstone falls on the head of the guilty man), breaking on the wheel (the most original invention and speciality of the German genius in the sphere of punishment), dart-throwing, tearing, or trampling by horses ("quarter-ing"), boiling the criminal in oil or wine (still prevalent in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries), the highly popular flaying ("slicing into strips"), cutting the flesh out of the breast; think also of the evil-doer being besmeared with honey, and then exposed to the flies in a blazing sun. It was by the help of such images and precedents that man eventually kept in his memory five or six "I will nots" with regard to which he had already given his *promise*, so as to be able to enjoy the advantages of society—and verily with the help of this kind of memory man eventually attained "reason"! Alas! reason, seriousness, mastery over the emotions, all these gloomy, dismal things which are called reflection, all these privileges and pageantries of humanity: how dear is the price that they have exacted! How much blood and cruelty is the foundation of all "good things"!

4.

But how is it that that other melancholy object, the consciousness of sin, the whole "bad conscience," came into the world? And it is here that we turn back to our genealogists of morals. For the second time I say—or have I not said it yet?—that they are worth nothing. Just their own five-spans-long limited modern experience; no knowledge of the past, and no wish to know it; still less a historic instinct, a power of "second sight" (which is what is really required in this case)—and despite this to go in for the history of morals. It stands to reason that this must needs produce results which are removed from the truth by something more than a respectful distance.

Have these current genealogists of morals ever allowed themselves to have even the vaguest notion, for instance, that the cardinal moral idea of "ought"* originates from the very material idea of "owe"? Or that punishment developed as a *retaliation* absolutely independently of any preliminary hypothesis of the freedom or determination of the will?—And this to such an extent, that a *high* degree of civilisation was always first necessary for the animal man to begin to make those much more primitive distinctions of "intentional," "negligent," "accidental," "responsible," and their contraries, and apply them in the assessing of punishment. That idea—"the wrong-doer deserves punishment *because* he might have acted otherwise," in spite of the fact that it is nowadays so cheap, obvious, natural, and inevitable, and that it has had to serve as an illustration of the way in which the sentiment of justice appeared on earth, is in point of fact an exceedingly late, and even refined form of human judgment and inference; the placing of this idea back at the beginning of the world is simply a clumsy violation of the principles of primitive psychology. Throughout the longest period of human history punishment was *never* based on the responsibility of the evil-doer for his action, and was consequently *not* based on the hypothesis that only the guilty should be punished;—on the contrary, punishment was inflicted in those days for the same reason that parents punish their children even nowadays, out of anger at an injury that they have suffered, an anger which vents itself mechanically on the author of the injury—but this anger is kept in bounds and modified through the idea that every injury has somewhere or other its *equivalent* price, and can really be paid off, even though it be by means of pain to the author. Whence is it that this ancient deep-rooted and now perhaps ineradicable idea has drawn its strength, this idea of an equivalency between injury and pain? I have already revealed its origin, in the contractual relationship between *creditor* and *ower*, that is as old as the existence of legal rights at all, and in its turn points back to the primary forms of purchase, sale, barter, and trade.

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* The German world "schuld" means both debt and guilt. Cp. the English "owe" and "ought," by which I occasionally render the double meaning.—H. B. S.

5.

The realisation of these contractual relations excites, of course (as would be already expected from our previous observations), a great deal of suspicion and opposition towards the primitive society which made or sanctioned them. In this society promises will be made; in this society the object is to provide the promiser with a memory; in this society, so may we suspect, there will be full scope for hardness, cruelty, and pain: the "ower," in order to induce credit in his promise of repayment, in order to give a guarantee of the earnestness and sanctity of his promise, in order to drill into his own conscience the duty, the solemn duty, of repayment, will, by virtue of a contract with his creditor to meet the contingency of his not paying, pledge something that he still possesses, something that he still has in his power, for instance, his life or his wife, or his freedom or his body (or under certain religious conditions even his salvation, his soul's welfare, even his peace in the grave; so in Egypt, where the corpse of the ower found even in the grave no rest from the creditor—of course, from the Egyptian standpoint, this peace was a matter of particular importance). But especially has the creditor the power of inflicting on the body of the ower all kinds of pain and torture—the power, for instance, of cutting off from it an amount that appeared proportionate to the greatness of the debt;—this point of view resulted in the universal prevalence at an early date of precise schemes of valuation, frequently horrible in the minuteness and meticulosity of their application, *legally* sanctioned schemes of valuation for individual limbs and parts of the body. I consider it as already a progress, as a proof of a freer, less petty, and more *Roman* conception of law, when the Roman Code of the Twelve Tables decreed that it was immaterial how much or how little the creditors in such a contingency cut off, "*si plus minusve secuerunt, ne fraude esto.*" Let us make the logic of the whole of this equalisation process clear; it is strange enough. The equivalence consists in this: instead of an advantage directly compensatory of his injury (that is, instead of an equalisation in money, lands, or some kind of chattel), the creditor is granted by way of repayment and compensation a certain *sensation of satisfaction*—the satisfaction of being able to vent, without any trouble, his power on one who is powerless, the delight "*de faire le mal pour le plaisir de le faire*," the joy in sheer violence: and this joy will be relished in proportion to the lowness and humbleness of the creditor in the social scale, and is quite apt to have the effect of the most delicious dainty, and even seem the foretaste of a higher social position. Thanks to the punishment of the "ower," the creditor participates in the rights of the masters. At last he too, for once in a way, attains the edifying consciousness of being able to despise and ill-treat a creature—as an "inferior"—or at any rate of *seeing* him being despised and ill-treated, in case the actual power of punishment, the administration of punishment, has already become transferred to the "authorities." The compensation consequently consists in a claim on cruelty and a right to draw thereon.

6.

It is then in *this* sphere of the law of contract that we find the cradle of the whole moral world of the ideas of "guilt," "conscience," "duty," the "sacredness of duty,"—their commencement, like the commencement of all great things in the world, is thoroughly ~~and continuously saturated with blood~~. And should we not add that this world has never really lost a certain savour of blood and torture (not even in old Kant · the categorical imperative reeks of cruelty). It was in this sphere likewise that there first became formed that sinister and perhaps now indissoluble association of the ideas of "guilt" and "suffering." To put the question yet again, why can suffering be a compensation for "owing"?—Because the *infliction* of suffering produces the highest degree of happiness, because the injured party will get in exchange for his loss (including his vexation at his loss) an extraordinary counter-pleasure: the *infliction* of suffering—a real *feast*, something that, as I have said, was all the more appreciated the greater the paradox created by the rank and social status of the creditor. These observations are purely conjectural; for, apart from the painful nature of the task, it is hard to plumb such profound depths: the clumsy introduction of the idea of "revenge" as a connecting-link simply hides and obscures the view instead of rendering it clearer (revenge itself simply leads back again to the identical problem—"How can the infliction of suffering be a satisfaction?"). In my opinion it is repugnant to the delicacy, and still more to the hypocrisy of tame domestic animals (that is, modern men; that is, ourselves), to realise with all their energy the extent to which *cruelty* constituted the great joy and delight of ancient man, was an ingredient which seasoned nearly all his pleasures, and conversely the extent of the naïveté and innocence with which he manifested his need for cruelty, when he actually made as a matter of principle "disinterested malice" (or, to use Spinoza's expression, the *sympathia malevolens*) into a *normal* characteristic of man—as consequently something to which the conscience says a hearty *yes*. The more profound observer has perhaps already had sufficient opportunity for noticing this most ancient and radical joy and delight of mankind; in *Beyond Good and Evil*, Aph. 188 (and even earlier, in *The Dawn of Day*, Aphs. 18, 77, 113), I have cautiously indicated the continually growing spiritualisation and "deification" of cruelty, which pervades the whole history of the higher civilisation (and in the larger sense even constitutes it). At any rate the time is not so long past when it was impossible to conceive of royal weddings and national festivals on a grand scale, without executions, tortures, or perhaps an *auto-da-fé*, or similarly to conceive of an aristocratic household, without a creature to serve as a butt for the cruel and malicious baiting of the inmates. (The reader will perhaps remember Don Quixote at the court of the Duchess: we read nowadays the whole of *Don Quixote* with a bitter taste in the mouth, almost with a sensation of torture, a fact which would appear very strange and very incomprehensible to the author and his contemporaries—they read it with the best conscience in the world as the gayest of books; they almost died with laughing at it.) The sight of suffering does one good, the infliction of suffering does one more good—this is a hard maxim, but none the less a fundamental maxim, old, powerful, and "human, all-too-human"; one, moreover, to which perhaps even the apes as well would subscribe: for it is said that in inventing bizarre cruelties they are giving abundant proof of their future humanity, to which, as it were, they are playing the prelude. Without cruelty, no feast: so teaches the oldest and longest history of man —and in punishment too is there so much of the *festive*.

7.

Entertaining, as I do, these thoughts, I am, let me say in parenthesis, fundamentally opposed to helping our pessimists to new water for the discordant and groaning mills of their disgust with life; on the contrary, it should be shown specifically that, at the time when mankind was not yet ashamed of its cruelty, life in the world was brighter than it is nowadays when there are pessimists. The darkening of the heavens over man has always increased in proportion to the growth of man's shame *before man*. The tired pessimistic outlook, the mistrust of the riddle of life, the icy negation of disgusted ennui, all those are not the signs of the *most evil* age of the human race: much rather do they come first to the light of day, as the swamp-flowers, which they are, when the swamp to which they belong, comes into existence—I mean the diseased refinement and moralisation, thanks to which the "animal man" has at last learnt to be ashamed of all his instincts. On the road to angel-hood (not to use in this context a harder word) man has developed that dyspeptic stomach and coated tongue, which have made not only the joy and innocence of the animal repulsive to him, but also life itself:—so that sometimes he stands with stopped nostrils before his own self, and, like Pope Innocent the Third, makes a black list of his own horrors ("unclean generation, loathsome nutrition when in the maternal body, badness of the matter out of which man develops, awful stench, secretion of saliva, urine, and excrement"). Nowadays, when suffering is always trotted out as the first argument *against* existence, as its most sinister query, it is well to remember the times when men judged on converse principles because they could not dispense with the *infliction* of suffering, and saw therein a magic of the first order, a veritable bait of seduction to life.

Perhaps in those days (this is to solace the weaklings) pain did not hurt so much as it does nowadays: any physician who has treated negroes (granted that these are taken as representative of the prehistoric man) suffering from severe internal inflammations which would bring a European, even though he had the soundest constitution, almost to despair, would be in a position to come to this conclusion. Pain has *not* the same effect with negroes. (The curve of human sensibilities to pain seems indeed to sink in an extraordinary and almost sudden fashion, as soon as one has passed the upper ten thousand or ten millions of over-civilised humanity, and I personally have no doubt that, by comparison with one painful night passed by one single hysterical chit of a cultured woman, the suffering of all the animals taken together who have been put to the question of the knife, so as to give scientific answers, are simply negligible.) We may perhaps be allowed to admit the possibility of the craving for cruelty not necessarily having become really extinct: it only requires, in view of the fact that pain hurts more nowadays, a certain sublimation and subtilisation, it must especially be translated to the imaginative and psychic plane, and be adorned with such smug euphemisms, that even the most fastidious and hypocritical conscience could never grow suspicious of their real nature ("Tragic pity" is one of these euphemisms: another is "*les nostalgies de la croix*"). What really raises one's indignation against suffering is not suffering intrinsically, but the senselessness of suffering; such a *senselessness*, however, existed neither in Christianity, which interpreted suffering into a whole mysterious salvation-apparatus, nor in the beliefs of the naïve ancient man, who only knew how to find a meaning in suffering from the standpoint of the spectator, or the inflictor of the suffering. In order to get the secret, undiscovered, and unwitnessed suffering out of the world it was almost compulsory to invent gods and a hierarchy of intermediate beings, in short, something which wanders even among secret places, sees even in the dark, and makes a point of never missing an interesting and painful spectacle. It was with the help of such inventions that life got to learn the *tour de force*, which has become part of its stock-in-trade, the *tour de force* of self-justification, of the justification of evil; nowadays this would perhaps require other auxiliary devices (for instance, life as a riddle, life as a problem of knowledge). "Every evil is justified in the sight of which a god finds edification," so rang the logic of primitive sentiment—and, indeed, was it only of primitive? The gods conceived as friends of spectacles of cruelty—oh how far does this primeval conception extend even nowadays into our European civilisation! One would perhaps like in this context to consult Luther and Calvin. It is at any rate certain that even the Greeks knew no more piquant seasoning for the happiness of their gods than the joys of cruelty. What, do you think, was the mood with which Homer makes his gods look down upon the fates of men? What final meaning have at bottom the Trojan War and similar tragic horrors? It is impossible to entertain any doubt on the point: they were intended as festival games for the gods, and, in so far as the poet is of a more godlike breed than other men, as festival games also for the poets. It was in just this spirit and no other, that at a later date the moral philosophers of Greece conceived the eyes of God as still looking down on the moral struggle, the heroism, and the self-torture of the virtuous; the Heracles of duty was on a stage, and was conscious of the fact; virtue without witnesses was something quite unthinkable for this nation of actors. Must not that philosophic invention, so audacious and so fatal, which was then absolutely new to Europe, the invention of "free will," of the absolute spontaneity of man in good and evil, simply have been made for the specific purpose of justifiying the idea, that the interest of the gods in humanity and human virtue was *inexhaustible*?

There would never on the stage of this free-will world be a dearth of really new, really novel and exciting situations, plots, catastrophes. A world thought out on completely deterministic lines would be easily guessed by the gods, and would consequently soon bore them—sufficient reason for these *friends of the gods*, the philosophers, not to ascribe to their gods such a deterministic world. The whole of ancient humanity is full of delicate consideration for the spectator, being as it is a world of thorough publicity and theatricality, which could not conceive of happiness without spectacles and festivals.—And, as has already been said, even in great *punishment* there is so much which is festive.

8.

The feeling of "ought," of personal obligation (to take up again the train of our inquiry), has had, as we saw, its origin in the oldest and most original personal relationship that there is, the relationship between buyer and seller, creditor and ower: here it was that individual confronted individual, and that individual *matched himself against* individual. There has not yet been found a grade of civilisation so low, as not to manifest some trace of this relationship. Making prices, assessing values, thinking out equivalents, exchanging—all this preoccupied the primal thoughts of man to such an extent that in a certain sense it constituted *thinking* itself: it was here that was trained the oldest form of sagacity, it was here in this sphere that we can perhaps trace the first commencement of man's pride, of his feeling of superiority over other animals. Perhaps our word "Mensch" (*manas*) still expresses just something of *this* self-pride: man denoted himself as the being who measures values, who values and measures, as the "assessing" animal *par excellence.* Sale and purchase, together with their psychological concomitants, are older than the origins of any form of social organisation and union: it is rather from the most rudimentary form of individual right that the budding consciousness of exchange, commerce, debt, right, obligation, compensation was first transferred to the rudest and most elementary of the social complexes (in their relation to similar complexes), the habit of comparing force with force, together with that of measuring, of calculating. His eye was now focussed to this perspective; and with that ponderous consistency characteristic of ancient thought, which, though set in motion with difficulty, yet proceeds inflexibly along the line on which it has started, man soon arrived at the great generalisation, "everything has its price, *all* can be paid for," the oldest and most naïve moral canon of *justice*, the beginning of all "kindness," of all "equity," of all "goodwill," of all "objectivity" in the world. Justice in this initial phase is the goodwill among people of about equal power to come to terms with each other, to come to an understanding again by means of a settlement, and with regard to the less powerful, to *compel* them to agree among themselves to a settlement.

9.

Measured always by the standard of antiquity (this antiquity, moreover, is present or again possible at all periods), the community stands to its members in that important and radical relationship of creditor to his "owers." Man lives in a community, man enjoys the advantages of a community (and what advantages! we occasionally underestimate them nowadays), man lives protected, spared, in peace and trust, secure from certain injuries and enmities, to which the man outside the community, the "peaceless" man, is exposed,—a German understands the original meaning of "Elend" (*êlend*),—secure because he has entered into pledges and obligations to the community in respect of these very injuries and enmities. What happens *when this is not the case*? The community, the defrauded creditor, will get itself paid, as well as it can, one can reckon on that. In this case the question of the direct damage done by the offender is quite subsidiary: quite apart from this the criminal* is above all a breaker, a breaker of word and covenant *to the whole*, as regards all the advantages and amenities of the communal life in which up to that time he had participated. The criminal is an "ower" who not only fails to repay the advances and advantages that have been given to him, but even sets out to attack his creditor:

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* *German:* "Verbrecher."—H.B.S.

consequently he is in the future not only, as is fair, deprived of all these advantages and amenities—he is in addition reminded of the *importance* of those advantages. The wrath of the injured creditor, of the community, puts him back in the wild and outlawed status from which he was previously protected: the community repudiates him—and now every kind of enmity can vent itself on him. Punishment is in this stage of civilisation simply the copy, the mimic, of the normal treatment of the hated, disdained, and conquered enemy, who is not only deprived of every right and protection but of every mercy; so we have the martial law and triumphant festival of the *væ victis!* in all its mercilessness and cruelty. This shows why war itself (counting the sacrificial cult of war) has produced all the forms under which punishment has manifested itself in history.

10.

As it grows more powerful, the community tends to take the offences of the individual less seriously, because they are now regarded as being much less revolutionary and dangerous to the corporate existence: the evil-doer is no more outlawed and put outside the pale, the common wrath can no longer vent itself upon him with its old licence,—on the contrary, from this very time it is against this wrath, and particularly against the wrath of those directly injured, that the evil-doer is carefully shielded and protected by the community. As, in fact, the penal law develops, the following characteristics become more and more clearly marked: compromise with the wrath of those directly affected by the misdeed; a consequent endeavour to localise the matter and to prevent a further, or indeed a general spread of the disturbance; attempts to find equivalents and to settle the whole matter (*compositio*); above all, the will, which manifests itself with increasing definiteness, to treat every offence as in a certain degree capable of *being paid off*, and consequently, at any rate up to a certain point, to *isolate* the offender from his act. As the power and the self-consciousness of a community increases, so proportionately does the penal law become mitigated; conversely every weakening and jeopardising of the community revives the harshest forms of that law. The creditor has always grown more humane proportionately as he has grown more rich; finally the amount of injury he can endure without really suffering becomes the criterion of his wealth. It is possible to conceive of a society blessed with so great a *consciousness of its own power* as to indulge in the most aristocratic luxury of letting its wrong-doers go *scot-free*.—"What do my parasites matter to me?" might society say. "Let them live and flourish! I am strong enough for it."—The justice which began with the maxim, "Everything can be paid off, everything must be paid off," ends with connivance at the escape of those who cannot pay to escape—it ends, like every good thing on earth, by *destroying itself*.—The self-destruction of Justice! we know the pretty name it calls itself—*Grace!* it remains, as is obvious, the privilege of the strongest, better still, their super-law.

11.

A deprecatory word here against the attempts, that have lately been made, to find ~~the origin of~~ justice on quite another basis—namely, on that of *resentment.* Let me whisper a word in the ear of the psychologists, if they would fain study revenge itself at close quarters: this plant blooms its prettiest at present among Anarchists and anti-Semites, a hidden flower, as it has ever been, like the violet, though, forsooth, with another perfume. And as like must necessarily emanate from like, it will not be a matter for surprise that it is just in such circles that we see the birth of endeavours (it is their old birthplace—compare above, First Essay, paragraph 14), to sanctify *revenge* under the name of *justice* (as though Justice were at bottom merely a development of the consciousness of injury), and thus with the rehabilitation of revenge to reinstate generally and collectively all the *reactive* emotions. I object to this last point least of all. It even seems *meritorious* when regarded from the standpoint of the whole problem of biology (from which standpoint the value of these emotions has up to the present been underestimated). And that to which I alone call attention, is the circumstance that it is the spirit of revenge itself, from which develops this new nuance of scientific equity (for the benefit of hate, envy, mistrust, jealousy, suspicion, rancour, revenge). This scientific " equity " stops immediately and makes way for the accents of deadly enmity and prejudice, so soon as another group of emotions comes on the scene, which in my opinion are of a much higher biological value than these reactions, and consequently have a paramount claim to the valuation and appreciation of *science*: I mean the really *active* emotions, such as personal and material ambition, and so forth. (E. Dühring, *Value of Life; Course of Philosophy*, and *passim.*) So much against this tendency in general: but as for the particular maxim of Dühring's, that the home of Justice is to be found in the sphere of the reactive feelings, our love of truth compels us drastically to invert his own proposition and to oppose to him this other maxim: the *last* sphere conquered by the spirit of justice is the sphere of the feeling of reaction! When it really comes about that the just man remains just even as regards his injurer (and not merely cold, moderate, reserved, indifferent: being just is always a *positive* state); when, in spite of the strong provocation of personal insult, contempt, and calumny, the lofty and clear objectivity of the just and judging eye (whose glance is as profound as it is gentle) is untroubled, why then we have a piece of perfection, a past master of the world—something, in fact, which it would not be wise to expect, and which should not at any rate be too easily *believed*. Speaking generally, there is no doubt but that even the justest individual only requires a little dose of hostility, malice, or innuendo to drive the blood into his brain and the fairness *from* it. The active man, the attacking, aggressive man is always a hundred degrees nearer to justice than the man who merely reacts; he certainly has no need to adopt the tactics, necessary in the case of the reacting man, of making false and biassed valuations of his object. It is, in point of fact, for this reason that the aggressive man has at all times enjoyed the stronger, bolder, more aristocratic, and also *freer* outlook, the *better* conscience. On the other hand, we already surmise who it really is that has on his conscience the invention of the "bad conscience,"—the resentful man! Finally, let man look at himself in history. In what sphere up to the present has the whole administration of law, the actual need of law, found its earthly home? Perchance in the sphere of the reacting man? Not for a minute: rather in that of the active, strong, spontaneous, aggressive man? I deliberately defy the above-mentioned agitator (who himself makes this self-confession, "the creed of revenge has run through all my works and endeavours like the red thread of Justice"), and say, that judged historically law in the world represents the very war *against* the reactive feelings, the very war waged on those feelings by the powers of activity and aggression, which devote some of their strength to damming and keeping within bounds this effervescence of hysterical reactivity, and to forcing it to some compromise. Everywhere where justice is practised and justice is maintained, it is to be observed that the stronger power, when confronted with the weaker powers which are inferior to it (whether they be groups, or individuals), searches for weapons to put an end to the senseless fury of resentment, while it carries on its object, partly by taking the victim of resentment out of the clutches of revenge, partly by substituting for revenge a campaign of its own against the enemies of peace and order, partly by finding, suggesting, and occasionally enforcing settlements, partly by standardising certain equivalents for injuries, to which equivalents the element of resentment is henceforth finally referred. The most drastic measure, however, taken and effectuated by the supreme power, to combat the preponderance of the feelings of spite and vindictiveness—it takes this measure as soon as it is at all strong enough to do so—is the foundation of *law*, the imperative declaration of what in its eyes is to be regarded as just and lawful, and what unjust and unlawful: and while, after the foundation of law, the supreme power treats the aggressive and arbitrary acts of individuals, or of whole groups, as a violation of law, and a revolt against itself, it distracts the feelings of its subjects from the immediate injury inflicted by such a violation, and thus eventually attains the very opposite result to that always desired by revenge, which sees and recognises nothing but the standpoint of the injured party. From henceforth the eye becomes trained to a more and more *impersonal* valuation of the deed, even the eye of the injured party himself (though this is in the final stage of all, as has been previously remarked)—on this principle "right" and "wrong" first manifest themselves after the foundation of law (and *not*, as Dühring maintains, only after the act of violation). To talk of intrinsic right and intrinsic wrong is absolutely nonsensical; intrinsically, an injury, an oppression, an exploitation, an annihilation can be nothing wrong, inasmuch as life is *essentially* (that is, in its cardinal functions) something which functions by injuring, oppressing, exploiting, and annihilating, and is absolutely inconceivable without such a character. It is necessary to make an even more serious confession:—viewed from the most advanced biological standpoint, conditions of legality can be only *exceptional conditions*, in that they are partial restrictions of the real life-will, which makes for power, and in that they are subordinated to the life-will's general end as particular means, that is, as means to create *larger* units of strength. A legal organisation, conceived of as sovereign and universal, not as a weapon in a fight of complexes of power, but as a weapon *against* fighting, generally something after the style of Dühring's communistic model of treating every will as equal with every other will, would be a principle *hostile to life*, a destroyer and dissolver of man, an outrage on the future of man, a symptom of fatigue, a secret cut to Nothingness.—

12.

A word more on the origin and end of punishment—two problems which are or ought to be kept distinct, but which unfortunately are usually lumped into one. And what tactics have our moral genealogists employed up to the present in these cases? Their inveterate naïveté. They find out some "end" in the punishment, for instance, revenge and deterrence, and then in all their innocence set this end at the beginning, as the *causa fiendi* of the punishment, and—they have done the trick. But the patching up of a history of the origin of law is the last use to which the "End in Law"* ought to be put. Perhaps there is no more pregnant principle for any kind of history than the following, which, difficult though it is to master, *should* none the less be *mastered* in every detail.—The origin of the existence of a thing and its final utility, its practical application and incorporation in a system of ends, are *toto cælo* opposed to each other—everything, anything, which exists and which prevails anywhere, will always be put to new purposes by a force superior to itself, will be commandeered afresh, will be turned and transformed to new uses; all "happening" in the organic world consists of *overpowering* and dominating, and again all overpowering and domination is a new interpretation and adjustment, which must necessarily obscure or absolutely extinguish the subsisting "meaning" and "end." The most perfect comprehension of the utility of any physiological organ (or also of a legal institution, social custom, political habit, form in art or in religious worship) does not for a minute imply any simultaneous comprehension of its origin: this may seem uncomfortable and unpalatable to the older men,—for it has been the immemorial belief that understanding the final cause or the utility of a thing, a form, an institution, means also understanding the reason for its origin: to give an example of this logic, the eye was made to see, the hand was made to grasp. So even punishment was conceived as invented with a view to punishing. But all ends and all utilities are only *signs* that a Will to Power has mastered a less powerful force, has impressed thereon out of its own self the meaning of a function; and the whole history of a "Thing," an organ, a custom, can on the same principle be regarded as a continuous "sign-chain" of perpetually new interpretations and adjustments, whose causes, so far from needing to have even a mutual connection, sometimes follow and alternate with each other absolutely haphazard. Similarly, the evolution of a "thing," of a custom, is anything but its *progressus* to an end, still less a logical and direct *progressus* attained with the minimum expenditure of energy and cost: it is rather the succession of processes of subjugation, more or less profound, more or less mutually independent, which operate on the thing itself; it is, further, the resistance which in each case invariably displayed this subjugation, the Protean wriggles by way of defence and reaction, and, further, the results of successful counter-efforts. The form is fluid, but the meaning is even more so—even inside every individual organism the case is the same: with every genuine growth of the whole, the "function" of the individual organs becomes shifted,—in certain cases a partial perishing of these organs, a diminution of their numbers (for instance, through annihilation of the connecting members), can be a symptom of growing strength and perfection. What I mean is this: even partial *loss of utility*, decay, and degeneration, loss of function and purpose, in a word, death, appertain to the conditions of the genuine *progressus*; which always appears in the shape of a will and way to *greater* power, and is always realised at the expense of innumerable smaller powers. The magnitude of a "progress" is gauged by the greatness of the sacrifice that it requires: humanity as a mass sacrificed to the prosperity of the one *stronger* species of Man—that *would be* a progress. I emphasise all the more this cardinal characteristic of the historic method, for the reason that in its essence it runs counter to predominant instincts and prevailing taste, which much prefer to put up with absolute casualness, even with the mechanical senselessness of all phenomena, than with the theory of a power-will, in exhaustive play throughout all phenomena. The democratic idiosyncrasy against everything which rules and wishes to rule, the modern *misarchism* (to coin a bad word for a bad thing), has gradually but so thoroughly transformed itself into the guise of intellectualism, the most abstract intellectualism, that even nowadays it penetrates and *has the right* to penetrate step by step into the most exact and apparently the most objective sciences: this tendency has, in fact, in my view already dominated the whole of physiology and biology, and to their detriment, as is obvious, in so far as it has spirited away a radical idea, the idea of true *activity*. The tyranny of this idiosyncrasy, however, results in the theory of "adaptation" being pushed forward into the van of the argument, exploited; adaptation—that means to say, a second-class activity, a mere capacity for "reacting"; in fact, life itself has been defined (by Herbert Spencer) as an increasingly effective internal adaptation to external circumstances. This definition, however, fails to realise the real essence of life, its will to power. It fails to appreciate the paramount superiority enjoyed by those plastic forces of spontaneity, aggression, and encroachment with their new interpretations and tendencies, to the operation of which adaptation is only a natural corollary: consequently the sovereign office of the highest functionaries in the organism itself (among which the life-will appears as an active and formative principle) is repudiated. One remembers Huxley's reproach to Spencer of his "administrative Nihilism": but it is a case of something much *more* than "administration."

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* An allusion to *Der Zweck im Recht*, by the great German jurist, Professor Ihering.

13.

To return to our subject, namely *punishment*, we must make consequently a double distinction: first, the relatively permanent *element*, the custom, the act, the "drama," a certain rigid sequence of methods of procedure; on the other hand, the fluid element, the meaning, the end, the expectation which is attached to the operation of such procedure. At this point we immediately assume, *per analogiam* (in accordance with the theory of the historic method, which we have elaborated above), that the procedure itself is something older and earlier than its utilisation in punishment, that this utilisation was *introduced* and interpreted into the procedure (which had existed for a long time, but whose employment had another meaning), in short, that the case is *different* from that hitherto supposed by our *naïf* genealogists of morals and of law, who thought that the procedure was *invented* for the purpose of punishment, in the same way that the hand had been previously thought to have been invented for the purpose of grasping. With regard to the other element in *punishment*, its fluid element, its meaning, the idea of punishment in a very late stage of civilisation (for instance, contemporary Europe) is not content with manifesting merely one meaning, but manifests a whole synthesis "of meanings." The past general history of punishment, the history of its employment for the most diverse ends, crystallises eventually into a kind of unity, which is difficult to analyse into its parts, and which, it is necessary to emphasise, absolutely defies definition. (It is nowadays impossible to say definitely *the precise reason* for punishment: all ideas, in which a whole process is promiscuously comprehended, elude definition; it is only that which has no history, which can be defined.) At an earlier stage, on the contrary, that synthesis of meanings appears much less rigid and much more elastic; we can realise how in each individual case the elements of the synthesis change their value and their position, so that now one element and now another stands out and predominates over the others, nay, in certain cases one element (perhaps the end of deterrence) seems to eliminate all the rest. At any rate, so as to give some idea of the uncertain, supplementary, and accidental nature of the meaning of punishment and of the manner in which one identical procedure can be employed and adapted for the most diametrically opposed objects, I will at this point give a scheme that has suggested itself to me, a scheme itself based on comparatively small and accidental material.—Punishment, as rendering the criminal harmless and incapable of further injury.—Punishment, as compensation for the injury sustained by the injured party, in any form whatsoever (including the form of sentimental compensation).—Punishment, as an isolation of that which disturbs the equilibrium, so as to prevent the further spreading of the disturbance.—Punishment as a means of inspiring fear of those who determine and execute the punishment.—Punishment as a kind of compensation for advantages which the wrong-doer has up to that time enjoyed (for example, when he is utilised as a slave in the mines).—Punishment, as the elimination of an element of decay (sometimes of a whole branch, as according to the Chinese laws, consequently as a means to the purification of the race, or the preservation of a social type).—Punishment as a festival, as the violent oppression and humiliation of an enemy that has at last been subdued.—Punishment as a mnemonic, whether for him who suffers the punishment—the so-called "correction," or for the witnesses of its administration.—Punishment, as the payment of a fee stipulated for by the power which protects the evil-doer from the excesses of revenge.—Punishment, as a compromise with the natural phenomenon of revenge, in so far as revenge is still maintained and claimed as a privilege by the stronger races.—Punishment as a declaration and measure of war against an enemy of peace, of law, of order, of authority, who is fought by society with the weapons which war provides, as a spirit dangerous to the community, as a breaker of the contract on which the community is based, as a rebel, a traitor, and a breaker of the peace.

14.

This list is certainly not complete ; it is obvious that punishment is overloaded with utilities of all kinds. This makes it all the more permissible to eliminate one *supposed* utility, which passes, at any rate in the popular mind, for its most essential utility, and which is just what even now provides the strongest support for that faith in punishment which is nowadays for many reasons tottering. Punishment is supposed to have the value of exciting in the guilty the consciousness of guilt ; in punishment is sought the proper *instrumentum* of that psychic reaction which becomes known as a "bad conscience," "remorse." But this theory is even, from the point of view of the present, a violation of reality and psychology: and how much more so is the case when we have to deal with the longest period of man's history, his primitive history! Genuine remorse is certainly extremely rare among wrong-doers and the victims of punishment; prisons and houses of correction are not *the* soil on which this worm of remorse pullulates for choice—this is the unanimous opinion of all conscientious observers, who in many cases arrive at such a judgment with enough reluctance and against their own personal wishes. Speaking generally, punishment hardens and numbs, it produces concentration, it sharpens the consciousness of alienation, it strengthens the power of resistance. When it happens that it breaks the man's energy and brings about a piteous prostration and abjectness, such a result is certainly even less salutary than the average effect of punishment, which is characterised by a harsh and sinister doggedness. The thought of those *prehistoric* millennia brings us to the unhesitating conclusion, that it was simply through punishment that the evolution of the consciousness of guilt was most forcibly retarded—at any rate in the victims of the punishing power. In particular, let us not underestimate the extent to which, by the very sight of the judicial and executive procedure, the wrong-doer is himself prevented from feeling that his deed, the character of his act, is *intrinsically* reprehensible: for he sees clearly the same kind of acts practised in the service of justice, and then called good, and practised with a good conscience; acts such as espionage, trickery, bribery, trapping, the whole intriguing and insidious art of the policeman and the informer—the whole system, in fact, manifested in the different kinds of punishment (a system not excused by passion, but based on principle), of robbing, oppressing, insulting, imprisoning, racking, murdering.—All this he sees treated by his judges, not as acts meriting censure and condemnation *in themselves*, but only in a particular context and application. It was *not* on this soil that grew the "bad conscience," that most sinister and interesting plant of our earthly vegetation—in point of fact, throughout a most lengthy period, no suggestion of having to do with a "guilty man" manifested itself in the consciousness of the man who judged and punished. One had merely to deal with an author of an injury, an irresponsible piece of fate. And the man himself, on whom the punishment subsequently fell like a piece of fate, was occasioned no more of an "inner pain" than would be occasioned by the sudden approach of some uncalculated event, some terrible natural catastrophe, a rushing, crushing avalanche against which there is no resistance.

15.

This truth came insidiously enough to the consciousness of Spinoza (to the disgust of his commentators, who (like Kuno Fischer, for instance) give themselves no end of *trouble* to misunderstand him on this point), when one afternoon (as he sat raking up who knows what memory) he indulged in the question of what was really left for him personally of the celebrated *morsus conscientiæ* —Spinoza, who had relegated "good and evil" to the sphere of human imagination, and indignantly defended the honour of his "free" God against those blasphemers who affirmed that God did everything *sub ratione boni* ("but this was tantamount to subordinating God to fate, and would really be the greatest of all absurdities"). For Spinoza the world had returned again to that innocence in which it lay before the discovery of the bad conscience: what, then, had happened to the *morsus conscientiæ*? "The antithesis of *gaudium*," said he at last to himself,—"A sadness accompanied by the recollection of a past event which has turned out contrary to all expectation" (*Eth.* III., Propos. XVIII. Schol. i. ii.). Evildoers have throughout thousands of years felt when overtaken by punishment *exactly like Spinoza*, on the subject of their "offence": "here is something which went wrong contrary to my anticipation," *not* "I ought not to have done this."—They submitted themselves to punishment, just as one submits one's self to a disease, to a misfortune, or to death, with that stubborn and resigned fatalism which gives the Russians, for instance, even nowadays, the advantage over us Westerners, in the handling of life. If at that period there was a critique of action, the criterion was prudence: the real *effect* of punishment is unquestionably chiefly to be found in a sharpening of the sense of prudence, in a lengthening of the memory, in a will to adopt more of a policy of caution, suspicion, and secrecy; in the recognition that there are many things which are unquestionably beyond one's capacity; in a kind of improvement in self-criticism. The broad effects which can be obtained by punishment in man and beast, are the increase of fear, the sharpening of the sense of cunning, the mastery of the desires: so it is that punishment *tames* man, but does not make him "better"—it would be more correct even to go so far as to assert the contrary ("Injury makes a man cunning," says a popular proverb: so far as it makes him cunning, it makes him also bad. Fortunately, it often enough makes him stupid).

16.

At this juncture I cannot avoid trying to give a tentative and provisional expression to my own hypothesis concerning the origin of the bad conscience: it is difficult to make it fully appreciated, and it requires continuous meditation, attention, and digestion. I regard the bad conscience as the serious illness which man was bound to contract under the stress of the most radical change which he has ever experienced—that change, when he found himself finally imprisoned within the pale of society and of peace.

Just like the plight of the water-animals, when they were compelled either to become land-animals or to perish, so was the plight of these half-animals, perfectly adapted as they were to the savage life of war, prowling, and adventure—suddenly all their instincts were rendered worthless and "switched off." Henceforward they had to walk on their feet—"carry themselves," whereas heretofore they had been carried by the water: a terrible heaviness oppressed them. They found themselves clumsy in obeying the simplest directions, confronted with this new and unknown world they had no longer their old guides—the regulative instincts that had led them unconsciously to safety—they were reduced, were those unhappy creatures, to thinking, inferring, calculating, putting together causes and results, reduced to that poorest and most erratic organ of theirs, their "consciousness." I do not believe there was ever in the world such a feeling of misery, such a leaden discomfort—further, those old instincts had not immediately ceased their demands! Only it was difficult and rarely possible to gratify them: speaking broadly, they were compelled to satisfy themselves by new and, as it were, hole-and-corner methods. All instincts which do not find a vent without, *turn inwards*—this is what I mean by the growing "internalisation" of man: consequently we have the first growth in man, of what subsequently was called his soul. The whole inner world, originally as thin as if it had been stretched between two layers of skin, burst apart and expanded proportionately, and obtained depth, breadth, and height, when man's external outlet became *obstructed.* These terrible bulwarks, with which the social organisation protected itself against the old instincts of freedom (punishments belong pre-eminently to these bulwarks), brought it about that all those instincts of wild, free, prowling man became turned backwards *against man himself.* Enmity, cruelty, the delight in persecution, in surprises, change, destruction—the turning all these instincts against their own possessors: this is the origin of the "bad conscience." It was man, who, lacking external enemies and obstacles, and imprisoned as he was in the oppressive narrowness and monotony of custom, in his own impatience lacerated, persecuted, gnawed, frightened, and ill-treated himself; it was this animal in the hands of the tamer, which beat itself against the bars of its cage; it was this being who, pining and yearning for that desert home of which it had been deprived, was compelled to create out of its own self, an adventure, a torture-chamber, a hazardous and perilous desert—it was this fool, this homesick and desperate prisoner—who invented the "bad conscience." But thereby he introduced that most grave and sinister illness, from which mankind has not yet recovered, the suffering of man from the disease called man, as the result of a violent breaking from his animal past, the result, as it were, of a spasmodic plunge into a new environment and new conditions of existence, the result of a declaration of war against the old instincts, which up to that time had been the staple of his power, his joy, his formidableness. Let us immediately add that this fact of an animal ego turning against itself, taking part against itself, produced in the world so novel, profound, unheard-of, problematic, inconsistent, and *pregnant* a phenomenon, that the aspect of the world was radically altered thereby. In sooth, only divine spectators could have appreciated the drama that then began, and whose end baffles conjecture as yet—a drama too subtle, too wonderful, too paradoxical to warrant its undergoing a nonsensical and unheeded performance on some random grotesque planet! Henceforth man is to be counted as one of the most unexpected and sensational lucky shots in the game of the "big baby" of Heracleitus, whether he be called Zeus or Chance—he awakens on his behalf the interest, excitement, hope, almost the confidence, of his being the harbinger and forerunner of something, of man being no end, but only a stage, an interlude, a bridge, a great promise.

17.

It is primarily involved in this hypothesis of the origin of the bad conscience, that that alteration was no gradual and no voluntary alteration, and that it did not manifest itself as an organic adaptation to new conditions, but as a break, a jump, a necessity, an inevitable fate, against which there was no resistance and never a spark of resentment. And secondarily, that the fitting of a hitherto unchecked and amorphous population into a fixed form, starting as it had done in an act of violence, could only be accomplished by acts of violence and nothing else—that the oldest

"State" appeared consequently as a ghastly tyranny, a grinding ruthless piece of machinery, which went on working, till this raw material of a semi-animal populace was not only thoroughly kneaded and elastic, but also *moulded*. I used the word "State": my meaning is self-evident, namely, a herd of blonde beasts of prey, a race of conquerors and masters, which with all its warlike organisation and all its organising power pounces with its terrible claws on a population, in numbers possibly tremendously superior, but as yet formless, as yet nomad. Such is the origin of the "State." That fantastic theory that makes it begin with a contract is, I think, disposed of. He who can command, he who is a master by "nature," he who comes on the scene forceful in deed and gesture—what has he to do with contracts? Such beings defy calculation, they come like fate, without cause, reason, notice, excuse, they are there like the lightning is there, too terrible, too sudden, too convincing, too "different," to be personally even hated. Their work is an instinctive creating and impressing of forms, they are the most involuntary, unconscious artists that there are:—their appearance produces instantaneously a scheme of sovereignty which is *live*, in which the functions are partitioned and apportioned, in which above all no part is received or finds a place, until pregnant with a "meaning" in regard to the whole. They are ignorant of the meaning of guilt, responsibiltiy, consideration, are these born organisers; in them predominates that terrible artist-egoism, that gleams like brass, and that knows itself justified to all eternity, in its work, even as a mother in her child. It is not in *them* that there grew the bad conscience, that is elementary—but it would not have grown *without them*, repulsive growth as it was, it would be missing, had not a tremendous quantity of freedom been expelled from the world by the stress of their hammer-strokes, their artist violence, or been at any rate made invisible and, as it were, *latent*. This *instinct of freedom* forced into being latent—it is already clear—this instinct of freedom forced back, trodden back, imprisoned within itself, and finally only able to find vent and relief in itself; this, only this, is the beginning of the "bad conscience."

18.

Beware of thinking lightly of this phenomenon, by reason of its initial painful ugliness. At bottom it is the same active force which is at work on a more grandiose scale in those potent artists and organisers, and builds states, which here, internally, on a smaller and pettier scale and with a retrogressive tendency, makes itself a bad conscience in the "labyrinth of the breast," to use Goethe's phrase, and which builds negative ideals; it is, I repeat, that identical *instinct of freedom* (to use my own language, the will to power): only the material, on which this force with all its constructive and tyrannous nature is let loose, is here man himself, his whole old animal self—and *not* as in the case of that more grandiose and sensational phenomenon, the *other* man, *other* men. This secret self-tyranny, this cruelty of the artist, this delight in giving a form to one's self as a piece of difficult, refractory, and suffering material, in burning in a will, a critique, a contradiction, a contempt, a negation; this sinister and ghastly labour of love on the part of a soul, whose will is cloven in two within itself, which makes itself suffer from delight in the infliction of suffering; this wholly *active* bad conscience has finally (as one already anticipates)—true fountainhead as it is of idealism and imagination—produced an abundance of novel and amazing beauty and affirmation, and perhaps has really been the first to give birth to beauty at all. What would beauty be, forsooth, if its contradiction had not first been presented to consciousness, if the ugly had not first said to itself, "I am ugly"? At any rate, after this hint the problem of how far idealism and beauty can be traced in such opposite ideas as "*selflessness*," *self-denial*, *self-sacrifice*, becomes less problematical; and indubitably in future we shall certainly know the real and original character of the *delight* experienced by the self-less, the self-denying, the self-sacrificing: this delight is a phase of cruelty. —So much provisionally for the origin of "altruism" as a *moral* value, and the marking out the ground from which this value has grown: it is only the bad conscience, only the will for self-abuse, that provides the necessary conditions for the existence of altruism as a *value*.

19.

Undoubtedly the bad conscience is an illness, but an illness like pregnancy is an illness. If we search out the conditions under which this illness reaches its most terrible and sublime zenith, we shall see what really first brought about its entry into the world. But to do this we must take a long breath, and we must first of all go back once again to an earlier point of view. The relation at civil law of the ower to his creditor (which has already been discussed in detail), has been interpreted once again (and indeed in a manner which historically is exceedingly remarkable and suspicious) into a relationship, which is perhaps more incomprehensible to us moderns than to any other era; that is, into the relationship of the *existing* generation to its *ancestors.* Within the original tribal association—we are talking of primitive times—each living generation recognises a legal obligation towards the earlier generation, and particularly towards the earliest, which founded the family (and this is something much more than a mere sentimental obligation, the existence of which, during the longest period of man's history, is by no means indisputable). There prevails in them the conviction that it is only thanks to sacrifices and efforts of their ancestors, that the race *persists* at all—and that this has to be *paid back* to them by sacrifices and services. Thus is recognised the *owing* of a debt, which accumulates continually by reason of these ancestors never ceasing in their subsequent life as potent spirits to secure by their power new privileges and advantages to the race. Gratis, perchance? But there is no gratis for that raw and "mean-souled" age. What return can be made?—Sacrifice (at first, nourishment, in its crudest sense), festivals, temples, tributes of veneration, above all, obedience—since all customs are, *quâ* works of the ancestors, equally their precepts and commands—are the ancestors ever given enough? This suspicion remains and grows: from time to time it extorts a great wholesale ransom, something monstrous in the way of repayment of the creditor (the notorious sacrifice of the first-born, for example, blood, human blood in any case). The *fear* of ancestors and their power, the consciousness of owing debts to them, necessarily increases, according to this kind of logic, in the exact proportion that the race itself increases, that the race itself becomes more victorious, more independent, more honoured, more feared. This, and not the contrary, is the fact. Each step towards race decay, all disastrous events, all symptoms of degeneration, of approaching disintegration, always *diminish* the fear of the founders' spirit, and whittle away the idea of his sagacity, providence, and potent presence. Conceive this crude kind of logic carried to its climax: it follows that the ancestors of the *most powerful* races must, through the growing fear that they exercise on the imaginations, grow themselves into monstrous dimensions, and become relegated to the gloom of a divine mystery that transcends imagination—the ancestor becomes at last necessarily transfigured into a *god.* Perhaps this is the very origin of the gods, that is, an origin from *fear*! And those who feel bound to add, "but from piety also," will have difficulty in maintaining this theory, with regard to the primeval and longest period of the human race. And of course this is even more the case as regards the *middle* period, the formative period of the aristocratic races—the aristocratic races which have given back with interest to their founders, the ancestors (heroes, gods), all those qualities which in the meanwhile have appeared in themselves, that is, the aristocratic qualities. We will later on glance again at the ennobling and promotion of the gods (which of course is totally distinct from their "sanctification"): let us now provisionally follow to its end the course of the whole of this development of the consciousness of "owing."

20.

According to the teaching of history, the consciousness of owing debts to the deity by no means came to an end with the decay of the clan organisation of society; just as mankind has inherited the ideas of "good" and "bad" from the race-nobility (together with its fundamental tendency towards establishing social distinctions), so with the heritage of the racial and tribal gods it has also inherited the incubus of debts as yet unpaid and the desire to discharge them. The transition is effected by those large populations of slaves and bondsmen, who, whether through compulsion or through submission and "*mimicry*," have accommodated themselves to the religion of their masters; through this channel these inherited tendencies inundate the world. The feeling of owing a debt to the deity has grown continuously for several centuries, always in the same proportion in which the idea of God and the consciousness of God have grown and become exalted among mankind. (The whole history of ethnic fights, victories, reconciliations, amalgamations, everything, in fact, which precedes the eventual classing of all the social elements in each great race-synthesis, are mirrored in the hotch-potch genealogy of their gods, in the legends of their fights, victories, and reconciliations. Progress towards universal empires invariably means progress towards universal deities; despotism, with its subjugation of the independent nobility, always paves the way for some system or other of monotheism.) The appearance of the Christian god, as the record god up to this time, has for that very reason brought equally into the world the record amount of guilt consciousness. Granted that we have gradually started on the *reverse* movement, there is no little probability in the deduction, based on the continuous decay in the belief in the Christian god, to the effect that there also already exists a considerable decay in the human consciousness of owing (ought); in fact, we cannot shut our eyes to the prospect of the complete and eventual triumph of atheism freeing mankind from all this feeling of obligation to their origin, their *causa prima*. Atheism and a kind of second innocence complement and supplement each other.

21.

So much for my rough and preliminary sketch of the interrelation of the ideas " ought " (owe) and " duty " with the postulates of religion. I have intentionally shelved up to the present the actual moralisation of these ideas (their being pushed back into the conscience, or more precisely the interweaving of the *bad* conscience with the idea of God), and at the end of the last paragraph used language to the effect that this moralisation did not exist, and that consequently these ideas had necessarily come to an end, by reason of what had happened to their hypothesis, the credence in our " creditor," in God. The actual facts differ terribly from this theory. It is with the moralisation of the ideas " ought " and " duty," and with their being pushed back into the *bad* conscience, that comes the first actual attempt to *reverse* the direction of the development we have just described, or at any rate to arrest its evolution; it is just at this juncture that the very hope of an eventual redemption *has to* put itself once for all into the prison of pessimism, it is at this juncture that the eye *has to* recoil and rebound in despair from off an adamantine impossibility, it is at this juncture that the ideas " guilt " and " duty " have to turn backwards—turn backwards against *whom?* There is no doubt about it; primarily against the " ower," in whom the bad conscience now establishes itself, eats, extends, and grows like a polypus throughout its length and breadth, all with such virulence, that at last, with the impossibility of paying the debt, there becomes conceived the idea of the impossibility of paying the penalty, the thought of its inexpiability (the idea of "eternal punishment")—finally, too, it turns against the "creditor," whether found in the *causa prima* of man, the origin of the human race, its sire, who henceforth becomes burdened with a curse ("Adam," "original sin," "determination of the will"), or in Nature from whose womb man springs, and on whom the responsibility for the principle of evil is now cast ("Diabolisation of Nature"), or in existence generally, on this logic an absolute *white elephant*, with which mankind is landed (the Nihilistic flight from life, the demand for Nothingness, or for the opposite of existence, for some other existence, Buddhism and the like)—till suddenly we stand before that paradoxical and awful expedient, through which a tortured humanity has found a temporary alleviation, that stroke of genius called Christianity:—God personally immolating himself for the debt of man, God paying himself personally out of a pound of his own flesh, God as the one being who can deliver man from what man had become unable to deliver himself—the creditor playing scapegoat for his debtor, from *love* (can you believe it?), from love of his debtor! . . .

22.

The reader will already have conjectured what took place on the stage and *behind the scenes* of this drama. That will for self-torture, that inverted cruelty of the animal man, who, turned subjective and scared into introspection (encaged as he was in "the State," as part of his taming process), invented the bad conscience so as to hurt himself, after the *natural* outlet for this will to hurt, became blocked—in other words, this man of the bad conscience exploited the religious hypothesis so as to carry his martyrdom to the ghastliest pitch of agonised intensity. Owing something to *God*: this thought becomes his instrument of torture. He apprehends in God the most extreme antitheses that he can find to his own characteristic and ineradicable animal instincts, he himself gives a new interpretation to these animal instincts as being against what he "owes" to God (as enmity, rebellion, and revolt against the "Lord," the "Father," the "Sire," the "Beginning of the world"), he places himself between the horns of the dilemma, "God" and "Devil." Every negation which he is inclined to utter to himself, to the nature, naturalness, and reality of his being, he whips into an ejaculation of "yes," uttering it as something existing, living, efficient, as being God, as the holiness of God, the judgment of God, as the hangmanship of God, as transcendence, as eternity, as unending torment, as hell, as infinity of punishment and guilt. This is a kind of madness of the will in the sphere of psychological cruelty which is absolutely unparalleled:—man's *will* to find himself guilty and blameworthy to the point of inexpiability, his *will* to think of himself as punished, without the punishment ever being able to balance the guilt, his *will* to infect and to poison the fundamental basis of the universe with the problem of punishment and guilt, in order to cut off once and for all any escape out of this labyrinth of "fixed ideas," his will for rearing an ideal—that of the "holy God"—face to face with which he can have tangible proof of his own unworthiness. Alas for this mad melancholy beast man! What phantasies invade it, what paroxysms of perversity, hysterical senselessness, and *mental bestiality* break out immediately, at the very slightest check on its being the beast of action. All this is excessively interesting, but at the same time tainted with a black, gloomy, enervating melancholy, so that a forcible veto must be invoked against looking too long into these abysses. Here is *disease*, undubitably, the most ghastly disease that has as yet played havoc among men: and he who can still hear (but man turns now deaf ears to such sounds), how in this night of torment and nonsense there has rung out the cry of *love*, the cry of the most passionate ecstasy, of redemption in *love*, he turns away gripped by an invincible horror—in man there is so much that is ghastly—too long has the world been a madhouse.

23.

Let this suffice once for all concerning the origin of the "holy God." The fact that *in itself* the conception of gods is not bound to lead necessarily to this degradation of the imagination (a temporary representation of whose vagaries we felt bound to give), the fact that there exist *nobler* methods of utilising the invention of gods than in this self-crucifixion and self-degradation of man, in which the last two thousand years of Europe have been past masters—these facts can fortunately be still perceived from every glance that we cast at the Grecian gods, these mirrors of noble and grandiose men, in which the *animal* in man felt itself deified, and did *not* devour itself in subjective frenzy. These Greeks long utilised their gods as simple buffers against the "bad conscience"—so that they could continue to enjoy their freedom of soul: this, of course, is diametrically opposed to Christianity's theory of its god. They went *very far* on this principle, did these splendid and lion-hearted children; and there is no lesser authority than that of the Homeric Zeus for making them realise occasionally that they are taking life too casually. "Wonderful," says he on one occasion—it has to do with the case of Ægistheus, a *very* bad case indeed—

"Wonderful how they grumble, the mortals against the immortals,
Only from us, they presume, *comes evil*, but in their folly,
Fashion they, spite of fate, the doom of their own disaster."

Yet the reader will note and observe that this Olympian spectator and judge is far from being angry with them and thinking evil of them on this score. "How *foolish* they are," so thinks he of the misdeeds of mortals—and "folly," "imprudence," "a little brain disturbance," and nothing more, are what the Greeks, even of the strongest, bravest period, have admitted to be the ground of much that is evil and fatal.—Folly, *not* sin, do you understand? . . . But even this brain disturbance was a problem—"Come, how is it even possible? How could it have really got in brains like ours, the brains of men of aristocratic ancestry, of men of fortune, of men of good natural endowments, of men of the best society, of men of nobility and virtue?" This was the question that for century on century the aristocratic Greek put to himself when confronted with every (to him incomprehensible) outrage and sacrilege with which one of his peers had polluted himself. "It must be that a *god* had infatuated him," he would say at last, nodding his head.—This solution is *typical* of the Greeks, . . . accordingly the gods in those times subserved the functions of justifying man to a certain extent even in evil—in those days they took upon themselves not the punishment, but, what is *more noble*, the guilt.

24.

I conclude with three queries, as you will see. "Is an ideal actually set up here, or is one pulled down?" I am perhaps asked. . . . But have ye sufficiently asked yourselves how dear a payment has the setting up of *every* ideal in the world exacted? To achieve that consummation how much truth must always be traduced and misunderstood, how many lies must be sanctified, how much conscience has got to be disturbed, how many pounds of " God " have got to be sacrificed every time? To enable a sanctuary to be set up *a sanctuary has got to be destroyed*: that is a law—show me an instance where it has not been fulfilled! . . . We modern men, we inherit the immemorial tradition of vivisecting the conscience, and practising cruelty to our animal selves. That is the sphere of our most protracted training, perhaps of our artistic prowess, at any rate of our dilettantism and our perverted taste. Man has for too long regarded his natural proclivities with an " evil eye," so that eventually they have become in his system affiliated to a bad conscience. A converse endeavour would be intrinsically feasible—but who is strong enough to attempt it?—namely, to affiliate to the " bad conscience " all those *unnatural* proclivities, all those transcendental aspirations, contrary to sense, instinct, nature, and animalism—in short, all past and present ideals, which are all ideals opposed to life, and traducing the world. To whom is one to turn nowadays with *such* hopes and pretensions?—It is just the *good* men that we should thus bring about our ears; and in addition, as stands to reason, the indolent, the hedgers, the vain, the hysterical, the tired. . . . What is more offensive or more thoroughly calculated to alienate, than giving any hint of the exalted severity with which we treat ourselves? And again how conciliatory, how full of love does all the world show itself towards us so soon as we do as all the world does, and " let ourselves go " like all the world. For such a consummation we need spirits of *different* calibre than seems really feasible in this age; spirits rendered potent through wars and victories, to whom conquest, adventure, danger, even pain, have become a need; for such a consummation we need habituation to sharp, rare air, to winter wanderings, to literal and metaphorical ice and mountains; we even need a kind of sublime malice, a supreme and most self-conscious insolence of knowledge, which is the appanage of great health; we need (to summarise the awful truth) just this *great health*!

Is this even feasible to-day? . . . But some day, in a stronger age than this rotting and introspective present, must he in sooth come to us, even the *redeemer* of great love and scorn, the creative spirit, rebounding by the impetus of his own force back again away from every transcendental plane and dimension, he whose solitude is misunderstanded of the people, as though it were a flight *from* reality;—while actually it is only his diving, burrowing, and penetrating *into* reality, so that when he comes again to the light he can at once bring about by these means the *redemption* of this reality; its redemption from the curse which the old ideal has laid upon it. This man of the future, who in this wise will redeem us from the old ideal, as he will from that ideal's necessary corollary of great nausea, will to nothingness, and Nihilism; this tocsin of noon and of the great verdict, which renders the will again free, who gives back to the world its goal and to man his hope, this Antichrist and Antinihilist, this conqueror of God and of Nothingness—*he must one day come.*

25.

But what am I talking of? Enough! Enough? At this juncture I have only one proper course, silence: otherwise I trespass on a domain open alone to one who is younger than I, one stronger, more "*future*" than I—open alone to *Zarathustra, Zarathustra the godless.*

THIRD ESSAY.

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF ASCETIC IDEALS?

"Careless, mocking, forceful—so does wisdom wish us: she is a woman, and never loves any one but a warrior."

Thus Spake Zarathustra.

1.

What is the meaning of ascetic ideals? In artists, nothing, or too much; in philosophers and scholars, a kind of "flair" and instinct for the conditions most favourable to advanced intellectualism; in women, at best an *additional* seductive fascination, a little *morbidezza* on a fine piece of flesh, the angelhood of a fat, pretty animal; in physiological failures and whiners (in the *majority* of mortals), an attempt to pose as "too good" for this world, a holy form of debauchery, their chief weapon in the battle with lingering pain and ennui; in priests, the actual priestly faith, their best engine of power, and also the supreme authority for power; in saints, finally a pretext for hibernation, their *novissima gloriæ cupido*, their peace in nothingness ("God"), their form of madness.

But in the very fact that the ascetic ideal has meant so much to man, lies expressed the fundamental feature of man's will, his *horror vacui*: *he needs a goal*—and he will sooner will nothingness than not will at all.—Am I not understood?—Have I not been understood?—"Certainly not, sir?"—Well, let us begin at the beginning.

2.

What is the meaning of ascetic ideals? Or, to take an individual case in regard to which I have often been consulted, what is the meaning, for example, of an artist like Richard Wagner paying homage to chastity in his old age? He had always done so, of course, in a certain sense, but it was not till quite the end, that he did so in an ascetic sense. What is the meaning of this "change of attitude," this radical revolution in his attitude—for that was what it was? Wagner veered thereby straight round into his own opposite. What is the meaning of an artist veering round into his own opposite? At this point (granted that we do not mind stopping a little over this question), we immediately call to mind the best, strongest, gayest, and boldest period, that there perhaps ever was in Wagner's life: that was the period when he was genuinely and deeply occupied with the idea of "Luther's Wedding." Who knows what chance is responsible for our now having the *Meistersingers* instead of this wedding music? And how much in the latter is perhaps just an echo of the former? But there is no doubt but that the theme would have dealt with the praise of chastity. And certainly it would also have dealt with the praise of sensuality, and even so, it would seem quite in order, and even so, it would have been equally Wagnerian. For there is no necessary antithesis between chastity and sensuality: every good marriage, every authentic heart-felt love transcends this antithesis. Wagner would, it seems to me, have done well to have brought this *pleasing* reality home once again to his Germans, by means of a bold and graceful "Luther Comedy," for there were and are among the Germans many revilers of sensuality; and perhaps Luther's greatest merit lies just in the fact of his having had the courage of his *sensuality* (it used to be called, prettily enough, "evangelistic freedom"). But even in those cases where that antithesis between chastity and sensuality does exist, there has fortunately been for some time no necessity for it to be in any way a tragic antithesis. This should, at any rate, be the case with all beings who are sound in mind and body, who are far from reckoning their delicate balance between "animal" and "angel," as being on the face of it one of the principles opposed to existence—the most subtle and brilliant spirits, such as Goethe, such as Hafiz, have even seen in this a *further* charm of life. Such "conflicts" actually allure one to life. On the other hand, it is only too clear that when once these ruined swine are reduced to worshipping chastity—and there are such swine—they only see and worship in it the antithesis to themselves, the antithesis to ruined swine. Oh what a tragic grunting and eagerness! You can just think of it—they worship that painful and superfluous contrast, which Richard Wagner in his latter days undoubtedly wished to set to music, and to place on the stage! "*For what purpose, forsooth?*" as we may reasonably ask. What did the swine matter to him; what do they matter to us?

3.

At this point it is impossible to beg the further question of what he really had to do with that manly (ah, so unmanly) country bumpkin, that poor devil and natural, Parsifal, whom he eventually made a Catholic by such fraudulent devices. What? Was this Parsifal really meant *seriously*? One might be tempted to suppose the contrary, even to wish it—that the Wagnerian Parsifal was meant joyously, like a concluding play of a trilogy or satyric drama, in which Wagner the tragedian wished to take farewell of us, of himself, above all of *tragedy*, and to do so in a manner that should be quite fitting and worthy, that is, with an excess of the most extreme and flippant parody of the tragic itself, of the ghastly earthly seriousness and earthly woe of old—a parody of that *most crude phase* in the unnaturalness of the ascetic ideal, that had at length been overcome. That, as I have said, would have been quite worthy of a great tragedian; who like every artist first attains the supreme pinnacle of his greatness when he can look *down into* himself and his art, when he can *laugh* at himself. Is Wagner's Parsifal his secret laugh of superiority over himself, the triumph of that supreme artistic freedom and artistic transcendency which he has at length attained. We might, I repeat, wish it were so, for what can Parsifal, *taken seriously*, amount to? Is it really necessary to see in it (according to an expression once used against me) the product of an insane hate of knowledge, mind, and flesh? A curse on flesh and spirit in one breath of hate? An apostasy and reversion to the morbid Christian and obscurantist ideals? And finally a self-negation and self-elimination on the part of an artist, who till then had devoted all the strength of his will to the contrary, namely, the *highest* artistic expression of soul and body. And not only of his art; of his life as well. Just remember with what enthusiasm Wagner followed in the footsteps of Feuerbach. Feuerbach's motto of "healthy sensuality" rang in the ears of Wagner during the thirties and forties of the century, as it did in the ears of many Germans (they dubbed themselves "*Young* Germans"), like the word of redemption. Did he eventually *change his mind* on the subject? For it seems at any rate that he eventually wished to *change his teaching* on that subject . . . and not only is that the case with the Parsifal trumpets on the stage: in the melancholy, cramped, and embarrassed lucubrations of his later years, there are a hundred places in which there are manifestations of a secret wish and will, a despondent, uncertain, unavowed will to preach actual retrogression, conversion, Christianity, mediævalism, and to say to his disciples, "All is vanity! Seek salvation elsewhere!" Even the "blood of the Redeemer" is once invoked.

4.

Let me speak out my mind in a case like this, which has many painful elements—and it is a typical case: it is certainly best to separate an artist from his work so completely that he cannot be taken as seriously as his work. He is after all merely the presupposition of his work the womb, the soil, in certain cases the dung and manure, on which and out of which it grows—and consequently, in most cases, something that must be forgotten if the work itself is to be enjoyed. The insight into the *origin* of a work is a matter for psychologists and vivisectors, but never either in the present or the future for the æsthetes, the artists. The author and creator of Parsifal was as little spared the necessity of sinking and living himself into the terrible depths and foundations of mediæval soul-contrasts, the necessity of a malignant abstraction from all intellectual elevation, severity, and discipline, the necessity of a kind of mental *perversity* (if the reader will pardon me such a word), as little as a pregnant woman is spared the horrors and marvels of pregnancy, which, as I have said, must be forgotten if the child is to be enjoyed. We must guard ourselves against the confusion, into which an artist himself would fall only too easily (to employ the English terminology) out of psychological "contiguity"; as though the artist himself actually *were* the object which he is able to represent, imagine, and express. In point of fact, the position is that even if he conceived he were such an object, he would certainly not represent, conceive, express it. Homer would not have created an Achilles, nor Goethe a Faust, if Homer had been an Achilles or if Goethe had been a Faust. A complete and perfect artist is to all eternity separated from the "real," from the actual; on the other hand, it will be appreciated that he can at times get tired to the point of despair of this eternal "unreality" and falseness of his innermost being — and that he then sometimes attempts to trespass on to the most forbidden ground, on reality, and attempts to have real *existence.* With what success? The success will be guessed—it is the *typical velleity* of the artist; the same velleity to which Wagner fell a victim in his old age, and for which he had to pay so dearly and so fatally (he lost thereby his most valuable friends). But after all, quite apart from this velleity, who would not wish emphatically for Wagner's own sake that he had taken farewell of us and of his art in a *different* manner, not with a *Parsifal*, but in more victorious, more self-confident, more Wagnerian style—a style less misleading, a style less ambiguous with regard to his whole meaning, less Schopenhauerian, less Nihilistic? . . .

5.

What, then, is the meaning of ascetic ideals? In the case of an artist we are getting to understand their meaning: *Nothing at all* . . . or so much that it is as good as nothing at all. Indeed, what is the use of them? Our artists have for a long time past not taken up a sufficiently independent attitude, either in the world or against it, to warrant their valuations and the changes in these valuations exciting interest. At all times they have played the valet of some morality, philosophy, or religion, quite apart from the fact that unfortunately they have often enough been the inordinately supple courtiers of their clients and patrons, and the inquisitive toadies of the powers that are existing, or even of the new powers to come. To put it at the lowest, they always need a rampart, a support, an already constituted authority: artists never stand by themselves, standing alone is opposed to their deepest instincts. So, for example, did *Richard Wagner* take, "when the time had come," the philosopher Schopenhauer for his covering man in front, for his rampart. Who would consider it even thinkable, that he would have had the *courage* for an ascetic ideal, without the support afforded him by the philosophy of Schopenhauer, without the authority of Schopenhauer, which *dominated* Europe in the seventies? (This is without consideration of the question whether an artist without the milk * of an orthodoxy would have been possible at all.) This brings us to the more serious question: What is the meaning of a real *philosopher* paying homage to the ascetic ideal, a really self-dependent intellect like Schopenhauer, a man and knight with a glance of bronze, who has the courage to be himself, who knows how to stand alone without first waiting for men who cover him in front, and the nods of his superiors? Let us now consider at once the remarkable attitude of Schopenhauer towards *art*, an attitude which has even a fascination for certain types. For that is obviously the reason why Richard Wagner *all at once* went over to

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* An allusion to the celebrated monologue in *William Tell.*

Schopenhauer (persuaded thereto, as one knows, by a poet, Herwegh), went over so completely that there ensued the cleavage of a complete theoretic contradiction between his earlier and his later æsthetic faiths—the earlier, for example, being expressed in *Opera and Drama*, the later in the writings which he published from 1870 onwards. In particular, Wagner from that time onwards (and this is the volte-face which alienates us the most) had no scruples about changing his judgment concerning the value and position of music itself. What did he care if up to that time he had made of music a means, a medium, a "woman," that in order to thrive needed an end, a man—that is, the drama? He suddenly realised that *more* could be effected by the novelty of the Schopenhauerian theory in *majorem musicæ gloriam*—that is to say, by means of the *sovereignty* of music, as Schopenhauer understood it; music abstracted from and opposed to all the other arts, music as the independent art-in-itself, *not* like the other arts, affording reflections of the phenomenal world, but rather the language of the will itself, speaking straight out of the "abyss" as its most personal, original, and direct manifestation. This extraordinary rise in the value of music (a rise which seemed to grow out of the Schopenhauerian philosophy) was at once accompanied by an unprecedented rise in the estimation in which the *musician* himself was held: he became now an oracle, a priest, nay, more than a priest, a kind of mouthpiece for the "intrinsic essence of things," a telephone from the other world—from henceforward he talked not only music, did this ventriloquist of God, he talked metaphysic; what wonder that one day he eventually talked *ascetic ideals.*

6.

Schopenhauer has made use of the Kantian treatment of the æsthetic problem—though he certainly did not regard it with the Kantian eyes. Kant thought that he showed honour to art when he favoured and placed in the foreground those of the predicates of the beautiful, which constitute the honour of knowledge: impersonality and universality. This is not the place to discuss whether this was not a complete mistake; all that I wish to emphasise is that Kant, just like other philosophers, instead of envisaging the æsthetic problem from the standpoint of the experiences of the artist (the creator), has only considered art and beauty from the standpoint of the spectator, and has thereby imperceptibly imported the spectator himself into the idea of the "beautiful"! But if only the philosophers of the beautiful had sufficient knowledge of this "spectator"!—Knowledge of him as a great fact of personality, as a great experience, as a wealth of strong and most individual events, desires, surprises, and raptures in the sphere of beauty! But, as I feared, the contrary was always the case. And so we get from our philosophers, from the very beginning, definitions on which the lack of a subtler personal experience squats like a fat worm of crass error, as it does on Kant's famous definition of the beautiful. "That is beautiful," says Kant, "which pleases without interesting." Without interesting! Compare this definition with this other one, made by a real "spectator" and "artist"—by Stendhal, who once called the beautiful *une promesse de bonheur*. Here, at any rate, the one point which Kant makes prominent in the æsthetic position is repudiated and eliminated—*le désinteressement.* Who is right, Kant or Stendhal? When, forsooth, our æsthetes never get tired of throwing into the scales in Kant's favour the fact that under the magic of beauty men can look at even naked female statues "without interest," we can certainly laugh a little at their expense:—in regard to this ticklish point the experiences of *artists* are more "interesting," and at any rate Pygmalion was not necessarily an "unæsthetic man." Let us think all the better of the innocence of our æsthetes, reflected as it is in such arguments; let us, for instance, count to Kant's honour the country-parson naïveté of his doctrine concerning the peculiar character of the sense of touch! And here we come back to Schopenhauer, who stood in much closer neighbourhood to the arts than did Kant, and yet never escaped outside the pale of the Kantian definition; how was that? The circumstance is marvellous enough: he interprets the expression, "without interest," in the most personal fashion, out of an experience which must in his case have been part and parcel of his regular routine. On few subjects does Schopenhauer speak with such certainty as on the working of æsthetic contemplation: he says of it that it simply counteracts sexual interest, like lupulin and camphor; he never gets tired of glorifying this escape from the "Life-will" as the great advantage and utility of the æsthetic state. In fact, one is tempted to ask if his fundamental conception of Will and Idea, the thought that there can only exist freedom from the "will" by means of "idea," did not originate in a generalisation from this sexual experience. (In all questions concerning the Schopenhauerian philosophy, one should, by the bye, never lose sight of the consideration that it is the conception of a youth ot twenty-six, so that it participates not only in what is peculiar to Schopenhauer's life, but in what is peculiar to that special period of his life.) Let us listen, for instance, to one of the most expressive among the countless passages which he has written in honour of the æsthetic state (*World as Will and Idea*, i. 231); let us listen to the tone, the suffering, the happiness, the gratitude, with which such words are uttered: "This is the painless state which Epicurus praised as the highest good and as the state of the gods; we are during that moment freed from the vile pressure of the will, we celebrate the Sabbath of the will's hard labour, the wheel of Ixion stands still." What vehemence of language! What images of anguish and protracted revulsion! How almost pathological is that temporal antithesis between "that moment" and everything else, the "wheel of Ixion," "the hard labour of the will," "the vile pressure of the will." But granted that Schopenhauer was a hundred times right for himself personally, how does that help our insight into the nature of the beautiful? Schopenhauer has described one effect of the beautiful,—the calming of the will,—but is this effect really normal? As has been mentioned, Stendhal, an equally sensual but more happily constituted nature than Schopenhauer, gives prominence to another effect of the "beautiful." "The beautiful *promises* happiness." To him it is just the *excitement* of the will (the "interest") by the beauty that seems the essential fact. And does not Schopenhauer ultimately lay himself open to the objection, that he is quite wrong in regarding himself as a Kantian on this point, that he has absolutely failed to understand in a Kantian sense the Kantian definition of the beautiful—that the beautiful pleased him as well by means of an interest, by means, in fact, of the strongest and most personal interest of all, that of the victim of torture who escapes from his torture?—And to come back again to our first question, "What is the *meaning* of a philosopher paying homage to ascetic ideals?" We get now, at any rate, a first hint; he wishes to *escape from a torture.*

7.

Let us beware of making dismal faces at the word "torture"—there is certainly in this case enough to deduct, enough to discount—there is even something to laugh at. For we must certainly not underestimate the fact that Schopenhauer, who in practice treated sexuality as a personal enemy (including its tool, woman, that "*instrumentum diaboli*"), needed enemies to keep him in a good humour; that he loved grim, bitter, blackish-green words; that he raged for the sake of raging, out of passion; that he would have grown ill, would have become a *pessimist* (for he was not a pessimist, however much he wished to be), without his enemies, without Hegel, woman, sensuality, and the whole "will for existence" "keeping on." Without them Schopenhauer would not have "kept on," that is a safe wager; he would have run away: but his enemies held him fast, his enemies always enticed him back again to existence, his wrath was just as theirs' was to the ancient Cynics, his balm, his recreation, his recompense, his *remedium* against disgust, his *happiness*. So much with regard to what is most personal in the case of Schopenhauer; on the other hand, there is still much which is typical in him—and only now we come back to our problem. It is an accepted and indisputable fact, so long as there are philosophers in the world, and wherever philosophers have existed (from India to England, to take the opposite poles of philosophic ability), that there exists a real irritation and rancour on the part of philosophers towards sensuality. Schopenhauer is merely the most eloquent, and if one has the ear for it, also the most fascinating and enchanting outburst. There similarly exists a real philosophic bias and affection for the whole ascetic ideal; there should be no illusions on this score. Both these feelings, as has been said, belong to the type; if a philosopher lacks both of them, then he is—you may be certain of it—never anything but a "pseudo." What does this *mean*? For this state of affairs must first be interpreted: in itself it stands there stupid to all eternity, like any "Thing-in-itself." Every animal, including *la bête philosophe*, strives instinctively after an *optimum* of favourable conditions, under which he can let his whole strength have play, and achieves his maximum consciousness of power; with equal instinctiveness, and with a fine perceptive flair which is superior to any reason, every animal shudders mortally at every kind of disturbance and hindrance which obstructs or could obstruct his way to that *optimum* (it is not his way to happiness of which I am talking, but his way to power, to action, the most powerful action, and in point of fact in many cases his way to unhappiness). Similarly, the philosopher shudders mortally at *marriage*, together with all that could persuade him to it—marriage as a fatal hindrance on the way to the *optimum*. Up to the present what great philosophers have been married? Heracleitus, Plato, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Kant, Schopenhauer—they were not married, and, further, one cannot *imagine* them as married. A married philosopher belongs to *comedy*, that is my rule; as for that exception of a Socrates—the malicious Socrates married himself, it seems, *ironice*, just to prove this *very* rule. Every philosopher would say, as Buddha said, when the birth of a son was announced to him: "Râhoula has been born to me, a fetter has been forged for me" (Râhoula means here "a little demon"); there must come an hour of reflection to every "free spirit" (granted that he has had previously an hour of thoughtlessness), just as one came once to the same Buddha: "Narrowly cramped," he reflected, "is life in the house; it is a place of uncleanness; freedom is found in leaving the house." Because he thought like this, he left the house. So many bridges to *independence* are shown in the ascetic ideal, that the philosopher cannot refrain from exultation and clapping of hands when he hears the history of all those resolute ones, who on one day uttered a nay to all servitude and went into some *desert*; even granting that they were only strong asses, and the absolute opposite of strong minds. What, then, does the ascetic ideal mean in a philosopher? This is my answer—it will have been guessed long ago: when he sees this ideal the philosopher smiles because he sees therein an *optimum* of the conditions of the highest and boldest intellectuality; he does not thereby deny "existence," he rather affirms thereby *his* existence and *only* his existence, and this perhaps to the point of not being far off the blasphemous wish, *pereat mundus, fiat philosophia, fiat philosophus, fiam!* . . .

8.

These philosophers, you see, are by no means uncorrupted witnesses and judges of the *value* of the ascetic ideal. They think *of themselves*—what is the "saint" to them? They think of that which to them personally is most indispensable; of freedom from compulsion, disturbance, noise; freedom from business, duties, cares; of a clear head; of the dance, spring, and flight of thoughts; of good air—rare, clear, free, dry, as is the air on the heights, in which every animal creature becomes more intellectual and gains wings; they think of peace in every cellar; all the hounds neatly chained; no baying of enmity and uncouth rancour; no remorse of wounded ambition; quiet and submissive internal organs, busy as mills, but unnoticed; the heart alien, transcendent, future, posthumous—to summarise, they mean by the ascetic ideal the joyous asceticism of a deified and newly fledged animal, sweeping over life rather than resting. We know what are the three great catch-words of the ascetic ideal: poverty, humility, chastity; and now just look closely at the life of all the great fruitful inventive spirits—you will always find again and again these three qualities up to a certain extent. *Not* for a minute, as is self-evident, as though, perchance, they were part of their virtues—what has this type of man to do with virtues?—but as the most essential and natural conditions of their *best* existence, their *finest* fruitfulness. In this connection it is quite possible that their predominant intellectualism had first to curb an unruly and irritable pride, or an insolent sensualism, or that it had all its work cut out to maintain its wish for the "desert" against perhaps an inclination to luxury and dilettantism, or similarly against an extravagant liberality of heart and hand. But their intellect did effect all this, simply because it was the *dominant* instinct, which carried through its orders in the case of all the other instincts. It effects it still; if it ceased to do so, it would simply not be dominant. But there is not one iota of "virtue" in all this. Further, the *desert*, of which I just spoke, in which the strong, independent, and well-equipped spirits retreat into their hermitage—oh, how different is it from the cultured classes' dream of a desert! In certain cases, in fact, the cultured classes themselves are the desert. And it is certain that all the actors of the intellect would not endure this desert for a minute. It is nothing like romantic and Syrian enough for them, nothing like enough of a stage desert! Here as well there are plenty of asses, but at this point the resemblance ceases. But a desert nowadays is something like this—perhaps a deliberate obscurity; a getting-out-of the way of one's self; a fear of noise, admiration, papers, influence; a little office, a daily task, something that hides rather than brings to light; sometimes associating with harmless, cheerful beasts and fowls, the sight of which refreshes; a mountain for company, but not a dead one, one with *eyes* (that is, with lakes); in certain cases even a room in a crowded hotel where one can reckon on not being recognised, and on being able to talk with impunity to every one: here is the desert—oh, it is lonely enough, believe me! I grant that when Heracleitus retreated to the courts and cloisters of the colossal temple of Artemis, that "wilderness" was worthier; why do we *lack* such temples? (perchance we do not lack them: I just think of my splendid study in the *Piazza di San Marco*, in spring, of course, and in the morning, between ten and twelve). But that which Heracleitus shunned is still just what we too avoid nowadays: the noise and democratic babble of the Ephesians, their politics, their news from the "empire" (I mean, of course, Persia), their market-trade in "the things of to-day"—for there is one thing from which we philosophers especially need a rest—from the things of "to-day." We honour the silent, the cold, the noble, the far, the past, everything, in fact, at the sight of which the soul is not bound to brace itself up and defend itself—something with which one can speak without *speaking aloud.* Just listen now to the tone a spirit has when it speaks; every spirit has its own tone and loves its own tone. That thing yonder, for instance, is bound to be an agitator, that is, a hollow head, a hollow mug: whatever may go into him, everything comes back from him dull and thick, heavy with the echo of the great void. That spirit yonder nearly always speaks hoarse: has he, perchance, *thought* himself hoarse? It may be so—ask the physiologists—but he who thinks in *words*, thinks as a speaker and not as a thinker (it shows that he does not think of objects or think objectively, but only of his relations with objects—that, in point of fact, he only thinks of himself and his audience). This third one speaks aggressively, he comes too near our body, his breath blows on us—we shut our mouth involuntarily, although he speaks to us through a book: the tone of his style supplies the reason—he has no time, he has small faith in himself, he finds expression now or never. But a spirit who is sure of himself speaks softly; he seeks secrecy, he lets himself be awaited. A philosopher is recognised by the fact that he shuns three brilliant and noisy things—fame, princes, and women: which is not to say that they do not come to him. He shuns every glaring light: therefore he shuns his time and its "daylight." Therein he is as a shadow; the deeper sinks the sun, the greater grows the shadow. As for his humility, he endures, as he endures darkness, a certain dependence and obscurity: further, he is afraid of the shock of lightning, he shudders at the insecurity of a tree which is too isolated and too exposed, on which every storm vents its temper, every temper its storm. His "maternal" instinct, his secret love for that which grows in him, guides him into states where he is relieved from the necessity of taking care of *himself*, in the same way in which the "*mother*" instinct in woman has thoroughly maintained up to the present woman's dependent position. After all, they demand little enough, do these philosophers, their favourite motto is, "He who possesses is possessed." All this is *not*, as I must say again and again, to be attributed to a virtue, to a meritorious wish for moderation and simplicity; but because their supreme lord so demands of them, demands wisely and inexorably; their lord who is eager only for one thing, for which alone he musters, and for which alone he hoards everything—time, strength, love, interest. This kind of man likes not to be disturbed by enmity, he likes not to be disturbed by friendship, it is a type which forgets or despises easily. It strikes him as bad form to play the martyr, "to *suffer* for truth"—he leaves all that to the ambitious and to the stage-heroes of the intellect, and to all those, in fact, who have time enough for such luxuries (they themselves, the philosophers, have something *to do* for truth). They make a sparing use of big words; they are said to be adverse to the word "truth" itself: it has a "high falutin'" ring. Finally, as far as the chastity of philosophers is concerned, the fruitfulness of this type of mind is manifestly in another sphere than that of children; perchance in some other sphere, too, they have the survival of their name, their little immortality (philosophers in ancient India would express themselves with still greater boldness: "Of what use is posterity to him whose soul is the world?"). In this attitude there is not a trace of chastity, by reason of any ascetic scruple or hatred of the flesh, any more than it is chastity for an athlete or a jockey to abstain from women; it is rather the will of the dominant instinct, at any rate, during the period of their advanced philosophic pregnancy. Every artist knows the harm done by sexual intercourse on occasions of great mental strain and preparation; as far as the strongest artists and those with the surest instincts are concerned, this is not necessarily a case of experience—hard experience—but it is simply their "maternal" instinct which, in order to benefit the growing work, disposes recklessly (beyond all its normal stocks and supplies) of the *vigour* of its *animal* life; the greater power then *absorbs* the lesser. Let us now apply this interpretation to gauge correctly the case of Schopenhauer, which we have already mentioned: in his case, the sight of the beautiful acted manifestly like a resolving irritant on the chief power of his nature (the power of contemplation and of intense penetration); so that this strength exploded and became suddenly master of his consciousness. But this by no means excludes the possibility of that particular sweetness and fulness, which is peculiar to the æsthetic state, springing directly from the ingredient of sensuality (just as that "idealism" which is peculiar to girls at puberty originates in the same source)—it may be, consequently, that sensuality is not removed by the approach of the æsthetic state, as Schopenhauer believed, but merely becomes transfigured, and ceases to enter into the consciousness as sexual excitement. (I shall return once again to this point in connection with the more delicate problems of the *physiology of the æsthetic*, a subject which up to the present has been singularly untouched and unelucidated.)

9.

A certain asceticism, a grimly gay whole-hearted renunciation, is, as we have seen, one of the most favourable conditions for the highest intellectualism, and, consequently, for the most natural corollaries of such intellectualism: we shall therefore be proof against any surprise at the philosophers in particular always treating the ascetic ideal with a certain amount of predilection. A serious historical investigation shows the bond between the ascetic ideal and philosophy to be still much tighter and still much stronger. It may be said that it was only in the *leading strings* of this ideal that philosophy really learnt to make its first steps and baby paces—alas how clumsily, alas how crossly, alas how ready to tumble down and lie on its stomach was this shy little darling of a brat with its bandy legs! The early history of philosophy is like that of all good things;—for a long time they had not the courage to be themselves, they kept always looking round to see if no one would come to their help; further, they were afraid of all who looked at them. Just enumerate in order the particular tendencies and virtues of the philosopher—his tendency to doubt, his tendency to deny, his tendency to wait (to be "ephectic"), his tendency to analyse, search, explore, dare, his tendency to compare and to equalise, his will to be neutral and objective, his will for everything which is "*sine ira et studio*":—has it yet been realised that for quite a lengthy period these tendencies went counter to the first claims of morality and conscience? (To say nothing at all of *Reason*, which even Luther chose to call *Frau Klüglin*,* *the sly whore.*) Has it been yet appreciated that a philosopher, in the event of his *arriving* at self-consciousness, must needs feel himself an incarnate "*nitimur in vetitum*,"—and consequently *guard* himself against "his own sensations," against self-consciousness? It is, I repeat, just the same with all good things, on which we now pride ourselves; even judged by the standard of the ancient Greeks, our whole modern life, in so far as it is not weakness, but power and the consciousness of power, appears pure "Hybris" and godlessness: for the things which are the very reverse of those which we honour to-day, have had for a long time conscience on their side, and God as their guardian. "Hybris" is our whole attitude to nature nowadays, our violation of nature with the help of machinery, and all the unscrupulous ingenuity of our scientists and engineers. "Hybris" is our attitude to God, that is, to some alleged teleological and ethical spider behind the meshes of the great trap of the causal web. Like Charles the Bold in his war with Louis the Eleventh, we may say, "*je combats l'universelle araignée*"; "Hybris" is our attitude to ourselves—for we experiment with ourselves in a way that we would not allow with any animal, and with pleasure and curiosity open our soul in our living body: what matters now to us the "salvation" of the soul? We heal ourselves afterwards: being ill is instructive, we doubt it not, even more instructive than being well—inoculators of disease seem to us to-day even more necessary than any medicine-men and "saviours." There is no doubt we do violence to ourselves nowadays, we crackers of the soul's kernel, we incarnate riddles, who are ever asking riddles, as though life were naught else than the cracking of a nut; and even thereby must we necessarily become day by day more and more worthy to be asked questions and *worthy* to ask them, even thereby do we perchance also become worthier to—live?

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* Mistress Sly.—TR.

. . . All good things were once bad things; from every original sin has grown an original virtue. Marriage, for example, seemed for a long time a sin against the rights of the community; a man formerly paid a fine for the insolence of claiming one woman to himself (to this phase belongs, for instance, the *jus primæ noctis*, to-day still in Cambodia the privilege of the priest, that guardian of the "good old customs").

The soft, benevolent, yielding, sympathetic feelings—eventually valued so highly that they almost became "intrinsic values," were for a very long time actually despised by their possessors: gentleness was then a subject for shame, just as hardness is now (compare *Beyond Good and Evil*, Aph. 260). The submission to *law*: oh, with what qualms of conscience was it that the noble races throughout the world renounced the *vendetta* and gave the law power over themselves! Law was long a *vetitum*, a blasphemy, an innovation; it was introduced with force, *like* a force, to which men only submitted with a sense of personal shame. Every tiny step forward in the world was formerly made at the cost of mental and physical torture. Nowadays the whole of this point of view—"that not only stepping forward, nay, stepping at all, movement, change, all needed their countless martyrs," rings in our ears quite strangely. I have put it forward in the *Dawn of Day*, Aph. 18. "Nothing is purchased more dearly," says the same book a little later, "than the modicum of human reason and freedom which is now our pride. But that pride is the reason why it is now almost impossible for us to feel in sympathy with those immense periods of the 'Morality of Custom,' which lie at the beginning of the 'world's history,' constituting as they do the real decisive historical principle which has fixed the character of humanity; those periods, I repeat, when throughout the world suffering passed for virtue, cruelty for virtue, deceit for virtue, revenge for virtue, repudiation of the reason for virtue; and when, conversely, well-being passed current for danger, the desire for knowledge for danger, pity for danger, peace for danger, being pitied for shame, work for shame, madness for divinity, and *change* for immorality and incarnate corruption!"

10.

There is in the same book, Aph. 12, an explanation of the *burden* of unpopularity under which the earliest race of contemplative men had to live —despised almost as widely as they were first feared! Contemplation first appeared on earth in a disguised shape, in an ambiguous form, with an evil heart and often with an uneasy head: there is no doubt about it. The inactive, brooding, unwarlike element in the instincts of contemplative men long invested them with a cloud of suspicion: the only way to combat this was to excite a definite *fear*. And the old Brahmans, for example, knew to a nicety how to do this! The oldest philosophers were well versed in giving to their very existence and appearance, meaning, firmness, background, by reason whereof men learnt to *fear* them; considered more precisely, they did this from an even more fundamental need, the need of inspiring in themselves fear and self-reverence. For they found even in their own souls all the valuations turned *against* themselves; they had to fight down every kind of suspicion and antagonism against "the philosophic element in themselves." Being men of a terrible age, they did this with terrible means: cruelty to themselves, ingenious self-mortification—this was the chief method of these ambitious hermits and intellectual revolutionaries, who were obliged to force down the gods and the traditions of their own soul, so as to enable themselves to *believe* in their own revolution. I remember the famous story of the King Vicvamitra, who, as the result of a thousand years of self-martyrdom, reached such a consciousness of power and such a confidence in himself that he undertook to build a *new heaven*: the sinister symbol of the oldest and newest history of philosophy in the whole world. Every one who has ever built anywhere a "*new heaven*" first found the power thereto in his *own hell*. . . . Let us compress the facts into a short formula. The philosophic spirit had, in order to be *possible* to any extent at all, to masquerade and disguise itself as one of the *previously fixed* types of the contemplative man, to disguise itself as priest, wizard, soothsayer, as a religious man generally: the *ascetic ideal* has for a long time served the philosopher as a superficial form, as a condition which enabled him to exist. . . . To be able to be a philosopher he had to exemplify the ideal; to exemplify it, he was bound to *believe* in it. The peculiarly etherealised abstraction of philosophers, with their negation of the world, their enmity to life, their disbelief in the senses, which has been maintained up to the most recent time, and has almost thereby come to be accepted as the ideal *philosophic attitude*—this abstraction is the result of those enforced conditions under which philosophy came into existence, and continued to exist; inasmuch as for quite a very long time philosophy would have been *absolutely impossible* in the world without an ascetic cloak and dress, without an ascetic self-misunderstanding. Expressed plainly and palpably, the *ascetic priest* has taken the repulsive and sinister form of the caterpillar, beneath which and behind which alone philosophy could live and slink about. . . .

Has all that really changed? Has that flamboyant and dangerous winged creature, that "spirit" which that caterpillar concealed within itself, has it, I say, thanks to a sunnier, warmer, lighter world, really and finally flung off its hood and escaped into the light? Can we to-day point to enough pride, enough daring, enough courage, enough self-confidence, enough mental will, enough will for responsibility, enough freedom of the will, to enable the philosopher to *be* now in the world really—*possible*?

11.

And now, after we have caught sight of the *ascetic priest*, let us tackle our problem. What is the meaning of the ascetic ideal? It now first becomes serious—vitally serious. We are now confronted with the *real representatives of the serious*. "What is the meaning of all seriousness?" This even more radical question is perchance already on the tip of our tongue: a question, fairly, for physiologists, but which we for the time being skip. In that ideal the ascetic priest finds not only his faith, but also his will, his power, his interest. His *right* to existence stands and falls with that ideal. What wonder that we here run up against a terrible opponent (on the supposition, of course, that we are the opponents of that ideal), an opponent fighting for his life against those who repudiate that ideal! . . . On the other hand, it is from the outset improbable that such a biased attitude towards our problem will do him any particular good; the ascetic priest himself will scarcely prove the happiest champion of his own ideal (on the same principle on which a woman usually fails when she wishes to champion "woman")—let alone proving the most objective critic and judge of the controversy now raised. We shall therefore—so much is already obvious—rather have actually to help him to defend himself properly against ourselves, than we shall have to fear being too well beaten by him. The idea, which is the subject of this dispute, is the *value* of our life from the standpoint of the ascetic priests: this life, then (together with the whole of which it is a part, "Nature," "the world," the whole sphere of becoming and passing away), is placed by them in relation to an existence of quite another character, which it excludes and to which it is opposed, unless it *deny* its own self: in this case, the case of an ascetic life, life is taken as a bridge to another existence. The ascetic treats life as a maze, in which one must walk backwards till one comes to the place where it starts; or he treats it as an error which one may, nay *must*, refute by action: for he *demands* that he should be followed; he enforces, where he can, *his* valuation of existence. What does this mean? Such a monstrous valuation is not an exceptional case, or a curiosity recorded in human history: it is one of the most general and persistent facts that there are. The reading from the vantage of a distant star of the capital letters of our earthly life, would perchance lead to the conclusion that the earth was the especially *ascetic planet*, a den of discontented, arrogant, and repulsive creatures, who never got rid of a deep disgust of themselves, of the world, of all life, and did themselves as much hurt as possible out of pleasure in hurting—presumably their one and only pleasure. Let us consider how regularly, how universally, how practically at every single period the ascetic priest puts in his appearance: he belongs to no particular race; he thrives everywhere; he grows out of all classes. Not that he perhaps bred this valuation by heredity and propagated it—the contrary is the case. It must be a necessity of the first order which makes this species, *hostile*, as it is, to *life*, always grow again and always thrive again.—*Life* itself must certainly *have an interest* in the continuance of such a type of self-contradiction. For an ascetic life is a self-contradiction: here rules resentment without parallel, the resentment of an insatiate instinct and ambition, that would be master, not over some element in life, but over life itself, over life's deepest, strongest, innermost conditions; here is an attempt made to utilise power to dam the sources of power; here does the green eye of jealousy turn even against physiological well-being, especially against the expression of such well-being, beauty, joy; while a sense of pleasure is experienced and *sought* in abortion, in decay, in pain, in misfortune, in ugliness, in voluntary punishment, in the exercising, flagellation, and sacrifice of the self. All this is in the highest degree paradoxical: we are here confronted with a rift that *wills* itself to be a rift, which *enjoys* itself in this very *suffering*, and even becomes more and more certain of itself, more and more triumphant, in proportion as its own presupposition, physiological vitality, *decreases*. "The triumph just in the supreme agony": under this extravagant emblem did the ascetic ideal fight from of old; in this mystery of seduction, in this picture of rapture and torture, it recognised its brightest light, its salvation, its final victory. *Crux*, *nux*, *lux*—it has all these three in one.

12.

Granted that such an incarnate will for contradiction and unnaturalness is induced to *philosophise*; on what will it vent its pet caprice? On that which has been felt with the greatest certainty to be true, to be real; it will look for *error* in those very places where the life instinct fixes truth with the greatest positiveness. It will, for instance, after the example of the ascetics of the Vedanta Philosophy, reduce matter to an illusion, and similarly treat pain, multiplicity, the whole logical contrast of "*Subject*" and "*Object*"—errors, nothing but errors! To renounce the belief in one's own ego, to deny to one's self one's own "reality"—what a triumph! and here already we have a much higher kind of triumph, which is not merely a triumph over the senses, over the palpable, but an infliction of violence and cruelty on *reason*; and this ecstasy culminates in the ascetic self-contempt, the ascetic scorn of one's own reason making this decree: *there is* a domain of truth and of life, but reason is specially *excluded* therefrom. . . . By the bye, even in the Kantian idea of "the intellegible character of things" there remains a trace of that schism, so dear to the heart of the ascetic, that schism which likes to turn reason against reason; in fact, "intelligible character" means in Kant a kind of quality in things of which the intellect comprehends this much, that for it, the intellect, it is *absolutely incomprehensible.* After all, let us, in our character of knowers, not be ungrateful towards such determined reversals of the ordinary perspectives and values, with which the mind had for too long raged against itself with an apparently futile sacrilege! In the same way the very seeing of another vista, the very *wishing* to see another vista, is no little training and preparation of the intellect for its eternal "*Objectivity*"—objectivity being understood not as "contemplation without interest" (for that is inconceivable and nonsensical), but as the ability to have the pros and cons *in one's power* and to switch them on and off, so as to get to know how to utilise, for the advancement of knowledge, the *difference* in the perspective and in the emotional interpretations. But let us, forsooth, my philosophic colleagues, henceforward guard ourselves more carefully against this mythology of dangerous ancient ideas, which has set up a "pure, will-less, painless, timeless subject of knowledge"; let us guard ourselves from the tentacles of such contradictory ideas as "pure reason," "absolute spirituality," "knowledge-in-itself":—in these theories an eye that cannot be thought of is required to think, an eye which *ex hypothesi* has no direction at all, an eye in which the active and interpreting functions are cramped, are absent; those functions, I say, by means of which "abstract" seeing first became seeing something; in these theories consequently the absurd and the nonsensical is always demanded of the eye. There is only a seeing from a perspective, only a "knowing" from a perspective, and the *more* emotions we express over a thing, the *more* eyes, different eyes, we train on the same thing, the more complete will be our "idea" of that thing, our "objectivity." But the elimination of the will altogether, the switching off of the emotions all and sundry, granted that we could do so, what! would not that be called intellectual *castration*?

13.

But let us turn back. Such a self-contradiction, as apparently manifests itself among the ascetics, "Life turned against Life," is—this much is absolutely obvious—from the physiological and not now from the psychological standpoint, simply nonsense. It can only be an *apparent* contradiction; it must be a kind of provisional expression, an explanation, a formula, an adjustment, a psychological misunderstanding of something, whose real nature could not be understood for a long time, and whose *real essence* could not be described; a mere word jammed into an old *gap* of human knowledge. To put briefly the facts against its being real: *the ascetic ideal springs from the prophylactic and self-preservative instincts which mark a decadent life*, which seeks by every means in its power to maintain its position and fight for its existence; it points to a partial physiological depression and exhaustion, against which the most profound and intact life-instincts fight ceaselessly with new weapons and discoveries. The ascetic ideal is such a weapon: its position is consequently exactly the reverse of that which the worshippers of the ideal imagine—life struggles in it and through it with death and *against* death; the ascetic ideal is a dodge for the *preservation* of life. An important fact is brought out in the extent to which, as history teaches, this ideal could rule and exercise power over man, especially in all those places where the civilisation and taming of man was completed: that fact is, the diseased state of man up to the present, at any rate, of the man who has been tamed, the physiological struggle of man with death (more precisely, with the disgust with life, with exhaustion, with the wish for the "end"). The ascetic priest is the incarnate wish for an existence of another kind, an existence on another plane,—he is, in fact, the highest point of this wish, its official ecstasy and passion: but it is the very *power* of this wish which is the fetter that binds him here; it is just that which makes him into a tool that must labour to create more favourable conditions for earthly existence, for existence on the human plane—it is with this very *power* that he keeps the whole herd of failures, distortions, abortions, unfortunates, *sufferers from themselves* of every kind, fast to existence, while he as the herdsman goes instinctively on in front. You understand me already: this ascetic priest, this apparent enemy of life, this denier—he actually belongs to the really great *conservative* and *affirmative* forces of life. . . What does it come from, this diseased state? For man is more diseased, more uncertain, more changeable, more unstable than any other animal, there is no doubt of it—he is *the* diseased animal: what does it spring from? Certainly he has also dared, innovated, braved more, challenged fate more than all the other animals put together; he, the great experimenter with himself, the unsatisfied, the insatiate, who struggles for the supreme mastery with beast, Nature, and gods, he, the as yet ever uncompelled, the ever future, who finds no more any rest from his own aggressive strength, goaded inexorably on by the spur of the future dug into the flesh of the present:—how should not so brave and rich an animal also be the most endangered, the animal with the longest and deepest sickness among all sick animals? . . . Man is sick of it, oft enough there are whole epidemics of this satiety (as about 1348, the time of the Dance of Death): but even this very nausea, this tiredness, this disgust with himself, all this is discharged from him with such force that it is immediately made into a new fetter. His "nay," which he utters to life, brings to light as though by magic an abundance of graceful "yeas"; even when he *wounds* himself, this master of destruction, of self-destruction, it is subsequently the wound itself that forces him to live.

14.

The more normal is this sickliness in man—and we cannot dispute this normality—the higher honour should be paid to the rare cases of psychical and physical powerfulness, the *windfalls* of humanity, and the more strictly should the sound be guarded from that worst of air, the air of the sick-room. Is that done? The sick are the greatest danger for the healthy; it is not from the strongest that harm comes to the strong, but from the weakest. Is that known? Broadly considered, it is not for a minute the fear of man, whose diminution should be wished for; for this fear forces the strong to be strong, to be at times terrible—it preserves in its integrity the sound type of man. What is to be feared, what does work with a fatality found in no other fate, is not the great fear of, but the great *nausea* with, man; and equally so the great pity for man. Supposing that both these things were one day to espouse each other, then inevitably the maximum of monstrousness would immediately come into the world—the "last will" of man, his will for nothingness, Nihilism. And, in sooth, the way is well paved thereto. He who not only has his nose to smell with, but also has eyes and ears, he sniffs almost wherever he goes to-day an air something like that of a mad-house, the air of a hospital—I am speaking, as stands to reason, of the cultured areas of mankind, of every kind of "Europe" that there is in fact in the world. The *sick* are the great danger of man, *not* the evil, *not* the "beasts of prey." They who are from the outset botched, oppressed, broken, those are they, the weakest are they, who most undermine the life beneath the feet of man, who instil the most dangerous venom and scepticism into our trust in life, in man, in ourselves. Where shall we escape from it, from that covert look (from which we carry away a deep sadness), from that averted look of him who is misborn from the beginning, that look which betrays what such a man says to himself—that look which is a groan? "Would that I were something else," so groans this look, "but there is no hope. I am what I am: how could I get away from myself? And, verily—*I am sick of myself!*" On such a soil of self-contempt, a veritable swamp soil, grows that weed, that poisonous growth, and all so tiny, so hidden, so ignoble, so sugary. Here teem the worms of revenge and vindictiveness; here the air reeks of things secret and unmentionable; here is ever spun the net of the most malignant conspiracy —the conspiracy of the sufferers against the sound and the victorious; here is the sight of the victorious *hated.* And what lying so as not to acknowledge this hate as hate! What a show of big words and attitudes, what an art of "righteous" calumniation! These abortions! what a noble eloquence gushes from their lips! What an amount of sugary, slimy, humble submission oozes in their eyes! What do they really want? At any rate to *represent* righteousness, love, wisdom, superiority, that is the ambition of these "lowest ones," these sick ones! And how clever does such an ambition make them! You cannot, in fact, but admire the counterfeiter dexterity with which the stamp of virtue, even the ring, the golden ring of virtue, is here imitated. They have taken a lease of virtue absolutely for themselves, have these weaklings and wretched invalids, there is no doubt of it; "We alone are the good, the righteous," so do they speak, "we alone are the *homines bonæ voluntatis.*" They stalk about in our midst as living reproaches, as warnings to us — as though health, fitness, strength, pride, the sensation of power, were really vicious things in themselves, for which one would have some day to do penance, bitter penance. Oh, how they themselves are ready in their hearts to *exact* penance, how they thirst after being *hangmen*!

Among them is an abundance of revengeful ones disguised as judges, who ever mouth the word righteousness like a venomous spittle—with mouth, I say, always pursed, always ready to spit at everything, which does not wear a discontented look, but is of good cheer as it goes on its way. Among them, again, is that most loathsome species of the vain, the lying abortions, who make a point of representing "beautiful souls," and perchance of bringing to the market as "purity of heart" their distorted sensualism swathed in verses and other bandages; the species of "self-comforters" and masturbators of their own souls. The sick man's will to represent *some* form or other of superiority, his instinct for crooked paths, which lead to a tyranny over the healthy—where can it not be found, this will to power of the very weakest? The sick woman especially: no one surpasses her in refinements for ruling, oppressing, tyrannising. The sick woman, moreover, spares nothing living, nothing dead; she grubs up again the most buried things (the Bogos say, "Woman is a hyena"). Look into the background of every family, of every body, of every community: everywhere the fight of the sick against the healthy—a silent fight for the most part with minute poisoned powders, with pin-pricks, with spiteful grimaces of patience, but also at times with that diseased pharisaism of *pure* pantomime, which plays for choice the rôle of "righteous indignation." Right into the hallowed chambers of knowledge can it make itself heard, can this hoarse yelping of sick hounds, this rabid lying and frenzy of such "noble" Pharisees (I remind readers, who have ears, once more of that Berlin apostle of revenge, Eugen Dühring, who makes the most disreputable and revolting use in all present-day Germany of moral refuse; Dühring, the paramount moral blusterer that there is to-day, even among his own kidney, the Anti-Semites). They are all men of resentment, are these physiological distortions and worm-riddled objects, a whole quivering kingdom of burrowing revenge, indefatigable and insatiable in its outbursts against the happy, and equally so in disguises for revenge, in pretexts for revenge: when will they really reach their final, fondest, most sublime triumph of revenge? At that time, doubtless, when they succeed in pushing their own misery, in fact, all misery, *into the consciousness* of the happy; so that the latter begin one day to be ashamed of their happiness, and perchance say to themselves when they meet, "It is a shame to be happy! *there is too much misery!*" . . . But there could not possibly be a greater and more fatal misunderstanding than that of the happy, the fit, the strong in body and soul, beginning in this way to doubt their right to happiness. Away with this "perverse world"! Away with this shameful soddenness of sentiment! Preventing the sick making the healthy sick—for that is what such a soddenness comes to—this ought to be our supreme object in the world—but for this it is above all essential that the healthy should remain *separated* from the sick, that they should even guard themselves from the look of the sick, that they should not even associate with the sick. Or may it, perchance, be their mission to be nurses or doctors? But they could not mistake and disown *their* mission more grossly—the higher *must* not degrade itself to be the tool of the lower, the pathos of distance must to all eternity keep their missions also separate. The right of the happy to existence, the right of bells with a full tone over the discordant cracked bells, is verily a thousand times greater: they alone are the *sureties* of the future, they alone are *bound* to man's future. What they can, what they must do, that can the sick never do, should never do! but if *they are to* be enabled to do what *only* they must do, how can they possibly be free to play the doctor, the comforter, the "Saviour" of the sick? . . . And therefore good air! good air! and away, at any rate, from the neighbourhood of all the madhouses and hospitals of civilisation! And therefore good company, *our own* company, or solitude, if it must be so! but away, at any rate, from the evil fumes of internal corruption and the secret worm-eaten state of the sick! that, forsooth, my friends, we may defend ourselves, at any rate for still a time, against the two worst plagues that could have been reserved for us—against the *great nausea with man*! against the *great pity for man*!

15.

If you have understood in all their depths—and I demand that you should *grasp them profoundly* and understand them profoundly—the reasons for the impossibility of its being the business of the healthy to nurse the sick, to make the sick healthy, it follows that you have grasped this further necessity—the necessity of doctors and nurses *who themselves are sick.* And now we have and hold with both our hands the essence of the ascetic priest. The ascetic priest must be accepted by us as the predestined saviour, herdsman, and champion of the sick herd: thereby do we first understand his awful historic mission. The *lordship over sufferers* is his kingdom, to that points his instinct, in that he finds his own special art, his master-skill, his kind of happiness. He must himself be sick, he must be kith and kin to the sick and the abortions so as to understand them, so as to arrive at an understanding with them; but he must also be strong, even more master of himself than of others, impregnable, forsooth, in his will for power, so as to acquire the trust and the awe of the weak, so that he can be their hold, bulwark, prop, compulsion, overseer, tyrant, god. He has to protect them, protect his herds—*against* whom? Against the healthy, doubtless also against the envy towards the healthy. He must be the natural adversary and *scorner* of every rough, stormy, reinless, hard, violently-predatory health and power. The priest is the first form of the more delicate animal that scorns more easily than it hates. He will not be spared the waging of war with the beasts of prey, a war of guile (of "spirit") rather than of force, as is self-evident—he will in certain cases find it necessary to conjure up out of himself, or at any rate to represent practically a new type of the beast of prey—a new animal monstrosity in which the polar bear, the supple, cold, crouching panther, and, not least important, the fox, are joined together in a trinity as fascinating as it is fearsome. If necessity exacts it, then will he come on the scene with bearish seriousness, venerable, wise, cold, full of treacherous superiority, as the herald and mouthpiece of mysterious powers, sometimes going among even the other kind of beasts of prey, determined as he is to sow on their soil, wherever he can, suffering, discord, self-contradiction, and only too sure of his art, always to be lord of *sufferers* at all times. He brings with him, doubtless, salve and balsam; but before he can play the physician he must first wound; so, while he soothes the pain which the wound makes, *he at the same time poisons the wound.* Well versed is he in this above all things, is this wizard and wild beast tamer, in whose vicinity everything healthy must needs become ill, and everything ill must needs become tame. He protects, in sooth, his sick herd well enough, does this strange herdsman; he protects them also against themselves, against the sparks (even in the centre of the herd) of wickedness, knavery, malice, and all the other ills that the plaguey and the sick are heir to; he fights with cunning, hardness, and stealth against anarchy and against the ever imminent break-up inside the herd, where *resentment*, that most dangerous blasting-stuff and explosive, ever accumulates and accumulates. Getting rid of this blasting-stuff in such a way that it does not blow up the herd and the herdsman, that is his real feat, his supreme utility; if you wish to comprise in the shortest formula the value of the priestly life, it would be correct to say the priest is the *diverter of the course of resentment.* Every sufferer, in fact, searches instinctively for a cause of his suffering; to put it more exactly, a doer,—to put it still more precisely, a sentient *responsible* doer,—in brief, something living, on which, either actually or in *effigie*, he can on any pretext vent his emotions. For the venting of emotions is the sufferer's greatest attempt at alleviation, that is to say, *stupefaction*, his mechanically desired narcotic against pain of any kind. It is in this phenomenon alone that is found, according to my judgment, the real physiological cause of resentment, revenge, and their family is to be found—that is, in a demand for the *deadening of pain through emotion*: this cause is generally, but in my view very erroneously, looked for in the defensive parry of a bare protective principle of reaction, of a "reflex movement" in the case of any sudden hurt and danger, after the manner that a decapitated frog still moves in order to get away from a corrosive acid. But the difference is fundamental. In one case the object is to prevent being hurt any more; in the other case the object is to *deaden* a racking, insidious, nearly unbearable pain by a more violent emotion of any kind whatsoever, and at any rate for the time being to drive it out of the consciousness—for this purpose an emotion is needed, as wild an emotion as possible, and to excite that emotion some excuse or other is needed. "It must be somebody's fault that I feel bad"—this kind of reasoning is peculiar to all invalids, and is but the more pronounced, the more ignorant they remain of the real cause of their feeling bad, the physiological cause (the cause may lie in a disease of the *nervus sympathicus*, or in an excessive secretion of bile, or in a want of sulphate and phosphate of potash in the blood, or in pressure in the bowels which stops the circulation of the blood, or in degeneration of the ovaries, and so forth). All sufferers have an awful resourcefulness and ingenuity in finding excuses for painful emotions; they even enjoy their jealousy, their broodings over base actions and apparent injuries, they burrow through the intestines of their past and present in their search for obscure mysteries, wherein they will be at liberty to wallow in a torturing suspicion and get drunk on the venom of their own malice—they tear open the oldest wounds, they make themselves bleed from the scars which have long been healed, they make evil-doers out of friends, wife, child, and everything which is nearest to them. "I suffer: it must be somebody's fault"—so thinks every sick sheep. But his herdsman, the ascetic priest, says to him, "Quite so, my sheep, it must be the fault of some one; but thou thyself art that some one, it is all the fault of thyself alone—*it is the fault of thyself alone against thyself*": that is bold enough, false enough, but one thing is at least attained; thereby, as I have said, the course of resentment is—*diverted.*

16.

You can see now what the remedial instinct of life has at least *tried* to effect, according to my conception, through the ascetic priest, and the purpose for which he had to employ a temporary tyranny of such paradoxical and anomalous ideas as "guilt," "sin," "sinfulness," "corruption," "damnation." What was done was to make the sick *harmless* up to a certain point, to destroy the incurable by means of themselves, to turn the milder cases severely on to themselves, to give their resentment a backward direction ("man needs but one thing"), and to *exploit* similarly the bad instincts of all sufferers with a view to self-discipline, self-surveillance, self-mastery. It is obvious that there can be no question at all in the case of a "medication" of this kind, a mere emotional medication, of any real *healing* of the sick in the physiological sense; it cannot even for a moment be asserted that in this connection the instinct of life has taken healing as its goal and purpose. On the one hand, a kind of congestion and organisation of the sick (the word "Church" is the most popular name for it); on the other, a kind of provisional safeguarding of the comparatively healthy, the more perfect specimens, the cleavage of a *rift* between healthy and sick—for a long time that was all! and it was much! it was *very* much!

I am proceeding, as you see, in this essay, from an hypothesis which, as far as such readers as I want are concerned, does not require to be proved; the hypothesis that "sinfulness" in man is not an actual fact, but rather merely the interpretation of a fact, of a physiological discomfort, —a discomfort seen through a moral religious perspective which is no longer binding upon us.

The fact, therefore, that any one feels "guilty," "sinful," is certainly not yet any proof that he is right in feeling so, any more than any one is healthy simply because he feels healthy. Remember the celebrated witch-ordeals: in those days the most acute and humane judges had no doubt but that in these cases they were confronted with guilt,—the "witches" *themselves had no doubt on the point*,—and yet the guilt was lacking. Let me elaborate this hypothesis: I do not for a minute accept the very "pain in the soul" as a real fact, but only as an explanation (a casual explanation) of facts that could not hitherto be precisely formulated; I regard it therefore as something as yet absolutely in the air and devoid of scientific cogency—just a nice fat word in the place of a lean note of interrogation. When any one fails to get rid of his "pain in the soul," the cause is, speaking crudely, to be found *not* in his "soul" but more probably in his stomach (speaking crudely, I repeat, but by no means wishing thereby that you should listen to me or understand me in a crude spirit). A strong and well-constituted man digests his experiences (deeds and misdeeds all included) just as he digests his meats, even when he has some tough morsels to swallow. If he fails to "relieve himself" of an experience, this kind of indigestion is quite as much physiological as the other indigestion—and indeed, in more ways than one, simply one of the results of the other. You can adopt such a theory, and yet *entre nous* be nevertheless the strongest opponent of all materialism.

17.

But is he really a *physician*, this ascetic priest? We already understand why we are scarcely allowed to call him a physician, however much he likes to feel a "saviour" and let himself be worshipped as a saviour.* It is only the actual suffering, the discomfort of the sufferer, which he combats, *not* its cause, not the actual state of sickness—this needs must constitute our most radical objection to priestly medication. But just once put yourself into that point of view, of which the priests have a monopoly, you will find it hard to exhaust your amazement, at what from that standpoint he has completely seen, sought, and found. The *mitigation* of suffering, every kind of "consoling"—all this manifests itself as his very genius: with what ingenuity has he interpreted his mission of consoler, with what aplomb and audacity has he chosen weapons necessary for the part. Christianity in particular should be dubbed a great treasure-chamber of ingenious consolations,—such a store of refreshing, soothing, deadening drugs has it accumulated within itself; so many of the most dangerous and daring expedients has it hazarded; with such subtlety, refinement, Oriental refinement, has it divined what emotional stimulants can conquer, at any rate for a time, the deep depression, the leaden fatigue, the black melancholy of physiological cripples — for, speaking generally, all religions are mainly concerned with fighting a certain fatigue and heaviness that has infected everything. You can regard it as *prima facie* probable that in certain places in the world there was almost bound to prevail from time to time among large masses of the population a *sense of physiological depression*, which, however, owing to their lack of physiological knowledge, did not appear to their consciousness as such, so that consequently its "cause" and its *cure* can only be sought and essayed in the science of moral psychology (this, in fact, is my most general formula for what is generally called a "*religion*"). Such a feeling of depression can have the most diverse origins; it may be the result of the crossing of too heterogeneous races (or of classes—genealogical and racial differences are also brought out in the classes: the European "Weltschmerz," the "Pessimism" of the nineteenth century, is really the result of an absurd and sudden class-mixture); it may be brought about by a mistaken emigration—a race falling into a climate for which its power of adaptation is insufficient (the case of the Indians in India); it may be the effect of old age and fatigue (the Parisian pessimism from 1850 onwards); it may be a wrong diet (the alcoholism of the Middle Ages, the nonsense of vegetarianism — which, however, have in their favour the authority of Sir Christopher in Shakespeare); it may be blood-deterioration, malaria, syphilis, and the like (German depression after the Thirty Years' War, which infected half Germany with evil diseases, and thereby paved the way for German servility, for German pusillanimity). In such a case there is invariably recourse to a *war* on a grand scale with the feeling of depression; let us inform ourselves briefly on its most important practices and phases (I leave on one side, as stands to reason, the actual *philosophic* war against the feeling of depression which is usually simultaneous—it is interesting enough, but too absurd, too practically negligible, too full of cobwebs, too much of a hole-and-corner affair, especially when pain is proved to be a mistake, on the *naïf* hypothesis that pain must needs *vanish* when the mistake underlying it is recognised—but behold! it does anything but vanish . . .). That dominant depression is *primarily fought* by weapons which reduce the consciousness of life itself to the lowest degree. Wherever possible, no more wishes, no more wants; shun everything which produces emotion, which produces "blood" (eating no salt, the fakir hygiene); no love; no hate; equanimity; no revenge; no getting rich; no work; begging; as far as possible, no woman, or as little woman as possible; as far as the intellect is concerned, Pascal's principle, "*il faut s'abêtir.*" To put the result in ethical and psychological language, "self-annihilation," "sanctification"; to put it in physiological language, "hypnotism"—the attempt to find some approximate human equivalent for what *hibernation* is for certain animals, for what *æstivation* is for many tropical plants, a minimum of assimilation and metabolism in which life just manages to subsist without really coming into the consciousness. An amazing amount of human energy has been devoted to this object—perhaps uselessly? There cannot be the slightest doubt but that such *sportsmen* of "saintliness," in whom at times nearly every nation has abounded, have really found a genuine relief from that which they have combated with such a rigorous *training*—in countless cases they really escaped by the help of their system of hypnotism *away* from deep physiological depression; their method is consequently counted among the most universal ethnological facts. Similarly it is improper to consider such a plan for starving the physical element and the desires, as in itself a symptom of insanity (as a clumsy species of roast-beef-eating "freethinkers" and Sir Christophers are fain to do); all the more certain is it that their method can and does pave the way to all kinds of mental disturbances, for instance, "inner lights" (as far as the case of the Hesychasts of Mount Athos), auditory and visual hallucinations, voluptuous ecstasies and effervescences of sensualism (the history of St. Theresa). The explanation of such events given by the victims is always the acme of fanatical falsehood; this is self-evident. Note well, however, the tone of implicit gratitude that rings in the very *will* for an explanation of such a character. The supreme state, salvation itself, that final goal of universal hypnosis and peace, is always regarded by them as the mystery of mysteries, which even the most supreme symbols are inadequate to express; it is regarded as an entry and homecoming to the essence of things, as a liberation from all illusions, as "knowledge," as "truth," as "being," as an escape from every end, every wish, every action, as something even beyond Good and Evil.

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* In the German text "Heiland." This has the double meaning of "healer" and "saviour."—H. B. S.

"Good and Evil," quoth the Buddhists, "both are fetters. The perfect man is master of them both."

"The done and the undone," quoth the disciple of the Vedânta, "do him no hurt; the good and the evil he shakes from off him, sage that he is; his kingdom suffers no more from any act; good and evil, he goes beyond them both."—An absolutely Indian conception, as much Brahmanist as Buddhist. Neither in the Indian nor in the Christian doctrine is this "Redemption" regarded as attainable by means of virtue and moral improvement, however high they may place the value of the hypnotic efficiency of virtue: keep clear on this point—indeed it simply corresponds with the facts. The fact that they remained *true* on this point is perhaps to be regarded as the best specimen of realism in the three great religions, absolutely soaked as they are with morality, with this one exception. "For those who know, there is no duty." "Redemption is not attained by the acquisition of virtues; for redemption consists in being one with Brahman, who is incapable of acquiring any perfection; and equally little does it consist in the *giving up of* faults, for the Brahman, unity with whom is what constitutes redemption, is eternally pure" (these passages are from the Commentaries of the Cankara, quoted from the first real European *expert* of the Indian philosophy, my friend Paul Deussen). We wish, therefore, to pay honour to the idea of "redemption" in the great religions, but it is somewhat hard to remain serious in view of the appreciation meted out to the *deep sleep* by these exhausted pessimists who are too tired even to dream—to the deep sleep considered, that is, as already a fusing into Brahman, as the attainment of the *unio mystica* with God. "When he has completely gone to sleep," says on this point the oldest and most venerable "script," "and come to perfect rest, so that he sees no more any vision, then, oh dear one, is he united with Being, he has entered into his own self—encircled by the Self with its absolute knowledge, he has no more any consciousness of that which is without or of that which is within. Day and night cross not these bridges, nor age, nor death, nor suffering, nor good deeds, nor evil deeds." "In deep sleep," say similarly the believers in this deepest of the three great religions, "does the soul lift itself from out this body of ours, enters the supreme light and stands out therein in its true shape: therein is it the supreme spirit itself, which travels about, while it jests and plays and enjoys itself, whether with women, or chariots, or friends; there do its thoughts turn no more back to this appanage of a body, to which the 'prâna' (the vital breath) is harnessed like a beast of burden to the cart." None the less we will take care to realise (as we did when discussing "redemption") that in spite of all its pomps of Oriental extravagance this simply expresses the same criticism on life as did the clear, cold, Greekly cold, but yet suffering Epicurus. The hypnotic sensation of nothingness, the peace of deepest sleep, anæsthesia in short—that is what passes with the sufferers and the absolutely depressed for, forsooth, their supreme good, their value of values; that is what *must* be treasured by them as something positive, be felt by them as the essence of *the* Positive (according to the same logic of the feelings, nothingness is in all pessimistic religions called God).

18.

Such a hypnotic deadening of sensibility and susceptibility to pain, which presupposes somewhat rare powers, especially courage, contempt of opinion, intellectual stoicism, is less frequent than another and certainly easier *training* which is tried against states of depression. I mean *mechanical activity*. It is indisputable that a suffering existence can be thereby considerably alleviated. This fact is called to-day by the somewhat ignoble title of the "Blessing of work." The alleviation consists in the attention of the sufferer being absolutely diverted from suffering, in the incessant monopoly of the consciousness by action, so that consequently there is little room left for suffering—for *narrow* is it, this chamber of human consciousness! Mechanical activity and its corollaries, such as absolute regularity, punctilious unreasoning obedience, the chronic routine of life, the complete occupation of time, a certain liberty to be impersonal, nay, a training in "impersonality," self-forgetfulness, "*incuria sui*"—with what thoroughness and expert subtlety have all these methods been exploited by the ascetic priest in his war with pain!

When he has to tackle sufferers of the lower orders, slaves, or prisoners (or women, who for the most part are a compound of labour-slave and prisoner), all he has to do is to juggle a little with the names, and to rechristen, so as to make them see henceforth a benefit, a comparative happiness, in objects which they hated—the slave's discontent with his lot was at any rate *not* invented by the priests. An even more popular means of fighting depression is the ordaining of a *little joy*, which is easily accessible and can be made into a rule; this medication is frequently used in conjunction with the former ones. The most frequent form in which joy is prescribed as a cure is the joy in *producing* joy (such as doing good, giving presents, alleviating, helping, exhorting, comforting, praising, treating with distinction); together with the prescription of "love your neighbour." The ascetic priest prescribes, though in the most cautious doses, what is practically a stimulation of the strongest and most life-assertive impulse—the Will for Power. The happiness involved in the "smallest superiority" which is the concomitant of all benefiting, helping, extolling, making one's self useful, is the most ample consolation, of which, if they are well-advised, physiological distortions avail themselves: in other cases they hurt each other, and naturally in obedience to the same radical instinct. An investigation of the origin of Christianity in the Roman world shows that co-operative unions for poverty, sickness, and burial sprang up in the lowest stratum of contemporary society, amid which the chief antidote against depression, the little joy experienced in mutual benefits, was deliberately fostered. Perchance this was then a novelty, a real discovery? This conjuring up of the will for co-operation, for family organisation, for communal life, for "*Cœnacula*," necessarily brought the Will for Power, which had been already infinitesimally stimulated, to a new and much fuller manifestation. The herd organisation is a genuine advance and triumph in the fight with depression. With the growth of the community there matures even to individuals a new interest, which often enough takes him out of the more personal element in his discontent, his aversion to himself, the "*despectus sui*" of Geulincx. All sick and diseased people strive instinctively after a herd-organisation, out of a desire to shake off their sense of oppressive discomfort and weakness; the ascetic priest divines this instinct and promotes it; wherever a herd exists it is the instinct of weakness which has wished for the herd, and the cleverness of the priests which has organised it, for, mark this: by an equally natural necessity the strong strive as much for *isolation* as the weak for *union*: when the former bind themselves it is only with a view to an aggressive joint action and joint satisfaction of their Will for Power, much against the wishes of their individual consciences; the latter, on the contrary, range themselves together with positive *delight* in such a muster—their instincts are as much gratified thereby as the instincts of the "born master" (that is, the solitary beast-of-prey species of man) are disturbed and wounded to the quick by organisation. There is always lurking beneath every oligarchy—such is the universal lesson of history—the desire for tyranny. Every oligarchy is continually quivering with the tension of the effort required by each individual to keep mastering this desire. (Such, *e.g.*, was the Greek; Plato shows it in a hundred places, Plato, who knew his contemporaries—and *himself*.)

19.

The methods employed by the ascetic priest, which we have already learnt to know—stifling of all vitality, mechanical energy, the little joy, and especially the method of "love your neighbour" herd-organisation, the awaking of the communal consciousness of power, to such a pitch that the individual's disgust with himself becomes eclipsed by his delight in the thriving of the community—these are, according to modern standards, the "innocent" methods employed in the fight with depression; let us turn now to the more interesting topic of the "guilty" methods. The guilty methods spell one thing: to produce *emotional excess*—which is used as the most efficacious anæsthetic against their depressing state of protracted pain; this is why priestly ingenuity has proved quite inexhaustible in thinking out this one question: "*By what means* can you produce an emotional excess?" This sounds harsh: it is manifest that it would sound nicer and would grate on one's ears less, if I were to say, forsooth: "The ascetic priest made use at all times of the enthusiasm contained in all strong emotions." But what is the good of still soothing the delicate ears of our modern effeminates? What is the good *on our side* of budging one single inch before their verbal Pecksniffianism. For us psychologists to do that would be at once *practical Pecksniffianism*, apart from the fact of its nauseating us. The *good taste* (others might say, the righteousness) of a psychologist nowadays consists, if at all, in combating the shamefully moralised language with which all modern judgments on men and things are smeared. For, do not deceive yourself: what constitutes the chief characteristic of modern souls and of modern books is not the lying, but the *innocence* which is part and parcel of their intellectual dishonesty. The inevitable running up against this "innocence" everywhere constitutes the most distasteful feature of the somewhat dangerous business which a modern psychologist has to undertake: it is a part of *our* great danger—it is a road which perhaps leads us straight to the great nausea—I know quite well the purpose which all modern books will and can serve (granted that they last, which I am not afraid of, and granted equally that there is to be at some future day a generation with a more rigid, more severe, and *healthier* taste)—the *function* which all modernity generally will serve with posterity: that of an emetic,—and this by reason of its moral sugariness and falsity, its ingrained feminism, which it is pleased to call "Idealism," and at any rate believes to be idealism. Our cultured men of to-day, our "good" men, do not lie—that is true; but it does *not* redound to their honour! The real lie, the genuine, determined, "honest" lie (on whose value you can listen to Plato) would prove too tough and strong an article for them by a long way; it would be asking them to do what people have been forbidden to ask them to do, to open their eyes to their own selves, and to learn to distinguish between "true" and "false" in their own selves. The dishonest lie alone suits them: everything which feels a good man is perfectly incapable of any other attitude to anything than that of a dishonourable liar, an absolute liar, but none the less an innocent liar, a blue-eyed liar, a virtuous liar. These "good men," they are all now tainted with morality through and through, and as far as honour is concerned they are disgraced and corrupted for all eternity. Which of them *could stand* a further truth "about man"? or, put more tangibly, which of them could put up with a true biography? One or two instances: Lord Byron composed a most personal autobiography, but Thomas Moore was "too good" for it; he burnt his friend's papers. Dr. Gwinner, Schopenhauer's executor, is said to have done the same; for Schopenhauer as well wrote much about himself, and perhaps also *against* himself (εἰς ἑαυτόν). The virtuous American Thayer, Beethoven's biographer, suddenly stopped his work: he had come to a certain point in that honourable and simple life, and could stand it no longer. Moral: What sensible man nowadays writes one honest word about himself? He must already belong to the Order of Holy Foolhardiness. We are promised an autobiography of Richard Wagner; who doubts but that it would be a *clever* autobiography? Think, forsooth, of the grotesque horror which the Catholic priest Janssen aroused in Germany with his inconceivably square and harmless pictures of the German Reformation; what wouldn't people do if some real psychologist were to tell us about a genuine Luther, tell us, not with the moralist simplicity of a country priest or the sweet and cautious modesty of a Protestant historian, but say with the fearlessness of a Taine, that springs from force of character and not from a prudent toleration of force. (The Germans, by the bye, have already produced the classic specimen of this toleration—they may well be allowed to reckon him as one of their own, in Leopold Ranke, that born classical advocate of every *causa fortior*, that cleverest of all the clever opportunists.)

20.

But you will soon understand me.—Putting it shortly, there is reason enough, is there not, for us psychologists nowadays never getting away from a certain mistrust of our *own selves*? Probably even we ourselves are still "too good" for our work; probably, whatever contempt we feel for this popular craze for morality, we ourselves are perhaps none the less its victims, prey, and slaves; probably it infects even *us*. Of what was that diplomat warning us, when he said to his colleagues: "Let us especially mistrust our first impulses, gentlemen! *they are almost always good*"? So should nowadays every psychologist talk to his colleagues. And thus we get back to our problem, which in point of fact does require from us a certain severity, a certain mistrust especially against "first impulses." *The ascetic ideal in the service of projected emotional excess*:—he who remembers the previous essay will already partially anticipate the essential meaning compressed into these above ten words. The thorough unswitching of the human soul, the plunging of it into terror, frost, ardour, rapture, so as to free it, as through some lightning shock, from all the smallness and pettiness of unhappiness, depression, and discomfort: what ways lead to *this* goal? And which of these ways does so most safely? . . . At bottom all great emotions have this power, provided that they find a sudden outlet—emotions such as rage, fear, lust, revenge, hope, triumph, despair, cruelty; and, in sooth, the ascetic priest has had no scruples in taking into his service the whole pack of hounds that rage in the human kennel, unleashing now these and now those, with the same constant object of waking man out of his protracted melancholy, of chasing away, at any rate for a time, his dull pain, his shrinking misery, but always under the sanction of a religious interpretation and justification. This emotional excess has subsequently to be *paid for*, this is self-evident—it makes the ill more ill—and therefore this kind of remedy for pain is according to modern standards a "guilty" kind.

The dictates of fairness, however, require that we should all the more emphasise the fact that this remedy is applied with a *good conscience*, that the ascetic priest has prescribed it in the most implicit belief in its utility and indispensability;—often enough almost collapsing in the presence of the pain which he created;—that we should similarly emphasise the fact that the violent physiological revenges of such excesses, even perhaps the mental disturbances, are not absolutely inconsistent with the general tenor of this kind of remedy; this remedy, which, as we have shown previously, is *not* for the purpose of healing diseases, but of fighting the unhappiness of that depression, the alleviation and deadening of which was its object. The object was consequently achieved. The keynote by which the ascetic priest was enabled to get every kind of agonising and ecstatic music to play on the fibres of the human soul—was, as every one knows, the exploitation of the feeling of "*guilt.*" I have already indicated in the previous essay the origin of this feeling—as a piece of animal psychology and nothing else: we were thus confronted with the feeling of "guilt," in its crude state, as it were. It was first in the hands of the priest, real artist that he was in the feeling of guilt, that it took shape—oh, what a shape!

"Sin"—for that is the name of the new priestly version of the animal "bad-conscience" (the inverted cruelty)—has up to the present been the greatest event in the history of the diseased soul: in "sin" we find the most perilous and fatal masterpiece of religious interpretation. Imagine man, suffering from himself, some way or other but at any rate physiologically, perhaps like an animal shut up in a cage, not clear as to the why and the wherefore! imagine him in his desire for reasons—reasons bring relief—in his desire again for remedies, narcotics at last, consulting one, who knows even the occult—and see, lo and behold, he gets a hint from his wizard, the ascetic priest, his *first* hint on the "cause" of his trouble: he must search for it *in himself*, in his guiltiness, in a piece of the past, he must understand his very suffering as a *state of punishment.* He has heard, he has understood, has the unfortunate: he is now in the plight of a hen round which a line has been drawn. He never gets out of the circle of lines. The sick man has been turned into "the sinner"—and now for a few thousand years we never get away from the sight of this new invalid, of "a sinner"—shall we ever get away from it?—wherever we just look, everywhere the hypnotic gaze of the sinner always moving in one direction (in the direction of guilt, the *only* cause of suffering); everywhere the evil conscience, this "*greuliche thier*," * to use Luther's language; everywhere rumination over the past, a distorted view of action, the gaze of the "green-eyed monster" turned on all action; everywhere the wilful misunderstanding of suffering, its transvaluation into feelings of guilt, fear of retribution; everywhere the scourge, the hairy shirt, the starving body, contrition; everywhere the sinner breaking himself on the ghastly wheel of a restless and morbidly eager conscience; everywhere mute pain, extreme fear, the agony of a tortured heart, the spasms of an unknown happiness, the shriek for "redemption." In point of fact, thanks to this system of procedure, the old depression, dullness, and fatigue were absolutely conquered, life itself became *very* interesting again, awake, eternally awake, sleepless, glowing, burnt away, exhausted and yet not tired—such was the figure cut by man, "the sinner," who was initiated into these mysteries. This grand old wizard of an ascetic priest fighting with depression—he had clearly triumphed, *his* kingdom had come: men no longer grumbled at pain, men *panted* after pain: "*More pain!* More pain!" So for centuries on end shrieked the demand of his acolytes and initiates. Every emotional excess which hurt; everything which broke, overthrew, crushed, transported, ravished; the mystery of torture-chambers, the ingenuity of hell itself—all this was now discovered, divined, exploited, all this was at the service of the wizard, all this served to promote the triumph of his ideal, the ascetic ideal. "*My kingdom is not of this world,*" quoth he, both at the beginning and at the end: had he still the right to talk like that?—Goethe has maintained that there are only thirty-six tragic situations: we would infer from that, did we not know otherwise that Goethe was no ascetic priest. He—knows more.

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* "Horrible beast."

21.

So far as all *this* kind of priestly medicine-mongering, the "guilty" kind, is concerned, every word of criticism is superfluous. As for the suggestion that emotional excess of the type, which in these cases the ascetic priest is fain to order to his sick patients (under the most sacred euphemism, as is obvious, and equally impregnated with the sanctity of his purpose), has ever really been of use to any sick man, who, forsooth, would feel inclined to maintain a proposition of that character? At any rate, some understanding should be come to as to the expression "be of use." If you only wish to express that such a system of treatment has *reformed* man, I do not gainsay it: I merely add that "reformed" conveys to my mind as much as "tamed," "weakened," "discouraged," "refined," "daintified," "emasculated" (and thus it means almost as much as injured). But when you have to deal principally with sick, depressed, and oppressed creatures, such a system, even granted that it makes the ill "better," under any circumstances also makes them more *ill*: ask the mad-doctors the invariable result of a methodical application of penance-torture, contrition, and salvation ecstasies. Similarly ask history. In every body politic where the ascetic priest has established this treatment of the sick, disease has on every occasion spread with sinister speed throughout its length and breadth. What was always the "result"? A shattered nervous system, in addition to the existing malady, and this in the greatest as in the smallest, in the individuals as in masses. We find, in consequence of the penance and redemption-training, awful epileptic epidemics, the greatest known to history, such as the St. Vitus and St. John dances of the Middle Ages; we find, as another phase of its after-effect, frightful mutilations and chronic depressions, by means of which the temperament of a nation or a city (Geneva, Bâle) is turned once for all into its opposite;—this *training*, again, is responsible for the witch-hysteria, a phenomenon analogous to somnambulism (eight great epidemic outbursts of this only between 1564 and 1605);—we find similarly in its train those delirious death-cravings of large masses, whose awful "shriek," "*evviva la morte!*" was heard over the whole of Europe, now interrupted by voluptuous variations and anon by a rage for destruction, just as the same emotional sequence with the same intermittencies and sudden changes is now universally observed in every case where the ascetic doctrine of sin scores once more a great success (religious neurosis *appears* as a manifestation of the devil, there is no doubt of it. What is it? *Quæritur*). Speaking generally, the ascetic ideal and its sublime-moral cult, this most ingenious, reckless, and perilous systematisation of all methods of emotional excess, is writ large in a dreadful and unforgettable fashion on the whole history of man, and unfortunately not only on history. I was scarcely able to put forward any other element which attacked the *health* and race efficiency of Europeans with more destructive power than did this ideal; it can be dubbed, without exaggeration, *the real fatality* in the history of the health of the European man. At the most you can merely draw a comparison with the specifically German influence: I mean the alcohol poisoning of Europe, which up to the present has kept pace exactly with the political and racial predominance of the Germans (where they inoculated their blood, there too did they inoculate their vice). Third in the series comes syphilis—*magno sed proximo intervallo.*

22.

The ascetic priest has, wherever he has obtained the mastery, corrupted the health of the soul, he has consequently also corrupted *taste in artibus et litteris*—he corrupts it still. "Consequently?" I hope I shall be granted this "consequently"; at any rate, I am not going to prove it first. One solitary indication, it concerns the arch-book of Christian literature, their real model, their "book-in-itself." In the very midst of the Græco-Roman splendour, which was also a splendour of books, face to face with an ancient world of writings which had not yet fallen into decay and ruin, at a time when certain books were still to be read, to possess which we would give nowadays half our literature in exchange, at that time the simplicity and vanity of Christian agitators (they are generally called Fathers of the Church) dared to declare: "We too have our classical literature, *we do not need that of the Greeks*"—and meanwhile they proudly pointed to their books of legends, their letters of apostles, and their apologetic tractlets, just in the same way that to-day the English "Salvation Army" wages its fight against Shakespeare and other "heathens" with an analogous literature. You already guess it, I do not like the "New Testament"; it almost upsets me that I stand so isolated in my taste so far as concerns this valued, this over-valued Scripture; the taste of two thousand years is *against* me; but what boots it! "Here I stand! I cannot help myself" *—I have the courage of my bad taste. The *Old* Testament—yes, that is something quite different, all honour to the Old Testament! I find therein great men, an heroic landscape, and one of the rarest phenomena in the world, the incomparable naïveté *of the strong heart*; further still, I find a people. In the New, on the contrary, just a hostel of petty sects, pure rococo of the soul, twisting angles and fancy touches, nothing but conventicle air, not to forget an occasional whiff of bucolic sweetness which appertains to the epoch (*and* the Roman province) and is less Jewish than Hellenistic. Meekness and braggadocio cheek by jowl; an emotional garrulousness that almost deafens; passionate hysteria, but no passion; painful pantomime; here manifestly every one lacked good breeding. How dare any one make so much fuss about their little failings as do these pious little fellows! No one cares a straw about it—let alone God. Finally they actually wish to have "the crown of eternal life," do all these little provincials! In return for what, in sooth? For what end? It is impossible to carry insolence any further. An immortal Peter! who could stand *him*! They have an ambition which makes one laugh: the *thing* dishes up cut and dried his most personal life, his melancholies, and common-or-garden troubles, as though the Universe itself were under an obligation to bother itself about them, for it never gets tired of wrapping up God Himself in the petty misery in which its troubles are involved. And how about the atrocious form of this chronic hobnobbing with God? This Jewish, and not merely Jewish, slobbering and clawing importunacy towards God!—There exist little despised "heathen nations" in East Asia, from whom these first Christians could have learnt something worth learning, a little tact in worshipping; these nations do not allow themselves to say aloud the name of their God. This seems to me delicate enough, it is certain that it is *too* delicate, and not only for primitive Christians; to take a contrast, just recollect Luther, the most "eloquent" and insolent peasant whom Germany has had, think of the Lutherian tone, in which he felt quite the most in his element during his *tête-à-têtes* with God. Luther's opposition to the mediæval saints of the Church (in particular, against "that devil's hog, the Pope"), was, there is no doubt, at bottom the opposition of a boor, who was offended at the *good etiquette* of the Church, that worship-etiquette of the sacerdotal code, which only admits to the holy of holies the initiated and the silent, and shuts the door against the boors. These definitely were not to be allowed a hearing in this planet—but Luther the peasant simply wished it otherwise; as it was, it was not German enough for him. He personally wished himself to talk direct, to talk personally, to talk "straight from the shoulder" with his God. Well, he's done it. The ascetic ideal, you will guess, was at no time and in no place, a school of good taste, still less of good manners—at the best it was a school for sacerdotal manners: that is, it contains in itself something which was a deadly enemy to all good manners. Lack of measure, opposition to measure it is itself a "*non plus ultra.*"

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* "Here I stand! I cannot help myself. God help me! Amen"—were Luther's words before the Reichstag at Worms.—H. B. S.

23.

The ascetic ideal has corrupted not only health and taste, there are also third, fourth, fifth, and sixth things which it has corrupted—I shall take care not to go through the catalogue (when should I get to the end?). I have here to expose not what this ideal effected; but rather only what it *means*, on what it is based, what lies lurking behind it and under it, that of which it is the provisional expression, an obscure expression bristling with queries and misunderstandings. And with *this* object only in view I presumed "not to spare" my readers a glance at the awfulness of its results, a glance at its fatal results; I did this to prepare them for the final and most awful aspect presented to me by the question of the significance of that ideal. What is the significance of the *power* of that ideal, the monstrousness of its power? Why is it given such an amount of scope? Why is not a better resistance offered against it? The ascetic ideal expresses one will: where is the opposition will, in which an *opposition ideal* expresses itself? The ascetic ideal has an aim—this goal is, putting it generally, that all the other interests of human life should, measured by its standard, appear petty and narrow; it explains epochs, nations, men, in reference to this one end; it forbids any other interpretation, any other end; it repudiates, denies, affirms, confirms, only in the sense of its own interpretation (and was there ever a more thoroughly elaborated system of interpretation?); it subjects itself to no power, rather does it believe in its own precedence over every power—it believes that nothing powerful exists in the world that has not first got to receive from "it" a meaning, a right to exist, a value, as being an instrument in its work, a way and means to its end, to one end. Where is the *counterpart* of this complete system of will, end, and interpretation? Why is the counterpart lacking? Where is the other "one aim"? But I am told it is not lacking, that not only has it fought a long and fortunate fight with that ideal, but that further it has already won the mastery over that ideal in all essentials: let our whole modern *science* attest this—that modern science, which, like the genuine reality-philosophy which it is, manifestly believes in itself alone, manifestly has the courage to be itself, the will to be itself, and has got on well enough without God, another world, and negative virtues.

With all their noisy agitator-babble, however, they effect nothing with me; these trumpeters of reality are bad musicians, their voices do not come from the deeps with sufficient audibility, they are *not* the mouthpiece for the abyss of scientific knowledge —for to-day scientific knowledge is an abyss—the word "science," in such trumpeter-mouths, is a prostitution, an abuse, an impertinence. The truth is just the opposite from what is maintained in the ascetic theory. Science has to-day absolutely *no* belief in itself, let alone in an ideal superior to itself, and wherever science still consists of passion, love, ardour, suffering, it is not the opposition to that ascetic ideal, but rather the *incarnation of its latest and noblest form.* Does that ring strange? There are enough brave and decent working people, even among the learned men of to-day, who like their little corner, and who, just because they are pleased so to do, become at times indecently loud with their demand, that people to-day should be quite content, especially in science—for in science there is so much useful work to do. I do not deny it—there is nothing I should like less than to spoil the delight of these honest workers in their handiwork; for I rejoice in their work. But the fact of science requiring hard work, the fact of its having contented workers, is absolutely no proof of science as a whole having to-day one end, one will, one ideal, one passion for a great faith; the contrary, as I have said, is the case. When science is not the latest manifestation of the ascetic ideal—but these are cases of such rarity, selectness, and exquisiteness, as to preclude the general judgment being affected thereby—science is a *hiding-place* for every kind of cowardice, disbelief, remorse, *despectio sui*, bad conscience—it is the very *anxiety* that springs from having no ideal, the suffering from the *lack* of a great love, the discontent with an enforced moderation. Oh, what does all science not cover to-day? How much, at any rate, does it not try to cover? The diligence of our best scholars, their senseless industry, their burning the candle of their brain at both ends—their very mastery in their handiwork—how often is the real meaning of all that to prevent themselves continuing to see a certain thing? Science as a self-anæsthetic: *do you know that?* You wound them—every one who consorts with scholars experiences this—you wound them sometimes to the quick through just a harmless word; when you think you are paying them a compliment you embitter them beyond all bounds, simply because you didn't have the *finesse* to infer the real kind of customers you had to tackle, the *sufferer* kind (who won't own up even to themselves what they really are), the dazed and unconscious kind who have only one fear—*coming to consciousness.*

24

And now look at the other side, at those rare cases, of which I spoke, the most supreme idealists to be found nowadays among philosophers and scholars. Have we, perchance, found in them the sought-for *opponents* of the ascetic ideal, its *anti-*

idealists? In fact, they *believe* themselves to be such, these "unbelievers" (for they are all of them that): it seems that this idea is their last remnant of faith, the idea of being opponents of this ideal, so earnest are they on this subject, so passionate in word and gesture;—but does it follow that what they believe must necessarily be *true?* We "knowers" have grown by degrees suspicious of all kinds of believers, our suspicion has step by step habituated us to draw just the opposite conclusions to what people have drawn before; that is to say, wherever the strength of a belief is particularly prominent to draw the conclusion of the difficulty of proving what is believed, the conclusion of its actual *improbability.* We do not again deny that "faith produces salvation": *for that very reason* we do deny that faith *proves* anything,—a strong faith, which produces happiness, causes suspicion of the object of that faith, it does not establish its "truth," it does establish a certain probability of—*illusion.* What is now the position in these cases? These solitaries and deniers of to-day; these fanatics in one thing, in their claim to intellectual cleanness; these hard, stern, continent, heroic spirits, who constitute the glory of our time; all these pale atheists, anti-Christians, immoralists, Nihilists; these sceptics, "ephectics," and "hectics" of the intellect (in a certain sense they are the latter, both collectively and individually); these supreme idealists of knowledge, in whom alone nowadays the intellectual conscience dwells and is alive—in point of fact they believe themselves as far away as possible from the ascetic ideal, do these "free, very free spirits": and yet, if I may reveal what they themselves cannot see —for they stand too near themselves: this ideal is simply *their* ideal, they represent it nowadays and perhaps no one else, they themselves are its most spiritualised product, its most advanced picket of skirmishers and scouts, its most insidious delicate and elusive form of seduction.—If I am in any way a reader of riddles, then I will be one with this sentence: for some time past there have been no *free spirits*; *for they still believe in truth.* When the Christian Crusaders in the East came into collision with that invincible order of assassins, that order of free spirits *par excellence*, whose lowest grade lives in a state of discipline such as no order of monks has ever attained, then in some way or other they managed to get an inkling of that symbol and tally-word, that was reserved for the highest grade alone as their *secretum*, "Nothing is true, everything is allowed,"—in sooth, *that* was *freedom* of thought, thereby was *taking leave* of the very belief in truth. Has indeed any European, any Christian freethinker, ever yet wandered into this proposition and its labyrinthine *consequences*? Does he know *from experience* the Minotauros of this den.—I doubt it—nay, I know otherwise. Nothing is more really alien to these "mono-fanatics," these *so-called* "free spirits," than freedom and unfettering in that sense; in no respect are they more closely tied, the absolute fanaticism of their belief in truth is unparalleled. I know all this perhaps too much from experience at close quarters —that dignified philosophic abstinence to which a belief like that binds its adherents, that stoicism of the intellect, which eventually vetoes negation as rigidly as it does affirmation, that *wish* for standing still in front of the actual, the *factum brutum*, that fatalism in "*petits faits*" (*ce petit faitalism*, as I call it), in which French Science now attempts a kind of moral superiority over German, this renunciation of interpretation generally (that is, of forcing, doctoring, abridging, omitting, suppressing, inventing, falsifying, and all the other *essential* attributes of interpretation)—all this, considered broadly, expresses the asceticism of virtue, quite as efficiently as does any repudiation of the senses (it is at bottom only a *modus* of that repudiation). But what forces it into that unqualified will for truth is the faith *in the ascetic ideal itself*, even though it take the form of its unconscious imperatives,—make no mistake about it, it is the faith, I repeat, in a *metaphysical* value, an *intrinsic* value of truth, of a character which is only warranted and guaranteed in this ideal (it stands and falls with that ideal). Judged strictly, there does not exist a science without its "hypotheses," the thought of such a science is inconceivable, illogical: a philosophy, a faith, must always exist first to enable science to gain thereby a direction, a meaning, a limit and method, a *right* to existence. (He who holds a contrary opinion on the subject—he, for example, who takes it upon himself to establish philosophy "upon a strictly scientific basis"—has first got to "turn up-side-down" not only philosophy but also truth itself—the gravest insult which could possibly be offered to two such respectable females!) Yes, there is no doubt about it—and here I quote my *Joyful Wisdom*, cp. Book V. Aph. 344: "The man who is truthful in that daring and extreme fashion, which is the presupposition of the faith in science, *asserts thereby a different world* from that of life, nature, and history; and in so far as he asserts the existence of that different world, come, must he not similarly repudiate its counterpart, this world, *our* world? The belief on which our faith in science is based has remained to this day a metaphysical belief—even we knowers of to-day, we godless foes of metaphysics, we too take our fire from that conflagration which was kindled by a thousand-year-old faith, from that Christian belief, which was also Plato's belief, the belief that God is truth, that truth is *divine*. . . . But what if this belief becomes more and more incredible, what if nothing proves itself to be divine, unless it be error, blindness, lies—what if God Himself proved Himself to be our *oldest lie*?"—It is necessary to stop at this point and to consider the situation carefully. Science itself now *needs* a justification (which is not for a minute to say that there is such a justification). Turn in this context to the most ancient and the most modern philosophers: they all fail to realise the extent of the need of a justification on the part of the Will for Truth—here is a gap in every philosophy—what is it caused by? Because up to the present the ascetic ideal dominated all philosophy, because Truth was fixed as Being, as God, as the Supreme Court of Appeal, because Truth was not allowed to be a problem. Do you understand this "allowed"? From the minute that the belief in the God of the ascetic ideal is repudiated, there exists *a new problem*: the problem of the value of truth. The Will for Truth needed a critique—let us define by these words our own task—the value of truth is tentatively *to be called in question*. . . . (If this seems too laconically expressed, I recommend the reader to peruse again that passage from the *Joyful Wisdom* which bears the title, "How far we also are still pious," Aph. 344, and best of all the whole fifth book of that work, as well as the Preface to *The Dawn of Day*.)

25.

No! You can't get round me with science, when I search for the natural antagonists of the ascetic ideal, when I put the question: "*Where* is the opposed will in which the *opponent ideal* expresses itself?" Science is not, by a long way, independent enough to fulfil this function; in every department science needs an ideal value, a power which creates values, and in whose *service* it *can believe* in itself—science itself never creates values. Its relation to the ascetic ideal is not in itself antagonistic; speaking roughly, it rather represents the progressive force in the inner evolution of that ideal. Tested more exactly, its opposition and antagonism are concerned not with the ideal itself, but only with that ideal's outworks, its outer garb, its masquerade, with its temporary hardening, stiffening, and dogmatising—it makes the life in the ideal free once more, while it repudiates its superficial elements. These two phenomena, science and the ascetic ideal, both rest on the same basis—I have already made this clear—the basis, I say, of the same over-appreciation of truth (more accurately the same belief in the *impossibility* of valuing and of criticising truth), and consequently they are *necessarily* allies, so that, in the event of their being attacked, they must always be attacked and called into question together. A valuation of the ascetic ideal inevitably entails a valuation of science as well; lose no time in seeing this clearly, and be sharp to catch it! (*Art*, I am speaking provisionally, for I will treat it on some other occasion in greater detail,—art, I repeat, in which lying is sanctified and the *will for deception* has good conscience on its side, is much more fundamentally opposed to the ascetic ideal than is science: Plato's instinct felt this—Plato, the greatest enemy of art which Europe has produced up to the present. Plato *versus* Homer, that is the complete, the true antagonism—on the one side, the whole-hearted "transcendental," the great defamer of life; on the other, its involuntary panegyrist, the *golden* nature. An artistic subservience to the service of the ascetic ideal is consequently the most absolute artistic *corruption* that there can be, though unfortunately it is one of the most frequent phases, for nothing is more corruptible than an artist.) Considered physiologically, moreover, science rests on the same basis as does the ascetic ideal: a certain *impoverishment of life* is the presupposition of the latter as of the former—add, frigidity of the emotions, slackening of the *tempo*, the substitution of dialectic for instinct, *seriousness* impressed on mien and gesture (seriousness, that most unmistakable sign of strenuous metabolism, of struggling, toiling life). Consider the periods in a nation in which the learned man comes into prominence; they are the periods of exhaustion, often of sunset, of decay—the effervescing strength, the confidence in life, the confidence in the future are no more. The preponderence of the mandarins never signifies any good, any more than does the advent of democracy, or arbitration instead of war, equal rights for women, the religion of pity, and all the other symptoms of declining life. (Science handled as a problem! what is the meaning of science?—upon this point the Preface to the *Birth of Tragedy*.) No! this "modern science"—mark you this well—is at times the *best* ally for the ascetic ideal, and for the very reason that it is the ally which is most unconscious, most automatic, most secret, and most subterranean! They have been playing into each other's hands up to the present, have these "poor in spirit" and the scientific opponents of that ideal (take care, by the bye, not to think that these opponents are the antithesis of this ideal, that they are the *rich* in spirit—that they are *not*; I have called them the *hectic* in spirit). As for these celebrated *victories* of science; there is no doubt that they are victories—but victories over what? There was not for a single minute any victory among their list over the ascetic ideal, rather was it made stronger, that is to say, more elusive, more abstract, more insidious, from the fact that a wall, an outwork, that had got built on to the main fortress and disfigured its appearance, should from time to time be ruthlessly destroyed and broken down by science. Does any one seriously suggest that the downfall of the theological astronomy signified the downfall of that ideal?—Has, perchance, man grown *less in need* of a transcendental solution of his riddle of existence, because since that time this existence has become more random, casual, and superfluous in the *visible* order of the universe? Has there not been since the time of Copernicus an unbroken progress in the self-belittling of man and his *will* for belittling himself? Alas, his belief in his dignity, his uniqueness, his irreplaceableness in the scheme of existence, is gone—he has become animal, literal, unqualified, and unmitigated animal, he who in his earlier belief was almost God ("child of God," "demi-God"). Since Copernicus man seems to have fallen on to a steep plane—he rolls faster and faster away from the centre—whither? into nothingness? *into the "thrilling sensation of his own nothingness"*?—Well! this would be the straight way—to the *old* ideal?—*All* science (and by no means only astronomy, with regard to the humiliating and deteriorating effect of which Kant has made a remarkable confession, "it annihilates my own importance"), all science, natural as much as *unnatural*—by unnatural I mean the self-critique of reason—nowadays sets out to talk man out of his present opinion of himself, as though that opinion had been nothing but a bizarre piece of conceit; you might go so far as to say that science finds its peculiar pride, its peculiar bitter form of stoical ataraxia, in preserving man's *contempt of* *himself*, that state which it took so much trouble to bring about, as man's final and most serious claim to self-appreciation (rightly so, in point of fact, for he who despises is always "one who has not forgotten how to appreciate"). But does all this involve any real effort to *counteract* the ascetic ideal? Is it really seriously suggested that Kant's *victory* over the theological dogmatism about "God," "Soul," "Freedom," "Immortality," has damaged that ideal in any way (as the theologians have imagined to be the case for a long time past)?—And in this connection it does not concern us for a single minute, if Kant himself intended any such consummation. It is certain that from the time of Kant every type of transcendentalist is playing a winning game—they are emancipated from the theologians; what luck!—he has revealed to them that secret art, by which they can now pursue their "heart's desire" on their own responsibility, and with all the respectability of science. Similarly, who can grumble at the agnostics, reverers, as they are, of the unknown and the absolute mystery, if they now worship *their very query* as God? (Xaver Doudan talks somewhere of the *ravages* which *l'habitude d'admirer l'inintelligible au lieu de rester tout simplement dans l'inconnu* has produced—the ancients, he thinks, must have been exempt from those ravages.) Supposing that everything, "known" to man, fails to satisfy his desires, and on the contrary contradicts and horrifies them, what a divine way out of all this to be able to look for the responsibility, not in the "desiring" but in "knowing"!—"There is no knowledge. *Consequently*—there is a God"; what a novel *elegantia syllogismi*! what a triumph for the ascetic ideal!

26.

Or, perchance, does the whole of modern history show in its demeanour greater confidence in life, greater confidence in its ideals? Its loftiest pretension is now to be a *mirror*; it repudiates all teleology; it will have no more "proving"; it disdains to play the judge, and thereby shows its good taste—it asserts as little as it denies, it fixes, it "describes." All this is to a high degree ascetic, but at the same time it is to a much greater degree *nihilistic*; make no mistake about this! You see in the historian a gloomy, hard, but determined gaze,—an eye that *looks out* as an isolated North Pole explorer looks out (perhaps so as not to look within, so as not to look back?)—there is snow—here is life silenced, the last crows which caw here are called "whither?" "Vanity," "Nada"—here nothing more flourishes and grows, at the most the metapolitics of St. Petersburg and the "pity" of Tolstoi. But as for that other school of historians, a perhaps still more "modern" school, a voluptuous and lascivious school which ogles life and the ascetic ideal with equal fervour, which uses the word "artist" as a glove, and has nowadays established a "corner" for itself, in all the praise given to contemplation; oh, what a thirst do these sweet intellectuals excite even for ascetics and winter landscapes! Nay! The devil take these "contemplative" folk! How much liefer would I wander with those historical Nihilists through the gloomiest, grey, cold mist!—nay, I shall not mind listening (supposing I have to choose) to one who is completely unhistorical and anti-historical (a man, like Dühring for instance, over whose periods a hitherto shy and unavowed species of "beautiful souls" has grown intoxicated in contemporary Germany, *the species anarchistica* within the educated proletariate). The "contemplative" are a hundred times worse—I never knew anything which produced such intense nausea as one of those "objective" *chairs*,* one of those scented mannikins-about-town of history, a thing half-priest, half-satyr (Renan *parfum*), which betrays by the high, shrill falsetto of his applause what he lacks and where he lacks it, who betrays where in this case the Fates have plied their ghastly shears, alas! in too surgeon-like a fashion! This is distasteful to me, and irritates my patience; let him keep patient at such sights who has nothing to lose thereby,—such a sight enrages me, such spectators embitter me against the "play," even more than does the play itself (history itself, you understand); Anacreontic moods imperceptibly come over me. This Nature, who gave to the steer its horn, to the lion its χάσμ' ὀδοντων, for what purpose did Nature give me my foot?—To kick, by St. Anacreon, and not merely to run away! To trample on all the worm-eaten "chairs," the cowardly contemplators, the lascivious eunuchs of history, the flirters with ascetic ideals, the righteous hypocrites of impotence! All reverence on my part to the ascetic ideal, *in so far as it is honourable*! So long as it believes in itself and plays no pranks on us! But I like not all these coquettish bugs who have an insatiate ambition to smell of the infinite, until eventually the infinite smells of bugs; I like not the whited sepulchres with their stagey reproduction of life; I like not the tired and the used up who wrap themselves in wisdom and look "objective"; I like not the agitators dressed up as heroes, who hide their dummy-heads behind the stalking-horse of an ideal; I like not the ambitious artists who would fain play the ascetic and the priest, and are at bottom nothing but tragic clowns; I like not, again, these newest speculators in idealism, the Anti-Semites, who nowadays roll their eyes in the patent Christian-Aryan-man-of-honour fashion, and by an abuse of moralist attitudes and agitation dodges, so cheap as to exhaust any patience, strive to excite all the blockhead elements in the populace (the invariable success of *every* kind of intellectual charlatanism in present-day Germany hangs together with the almost indisputable and already quite palpable desolation of the German mind, whose cause I look for in a too exclusive diet, of papers, politics, beer, and Wagnerian music, not forgetting the condition precedent of this diet, the national exclusiveness and vanity, the strong but narrow principle, "Germany, Germany above everything,"* and finally the *paralysis agitans* of "modern ideas"). Europe nowadays is, above all, wealthy and ingenious in means of excitement; it apparently has no more crying necessity than *stimulantia* and alcohol. Hence the enormous counterfeiting of ideals, those most fiery spirits of the mind; hence too the repulsive, evil-smelling, perjured, pseudo-alcoholic air everywhere. I should like to know how many cargoes of imitation idealism, of hero-costumes and high falutin' clap-trap, how many casks of sweetened pity liqueur (Firm: *la religion de la souffrance*), how many crutches of righteous indignation for the help of these flat-footed intellects, how many *comedians* of the Christian moral ideal would need to-day to be exported from Europe, to enable its air to smell pure again. It is obvious that, in regard to this over-production, a new *trade* possibility lies open; it is obvious that there is a new business to be done in little ideal idols and obedient "idealists"—don't pass over this tip! Who has sufficient courage? We have *in our hands* the possibility of idealising the whole earth. But what am I talking about courage? we only need one thing here—a hand, a free, a very free hand.

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* *E.g.* Lectureships.

27.

Enough! enough! let us leave these curiosities and complexities of the modern spirit, which excite as much laughter as disgust. *Our* problem can certainly do without them, the problem of the *meaning* of the ascetic ideal—what has it got to do with yesterday or to-day? those things shall be handled by me more thoroughly and severely in another connection (under the title "A Contribution to the History of European Nihilism," I refer for this to a work which I am preparing: *The Will to Power, an Attempt at a Transvaluation of All Values*). The only reason why I come to allude to it here is this: the ascetic ideal has at times, even in the most intellectual sphere, only one real kind of enemies and *damagers*: these are the comedians of this ideal—for they awake mistrust. Everywhere otherwise, where the mind is at work seriously, powerfully, and without counterfeiting, it dispenses altogether now with an ideal (the popular expression for this abstinence is "Atheism")—*with the exception of the will for truth.* But this will, this *remnant* of an ideal, is, if you will believe me, that ideal itself in its severest and cleverest formulation, esoteric through and through, stripped of all outworks, and consequently not so much its remnant as its *kernel.* Unqualified honest atheism (and its air only do we breathe, we, the most intellectual men of this age) is *not* opposed to that ideal, to the extent that it appears to be; it is rather one of the final phases of its evolution, one of its syllogisms and pieces of inherent logic—it is the awe-inspiring *catastrophe* of a two-thousand-year training in truth, which finally forbids itself *the lie of the belief in God.* (The same course of development in India—quite independently, and consequently of some demonstrative value—the same ideal driving to the same conclusion the decisive point reached five hundred years before the European era, or more precisely at the time of Buddha—it started in the Sankhyam philosophy, and then this was popularised through Buddha, and made into a religion.)

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* An allusion to the well-known patriotic song.—H. B. S

What, I put the question with all strictness, has really *triumphed* over the Christian God? The answer stands in my *Joyful Wisdom*, Aph. 357: "the Christian morality itself, the idea of truth, taken as it was with increasing seriousness, the confessor-subtlety of the Christian conscience translated and sublimated into the scientific conscience into intellectual cleanness at any price. Regarding Nature as though it were a proof of the goodness and guardianship of God; interpreting history in honour of a divine reason, as a constant proof of a moral order of the world and a moral teleology; explaining our own personal experiences, as pious men have for long enough explained them, as though every arrangement, every nod, every single thing were invented and sent out of love for the salvation of the soul; all this is now done away with, all this has the conscience *against* it, and is regarded by every subtler conscience as disreputable, dishonourable, as lying, feminism, weakness, cowardice—by means of this severity, if by means of anything at all, are we, in sooth, *good Europeans* and heirs of Europe's longest and bravest self-mastery." . . All great things go to ruin by reason of themselves, by reason of an act of self-dissolution: so wills the law of life, the law of *necessary* "self-mastery" even in the essence of life—ever is the law-giver finally exposed to the cry, "*patere legem quam ipse tulisti*"; in thus wise did Christianity *go to ruin as a dogma*, through its own morality; in thus wise must Christianity go again to ruin to-day as a morality—we are standing on the threshold of this event. After Christian truthfulness has drawn one conclusion after the other, it finally draws its *strongest conclusion*, its conclusion *against* itself; this, however, happens, when it puts the question, "*what is the meaning of every will for truth?*" And here again do I touch on my problem, on our problem, my *unknown* friends (for as yet *I know* of no friends): what sense has our whole being, if it does not mean that in our own selves that will for truth has come to its own consciousness *as a problem*?—By reason of this attainment of self-consciousness on the part of the will for truth, morality from henceforward—there is no doubt about it—goes *to pieces*: this is that great hundred-act play that is reserved for the next two centuries of Europe, the most terrible, the most mysterious, and perhaps also the most hopeful of all plays.

28.

If you except the ascetic ideal, man, the *animal* man had no meaning. His existence on earth contained no end; "What is the purpose of man at all?" was a question without an answer; the *will* for man and the world was lacking; behind every great human destiny rang as a refrain a still greater "Vanity!" The ascetic ideal simply means this: that something *was lacking*, that a tremendous *void* encircled man—he did not know how to justify himself, to explain himself, to affirm himself, he *suffered* from the problem of his own meaning. He suffered also in other ways, he was in the main a *diseased* animal; but his problem was not suffering itself, but the lack of an answer to that crying question, "*To what purpose* do we suffer?" Man, the bravest animal and the one most inured to suffering, does *not* repudiate suffering in itself: he *wills* it, he even seeks it out, provided that he is shown a meaning for it, a *purpose* of suffering. *Not* suffering, but the senselessness of suffering was the curse which till then lay spread over humanity—*and the ascetic ideal gave it a meaning*! It was up till then the only meaning; but any meaning is better than no meaning; the ascetic ideal was in that connection the "*faute de mieux*" *par excellence* that existed at that time. In that ideal suffering *found an explanation*; the tremendous gap seemed filled; the door to all suicidal Nihilism was closed. The explanation—there is no doubt about it—brought in its train new suffering, deeper, more penetrating, more venomous, gnawing more brutally into life: it brought all suffering under the perspective of *guilt*; but in spite of all that—man was *saved* thereby, he had a *meaning*, and from henceforth was no more like a leaf in the wind, a shuttlecock of chance, of nonsense, he could now "will" something—absolutely immaterial to what end, to what purpose, with what means he wished:

the will itself was saved. It is absolutely impossible to disguise *what* in point of fact is made clear by every complete will that has taken its direction from the ascetic ideal: this hate of the human, and even more of the animal, and more still of the material, this horror of the senses, of reason itself, this fear of happiness and beauty, this desire to get right away from all illusion, change, growth, death, wishing and even desiring —all this means—let us have the courage to grasp it—a will for Nothingness, a will opposed to life, a repudiation of the most fundamental conditions of life, but it is and remains *a will*!—and to say at the end that which I said at the beginning—man will wish *Nothingness* rather than not wish *at all*.

PEOPLES AND COUNTRIES.

Translated by J. M. KENNEDY.

[The following twenty-seven fragments were intended by Nietzsche to form a supplement to Chapter VIII. of *Beyond Good and Evil*, dealing with Peoples and Countries.]

1.

THE Europeans now imagine themselves as representing, in the main, the highest types of men on earth.

2.

A characteristic of Europeans: inconsistency between word and deed; the Oriental is true to himself in daily life. How the European has established colonies is explained by his nature, which resembles that of a beast of prey.

This inconsistency is explained by the fact that Christianity has abandoned the class from which it sprang.

This is the difference between us and the Hellenes: their morals grew up among the governing castes. Thucydides' morals are the same as those that exploded everywhere with Plato.

Attempts towards honesty at the Renaissance, for example: always for the benefit of the arts. Michael Angelo's conception of God as the "Tyrant of the World" was an honest one.

3.

I rate Michael Angelo higher than Raphael, because, through all the Christian clouds and prejudices of his time, he saw the ideal of a culture *nobler* than the Christo-Raphaelian: whilst Raphael truly and modestly glorified only the values handed down to him, and did not carry within himself any inquiring, yearning instincts. Michael Angelo, on the other hand, saw and felt the problem of the law-giver of new values: the problem of the conqueror made perfect, who first had to subdue the "hero within himself," the man exalted to his highest pedestal, master even of his pity, who mercilessly shatters and annihilates everything that does not bear his own stamp, shining in Olympian divinity. Michael Angelo was naturally only at certain moments so high and so far beyond his age and Christian Europe· for the most part he adopted a condescending attitude towards the eternal feminine in Christianity; it would seem, indeed, that in the end he broke down before her, and gave up the ideal of his most inspired hours. It was an ideal which only a man in the strongest and highest vigour of life could bear; but not a man advanced in years! Indeed, he would have had to demolish Christianity with his ideal! But he was not thinker and philosopher enough for that. Perhaps Leonardo da Vinci alone of those artists had a really super-Christian outlook. He knows the East, the "land of dawn," within himself as well as without himself. There is something super-

European and silent in him: a characteristic of every one who has seen too wide a circle of things good and bad.

4.

How much we have learnt and learnt anew in fifty years! The whole Romantic School with its belief in "the people" is refuted! No Homeric poetry as "popular" poetry! No deification of the great powers of Nature! No deduction from language-relationship to race-relationship! No "intellectual contemplations" of the supernatural! No truth enshrouded in religion!

The problem of truthfulness is quite a new one. I am astonished. From this standpoint we regard such natures as Bismarck as culpable out of carelessness, such as Richard Wagner out of want of modesty; we would condemn Plato for his *pia fraus*, Kant for the derivation of his Categorical Imperative, his own belief certainly not having come to him from this source.

Finally, even doubt turns against itself: doubt in doubt. And the question as to the *value* of truthfulness and its extent lies *there*.

5.

What I observe with pleasure in the German is his Mephistophelian nature; but, to tell the truth, one must have a higher conception of Mephistopheles than Goethe had, who found it necessary to *diminish* his Mephistopheles in order to magnify his "inner Faust." The true German Mephistopheles is much more dangerous, bold, wicked, and cunning, and *consequently* more open-hearted: remember the nature of Frederick the Great, or of that much greater Frederick, the Hohenstaufen, Frederick II.

The real German Mephistopheles crosses the Alps, and believes that everything there belongs to him. Then he recovers himself, like Winckelmann, like Mozart. He looks upon Faust and Hamlet as caricatures, invented to be laughed at, and upon Luther also. Goethe had his good *German* moments, when he laughed inwardly at all these things. But then he fell back again into his cloudy moods.

6.

Perhaps the Germans have only grown up in a wrong climate! There is something in them that might be Hellenic!—something that is awakened when they are brought into touch with the South—Winckelmann, Goethe, Mozart. We should not forget, however, that we are still young. Luther is still our last event; our last book is still the Bible. The Germans have never yet "moralised." Also, the very food of the Germans was their doom: its consequence, Philistinism.

7.

The Germans are a dangerous people: they are experts at inventing intoxicants. Gothic, rococo (according to Semper), the historical sense and exoticism, Hegel, Richard Wagner—Leibniz, too (dangerous at the present day)—(they even idealised the serving soul as the virtue of scholars and soldiers, also as the simple mind). The Germans may well be the most composite people on earth.

"The people of the Middle," the inventors of porcelain, and of a kind of Chinese breed of Privy Councillor.

8.

The smallness and baseness of the German soul were not and are not consequences of the system of small states; for it is well known that the inhabitants of much smaller states were proud and independent: and it is not a large state *per se* that makes souls freer and more manly. The man whose soul obeys the slavish command: "Thou shalt and must kneel!" in whose body there is an involuntary bowing and scraping to titles, orders, gracious glances from above—well, such a man in an "Empire" will only bow all the more deeply and lick the dust more fervently in the presence of the greater sovereign than in the presence of the lesser: this cannot be doubted. We can still see in the lower classes of Italians that aristocratic self-sufficiency; manly discipline and self-confidence still form a part of the long history of their country: these are virtues which once manifested themselves before their eyes. A poor Venetian gondolier makes a far better figure than a Privy Councillor from Berlin, and is even a better man in the end—any one can see this. Just ask the women.

9.

Most artists, even some of the greatest (including the historians) have up to the present belonged to the serving classes (whether they serve people of high position or princes or women or " the masses "), not to speak of their dependence upon the Church and upon moral law. Thus Rubens portrayed the nobility of his age; but only according to *their* vague conception of taste, not according to his own measure of beauty—on the whole, therefore, against his own taste. Van Dyck was nobler in this respect: who in all those whom he painted added a certain amount of what he himself most highly valued: he did not descend from himself, but rather lifted up others to himself when he " rendered."

The slavish humility of the artist to his public (as Sebastian Bach has testified in undying and outrageous words in the dedication of his High Mass) is perhaps more difficult to perceive in music; but it is all the more deeply engrained. A hearing would be refused me if I endeavoured to impart my views on this subject. Chopin possesses distinction, like Van Dyck. The disposition of Beethoven is that of a proud peasant; of Haydn, that of a proud servant. Mendelssohn, too, possesses distinction—like Goethe, in the most natural way in the world.

10.

We could at any time have counted on the fingers of one hand those German learned men who possessed wit: the remainder have understanding, and a few of them, happily, that famous "childlike character" which divines. . . . It is our privilege: with this "divination" German science has discovered some things which we can hardly conceive of, and which, after all, do not exist, perhaps. It is only the Jews among the Germans who do not "divine" like them.

11.

As Frenchmen reflect the politeness and *esprit* of French society, so do Germans reflect something of the deep, pensive earnestness of their mystics and musicians, and also of their silly childishness. The Italian exhibits a great deal of republican distinction and art, and can show himself to be noble and proud without vanity.

12.

A larger number of the higher and better-endowed men will, I hope, have in the end so much self-restraint as to be able to get rid of their bad taste for affectation and sentimental darkness, and to turn against Richard Wagner as much as against Schopenhauer. These two Germans are leading us to ruin; they flatter our dangerous qualities. A stronger future is prepared for us in Goethe, Beethoven, and Bismarck than in these racial aberrations. We have had no philosophers yet.

13.

The peasant is the commonest type of noblesse, for he is dependent upon himself most of all. Peasant blood is still the best blood in Germany—for example, Luther, Niebuhr, Bismarck.

Bismarck a Slav. Let any one look upon the face of Germans. Everything that had manly, exuberant blood in it went abroad. Over the smug populace remaining, the slave-souled people, there came an improvement from abroad, especially by a mixture of Slavonic blood.

The Brandenburg nobility and the Prussian nobility in general (and the peasant of certain North German districts), comprise at present the most manly natures in Germany.

That the manliest men shall rule: this is only the natural order of things.

14.

The future of German culture rests with the sons of the Prussian officers.

15.

There has always been a want of wit in Germany, and mediocre heads attain there to the highest honours, because even they are rare. What is most highly prized is diligence and perseverance and a certain cold-blooded, critical outlook, and, for the sake of such qualities, German scholarship and the German military system have become paramount in Europe.

16.

Parliaments may be very useful to a strong and versatile statesman: he has something there to rely upon (every such thing must, however, be able to resist!)—upon which he can throw a great deal of responsibility. On the whole, however, I could wish that the counting mania and the superstitious belief in majorities were not established in Germany, as with the Latin races, and that one could finally invent something new even in politics! It is senseless and dangerous to let the custom of universal suffrage—which is still but a short time under cultivation, and could easily be uprooted—take a deeper root: whilst, of course, its introduction was merely an expedient to steer clear of temporary difficulties.

17.

Can any one interest himself in this German Empire? Where is the new thought? Is it only a new combination of power? All the worse, if it does not know its own mind. Peace and *laisser aller* are not types of politics for which I have any respect. Ruling, and helping the highest thoughts to victory—the only things that can make me interested in Germany. England's small-mindedness is the great danger now on earth. I observe more inclination towards greatness in the feelings of the Russian Nihilists than in those of the English Utilitarians. We require an intergrowth of the German and Slav races, and we require, too, the cleverest financiers, the Jews, for us to become masters of the world.

(*a*) The sense of reality.

(*b*) A giving-up of the English principle of the people's right of representation. We require the representation of the great interests.

(*c*) We require an unconditional union with Russia, together with a mutual plan of action which shall not permit any English schemata to obtain the mastery in Russia. No American future!

(*d*) A national system of politics is untenable, and embarrassment by Christian views is a very great evil. In Europe all sensible people are sceptics, whether they say so or not.

18.

I see over and beyond all these national wars, new "empires," and whatever else lies in the foreground. What I am concerned with—for I see it preparing itself slowly and hesitatingly—is the United Europe. It was the only real work, the one impulse in the souls, of all the broad-minded and deep-thinking men of this century—this preparation of a new synthesis, and the tentative effort to anticipate the future of "the European." Only in their weaker moments, or when they grew old, did they fall back again into the national narrowness of the "Fatherlanders"—then they were once more "patriots." I am thinking of men like Napoleon, Heinrich Heine, Goethe, Beethoven, Stendhal, Schopenhauer. Perhaps

Richard Wagner likewise belongs to their number, concerning whom, as a successful type of German obscurity, nothing can be said without some such "perhaps."

But to the help of such minds as feel the need of a new unity there comes a great explanatory economic fact: the small States of Europe—I refer to all our present kingdoms and "empires"—will in a short time become economically untenable, owing to the mad, uncontrolled struggle for the possession of local and international trade. Money is even now compelling European nations to amalgamate into one Power. In order, however, that Europe may enter into the battle for the mastery of the world with good prospects of victory (it is easy to perceive against whom this battle will be waged), she must probably "come to an understanding" with England. The English colonies are needed for this struggle, just as much as modern Germany, to play her new rôle of broker and middleman, requires the colonial possessions of Holland. For no one any longer believes that England alone is strong enough to continue to act her old part for fifty years more; the impossibility of shutting out *homines novi* from the government will ruin her, and her continual change of political parties is a fatal obstacle to the carrying out of any tasks which require to be spread out over a long period of time. A man must to-day be a soldier first and foremost that he may not afterwards lose his credit as a merchant. Enough; here, as in other matters, the coming century will be found following in the footsteps of

Napoleon—the first man, and the man of greatest initiative and advanced views, of modern times. For the tasks of the next century, the methods of popular representation and parliaments are the most inappropriate imaginable.

19.

The condition of Europe in the next century will once again lead to the breeding of manly virtues, because men will live in continual danger. Universal military service is already the curious antidote which we possess for the effeminacy of democratic ideas, and it has grown up out of the struggle of the nations. (Nation—men who speak one language and read the same newspapers. These men now call themselves "nations," and would far too readily trace their descent from the same source and through the same history; which, however, even with the assistance of the most malignant lying in the past, they have not succeeded in doing.)

20.

What quagmires and mendacity must there be about if it is possible, in the modern European hotch-potch, to raise questions of "race"! (It being premised that the origin of such writers is not in Horneo and Borneo.)

21.

Maxim: To associate with no man who takes any part in the mendacious race swindle.

22.

With the freedom of travel now existing, groups of men of the same kindred can join together and establish communal habits and customs. The overcoming of "nations."

23.

To make Europe a centre of culture, national stupidities should not make us blind to the fact that in the higher regions there is already a continuous reciprocal dependence. France and German philosophy. Richard Wagner and Paris (1830–50). Goethe and Greece. All things are impelled towards a synthesis of the European past in the highest types of mind.

24.

Mankind has still much before it—how, generally speaking, could the ideal be taken from the past? Perhaps merely in relation to the present, which latter is possibly a lower region.

25.

This is our distrust, which recurs again and again; our care, which never lets us sleep; our question, which no one listens to or wishes to listen to; our Sphinx, near which there is more than one precipice: we believe that the men of present-day Europe are deceived in regard to the things which we love best, and a pitiless demon (no, not pitiless, only indifferent and puerile)—plays with our hearts and their enthusiasm, as it may perhaps have already played with everything that lived and loved; I believe that everything which we Europeans of to-day are in the habit of admiring as the values of all these respected things called "humanity," "mankind," "sympathy," "pity," may be of some value as the debilitation and moderating of certain powerful and dangerous primitive impulses. Nevertheless, in the long run all these things are nothing else than the belittlement of the entire type "man," his mediocrisation, if in such a desperate situation I may make use of such a desperate expression. I think that the *commedia umana* for an epicurean spectator-god must consist in this: that the Europeans, by virtue of their growing morality, believe in all their innocence and vanity that they are rising higher and higher, whereas the truth is that they are sinking lower and lower—*i.e.* through the cultivation of all the virtues which are useful to a herd, and through the repression of the other and contrary virtues which give rise to a new, higher, stronger, masterful race of men—the first-named virtues merely develop the herd-animal in man and stabilitate the animal "man," for until now man has been "the animal as yet unstabilitated."

26.

GENIUS AND EPOCH.—Heroism is no form of selfishness, for one is shipwrecked by it. . . . The direction of power is often conditioned by the state of the period in which the great man happens to be born; and this fact brings about the superstition that he is the expression of his time. But this same power could be applied in several different ways; and between him and his time there is always this difference: that public opinion always worships the herd instinct,—*i.e.* the instinct of the weak,—while he, the strong man, fights for strong ideals.

27.

The fate now overhanging Europe is simply this: that it is exactly her strongest sons that come rarely and late to the spring-time of their existence; that, as a rule, when they are already in their early youth they perish, saddened, disgusted, darkened in mind, just because they have already, with the entire passion of their strength, drained to the dregs the cup of disillusionment, which in our days means the cup of knowledge, and they would not have been the strongest had they not also been the most disillusionised. For that is the test of their power—they must first of all rise out of the illness of their epoch to reach their own health. A late spring-time is their mark of distinction; also, let us add, late merriment, late folly, the late exuberance of joy! For this is the danger of to-day: everything that we loved when we were young has betrayed us. Our last love—the love which makes us acknowledge her, our love for Truth—let us take care that she, too, does not betray us!

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BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL

BY

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

Translated by HELEN ZIMMERN

Introduction by WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

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PUBLISHERS : NEW YORK

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

Mr. Willard Huntington Wright, who contributes the Introduction to this book, is recognized as one of the foremost students and interpreters of Nietzsche in America. His book, "What Nietzsche Taught," is regarded by critics, both here and abroad, as an authoritative introduction to Nietzsche's philosophy. Mr. Wright is also the author of "The Creative Will" and many other works on philosophy and æsthetics.

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INTRODUCTION

No philosopher since Kant has left so undeniable an imprint on modern thought as has Friedrich Nietzsche. Even Schopenhauer, whose influence colored the greater part of Europe, made no such widespread impression. Not only in ethics and literature do we find the moulding hand of Nietzsche at work, invigorating and solidifying; but in pedagogics and in art, in politics and religion, the influence of his doctrines is to be encountered.

The facts relating to Nietzsche's life are few and simple. He was born at Röcken, a little village in the Prussian province of Saxony, on October 15, 1844; and it is an interesting paradox that this most terrible and devastating critic of Christianity and its ideals, was the culmination of two long collateral lines of theologians. There were two other children in the Nietzsche household—a girl born in 1846, and a son born in 1850. The girl was named Therese Elizabeth Alexandra, and afterward she became the philosopher's closest companion and guardian and his most voluminous biographer. The boy, Joseph, did not survive his first year. When Nietzsche's father died the family moved to Naumburg; and Friedrich, then only six years old, was sent to a local Municipal Boys' School. Later he was withdrawn and entered in a private institution which prepared the younger students for the Cathedral Grammar School. After a few years here Nietzsche successfully passed his examinations for the well-known Landes-Schule at Pforta, where he remained until 1864, enrolling the following term at the University of Bonn.

It was at Bonn that a decided change came over his religious views; and it was here also that his great friendship for Friedrich Wilhelm Ritschl, the philologist, developed. When Ritschl was transferred to the University of Leipzig, Nietzsche followed him. Leipzig was the turning-point of his life. Here he met Wagner; became acquainted with Erwin Rohde; and discovered Schopenhauer. An interest in politics also developed in him; and the war between Prussia and Austria fanned his youthful ardor to an almost extravagant degree. Twice he offered his services to the military, but both times was rejected on account of his shortsightedness. In the autumn of 1867, however, a new army regulation resulted in his being called to the colors, and he joined the artillery at Naumburg. But he was thrown from his horse in training and received a severe injury to his chest, which necessitated his permanent withdrawal from service.

In October, 1868, Nietzsche returned to his work at Leipzig, and shortly after, although but twenty-four, he was offered the post of Classical Philology at Bâle. Two years later came the Franco-Prussian War, and he secured service as an ambulance attendant in the Hospital Corps. But his health was poor, and the work proved too much for him. He contracted diphtheria and severe dysentery, and it was necessary for him to discontinue his duties entirely. His sister tells us that this illness greatly undermined his health, and was the first cause of his subsequent condition. He did not wait until he was well before resuming his duties at the University; and this new strain imposed on his already depleted condition had much to do with bringing on his final breakdown.

In 1872, Nietzsche's first important work appeared—"The Birth of Tragedy from the Spirit of Music"; and in 1873 he began a series of famous pamphlets which later were put into book form under the title of "Thoughts Out of Season." His health was steadily declining, and during the holidays he alternated between Switzerland and Italy in an endeavor to recuperate. In the former place he was with Wagner, but in 1876 his friendship for the composer began to cool. He had gone to Bayreuth, and there, after hearing *"Der Ring des Nibelungen,"* he became bitter and disgusted at what he believed to be Wagner's compromise with Christianity. But so strong was his affection for Wagner the man, that it was not until ten years had passed that he could bring himself to write the now famous attack which he had long had in mind.

The year after the appearance of "Human All-Too-

Human" (*"Menschliches Allzu Menschliches"*), Nietzsche's illness compelled him to resign his professorship at Bâle; and two more years saw the appearance of "The Dawn of Day" (*"Morgenröten"*), his first book of constructive thinking. The remainder of his life was spent in a fruitless endeavor to regain his health. For eight years, during all of which time he was busily engaged in writing, he sought a climate that would revive him—visiting in turn Sils-Maria in Switzerland, Genoa, Monaco, Messina, Grunewald, Tautenburg, Rome, Naumburg, Nice, Venice, Mentone, and the Riviera. But to no avail. He was constantly ill and for the most part alone, and this perturbed and restless period of his life resolved itself into a continuous struggle against melancholy and physical suffering. During these eight years Nietzsche had written "Thus Spake Zarathustra" (*"Also Sprach Zarathustra"*), "The Joyful Wisdom" (*"La Gaya Scienza"*), "Beyond Good and Evil" (*"Jenseits Gute und Böse"*), "The Genealogy of Morals" (*"Zur Genealogie der Moral"*), "The Case of Wagner," "The Twilight of the Idols" (*"Götzendämmerung"*), "The Antichrist" (*"Der Antichrist"*), *"Ecce Homo,"* "Nietzsche *contra* Wagner," and an enormous number of notes which were to constitute his final and culminating work, "The Will to Power" (*"Die Wille zur Macht"*). The events during this period of Nietzsche's career were few. Perhaps the most important was his meeting with Lou Salomé. But even this episode had small bearing on his life, and has been greatly emphasized by biographers because of its isolation in an existence outwardly drab and uneventful.

In January, 1889, an apopleptic fit marked the beginning of the end. Nietzsche's manner suddenly became alarming. He exhibited numerous eccentricities, so grave as to mean but one thing: his mind was seriously affected. There has long been a theory that his insanity was of gradual growth, that, in fact, he was unbalanced from birth. But there is no evidence to substantiate this theory. The statement that his books were those of a madman is entirely without foundation. His works were thought out in the most clarified manner; in his intercourse with his friends he was restrained and normal; and his voluminous correspondence showed no change toward the end either in sentiment or tone. His insanity was sudden; it came without warning; and it is puerile to point to his state of mind during the last years of his life as a criticism of his philosophy. His books must stand or fall on internal evidence. Judged from that standpoint they are scrupulously sane.

The cause of Nietzsche's breakdown was due to a number of influences—his excessive use of chloral which he took for insomnia, the tremendous strain to which he put his intellect, his constant disappointments and privations, his mental solitude, his prolonged physical suffering. We know little of his last days before he went insane. Overbeck, in answer to a mad note, found him in Turin, broken. Nietzsche was put in a private sanitarium at Jena. Recovering somewhat he returned to Naumburg. Later his sister, Frau Förster-Nietzsche, removed him to a villa at Weimar; and three years after, on the twenty-fifth of August, 1900, he died. He was buried at Röcken, his native village.

A double purpose animated Nietzsche in his writing of "Beyond Good and Evil" which was begun in the summer of 1885 and finished the following winter. It is at once an explanation and an elucidation of "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and a preparatory book for his greatest and most important work, "The Will to Power." In it Nietzsche attempts to define the relative terms of "good" and "evil," and to draw a line of distinction between immorality and unmorality. He saw the inconsistencies involved in the attempt to harmonize an ancient moral code with the needs of modern life, and recognized the compromises which were constantly being made between moral theory and social practice. His object was to establish a relationship between morality and necessity and to formulate a workable basis for human conduct. Consequently "Beyond Good and Evil" is one of his most important contributions to a new system of ethics, and touches on many of the deepest principles of his philosophy.

Nietzsche opens "Beyond Good and Evil" with a long chapter headed "Prejudices of Philosophers," in which he outlines the course to be taken by his dialectic. The exposition is accomplished by two methods; first, by an analysis and a refutation of the systems of thinking made use of by antecedent doctrinaires, and secondly, by defining the hypotheses on which his own philosophy is built. This chapter is a most important one, setting forth, as it does, the *rationale* of his doctrine of the will to power. It establishes Nietzsche's philosophic position and presents a closely knit explanation of the course pursued in the following chapters. The relativity of all truth—the hypothesis so often assumed in his previous work—Nietzsche here defends by analogy and argument. Using other leading forms of philosophy as a ground for exploration, he questions the absolutism of truth and shows wherein lies the difficulty of a final definition. Nietzsche, in his analyses and criticisms, is not solely destructive: he is subterraneously constructing his own philosophical system founded on the "will to power." This phrase is used many times in the careful research of the first chapter. As the book proceeds, this doctrine develops.

Nietzsche's best definition of what he calls the "free spirit," namely: the thinking man, the intellectual aristocrat, the philosopher and ruler, is contained in the twenty-six pages of the second chapter of "Beyond Good and Evil." In a series of paragraphs—longer than is Nietzsche's wont—the leading characteristics of this superior man are described. The "free spirit," however, must not be confused with the superman. The former is the "bridge" which the present-day man must cross in the process of surpassing himself. In the delineation and analysis of him, as presented to us here, we can glimpse his most salient mental features. Heretofore, as in "Thus Spake Zarathustra," he has been but partially and provisionally defined. Now his instincts and desires, his habits and activities are outlined. Furthermore, we are given an explanation of his relation to the inferior man and to the organisms of his environment. The chapter is a most important one, for at many points it is a subtle elucidation of many of Nietzsche's dominant philosophic principles. By inference, the differences of class distinction are strictly drawn. The slave-morality (*sklavmoral*) and the master-morality (*herrenmoral*), though as yet undefined, are balanced against each other; and the deportmental standards of the masters and slaves are defined by way of distinguishing between these two opposing human factions.

A keen and far-reaching analysis of the various aspects assumed by religious faith constitutes a third section of "Beyond Good and Evil." Though touching upon various influences of Christianity, this section is more general in its religious scope than even "The Antichrist," many indications of which are to be found here. This chapter has to do with the numerous inner experiences of man, which are directly or indirectly attributable to religious doctrines. The origin of the instinct for faith itself is sought, and the results of this faith are balanced against the needs of the individuals and of the race. The relation between religious ecstasy and sensuality; the attempt on the part of religious practitioners to arrive at a negation of the will; the transition from religious gratitude to fear; the psychology at the bottom of saint-worship;—to problems such as these Nietzsche devotes his energies in his inquiry of the religious mood. There is an illuminating exposition of the important stages in religious cruelty and of the motives underlying the various forms of religious sacrifices.

A very important phase of Nietzsche's teaching is contained in this criticism of the religious life. The detractors of the Nietzschean doctrine base their judgments on the assumption that the universal acceptation of his theories would result in social chaos. Nietzsche desired no such general adoption of his beliefs. In his bitterest diatribes against Christianity his object was not to shake the faith of the great majority of mankind in their idols. He sought merely to free the strong men from the restrictions of a religion which fitted the needs of only the weaker members of society. He neither hoped nor desired to wean the mass of humanity from Christianity or any similar dogmatic comfort. On the contrary, he denounced those superficial atheists who endeavored to weaken the foundations of religion. He saw the positive necessity of such religions as a basis for his slave-morality, and in the present chapter he exhorts the rulers to preserve the religious faith of the serving classes, and to use it as a means of government—as an instrument in the work of disciplining and educating. His entire system of ethics is built on the complete disseverance of the dominating class and the serving class; and his doctrine of "beyond good and evil" should be considered only as it pertains to the superior man. To apply it to all classes would be to reduce Nietzsche's whole system of ethics to impracticability, and therefore to an absurdity.

Passing from a consideration of the religious mood Nietzsche enters a broader sphere of ethical research, and endeavors to trace the history and development of morals. He accuses the philosophers of having avoided the real problem of morality, namely: the testing of the faith and motives which lie beneath moral beliefs. This is the task he sets for himself, and in his chapter, "The Natural History of Morals," he makes an examination of moral origins—an examination which is extended into an exhaustive treatise in his next book, "The Genealogy of Morals." However, his dissection here is carried out on a broader and far more general scale than in his previous books, such as "Human All-Too-Human" and "The Dawn of Day." Heretofore he had confined himself to codes and systems, to *acts* of morality and immorality, to judgments of conducts. In "Beyond Good and Evil" he treats of moral prejudices as forces working hand in hand with human progress. In addition, there is a definite attitude of constructive thinking here which is absent from his earlier work.

In the chapter, "We Scholars," Nietzsche continues his definition of the philosopher, whom he holds to be the highest type of man. Besides being a mere description of the intellectual traits of this "free spirit," the chapter is also an exposition of the shortcomings of those modern men who pose as philosophers. Also the man of science and the man of genius are analyzed and weighed as to their relative importance in the community. In fact, we have here Nietzsche's most concise and complete definition of the individuals upon whom rests the burden of progress. These valuations of the intellectual leaders are important to the student, for by one's understanding them, along with the reasons for such valuations, a comprehension of the ensuing volumes is facilitated.

Important material touching on many of the fundamental points of Nietzsche's philosophy is embodied in the chapter entitled "Our Virtues." The more general inquiries into conduct, and the research along the broader lines of ethics are supplanted by inquiries into specific moral attributes. The current virtues are questioned, and their historical significance is determined. The value of such virtues is tested in their relation to different types of men. Sacrifice, sympathy, brotherly love, service, loyalty, altruism, and similar ideals of conduct are examined, and the results of such virtues are shown to be incompatible with the demands of modern social intercourse. Nietzsche poses against these virtues the sterner and more rigid forms of conduct, pointing out wherein they meet with the present requirements of human progress. The chapter is a preparation for his establishment of a new morality and also an explanation of the dual ethical code which is one of the main pillars in his philosophical structure. Before presenting his precept of a dual morality, Nietzsche endeavors to determine woman's place in the political and social scheme, and points out the necessity, not only of individual feminine functioning, but of the preservation of a distinct polarity in sexual relationship.

In the final chapter many of Nietzsche's philosophical ideas take definite shape. The doctrine of slave-morality and master-morality, prepared for and partially defined in preceding chapters, is here directly set forth, and those virtues and attitudes which constitute the "nobility" of the master class are specifically defined. Nietzsche designates the duty of his aristocracy, and segregates the human attributes according to the rank of individuals. The Dionysian ideal, which underlies all the books that follow "Beyond Good and Evil," receives its first direct exposition and application. The hardier human traits, such as egotism, cruelty, arrogance, retaliation and appropriation, are given ascendancy over the softer virtues, such as sympathy, charity, forgiveness, loyalty and humility, and are pronounced necessary constituents in the moral code of a natural aristocracy. At this point is begun the transvaluation of values which was to have been completed in "The Will to Power."

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT.

PREFACE

SUPPOSING that Truth is a woman—what then? Is there not ground for suspecting that all philosophers, in so far as they have been dogmatists, have failed to understand women—that the terrible seriousness and clumsy importunity with which they have usually paid their addresses to Truth, have been unskilled and unseemly methods for winning a woman? Certainly she has never allowed herself to be won; and at present every kind of dogma stands with sad and discouraged mien—*if*, indeed, it stands at all! For there are scoffers who maintain that it has fallen, that all dogma lies on the ground—nay more, that it is at its last gasp. But to speak seriously, there are good grounds for hoping that all dogmatising in philosophy, whatever solemn, whatever conclusive and decided airs it has assumed, may have been only a noble puerilism and tyronism; and probably the time is at hand when it will be once and again understood *what* has actually sufficed for the basis of such imposing and absolute philosophical edifices as the dogmatists have hitherto reared: perhaps some popular superstition of immemorial time (such as the soul-superstition, which, in the form of subject- and ego-superstition, has not yet ceased doing mischief): perhaps some play upon words, a deception on the part of grammar, or an audacious generalisation of very restricted, very personal, very human—all-too-human facts. The philosophy of the dogmatists, it is to be hoped, was only a promise for thousands of years afterwards, as was astrology in still earlier times, in the service of which probably more labour, gold, acuteness, and patience have been spent than on any actual science hitherto: we owe to it, and to its "super-terrestrial" pretensions in Asia and Egypt, the grand style of architecture. It seems that in order to inscribe themselves upon the heart of humanity with everlasting claims, all great things have first to wander about the earth as enormous and awe-inspiring caricatures: dogmatic philosophy has been a caricature of this kind—for instance, the Vedanta doctrine in Asia, and Platonism in Europe. Let us not be ungrateful to it, although it must certainly be confessed that the worst, the most tiresome, and the most dangerous of errors hitherto has been a dogmatist error—namely, Plato's invention of Pure Spirit and the Good in Itself. But now when it has been surmounted, when Europe, rid of this nightmare, can again draw breath freely and at least enjoy a healthier—sleep, we, *whose duty is wakefulness itself*, are the heirs of all the strength which the struggle against this error has fostered. It amounted to the very inversion of truth, and the denial of the *perspective*—the fundamental condition—of life, to speak of Spirit and the Good as Plato spoke of them; indeed one might ask, as a physician: "How did such a malady attack that finest product of antiquity, Plato? Had the wicked Socrates really corrupted him? Was Socrates after all a corrupter of youths, and deserved his hemlock?" But the struggle against Plato, or—to speak plainer, and for the "people"—the struggle against the ecclesiastical oppression of millenniums of Christianity (for Christianity is Platonism for the "people"), produced in Europe a magnificent tension of soul, such as had not existed anywhere previously; with such a tensely-strained bow one can now aim at the furthest goals. As a matter of fact, the European feels this tension as a state of distress, and twice attempts have been made in grand style to unbend the bow: once by means of Jesuitism, and the second time by means of democratic enlightenment—which, with the aid of liberty of the press and newspaper-reading, might, in fact, bring it about that the spirit would not so easily find itself in "distress"! (The Germans invented gunpowder—all credit to them! but they again made things square—they invented printing.) But we, who are neither Jesuits, nor democrats, nor even sufficiently Germans, we *good Europeans*, and free, *very* free spirits—we have it still, all the distress of spirit and all the tension of its bow! And perhaps also the arrow, the duty, and, who knows? *the goal to aim at.* . . .

Sils Maria Upper Engadine, *June*, 1885.

BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL

CHAPTER I

PREJUDICES OF PHILOSOPHERS

THE Will to Truth, which is to tempt us to many a hazardous enterprise, the famous Truthfulness of which all philosophers have hitherto spoken with respect, what questions has this Will to Truth not laid before us! What strange, perplexing, questionable questions! It is already a long story; yet it seems as if it were hardly commenced. Is it any wonder if we at last grow distrustful, lose patience, and turn impatiently away? That this Sphinx teaches us at last to ask questions ourselves? *Who* is it really that puts questions to us here? *What* really is this "Will to Truth" in us? In fact we made a long halt at the question as to the origin of this Will—until at last we came to an absolute standstill before a yet more fundamental question. We inquired about the *value* of this Will. Granted that we want the truth: *why not rather* untruth? And uncertainty? Even ignorance? The problem of the value of truth presented itself before us—or was it we who presented ourselves before the problem? Which of us is the Œdipus here? Which the Sphinx? It would seem to be a rendezvous of questions and notes of interrogation. And could it be believed that it at last seems to us as if the problem had never been propounded before, as if we were the first to discern it, get a sight of it, and *risk raising* it. For there is risk in raising it, perhaps there is no greater risk.

2

"*How could* anything originate out of its opposite? For example, truth out of error? or the Will to Truth out of the will to deception? or the generous deed out of selfishness? or the pure sun-bright vision of the wise man out of covetousness? Such genesis is impossible; whoever dreams of it is a fool, nay, worse than a fool; things of the highest value must have a different origin, an origin of *their own*—in this transitory, seductive, illusory, paltry world, in this turmoil of delusion and cupidity, they cannot have their source. But rather in the lap of Being, in the intransitory, in the concealed God, in the 'Thing-in-itself'—*there* must be their source, and nowhere else!"—This mode of reasoning discloses the typical prejudice by which meta-physicians of all times can be recognised, this mode of valuation is at the back of all their logical procedure; through this "belief" of theirs, they exert themselves for their "knowledge," for something that is in the end solemnly christened "the Truth." The fundamental belief of metaphysicians is *the belief in antitheses of values.* It never occurred even to the wariest of them to doubt here on the very threshold (where doubt, however, was most necessary); though they had made a solemn vow, "*de omnibus dubitandum.*" For it may be doubted, firstly, whether antitheses exist at all; and secondly, whether the popular valuations and anthitheses of value upon which metaphysicians have set their seal, are not perhaps merely superficial estimates, merely provisional perspectives, besides being probably made from some corner, perhaps from below—"frog perspectives," as it were, to borrow an expression current among painters. In spite of all the value which may belong to the true, the positive, and the unselfish, it might be possible that a higher and more fundamental value for life generally should be assigned to pretence, to the will to delusion, to selfishness, and cupidity. It might even be possible that *what* constitutes the value of those good and respected things, consists precisely in their being insidiously related, knotted, and crocheted to these evil and apparently opposed things—perhaps even in being essentially identical with them. Perhaps! But who wishes to concern himself with such dangerous "Perhapses"! For that investigation one must await the advent of a new order of philosophers, such as will have other tastes and inclinations, the reverse of those hitherto prevalent—philosophers of the dangerous "Perhaps" in every sense of the term. And to speak in all seriousness, I see such new philosophers beginning to appear.

3

Having kept a sharp eye on philosophers, and having read between their lines long enough, I now say to myself that the greater part of conscious thinking must be counted amongst the instinctive functions, and it is so even in the case of philosophical thinking; one has here to learn anew, as one learned anew about heredity and "innateness." As little as the act of birth comes into consideration in the whole process and procedure of heredity, just as little is "being-conscious" *opposed* to the instinctive in any decisive sense; the greater part of the conscious thinking of a philosopher is secretly influenced by his instincts, and forced into definite channels. And behind all logic and its seeming sovereignty of movement, there are valuations, or to speak more plainly, physiological demands, for the maintenance of a definite mode of life. For example, that the certain is worth more than the uncertain, that illusion is less valuable than "truth": such valuations, in spite of their regulative importance for *us*, might notwithstanding be only superficial valuations, special kinds of *niaiserie*, such as may be necessary for the maintenance of beings such as ourselves. Supposing, in effect, that man is not just the "measure of things." . . .

4

The falseness of an opinion is not for us any objection to it: it is here, perhaps, that our new language sounds most strangely. The question is, how far an opinion is life-furthering, life-preserving, species-preserving, perhaps species-rearing; and we are fundamentally inclined to maintain that the falsest opinions (to which the synthetic judgments *a priori* belong), are the most indispensable to us; that without a recognition of logical fictions, without a comparison of reality with the purely *imagined* world of the absolute and immutable, without a constant counterfeiting of the world by means of numbers, man could not live—that the renunciation of false opinions would be a renunciation of life, a negation of life. *To recognise untruth as a condition of life:* that is certainly to impugn the traditional ideas of value in a dangerous manner, and a philosophy which ventures to do so, has thereby alone placed itself beyond good and evil.

5

That which causes philosophers to be regarded half-distrustfully and half-mockingly, is not the oft-repeated discovery how innocent they are—how often and easily they make mistakes and lose their way, in short, how childish and childlike they are,—but that there is not enough honest dealing with them, whereas they all raise a loud and virtuous outcry when the problem of truthfulness is even hinted at in the remotest manner. They all pose as though their real opinions had been discovered and attained through the self-evolving of a cold, pure, divinely indifferent dialectic (in contrast to all sorts of mystics, who, fairer and foolisher, talk of "inspiration"); whereas, in fact, a prejudiced proposition, idea, or "suggestion," which is generally their heart's desire abstracted and refined, is defended by them with arguments sought out after the event. They are all advocates who do not wish to be regarded as such, generally astute defenders, also, of their prejudices, which they dub "truths,"—and *very* far from having the conscience which bravely admits this to itself; very far from having the good taste of the courage which goes so far as to let this be understood, perhaps to warn friend or foe, or in cheerful confidence and self-ridicule. The spectacle of the Tartuffery of old Kant, equally stiff and decent, with which he entices us into the dialectic by-ways that lead (more correctly mislead) to his "categorical imperative"—makes us fastidious ones smile, we who find no small amusement in spying out the subtle tricks of old moralists and ethical preachers. Or, still more so, the hocus-pocus in mathematical form, by means of which Spinoza has, as it were, clad his philosophy in mail and mask—in fact, the "love of *his* wisdom," to translate the term fairly and squarely—in order thereby to strike terror at once into the heart of the assailant who should dare to cast a glance on that invincible maiden, that Pallas Athene:—how much of personal timidity and vulnerability does this masquerade of a sickly recluse betray!

6

It has gradually become clear to me what every great philosophy up till now has consisted of—namely, the confession of its originator, and a species of involuntary and unconscious auto-biography; and moreover that the moral (or immoral) purpose in every philosophy has constituted the true vital germ out of which the entire plant has always grown. Indeed, to understand how the abstrusest metaphysical assertions of a philosopher have been arrived at, it is always well (and wise) to first ask oneself: "What morality do they (or does he) aim at?" Accordingly, I do not believe that an "impulse to knowledge" is the father of philosophy; but that another impulse, here as elsewhere, has only made use of knowledge (and mistaken knowledge!) as an instrument. But whoever considers the fundamental impulses of man with a view to determining how far they may have here acted as *inspiring* genii (or as demons and cobolds), will find that they have all practised philosophy at one time or another, and that each one of them would have been only too glad to look upon itself as the ultimate end of existence and the legitimate *lord* over all the other impulses. For every impulse is imperious, and as *such,* attempts to philosophise. To be sure, in the case of scholars, in the case of really scientific men, it may be otherwise—"better," if you will; there there may really be such a thing as an "impulse to knowledge," some kind of small, independent clock-work, which, when well wound up, works away industriously to that end, *without* the rest of the scholarly impulses taking any material part therein. The actual "interests" of the scholar, therefore, are generally in quite another direction—in the family, perhaps, or in money-making, or in politics; it is, in fact, almost indifferent at what point of research his little machine is placed, and whether the hopeful young worker becomes a good philologist, a mushroom specialist, or a chemist; he is not *characterised* by becoming this or that. In the philosopher, on the contrary, there is absolutely nothing impersonal; and above all, his morality furnishes a decided and decisive testimony as to *who he is,*—that is to say, in what order the deepest impulses of his nature stand to each other.

7

How malicious philosophers can be! I know of nothing more stinging than the joke Epicurus took the liberty of making on Plato and the Platonists; he called them *Dionysiokolakes.* In its original sense, and on the face of it, the word signifies "Flatterers of Dionysius"—consequently, tyrants' accessories and lick-spittles; besides this, however, it is as much as to say, "They are all *actors,* there is nothing genuine about them" (for *Dionysiokolax* was a popular name for an actor). And the latter is really the malignant reproach that Epicurus cast upon Plato: he was annoyed by the grandiose manner, the *mise en scène* style of which Plato and his scholars were masters—of which Epicurus was not a master! He, the old school-teacher of Samos, who sat concealed in his little garden at Athens, and wrote three hundred books, perhaps out of rage and ambitious envy of Plato, who knows! Greece took a hundred years to find out who the garden-god Epicurus really was. Did she ever find out?

8

There is a point in every philosophy at which the "conviction" of the philosopher appears on the scene; or, to put it in the words of an ancient mystery:

Adventavit asinus,
Pulcher et fortissimus.

9

You desire to *live* "according to Nature"? Oh, you noble Stoics, what fraud of words! Imagine to yourselves a being like Nature, boundlessly extravagant, boundlessly indifferent, without purpose or consideration, without pity or justice, at once fruitful and barren and uncertain: imagine to yourselves *indifference* as a power—how *could* you live in accordance with such indifference? To live—is not that just endeavouring to be otherwise than this Nature? Is not living valuing, preferring, being unjust, being limited, endeavouring to be different? And granted that your imperative, "living according to Nature," means actually the same as "living according to life"—how could you do *differently?* Why should you make a principle out of what you yourselves are, and must be? In reality, however, it is quite otherwise with you: while you pretend to read with rapture the canon of your law in Nature, you want something quite the contrary, you extraordinary stage-players and self-deluders! In your pride you wish to dictate your morals and ideals to Nature, to Nature herself, and to incorporate them therein; you insist that it shall be Nature "according to the Stoa," and would like everything to be made after your own image, as a vast, eternal glorification and generalism of Stoicism! With all your love for truth, you have forced yourselves so long, so persistently, and with such hypnotic rigidity to see Nature *falsely*, that is to say, Stoically, that you are no longer able to see it otherwise—and to crown all, some unfathomable superciliousness gives you the Bedlamite hope that *because* you are able to tyrannise over yourselves—Stoicism is self-tyranny—Nature will also allow herself to be tyrannised over: is not the Stoic a *part* of Nature? . . . But this is an old and everlasting story: what happened in old times with the Stoics still happens to-day, as soon as ever a philosophy begins to believe in itself. It always creates the world in its own image; it cannot do otherwise; philosophy is this tyrannical impulse itself, the most spiritual Will to Power, the will to "creation of the world," the will to the *causa prima*.

10

The eagerness and subtlety, I should even say craftiness, with which the problem of "the real and the apparent world" is dealt with at present throughout Europe, furnishes food for thought and attention; and he who hears only a "Will to Truth" in the background, and nothing else, cannot certainly boast of the sharpest ears. In rare and isolated cases, it may really have happened that such a Will to Truth—a certain extravagant and adventurous pluck, a metaphysician's ambition of the forlorn hope—has participated therein: that which in the end always prefers a handful of "certainty" to a whole cartload of beautiful possibilities; there may even be puritanical fanatics of conscience, who prefer to put their last trust in a sure nothing, rather than in an uncertain something. But that is Nihilism, and the sign of a despairing, mortally wearied soul, notwithstanding the courageous bearing such a virtue may display. It seems, however, to be otherwise with stronger and livelier thinkers who are still eager for life. In that they side *against* appearance, and speak superciliously of "perspective," in that they rank the credibility of their own bodies about as low as the credibility of the ocular evidence that "the earth stands still," and thus, apparently, allowing with complacency their securest possession to escape (for what does one at present believe in more firmly than in one's body?),—who knows if they are not really trying to win back something which was formerly an even *securer* possession, something of the old domain of the faith of former times, perhaps the "immortal soul," perhaps "the old God," in short, ideas by which they could live better, that is to say, more vigourously and more joyously, than by "modern ideas"? There is *distrust* of these modern ideas in this mode of looking at things, a disbelief in all that has been constructed yesterday and to-day; there is perhaps some slight admixture of satiety and scorn, which can no longer endure the *bric-a-brac* of ideas of the most varied origin, such as so-called Positivism at present throws on the market; a disgust of the more refined taste at the village-fair motleyness and patchiness of all these reality-philosophasters, in whom there is nothing either new or true, except this motleyness. Therein it seems to me that we should agree with those sceptical anti-realists and knowledge-microscopists of the present day; their instinct, which repels them from *modern* reality, is unrefuted . . . what do their retrograde by-paths concern us! The main thing about them is *not* that they wish to go "back," but that they wish to get *away* therefrom. A little *more* strength, swing, courage, and artistic power, and they would be *off*—and not back!

11

It seems to me that there is everywhere an attempt at present to divert attention from the actual influence which Kant exercised on German philosophy, and especially to ignore prudently the value which he set upon himself. Kant was first and foremost proud of his Table of Categories; with it in his hand he said: "This is the most difficult thing that could ever be undertaken on behalf of metaphysics." Let us only understand this "could be"! He was proud of having *discovered* a new faculty in man, the faculty of synthetic judgment *a priori*. Granting that he deceived himself in this matter; the development and rapid flourishing of German philosophy depended nevertheless on his pride, and on the eager rivalry of the younger generation to discover if possible something—at all events "new faculties"—of which to be still prouder!—But let us reflect for a moment—it is high time to do so. "How are synthetic judgments *a priori possible?*" Kant asks himself—and what is really his answer? *"By means of a means* (faculty)"—but unfortunately not in five words, but so circumstantially, imposingly, and with such display of German profundity and verbal flourishes, that one altogether loses sight of the comical *niaiserie allemande* involved in such an answer. People were beside themselves with delight over this new faculty, and the jubilation reached its climax when Kant further discovered a moral faculty in man—for at that time Germans were still moral, not yet dabbling in the "Politics of hard fact." Then came the honeymoon of German philosophy. All the young theologians of the Tübingen institution went mmediately into the groves—all seeking for "faculties." And what did they not find—in that innocent, rich, and still youthful period of the German spirit, to which Romanticism, the malicious fairy, piped and sang, when one could not yet distinguish between "finding" and "inventing"! Above all a faculty for the "transcendental"; Schelling christened it, intellectual intuition, and thereby gratified the most earnest longings of the naturally pious-inclined Germans. One can do no greater wrong to the whole of this exuberant and eccentric movement (which was really youthfulness, notwithstanding that it disguised itself so boldly in hoary and senile conceptions), than to take it seriously, or even treat it with moral indignation. Enough, however—the world grew older, and the dream vanished. A time came when people rubbed their foreheads, and they still rub them to-day. People had been dreaming, and first and foremost—old Kant. "By means of a means (faculty)"—he had said, or at least meant to say. But, is that—an answer? An explanation? Or is it not rather merely a repetition of the question? How does opium induce sleep? "By means of a means (faculty)," namely the *virtus dormitiva*, replies the doctor in Moliere,

Quia est in eo virtus dormitiva,
Cujus est natura sensus assoupire.

But such replies belong to the realm of comedy, and it is high time to replace the Kantian question, "How are synthetic judgments *a priori* possible?" by another question, "Why is belief in such judgments *necessary?*"—in effect, it high time that we should understand that such judgments must be *believed* to be true, for the sake of the preservation of creatures like ourselves; though they still might naturally be *false* judgments! Or, more plainly spoken, and roughly and readily—synthetic judgments *a priori* should not "be possible" at all; we have no right to them; in our mouths they are nothing but false judgments. Only, of course, the belief in their truth is necessary, as plausible belief and ocular evidence belonging to the perspective view of life. And finally, to call to mind the enormous influence which "German philosophy"—I hope you understand its right to inverted commas (goosefeet)?—has exercised throughout the whole of Europe, there is no doubt that a certain *virtus dormitiva* had a share in it; thanks to German philosophy, it was a delight to the noble idlers, the virtuous, the mystics, the artists, the three-fourths Christians, and the political obscurantists of all nations, to find an antidote to the still overwhelming sensualism which overflowed from the last century into this, in short—*"sensus assoupire."* . . .

12

As regards materialistic atomism, it is one of the best refuted theories that have been advanced, and in Europe there is now perhaps no one in the learned world so unscholarly as to attach serious signification to it, except for convenient everyday use (as an abbreviation of the means of expression)—thanks chiefly to the Pole Boscovich: he and the Pole Copernicus have hitherto been the greatest and most successful opponents of ocular evidence. For whilst Copernicus has persuaded us to believe, contrary to all the senses, that the earth does *not* stand fast, Boscovich has taught us to abjure the belief in the last thing that "stood fast" of the earth—the belief in "substance," in "matter," in the earth-residuum, and particle-atom: it is the greatest triumph over the senses that has hitherto been gained on earth. One must, however, go still further, and also declare war, relentless war to the knife, against the "atomistic requirements" which still lead a dangerous after-life in places where no one suspects them, like the more celebrated "metaphysical requirements": one must also above all give the finishing stroke to that other and more portentous atomism which Christianity has taught best and longest, the *soul-atomism.* Let it be permitted to designate by this expression the belief which regards the soul as something indestructible, eternal, indivisible, as a monad, as an *atomon: this* belief ought to be expelled from science! Between ourselves, it is not at all necessary to get rid of "the soul" thereby, and thus renounce one of the oldest and most venerated hypotheses—as happens frequently to the clumsiness of naturalists, who can hardly touch on the soul without immediately losing it. But the way is open for new acceptations and refinements of the soul-hypothesis; and such conceptions as "mortal soul," and "soul of subjective multiplicity," and "soul as social structure of the instincts and passions," want henceforth to have legitimate rights in science. In that the *new* psychologist is about to put an end to the superstitions which have hitherto flourished with almost tropical luxuriance around the idea of the soul, he is really, as it were, thrusting himself into a new desert and a new distrust—it is possible that the older psychologists had a merrier and more comfortable time of it; eventually, however, he finds that precisely thereby he is also condemned to *invent*—and, who knows? perhaps to *discover* the new.

13

Psychologists should bethink themselves before putting down the instinct of self-preservation as the cardinal instinct of an organic being. A living thing seeks above all to *discharge* its strength—life itself is *Will to Power;* self-preservation is only one of the indirect and most frequent *results* thereof. In short, here, as everywhere else, let us beware of *superfluous* teleological principles!—one of which is the instinct of self-preservation (we owe it to Spinoza's inconsistency). It is thus, in effect, that method ordains, which must be essentially economy of principles.

14

It is perhaps just dawning on five or six minds that natural philosophy is only a world-exposition and world-arrangement (according to us, if I may say so!) and *not* a world-explanation; but in so far as it is based on belief in the senses, it is regarded as more, and for a long time to come must be regarded as more—namely, as an explanation. It has eyes and fingers of its own, it has ocular evidence and palpableness of its own: this operates fascinatingly, persuasively, and *convincingly* upon an age with fundamentally plebeian tastes—in fact, it follows instinctively the canon of truth of eternal popular sensualism. What is clear, what is "explained"? Only that which can be seen and felt—one must pursue every problem thus far. Obversely, however, the charm of the Platonic mode of thought, which was an *aristocratic* mode, consisted precisely in *resistance to* obvious sense-evidence—perhaps among men who enjoyed even stronger and more fastidious senses than our contemporaries, but who knew how to find a higher triumph in remaining masters of them: and this by means of pale, cold, grey conceptional networks which they threw over the motley whirl of the senses—the mob of the senses, as Plato said. In this overcoming of the world, and interpreting of the world in the manner of Plato, there was an *enjoyment* different from that which the physicists of to-day offer us—and likewise the Darwinists and antiteleologists among the physiological workers, with their principle of the "smallest possible effort," and the greatest possible blunder. "Where there is nothing more to see or to grasp, there is also nothing more for men to do"—that is certainly an imperative different from the Platonic one, but it may notwithstanding be the right imperative for a hardy, labourious race of machinists and bridge-builders of the future, who have nothing but *rough* work to perform.

15

To study physiology with a clear conscience, one must insist on the fact that the sense-organs are *not* phenomena in the sense of the idealistic philosophy; as such they certainly could not be causes! Sensualism, therefore, at least as regulative hypothesis, if not as heuristic principle. What? And others say even that the external world is the work of our organs? But then our body, as a part of this external world, would be the work of our organs! But then our organs themselves would be the work of our organs! It seems to me that this is a complete *reductio ad absurdum,* if the conception *causa sui* is something fundamentally absurd. Consequently, the external world is *not* the work of our organs—?

16

There are still harmless self-observers who believe that there are "immediate certainties"; for instance, "I think," or as the superstition of Schopenhauer puts it, "I will"; as though cognition here got hold of its object purely and simply as "the thing in itself," without any falsification taking place either on the part of the subject or the object. I would repeat it, however, a hundred times, that "immediate certainty," as well as "absolute knowledge" and the "thing in itself," involve a *contradictio in adjecto;* we really ought to free ourselves from the misleading significance of words! The people on their part may think that cognition is knowing all about things, but the philosopher must say to himself: "When I analyse the process that is expressed in the sentence, 'I think,' I find a whole series of daring assertions, the argumentative proof of which would be difficult, perhaps impossible: for instance, that it is *I* who think, that there must necessarily be something that thinks, that thinking is an activity and operation on the part of a being who is thought of as a cause, that there is an 'ego,' and finally, that it is already determined what is to be designated by thinking—that I *know* what thinking is. For if I had not already decided within myself what it is, by what standard could I determine whether that which is just happening is not perhaps 'willing' or 'feeling'? In short, the assertion 'I think,' assumes that I *compare* my state at the present moment with other states of myself which I know, in order to determine what it is; on account of this retrospective connection with further 'knowledge,' it has, at any rate, no immediate certainty for me."—In place of the "immediate certainty" in which the people may believe in the special case, the philosopher thus finds a series of metaphysical questions presented to him, veritable conscience questions of the intellect, to wit: "From whence did I get the notion of 'thinking'? Why do I believe in cause and effect? What gives me the right to speak of an 'ego,' and even of an 'ego' as cause, and finally of an 'ego' as cause of thought?" He who ventures to answer these metaphysical questions at once by an appeal to a sort of *intuitive* perception, like the person who says, "I think, and know that this, at least, is true, actual, and certain"—will encounter a smile and two notes of interrogation in a philosopher nowadays. "Sir," the philosopher will perhaps give him to understand, "it is improbable that you are not mistaken, but why should it be the truth?"

17

With regard to the superstitions of logicians, I shall never tire of emphasising a small, terse fact, which is unwillingly recognised by these credulous minds—namely, that a thought comes when "it" wishes, and not when "I" wish; so that it is a *perversion* of the facts of the case to say that the subject "I" is the condition of the predicate "think." *One* thinks; but that this "one" is precisely the famous old "ego," is, to put it mildly, only a supposition, an assertion, and assuredly not an "immediate certainty." After all, one has even gone too far with this "one thinks"—even the "one" contains an *interpretation* of the process, and does not belong to the process itself. One infers here according to the usual grammatical formula—"To think is an activity; every activity requires an agency that is active; consequently" . . . It was pretty much on the same lines that the older atomism sought, besides the operating "power," the material particle wherein it resides and out of which it operates—the atom. More rigourous minds, however, learnt at last to get along without this "earth-residuum," and perhaps some day we shall accustom ourselves, even from the logician's point of view, to get along without the little "one" (to which the worthy old "ego" has refined itself).

18

It is certainly not the least charm of a theory that it is refutable; it is precisely thereby that it attracts the more subtle minds. It seems that the hundred-times-refuted theory of the "free will" owes its persistence to this charm alone; some one is always appearing who feels himself strong enough to refute it.

19

Philosophers are accustomed to speak of the will as though it were the best-known thing in the world; indeed, Schopenhauer has given us to understand that the will alone is really known to us, absolutely and completely known, without deduction or addition. But it again and again seems to me that in this case Schopenhauer also only did what philosophers are in the habit of doing—he seems to have adopted a *popular prejudice* and exaggerated it. Willing—seems to me to be above all something *complicated*, something that is a unity only in name—and it is precisely in a name that popular prejudice lurks, which has got the mastery over the inadequate precautions of philosophers in all ages. So let us for once be more cautious, let us be "unphilosophical": let us say that in all willing there is firstly a plurality of sensations, namely, the sensation of the condition *"away from which* we go," the sensation of the condition *"towards which* we go," the sensation of this *"from"* and *"towards"* itself, and then besides, an accompanying muscular sensation, which, even without our putting in motion "arms and legs," commences its action by force of habit, directly we "will" anything. Therefore, just as sensations (and indeed many kinds of sensations) are to be recognised as ingredients of the will, so, in the second place, thinking is also to be recognised; in every act of the will there is a ruling thought;—and let us not imagine it possible to sever this thought from the "willing," as if the will would then remain over! In the third place, the will is not only a complex of sensation and thinking, but it is above all an *emotion,* and in fact the emotion of the command. That which is termed "freedom of the will" is essentially the emotion of supremacy in respect to him who must obey: "I am free, 'he' must obey"—this consciousness is inherent in every will; and equally so the straining of the attention, the straight look which fixes itself exclusively on one thing, the unconditional judgment that "this and nothing else is necessary now," the inward certainty that obedience will be rendered—and whatever else pertains to the position of the commander. A man who *wills* commands something within himself which renders obedience, or which he believes renders obedience. But now let us notice what is the strangest thing about the will,—this affair so extremely complex, for which the people have only one name. Inasmuch as in the given circumstances we are at the same time the commanding *and* the obeying parties, and as the obeying party we know the sensations of constraint, impulsion, pressure, resistance, and motion, which usually commence immediately after the act of will; inasmuch as, on the other hand, we are accustomed to disregard this duality, and to deceive ourselves about it by means of the synthetic term "I": a whole series of erroneous conclusions, and consequently of false judgments about the will itself, has become attached to the act of willing—to such a degree that he who wills believes firmly that willing *suffices* for action. Since in the majority of cases there has only been exercise of will when the effect of the command—consequently obedience, and therefore action—was to be *expected,* the *appearance* has translated itself into the sentiment, as if there were a *necessity of effect;* in a word, he who wills believes with a fair amount of certainty that will and action are somehow one; he ascribes the success, the carrying out of the willing, to the will itself, and thereby enjoys an increase of the sensation of power which accompanies all success. "Freedom of Will"—that is the expression for the complex state of delight of the person exercising volition, who commands and at the same time identifies himself with the executor of the order—who, as such, enjoys also the triumph over obstacles, but thinks within himself that it was really his own will that overcame them. In this way the person exercising volition adds the feelings of delight of his successful executive instruments, the useful "underwills" or under-souls—indeed, our body is but a social structure composed of many souls—to his feelings of delight as commander. *L'effet c'est moi:* what happens here is what happens in every well-constructed and happy commonwealth, namely, that the governing class identifies itself with the successes of the commonwealth. In all willing it is absolutely a question of commanding and obeying, on the basis, as already said, of a social structure composed of many "souls"; on which account a philosopher should claim the right to include willing-as-such within the sphere of morals—regarded as the doctrine of the relations of supremacy under which the phenomenon of "life" manifests itself.

20

That the separate philosophical ideas are not anything optional or autonomously evolving, but grow up in connection and relationship with each other; that, however suddenly and arbitrarily they seem to appear in the history of thought, they nevertheless belong just as much to a system as the collective members of the fauna of a Continent—is betrayed in the end by the circumstance: how unfailingly the most diverse philosophers always fill in again a definite fundamental scheme of *possible* philosophies. Under an invisible spell, they always revolve once more in the same orbit; however independent of each other they may feel themselves with their critical or systematic wills, something within them leads them, something impels them in definite order the one after the other—to wit, the innate methodology and relationship of their ideas. Their thinking is, in fact, far less a discovery than a re-recognising, a remembering, a return and a home-coming to a far-off, ancient common-household of the soul, out of which those ideas formerly grew: philosophising is so far a kind of atavism of the highest order. The wonderful family resemblance of all Indian, Greek, and German philosophising is easily enough explained. In fact, where there is affinity of language, owing to the common philosophy of grammar—I mean owing to the unconscious domination and guidance of similar grammatical functions—it cannot but be that everything is prepared at the outset for a similar development and succession of philosophical systems; just as the way seems barred against certain other possibilities of world-interpretation. It is highly probable that philosophers within the domain of the Ural-Altaic languages (where the conception of the subject is least developed) look otherwise "into the world," and will be found on paths of thought different from those of the Indo Germans and Mussulmans, the spell of certain grammatical functious is ultimately also the spell of *physiological* valuations and racial conditions.—So much by way of rejecting Locke's superficiality with regard to the origin of ideas.

21

The *causa sui* is the best self-contradiction that has yet been conceived, it is a sort of logical violation and unnaturalness; but the extravagant pride of man has managed to entangle itself profoundly and frightfully with this very folly. The desire for "freedom of will" in the superlative, metaphysical sense, such as still holds sway, unfortunately, in the minds of the half-educated, the desire to bear the entire and ultimate responsibility for one's actions oneself, and to absolve God, the world, ancestors, chance, and society therefrom, involves nothing less than to be precisely this *causa sui*, and, with more than Munchausen daring, to pull oneself up into existence by the hair, out of the slough of nothingness. If any one should find out in this manner the crass stupidity of the celebrated conception of "free will" and put it out of his head altogether, I beg of him to carry his "enlightenment" a step further, and also put out of his head the contrary of this monstrous conception of "free will": I mean "non-free will," which is tantamount to a misuse of cause and effect. One should not wrongly *materialise* "cause" and "effect," as the natural philosophers do (and whoever like them naturalise in thinking at present), according to the prevailing mechanical doltishness which makes the cause press and push until it "effects" its end; one should use "cause" and "effect" only as pure *conceptions*, that is to say, as conventional fictions for the purpose of designation and mutual understanding,—*not* for explanation. In "being-in-itself" there is nothing of "casual-connection," of "necessity," or of "psychological non-freedom; there the effect does *not* follow the cause, there "law" does not obtain. It is *we* alone who have devised cause, sequence, reciprocity, relativity, constraint, number, law, freedom, motive, and purpose; and when we interpret and intermix this symbol-world, as "being in itself," with things, we act once more as we have always acted—*mythologically*. The "non-free will" is mythology; in real life it is only a question of *strong* and *weak* wills.—It is almost always a symptom of what is lacking in himself, when a thinker, in every "casual-connection" and "psychological necessity," manifests something of compulsion, indigence, obsequiousness, oppression, and non-freedom; it is suspicious to have such feelings—the person betrays himself. And in general, if I have observed correctly, the "non-freedom of the will" is regarded as a problem from two entirely opposite standpoints, but always in a profoundly *personal* manner: some will not give up their "responsibility," their belief in *themselves*, the personal right to *their* merits, at any price (the vain races belong to this class); others on the contrary, do not wish to be answerable for anything, or blamed for anything, and owing to an inward self-contempt, seek *to get out of the business*, no matter how. The latter, when they write books, are in the habit at present of taking the side of criminals; a sort of socialistic sympathy is their favourite disguise. And as a matter of fact, the fatalism of the weak-willed embellishes itself surprisingly when it can pose as *"la religion de la souffrance humaine"*; that is *its* "good taste."

22

Let me be pardoned, as an old philologist who cannot desist from the mischief of putting his finger on bad modes of interpretation, but "Nature's conformity to law," of which you physicists talk so proudly, as though—why, it exists only owing to your interpretation and bad "philology." It is no matter of fact, no "text," but rather just a naïvely humanitarian adjustment and perversion of meaning, with which you make abundant concessions to the democratic instincts of the modern soul! "Everywhere equality before the law—Nature is not different in that respect, nor better than we:" a fine instance of secret motive, in which the vulgar antagonism to everything privileged and autocratic—likewise a second and more refined atheism—is once more disguised. *"Ni dieu, ni maître"*—that, also, is what you want; and therefore "Cheers for natural law!"—is it not so? But, as has been said, that is interpretation, not text; and somebody might come along, who, with opposite intentions and modes of interpretation, could read out of the same "Nature," and with regard to the same phenomena, just the tyrannically inconsiderate and relentless enforcement of the claims of power—an interpreter who should so place the unexceptionalness and unconditionalness of all "Will to Power" before your eyes, that almost every word, and the word "tyranny" itself, would eventually seem unsuitable, or like a weakening and softening metaphor—as being too human; and who should, nevertheless, end by asserting the same about this world as you do, namely, that it has a "necessary" and "calculable" course, *not*, however, because laws obtain in it, but because they are absolutely *lacking*, and every power effects its ultimate consequences every moment. Granted that this also is only interpretation—and you will be eager enough to make this objection?—well, so much the better.

23

All psychology hitherto has run aground on moral prejudices and timidities, it has not dared to launch out into the depths. In so far as it is allowable to recognise in that which has hitherto been written, evidence of that which has hitherto been kept silent, it seems as if nobody had yet harboured the notion of psychology as the Morphology and *Development-doctrine of the Will to Power,* as I conceive of it. The power of moral prejudices has penetrated deeply into the most intellectual world, the world apparently most indifferent and unprejudiced, and has obviously operated in an injurious, obstructive, blinding, and distorting manner. A proper physio-psychology has to contend with unconscious antagonism in the heart of the investigator, it has "the heart" against it: even a doctrine of the reciprocal conditionalness of the "good" and the "bad" impulses, causes (as refined immorality) distress and aversion in a still strong and manly conscience—still more so, a doctrine of the derivation of all good impulses from bad ones. If, however, a person should regard even the emotions of hatred, envy, covetousness, and imperiousness as life-conditioning emotions, as factors which must be present, fundamentally and essentially, in the general economy of life (which must, therefore, be further developed if life is to be further developed), he will suffer from such a view of things as from sea-sickness. And yet this hypothesis is far from being the strangest and most painful in this immense and almost new domain of dangerous knowledge; and there are in fact a hundred good reasons why every one should keep away from it who *can* do so! On the other hand, if one has once drifted hither with one's bark, well! very good! now let us set our teeth firmly! let us open our eyes and keep our hand fast on the helm! We sail away right *over* morality, we crush out, we destroy perhaps the remains of our own morality by daring to make our voyage thither—but what do *we* matter! Never yet did a *profounder* world of insight reveal itself to daring travellers and adventurers, and the psychologist who thus "makes a sacrifice"—it is *not* the *sacrifizio dell' intelletto*, on the contrary!—will at least be entitled to demand in return that psychology shall once more be recognised as the queen of the sciences, for whose service and equipment the other sciences exist. For psychology is once more the path to the fundamental problems.

CHAPTER II

The Free Spirit

24

O *sancta simplicitas!* In what strange simplification and falsification man lives! One can never cease wondering when once one has got eyes for beholding this marvel! How we have made everything around us clear and free and easy and simple! how we have been able to give our senses a passport to everything superficial, our thoughts a god-like desire for wanton pranks and wrong inferences!—how from the beginning, we have contrived to retain our ignorance in order to enjoy an almost inconceivable freedom, thoughtlessness, imprudence, heartiness, and gaiety—in order to enjoy life! And only on this solidified, granite-like foundation of ignorance could knowledge rear itself hitherto, the will to knowledge on the foundation of a far more powerful will, the will to ignorance, to the uncertain, to the untrue! Not as its opposite, but—as its refinement! It is to be hoped, indeed, that *language,* here as elsewhere, will not get over its awkwardness, and that it will continue to talk of opposites where there are only degrees and many refinements of gradation; it is equally to be hoped that the incarnated Tartuffery of morals, which now belongs to our unconquerable "flesh and blood," will turn the words round in the mouths of us discerning ones. Here and there we understand it, and laugh at the way in which precisely the best knowledge seeks most to retain us in this *simplified*, thoroughly artificial, suitably imagined and suitably falsified world: at the way in which, whether it will or not, it loves error, because, as living itself, it loves life!

25

After such a cheerful commencement, a serious word would fain be heard; it appeals to the most serious minds. Take care, ye philosophers and friends of knowledge, and beware of martyrdom! Of suffering "for the truth's sake"! even in your own defence! It spoils all the innocence and fine neutrality of your conscience; it makes you headstrong against objections and red rags; it stupefies, animalises, and brutalises, when in the struggle with danger, slander, suspicion, expulsion, and even worse consequences of enmity, ye have at last to play your last card as protectors of truth upon earth—as though "the Truth" were such an innocent and incompetent creature as to require protectors! and you of all people, ye knights of the sorrowful countenance, Messrs Loafers and Cobweb-spinners of the spirit! Finally, ye know sufficiently well that it cannot be of any consequence if *ye* just carry your point; ye know that hitherto no philosopher has carried his point, and that there might be a more laudable truthfulness in every little interrogative mark which you place after your special words and favourite doctrines (and occasionally after yourselves) than in all the solemn pantomime and trumping games before accusers and law-courts! Rather go out of the way! Flee into concealment! And have your masks and your ruses, that ye may be mistaken for what you are, or somewhat feared! And pray, don't forget the garden, the garden with golden trellis-work! And have people around you who are as a garden—or as music on the waters at eventide, when already the day becomes a memory. Choose the *good* solitude, the free, wanton, lightsome solitude, which also gives you the right still to remain good in any sense whatsoever! How poisonous, how crafty, how bad, does every long war make one, which cannot be waged openly by means of force! How *personal* does a long fear make one, a long watching of enemies, of possible enemies! These pariahs of society, these long-pursued, badly-persecuted ones—also the compulsory recluses, the Spinozas or Giordano Brunos—always become in the end, even under the most intellectual masquerade, and perhaps without being themselves aware of it, refined vengeance-seekers and poison-brewers (just lay bare the foundation of Spinoza's ethics and theology!), not to speak of the stupidity of moral indignation, which is the unfailing sign in a philosopher that the sense of philosophical humour has left him. The martyrdom of the philosopher, his "sacrifice for the sake of truth," forces into the light whatever of the agitator and actor lurks in him; and if one has hitherto contemplated him only with artistic curiosity, with regard to many a philosopher it is easy to understand the dangerous desire to see him also in his deterioration (deteriorated into a "martyr," into a stage- and tribune-bawler). Only, that it is necessary with such a desire to be clear *what* spectacle one will see in any case—merely a satyric play, merely an epilogue farce, merely the continued proof that the long, real tragedy *is at an end,* supposing that every philosophy has been a long tragedy in its origin.

26

Every select man strives instinctively for a citadel and a privacy, where he is *free* from the crowd, the many, the majority—where he may forget "men who are the rule," as their exception;—exclusive only of the case in which he is pushed straight to such men by a still stronger instinct, as a discerner in the great and exceptional sense. Whoever, in intercourse with men, does not occasionally glisten in all the green and grey colours of distress, owing to disgust, satiety, sympathy, gloominess and solitariness, is assuredly not a man of elevated tastes; supposing, however, that he does not voluntarily take all this burden and disgust upon himself, that he persistently avoids it, and remains, as I said, quietly and proudly hidden in his citadel, one thing is then certain: he was not made, he was not predestined for knowledge. For as such, he would one day have to say to himself: "The devil take my good taste! but 'the rule' is more interesting than the exception—than myself, the exception!" And he would go *down*, and above all, he would go "inside." The long and serious study of the *average* man—and consequently much disguise, self-overcoming, familiarity, and bad intercourse (all intercourse is bad intercourse except with one's equals):—that constitutes a necessary part of the life-history of every philosopher; perhaps the most disagreeable, odious, and disappointing part. If he is fortunate, however, as a favourite child of knowledge should be, he will meet with suitable auxiliaries who will shorten and lighten his task; I mean so-called cynics, those who simply recognise the animal, the common-place and "the rule" in themselves, and at the same time have so much spirituality and ticklishness as to make them talk of themselves and their like *before wit-*

nesses—sometimes they wallow, even in books, as on their own dung-hill. Cynicism is the only form in which base souls approach what is called honesty; and the higher man must open his ears to all the coarser or finer cynicism, and congratulate himself when the clown becomes shameless right before him, or the scientific satyr speaks out. There are even cases where enchantment mixes with the disgust—namely, where by a freak of nature, genius is bound to some such indiscreet billy-goat and ape, as in the case of the Abbe Galiani, the profoundest, acutest, and perhaps also filthiest man of his century—he was far profounder than Voltaire, and consequently also, a good deal more silent. It happens more frequently, as has been hinted, that a scientific head is placed on an ape's body, a fine exceptional understanding in a base soul, an occurrence by no means rare, especially amongst doctors and moral physiologists. And whenever anyone speaks without bitterness, or rather quite innocently of man, as a belly with two requirements, and a head with one; whenever any one sees, seeks and *wants* to see only hunger, sexual instinct, and vanity as the real and only motives of human actions; in short, when any one speaks "badly"—and not even "ill"—of man, then ought the lover of knowledge to hearken attentively and diligently; he ought, in general, to have an open ear wherever there is talk without indignation. For the indignant man, and he who perpetually tears and lacerates himself with his own teeth (or, in place of himself, the world, God, or society), may indeed, morally speaking, stand higher than the laughing and self-satisfied satyr, but in every other sense he is the more ordinary, more indifferent, and less instructive case. And no one is such a *liar* as the indignant man.

27

It is difficult to be understood, especially when one thinks and lives *gangasrotogati** among those only who think and live otherwise—namely, *kurmagati*,† or at best "froglike," *mandeikagati*‡ (I do everything to be "difficultly understood" myself!)—and one should be heartily grateful for the good will to some refinement of interpretation. As regards "the good friends," however, who are always too easy-going, and think that as friends they have a right to ease, one does well at the very first to grant them a play-ground and romping-place for misunderstanding—one can thus laugh still; or get rid of them altogether, these good friends—and laugh then also!

28

What is most difficult to render from one language into another is the *tempo* of its style, which has its basis in the character of the race, or to speak more physiologically, in the average *tempo* of the assimilation of its nutriment. There are honestly meant translations, which, as involuntary vulgarisations, are almost falsifications of the original, merely because its lively and merry *tempo* (which overleaps and obviates all dangers in word and expression) could not also be rendered. A German is almost incapacitated for *presto* in his language; consequently also, as may be reasonably inferred, for many of the most delightful and daring *nuances* of free, free-spirited thought. And just as the buffoon and satyr are foreign to him in body and conscience, so Aristophanes and Petronius are untranslatable for him. Everything ponderous, viscous, and pompously clumsy, all long-winded and wearying species of style, are developed in profuse variety among Germans—pardon me for stating the fact that even Goethe's prose, in its mixture of stiffness and elegance, is no exception, as a reflection of the "good old time" to which it belongs, and as an expression of German taste at a time when there was still a "German taste," which was a rococo-taste *in moribus et artibus.* Lessing is an exception, owing to his histrionic nature, which understood much, and was versed in many things; he who was not the translator of Bayle to no purpose, who took refuge willingly in the shadow of Diderot and Voltaire, and still more willingly among the Roman comedy-writers—Lessing loved also free-spiritism in the *tempo,* and flight out of Germany. But how could the German language, even in the prose of Lessing, imitate the *tempo* of Machiavelli, who in his "Principe" makes us breathe the dry, fine air of Florence, and cannot help presenting the most serious events in a boisterous *allegrissimo,* perhaps not without a malicious artistic sense of the contrast he ventures to present—long, heavy, difficult, dangerous thoughts, and a *tempo* of the gallop, and of the best, wantonest humour? Finally, who would venture on a German translation of Petronius, who, more than any great musician hitherto, was a master of *presto* in invention, ideas, and words? What matter in the end about the swamps of the sick, evil world, or of the "ancient world," when like him, one has the feet of a wind, the rush, the breath, the emancipating scorn of a wind, which makes everything healthy, by making everything *run!* And with regard to Aristophanes—that transfiguring, complementary genius, for whose sake one *pardons* all Hellenism for having existed, provided one has understood in its full profundity *all* that there requires pardon and transfiguration; there is nothing that has caused me to meditate more on *Plato's* secrecy and sphinx-like nature, than the happily preserved *petit fait* that under the pillow of his death-bed there was found no "Bible," nor anything Egyptian, Pythagorean, or Platonic—but a book of Aristophanes. How could even Plato have endured life—a Greek life which he repudiated—without an Aristophanes!

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* Like the river Ganges: *presto*

† Like the tortoise: *lento*. ‡ Like the frog: *staccato*.

29

It is the business of the very few to be independent; it is a privilege of the strong. And whoever attempts it, even with the best right, but without being *obliged* to do so, proves that he is probably not only strong, but also daring beyond measure. He enters into a labyrinth, he multiplies a thousandfold the dangers which life in itself already brings with it; not the least of which is that no one can see how and where he loses his way, becomes isolated, and is torn piecemeal by some minotaur of conscience. Supposing such a one comes to grief, it is so far from the comprehension of men that they neither feel it, nor sympathise with it. And he cannot any longer go back! He cannot even go back again to the sympathy of men!

30

Our deepest insights must—and should—appear as follies, and under certain circumstances as crimes, when they come unauthorisedly to the ears of those who are not disposed and predestined for them. The exoteric and the esoteric, as they were formerly distinguished by philosophers—among the Indians, as among the Greeks, Persians, and Mussulmans, in short, wherever people believed in gradations of rank and *not* in equality and equal rights—are not so much in contradistinction to one another in respect to the exoteric class, standing without, and viewing, estimating, measuring, and judging from the outside, and not from the inside; the more essential distinction is that the class in question views things from below upwards—while the esoteric class views things *from above downwards.* There are heights of the soul from which tragedy itself no longer appears to operate tragically; and if all the woe in the world were taken together, who would dare to decide whether the sight of it would *necessarily* seduce and constrain to sympathy, and thus to a doubling of the woe? . . . That which serves the higher class of men for nourishment or refreshment, must be almost poison to an entirely different and lower order of human beings. The virtues of the common man would perhaps mean vice and weakness in a philosopher; it might be possible for a highly developed man, supposing him to degenerate and go to ruin, to acquire qualities thereby alone, for the sake of which he would have to be honoured as a saint in the lower world into which he had sunk. There are books which have an inverse value for the soul and the health according as the inferior soul and the lower vitality, or the higher and more powerful, make use of them. In the former case they are dangerous, disturbing, unsettling books, in the latter case they are herald-calls which summon the bravest to *their* bravery. Books for the general reader are always ill-smelling books, the odour of paltry people clings to them. Where the populace eat and drink, and even where they reverence, it is accustomed to stink. One should not go into churches if one wishes to breathe *pure* air.

31

In our youthful years we still venerate and despise without the art of *nuance,* which is the best gain of life, and we have rightly to do hard penance for having fallen upon men and things with Yea and Nay. Everything is so arranged that the worst of all tastes, *the taste for the unconditional,* is cruelly befooled and abused, until a man learns to introduce a little art into his sentiments, and prefers to try conclusions with the artificial, as do the real artists of life. The angry and reverent spirit peculiar to youth appears to allow itself no peace, until it has suitably falsified men and things, to be able to vent its passion upon them: youth in itself even, is something falsifying and deceptive. Later on, when the young soul, tortured by continual disillusions, finally turns suspiciously against itself—still ardent and savage even in its suspicion and remorse of conscience: how it upbraids itself, how impatiently it tears itself, how it revenges itself for its long self-blinding, as though it had been a voluntary blindness! In this transition one punishes oneself by distrust of one's sentiments; one tortures one's enthusiasm with doubt, one feels even the good conscience to be a danger, as if it were the self-concealment and lassitude of a more refined uprightness; and above all, one espouses upon principle the cause *against* "youth."—A decade later, and one comprehends that all this was also still—youth!

32

Throughout the longest period of human history—one calls it the prehistoric period—the value or none-value of an action was inferred from its *consequences;* the action in itself was not taken into consideration, any more than its origin; but pretty much as in China at present, where the distinction or disgrace of a child redounds to its parents, the retro-operating power of success or failure was what induced men to think well or ill of an action. Let us call this period the *pre-moral* period of mankind; the imperative, "know thyself!" was then still unknown.—In the last ten thousand years, on the other hand, on certain large portions of the earth, one has gradually got so far, that one no longer lets the consequences of an action, but its origin, decide with regard to its worth: a great achievement as a whole, an important refinement of vision and of criterion, the unconscious effect of the supremacy of aristocratic values and of the belief in "origin," the mark of a period which may be designated in the narrower sense as the *moral* one: the first attempt at self-knowledge is thereby made. Instead of the consequences, the origin—what an inversion of perspective! And assuredly an inversion effected only after long struggle and wavering! To be sure, an ominous new superstition, a peculiar narrowness of interpretation, attained supremacy precisely thereby: the origin of an action was interpreted in the most definite sense possible, as origin out of an *intention;* people were agreed in the belief that the value of an action lay in the value of its intention. The intention as the sole origin and antecedent history of an action: under the influence of this prejudice moral praise and blame have been bestowed, and men have judged and even philosophised almost up to the present day.—Is it not possible, however, that the necessity may now have arisen of again making up our minds with regard to the reversing and fundamental shifting of values, owing to a new self-consciousness and acuteness in man—is it not possible that we may be standing on the threshold of a period which to begin with, would be distinguished negatively as *ultra-moral:* nowadays when, at least amongst us immoralists, the suspicion arises that the decisive value of an action lies precisely in that which is *not intentional,* and that all its intentionalness, all that is seen, sensible, or "sensed" in it, belongs to its surface or skin—which, like every skin, betrays something, but *conceals* still more? In short, we believe that the intention is only a sign or symptom, which first requires an explanation—a sign, moreover, which has too many interpretations, and consequently hardly any meaning in itself alone: that morality, in the sense in which it has been understood hitherto, as intention-morality, has been a prejudice, perhaps a prematureness or preliminariness, probably something of the same rank as astrology and alchemy, but in any case something which must be surmounted. The surmounting of morality, in a certain sense even the self-mounting of morality—let that be the name for the long secret labour which has been reserved for the most refined, the most upright, and also the most wicked consciences of to-day, as the living touchstones of the soul.

33

It cannot be helped: the sentiment of surrender, of sacrifice for one's neighbour, and all self-renunciation-morality, must be mercilessly called to account, and brought to judgment; just as the æsthetics of "disinterested contemplation," under which the emasculation of art nowadays seeks insidiously enough to create itself a good conscience. There is far too much witchery and sugar in the sentiments "for others" and "*not* for myself," for one not needing to be doubly distrustful here, and for one asking promptly: "Are they not perhaps—*deceptions?"*—That they *please*—him who has them, and him who enjoys their fruit, and also the mere spectator—that is still no argument in their *favour,* but just calls for caution. Let us therefore be cautious!

34

At whatever standpoint of philosophy one may place oneself nowadays, seen from every position, the *erroneousness* of the world in which we think we live is the surest and most certain thing our eyes can light upon: we find proof after proof thereof, which would fain allure us into surmises concerning a deceptive principle in the "nature of things." He, however, who makes thinking itself, and consequently "the spirit," responsible for the falseness of the world—an honourable exit, which every conscious or unconscious *advocatus dei* avails himself of—he who regards this world, including space, time, form, and movement, as falsely *deduced,* would have at least good reason in the end to become distrustful also of all thinking; has it not hitherto been playing upon us the worst of scurvy tricks? and what guarantee would it give that it would not continue to do what it has always been doing? In all seriousness, the innocence of thinkers has something touching and respect-inspiring in it, which even nowadays permits them to wait upon consciousness with the request that it will give them *honest* answers: for example, whether it be "real" or not, and why it keeps the outer world so resolutely at a distance, and other questions of the same description. The belief in "immediate certainties" is a *moral naïveté* which does honour to us philosophers; but—we have now to cease being *"merely* moral" men! Apart from morality, such belief is a folly which does little honour to us! If in middle-class life an ever-ready distrust is regarded as the sign of a "bad character," and consequently as an imprudence, here amongst us, beyond the middle-class world and its Yeas and Nays, what should prevent our being imprudent and saying: the philosopher has at length a *right* to "bad character," as the being who has hitherto been most befooled on earth—he is now under *obligation* to distrustfulness, to the wickedest squinting out of every abyss of suspicion.—Forgive me the joke of this gloomy grimace and turn of expression; for I myself have long ago learned to think and estimate differently with regard to deceiving and being deceived, and I keep at least a couple of pokes in the ribs ready for the blind rage with which philosophers struggle against being deceived. Why *not?* It is nothing more than a moral prejudice that truth is worth more than semblance; it is, in fact, the worst proved supposition in the world. *So* much must be conceded: there could have been no life at all except upon the basis of perspective estimates and semblances; and if, with the virtuous enthusiasm and stupidity of many philosophers, one wished to do away altogether with the "seeming world"—well, granted that *you* could do that,—at least nothing of your "truth" would thereby remain! Indeed, what is it that forces us in general to the supposition that there is an essential opposition of "true" and "false"? Is it not enough to suppose degrees of seemingness, and as it were lighter and darker shades and tones of semblance—different *valeurs,* as the painters say? Why might not the world *which concerns us*—be a fiction? And to any one who suggested: "But to a fiction belongs an originator?"—might it not be bluntly replied: *Why?* May not this "belong" also belong to the fiction? Is it not at length permitted to be a little ironical towards the subject, just as towards the predicate and object? Might not the philosopher elevate himself above faith in grammar? All respect to governesses, but is it not time that philosophy should renounce governess-faith?

35

O Voltaire! O humanity! O idiocy! There is something ticklish in "the truth," and in the *search* for the truth; and if man goes about it too humanely—*"il ne cherche le vrai que pour faire le bien"*—I wager he finds nothing!

36

Supposing that nothing else is "given" as real but our world of desires and passions, that we cannot sink or rise to any other "reality" but just that of our impulses—for thinking is only a relation of these impulses to one another: —are we not permitted to make the attempt and to ask the question whether this which is "given" does not *suffice,* by means of our counterparts, for the understanding even of the so-called mechanical (or "material") world? I do not mean as an illusion, a "semblance," a "representation" (in the Berkeleyan and Schopenhauerian sense), but as possessing the same degree of reality as our emotions themselves—as a more primitive form of the world of emotions, in which everything still lies locked in a mighty unity, which afterwards branches off and develops itself in organic processes (naturally also, refines and debilitates)—as a kind of instinctive life in which all organic functions, including self-regulation, assimilation, nutrition, secretion, and change of matter, are still synthetically united with one another—as a *primary form* of life?—In the end, it is not only permitted to make this attempt, it is commanded by the conscience of *logical method.* Not to assume several kinds of causality, so long as the attempt to get along with a single one has not been pushed to its furtherest extent (to absurdity, if I may be allowed to say so): that is a morality of method which one may not repudiate nowadays—it follows "from its definition," as mathematicians say. The question is ultimately whether we really recognise the will as *operating,* whether we believe in the causality of the will; if we do so—and fundamentally our belief *in this* is just our belief in causality itself—we *must* make the attempt to posit hypothetically the causality of the will as the only causality. "Will" can naturally only operate on "will"—and not on "matter" (not on "nerves," for instance): in short, the hypothesis must be hazarded, whether will does not operate on will wherever "effects" are recognised—and whether all mechanical action, inasmuch as a power operates therein, is not just the power of will, the effect of will. Granted, finally, that we succeeded in explaining our entire instinctive life as the development and ramification of one fundamental form of will—namely, the Will to Power, as *my* thesis puts it; granted that all organic functions could be traced back to this Will to Power, and that the solution of the problem of generation and nutrition—it is one problem—could also be found therein: one would thus have acquired the right to define *all* active force unequivocally as *Will to Power.* The world seen from within, the world defined and designated according to its "intelligible character" —it would simply be "Will to Power," and nothing else.

37

"What? Does not that mean in popular language: God is disproved, but not the devil"?—On the contrary! On the contrary, my friends! And who the devil also compels you to speak popularly!

38

As happened finally in all the enlightenment of modern times with the French Revolution (that terrible farce, quite superfluous when judged close at hand, into which, however, the noble and visionary spectators of all Europe have interpreted from a distance their own indignation and enthusiasm so long and passionately, *until the text has disappeared under the interpretation*), so a noble posterity might once more misunderstand the whole of the past, and perhaps only thereby make *its* aspect endurable.—Or rather, has not this already happened? Have not we ourselves been—that "noble posterity"? And, in so far as we now comprehend this, is it not—thereby already past?

39

Nobody will very readily regard a doctrine as true merely because it makes people happy or virtuous—excepting, perhaps, the amiable "Idealists," who are enthusiastic about the good, true, and beautiful, and let all kinds of motley, coarse, and good-natured desirabilities swim about promiscuously in their pond. Happiness and virtue are no arguments. It is willingly forgotten, however, even on the part of thoughtful minds, that to make unhappy and to make bad are just as little counter-arguments. A thing could be *true*, although it were in the highest degree injurious and dangerous; indeed, the fundamental constitution of existence might be such that one succumbed by a full knowledge of it—so that the strength of a mind might be measured by the amount of "truth" it could endure—or to speak more plainly, by the extent to which it *required* truth attenuated, veiled, sweetened, damped, and falsified. But there is no doubt that for the discovery of certain *portions* of truth the wicked and unfortunate are more favourably situated and have a greater likelihood of success; not to speak of the wicked who are happy—a species about whom moralists are silent. Perhaps severity and craft are more favourable conditions for the development of strong, independent spirits and philosophers than the gentle, refined, yielding good-nature, and habit of taking things easily, which are prized, and rightly prized in a learned man. Presupposing always, to begin with, that the term "philosopher" be not confined to the philosopher who writes books, or even introduces *his* philosophy into books!—Stendhal furnishes a last feature of the portrait of the free-spirited philosopher, which for the sake of German taste I will not omit to underline—for it is *opposed* to German taste. *"Pour être bon philosophe,"* says this last great psychologist, *"il faut être sec, clair, sans illusion. Un banquier, qui a fait fortune, a une partie du caractère requis pour faire des découvertes en philosophie, c'est-à-dire pour voir clair dans ce qui est."*

40

Everything that is profound loves the mask: the profoundest things have a hatred even of figure and likeness. Should not the *contrary* only be the right disguise for the shame of a God to go about in? A question worth asking!—it would be strange if some mystic has not already ventured on the same kind of thing. There are proceedings of such a delicate nature that it is well to overwhelm them with coarseness and make them unrecognisable; there are actions of love and of an extravagant magnanimity after which nothing can be wiser than to take a stick and thrash the witness soundly: one thereby obscures his recollection. Many a one is able to obscure and abuse his own memory, in order at least to have vengeance on this sole party in the secret: shame is inventive. They are not the worst things of which one is most ashamed: there is not only deceit behind a mask—there is so much goodness in craft. I could imagine that a man with something costly and fragile to conceal, would roll through life clumsily and rotundly like an old, green, heavily-hooped wine-cask: the refinement of his shame requiring it to be so. A man who has depths in his shame meets his destiny and his delicate decisions upon paths which few ever reach, and with regard to the existence of which his nearest and most intimate friends may be ignorant; his mortal danger conceals itself from their eyes, and equally so his regained security. Such a hidden nature, which instinctively employs speech for silence and concealment, and is inexhaustible in evasion of communication, *desires* and insists that a mask of himself shall occupy his place in the hearts and heads of his friends; and supposing he does not desire it, his eyes will some day be opened to the fact that there is nevertheless a mask of him there—and that it is well to be so. Every profound spirit needs a mask; nay, more, around every profound spirit there continually grows a mask, owing to the constantly false, that is to say, *superficial* interpretation of every word he utters, every step he takes, every sign of life he manifests.

41

One must subject oneself to one's own tests that one is destined for independence and command, and do so at the right time. One must not avoid one's tests, although they constitute perhaps the most dangerous game one can play, and are in the end tests made only before ourselves and before no other judge. Not to cleave to any person, be it even the dearest—every person is a prison and also a recess. Not to cleave to a fatherland, be it even the most suffering and necessitous—it is even less difficult to detach one's heart from a victorious fatherland. Not to cleave to a sympathy, be it even for higher men, into whose peculiar torture and helplessness chance has given us an insight. Not to cleave to a science, though it tempt one with the most valuable discoveries, apparently specially reserved for *us*. Not to cleave to one's own liberation, to the voluptuous distance and remoteness of the bird, which always flies further aloft in order always to see more under it—the danger of the flier. Not to cleave to our own virtues, nor become as a whole a victim to any of our specialties, to our "hospitality" for instance, which is the danger of dangers for highly developed and wealthy souls, who deal prodigally, almost indifferently with themselves, and push the virtue of liberality so far that it becomes a vice. One must know how *to conserve oneself*—the best test of independence.

42

A new order of philosophers is appearing; I shall venture to baptize them by a name not without danger. As far as I understand them, as far as they allow themselves to be understood—for it is their nature to *wish* to remain something of a puzzle—these philosophers of the future might rightly, perhaps also wrongly, claim to be designated as "*tempters*." This name itself is after all only an attempt, or, if it be preferred, a temptation.

43

Will they be new friends of "truth," these coming philosophers? Very probably, for all philosophers hitherto have loved their truths. But assuredly they will not be dogmatists. It must be contrary to their pride, and also contrary to their taste, that their truth should still be truth for every one—that which has hitherto been the secret wish and ultimate purpose of all dogmatic efforts. "My opinion is *my* opinion: another person has not easily a right to it"—such a philosopher of the future will say, perhaps. One must renounce the bad taste of wishing to agree with many people. "Good" is no longer good when one's neighbour takes it into his mouth. And how could there be a "common good"! The expression contradicts itself; that which can be common is always of small value. In the end things must be as they are and have always been—the great things remain for the great, the abysses for the profound, the delicacies and thrills for the refined, and, to sum up shortly, everything rare for the rare.

44

Need I say expressly after all this that they will be free, *very* free spirits, these philosophers of the future—as certainly also they will not be merely free spirits, but something more, higher, greater, and fundamentally different, which does not wish to be misunderstood and mistaken? But while I say this, I feel under *obligation* almost as much to them as to ourselves (we free spirits who are their heralds and forerunners), to sweep away from ourselves altogether a stupid old prejudice and misunderstanding, which, like a fog, has too long made the conception of "free spirit" obscure. In every country of Europe, and the same in America, there is at present something which makes an abuse of this name: a very narrow, prepossessed, enchained class of spirits, who desire almost the opposite of what our intentions and instincts prompt—not to mention that in respect to the *new* philosophers who are appearing, they must still more be closed windows and bolted doors. Briefly and regrettably, they belong to the *levellers*, these wrongly named "free spirits"—as glib-tongued and scribe-fingered slaves of the democratic taste and its "modern ideas": all of them men without solitude, without personal solitude, blunt honest fellows to whom neither courage nor honourable conduct ought to be denied; only, they are not free, and are ludicrously superficial, especially in their innate partiality for seeing the cause of almost *all* human misery and failure in the old forms in which society has hitherto existed—a notion which happily inverts the truth entirely! What they would fain attain with all their strength, is the universal, green-meadow happiness of the herd, together with security, safety, comfort, and alleviation of life for every one; their two most frequently chanted songs and doctrines are called "Equality of Rights" and "Sympathy with all Sufferers"—and suffering itself is looked upon by them as something which must be *done away with*. We opposite ones, however, who have opened our eye and conscience to the question how and where the plant "man" has hitherto grown most vigourously, believe that this has always taken place under the opposite conditions, that for this end the dangerousness of his situation had to be increased enormously, his inventive faculty and dissembling power (his "spirit") had to develop into subtlety and daring under long oppression and compulsion, and his Will to Life had to be increased to the unconditioned Will to Power:—we believe that severity, violence, slavery, danger in the street and in the heart, secrecy, stoicism, tempter's art and devilry of every kind,—that everything wicked, terrible, tyrannical, predatory, and serpentine in man, serves as well for the elevation of the human species as its opposite:—we do not even say enough when we only say *this much;* and in any case we find ourselves here, both with our speech and our silence, at the *other* extreme of all modern ideology and gregarious desirability, as their antipodes perhaps? What wonder that we "free spirits" are not exactly the most communicative spirits? that we do not wish to betray in every respect *what* a spirit can free itself from, and *where* perhaps it will then be driven? And as to the import of the dangerous formula, "Beyond Good and Evil," with which we at least avoid confusion, we *are* something else than *"libres-penseurs," "liberi pensatori,"* "free-thinkers," and whatever these honest advocates of "modern ideas" like to call themselves. Having been at home, or at least guests, in many realms of the spirit; having escaped again and again from the gloomy, agreeable nooks in which preferences and prejudices, youth, origin, the accident of men and books, or even the weariness of travel seemed to confine us; full of malice against the seductions of dependency which lie concealed in honours, money, positions, or exaltation of the senses; grateful even for distress and the vicissitudes of illness, because they always free us from some rule, and its "prejudice," grateful to the God, devil, sheep, and worm in us; inquisitive to a fault, investigators to the point of cruelty, with unhesitating fingers for the intangible, with teeth and stomachs for the most indigestible, ready for any business that requires sagacity and acute senses, ready for every adventure, owing to an excess of "free will"; with anterior and posterior souls, into the ultimate intentions of which it is difficult to pry, with foregrounds and backgrounds to the end of which no foot may run; hidden ones under the mantles of light, appropriators, although we resemble heirs and spendthrifts, arrangers and collectors from morning till night, misers of our wealth and our full-crammed drawers, economical in learning and forgetting, inventive in scheming; sometimes proud of tables of categories, sometimes pedants, sometimes night-owls of work even in full day; yea, if necessary, even scarcecrows—and it is necessary nowadays, that is to say, inasmuch as we are the born, sworn, jealous friends of *solitude*, of our own profoundest midnight and mid-day solitude:—such kind of men are we, we free spirits! And perhaps *ye* are also something of the same kind, ye coming ones? ye *new* philosophers?

CHAPTER III

THE RELIGIOUS MOOD

45

THE human soul and its limits, the range of man's inner experiences hitherto attained, the heights, depths and distances of these experiences, the entire history of the soul *up to the present time*, and its still unexhausted possibilities: this is the preordained hunting-domain for a born psychologist and lover of a "big hunt." But how often must he say despairingly to himself: "A single individual! alas, only a single individual! and this great forest, this virgin forest!" So he would like to have some hundreds of hunting assistants, and fine trained hounds, that he could send into the history of the human soul, to drive *his* game together. In vain: again and again he experiences, profoundly and bitterly, how difficult it is to find assistants and dogs for all the things that directly excite his curiosity. The evil of sending scholars into new and dangerous hunting-domains, where courage, sagacity, and subtlety in every sense are required, is that they are no longer serviceable just when the "*big* hunt," and also the great danger commences,—it is precisely then that they lose their keen eye and nose. In order, for instance, to divine and determine what sort of history the problem of *knowledge and conscience* has hitherto had in the souls of *homines religiosi,* a person would perhaps himself have to possess as profound, as bruised, as immense an experience as the intellectual conscience of Pascal; and then he would still require that wide-spread heaven of clear, wicked spirituality, which, from above, would be able to oversee, arrange, and effectively formulise this mass of dangerous and painful experiences.—But who could do me this service! And who would have time to wait for such servants!—they evidently appear too rarely, they are so improbable at all times! Eventually one must do everything *oneself* in order to know something; which means that one has *much* to do!—But a curiosity like mine is once for all the most agreeable of vices—pardon me! I mean to say that the love of truth has its reward in heaven, and already upon earth.

46

Faith, such as early Christianity desired, and not infrequently achieved in the midst of a sceptical and southernly free-spirited world, which had centuries of struggle between philosophical schools behind it and in it, counting besides the education in tolerance which the *imperium Romanum* gave—this faith is *not* that sincere, austere slave-faith by which perhaps a Luther or a Cromwell, or some other northern barbarian of the spirit remained attached to his God and Christianity; it is much rather the faith of Pascal, which resembles in a terrible manner a continuous suicide of reason—a tough, long-lived, wormlike reason, which is not to be slain at once and with a single blow. The Christian faith from the beginning, is sacrifice: the sacrifice of all freedom, all pride, all self-confidence of spirit; it is at the same time subjection, self-derision, and self-mutilation. There is cruelty and religious Phœnicianism in this faith, which is adapted to a tender, many-sided, and very fastidious conscience; it takes for granted that the subjection of the spirit is indescribably *painful*, that all the past and all the habits of such a spirit resist the *absurdissimum*, in the form of which "faith" comes to it. Modern men, with their obtuseness as regards all Christian nomenclature, have no longer the sense for the terribly superlative conception which was implied to an antique taste by the paradox of the formula, "God on the Cross." Hitherto there had never and nowhere been such boldness in inversion, nor anything at once so dreadful, questioning, and questionable as this formula: it promised a transvaluation of all ancient values.—It was the Orient, the *profound* Orient, it was the Oriental slave who thus took revenge on Rome and its noble, light-minded toleration, on the Roman "Catholicism" of non-faith; and it was always, not the faith, but the freedom from the faith, the half-stoical and smiling indifference to the seriousness of the faith, which mades the slaves indignant at their masters and revolt against them. "Enlightenment" causes revolt: for the slave desires the unconditioned, he understands nothing but the tyrannous, even in morals; he loves as he hates, without *nuance*, to the very depths, to the point of pain, to the point of sickness—his many *hidden* sufferings make him revolt against the noble taste which seems to *deny* suffering. The scepticism with regard to suffering, fundamentally only an attitude of aristocratic morality, was not the least of the causes, also, of the last great slave-insurrection which began with the French Revolution.

47

Wherever the religious neurosis has appeared on the earth so far, we find it connected with three dangerous prescriptions as to regimen: solitude, fasting, and sexual abstinence —but without its being possible to determine with certainty which is cause and which is effect, or *if* any relation at all of cause and effect exists there. This latter doubt is justified by the fact that one of the most regular symptoms among savage as well as among civilised peoples is the most sudden and excessive sensuality; which then with equal suddenness transforms into penitential paroxysms, world-renunciation, and will-renunciation: both symptoms perhaps explainable as disguised epilepsy? But nowhere is it *more* obligatory to put aside explanations: around no other type has there grown such a mass of absurdity and superstition, no other type seems to have been more interesting to men and even to philosophers—perhaps it is time to become just a little indifferent here, to learn caution, or, better still, to look away, *to go away.*—Yet in the background of the most recent philosophy, that of Schopenhauer, we find almost as the problem in itself, this terrible note of interrogation of the religious crisis and awakening. How is the negation of will *possible?* how is the saint possible?—that seems to have been the very question with which Schopenhauer made a start and became a philosopher. And thus it was a genuine Schopenhauerian consequence, that his most convinced adherent (perhaps also his last, as far as Germany is concerned), namely, Richard Wagner, should bring his own life-work to an end just here, and should finally put that terrible and eternal type upon the stage as Kundry, *type vécu,* and as it loved and lived, at the very time that the mad-doctors in almost all European countries had an opportunity to study the type close at hand, wherever the religious neurosis—or as I call it, "the religious mood"—made its latest epidemical outbreak and display as the "Salvation Army."—If it be a question, however, as to what has been so extremely interesting to men of all sorts in all ages, and even to philosophers, in the whole phenomenon of the saint, it is undoubtedly the appearance of the miraculous therein —namely, the immediate *succession of opposites*, of states of the soul regarded as morally antithetical: it was believed here to be self-evident that a "bad man" was all at once turned into a "saint," a good man. The hitherto existing psychology was wrecked at this point; is it not possible it may have happened principally because psychology had placed itself under the dominion of morals, because it *believed* in oppositions of moral values, and saw, read, and *interpreted* these oppositions into the text and facts of the case? What? "Miracle" only an error of interpretation? A lack of philology?

48

It seems that the Latin races are far more deeply attached to their Catholicism than we Northerners are to Christianity generally, and that consequently unbelief in Catholic countries means something quite different from what it does among Protestants—namely, a sort of revolt against the spirit of the race, while with us it is rather a return to the spirit (or non-spirit) of the race. We Northerners undoubtedly derive our origin from barbarous races, even as regards our talents for religion—we have *poor* talents for it. One may make an exception in the case of the Celts, who have theretofore furnished also the best soil for Christian infection in the north: the Christian ideal blossomed forth in France as much as ever the pale sun of the north would allow it. How strangely pious for our taste are still these later French sceptics, whenever there is any Celtic blood in their origin! How Catholic, how un-German does Auguste Comte's Sociology seem to us, with the Roman logic of its instincts! How Jesuitical, that amiable and shrewd cicerone of Port-Royal, Sainte-Beuve, in spite of all his hostility to Jesuits! And even Ernest Renan: how inaccessible to us Northerners does the language of such a Renan appear, in whom every instant the merest touch of religious thrill throws his refined voluptuous and comfortably couching soul off its balance! Let us repeat after him these fine sentences —and what wickedness and haughtiness is immediately aroused by way of answer in our probably less beautiful but harder souls, that is to say, in our more German souls!—*"Disons donc hardiment que la religion est un produit de l'homme normal, que l'homme est le plus dans le vrai quand il est le plus religieux et le plus assuré d'une destinée infinie. . . . C'est quand il est bon qu'il veut que la virtu corresponde à un order éternal, c'est quand il contemple les choses d'une manière désintéressée qu'il trouve la mort révoltante et absurde. Comment ne pas supposer que c'est dans ces moments-là, que l'homme voit le mieux?"* . . . These sentences are so extremely *antipodal* to my ears and habits of thought, that in my first impulse of rage on finding them, I wrote on the margin, *"la niaiserie religieuse par excellence!"*—until in my later rage I even took a fancy to them, these sentences with their truth absolutely inverted! It is so nice and such a distinction to have one's own antipodes!

49

That which is so astonishing in the religious life of the ancient Greeks is the irrestrainable stream of *gratitude* which it pours forth—it is a very superior kind of man who takes *such* an attitude towards nature and life.—Later on, when the populace got the upper hand in Greece, *fear* became rampant also in religion; and Christianity was preparing itself.

50

The passion for God: there are churlish, honest-hearted, and importunate kinds of it, like that of Luther—the whole of Protestantism lacks the southern *delicatezza*. There is an Oriental exaltation of the mind in it, like that of an undeservedly favoured or elevated slave, as in the case of St. Augustine, for instance, who lacks in an offensive manner, all nobility in bearing and desires. There is a feminine tenderness and sensuality in it, which modestly and unconsciously longs for a *unio mystica et physica*, as in the case of Madame de Guyon. In many cases it appears, curiously enough, as the disguise of a girl's or youth's puberty; here and there even as the hysteria of an old maid, also as her last ambition. The Church has frequently canonised the woman in such a case.

51

The mightiest men have hitherto always bowed reverently before the saint, as the enigma of self-subjugation and utter voluntary privation—why did they thus bow? They divined in him—and as it were behind the questionableness of his frail and wretched appearance—the superior force which wished to test itself by such a subjugation; the strength of will, in which they recognised their own strength and love of power, and knew how to honour it: they honoured something in themselves when they honoured the saint. In addition to this, the contemplation of the saint suggested to them a suspicion: such an enormity of self-negation and anti-naturalness will not have been coveted for nothing—they have said, inquiringly. There is perhaps a reason for it, some very great danger, about which the ascetic might wish to be more accurately informed through his secret interlocutors and visitors? In a word, the mighty ones of the world learned to have a new fear before him, they divined a new power, a strange, still unconquered enemy:—it was the "Will to Power" which obliged them to halt before the saint. They had to question him.

52

In the Jewish "Old Testament," the book of divine justice, there are men, things, and sayings on such an immense scale, that Greek and Indian literature has nothing to compare with it. One stands with fear and reverence before those stupendous remains of what man was formerly, and one has sad thoughts about old Asia and its little out-pushed peninsula Europe, which would like, by all means, to figure before Asia as the "Progress of Mankind." To be sure, he who is himself only a slender, tame house-animal, and knows only the wants of a house-animal (like our cultured people of to-day, including the Christians of "cultured" Christianity), need neither be amazed nor even sad amid those ruins—the taste for the Old Testament is a touchstone with respect to "great" and "small": perhaps he will find that the New Testament, the book of grace, still appeals more to his heart (there is much of the odour of the genuine, tender, stupid beadsman and petty soul in it). To have bound up this New Testament (a kind of *rococo* of taste in every respect) along with the Old Testament into one book, as the "Bible," as "The Book in Itself," is perhaps the greatest audacity and "sin against the Spirit" which literary Europe has upon its conscience.

53

Why Atheism nowadays? "The father" in God is thoroughly refuted; equally so "the judge," "the rewarder." Also his "free will": he does not hear—and even if he did, he would not know how to help. The worst is that he seems incapable of communicating himself clearly; is he uncertain?—This is what I have made out (by questioning and listening at a variety of conversations) to be the cause of the decline of European theism; it appears to me that though the religious instinct is in vigorous growth,—it rejects the theistic satisfaction with profound distrust.

54

What does all modern philosophy mainly do? Since Descartes—and indeed more in defiance of him than on the basis of his procedure—an *attentat* has been made on the part of all philosophers on the old conception of the soul, under the guise of a criticism of the subject and predicate conception—that is to say, an *attentat* on the fundamental presupposition of Christian doctrine. Modern philosophy, as epistemological scepticism, is secretly or openly *anti-*

Christian, although (for keener ears, be it said) by no means anti-religious. Formerly, in effect, one believed in "the soul" as one believed in grammar and the grammatical subject: one said, "I" is the condition, "think" is the predicate and is conditioned—to think is an activity for which one *must* suppose a subject as cause. The attempt was then made, with marvellous tenacity and subtlety, to see if one could not get out of this net,—to see if the opposite was not perhaps true: "think" the condition, and "I" the conditioned; "I," therefore, only a synthesis which has been *made* by thinking itself. *Kant* really wished to prove that, starting from the subject, the subject could not be proved—nor the object either: the possibility of an *apparent existence* of the subject, and therefore of "the soul," may not always have been strange to him,—the thought which once had an immense power on earth as the Vedanta philosophy.

55

There is a great ladder of religious cruelty, with many rounds; but three of these are the most important. Once on a time men sacrified human beings to their God, and perhaps just those they loved the best—to this category belong the firstling sacrifices of all primitive religions, and also the sacrifice of the Emperor Tiberius in the Mithra-Grotto on the Island of Capri, that most terrible of all Roman anachronisms. Then, during the moral epoch of mankind, they sacrificed to their God the strongest instincts they possessed, their "nature"; *this* festal joy shines in the cruel glances of ascetics and "anti-natural" fanatics. Finally, what still remained to be sacrificed? Was it not necessary in the end for men to sacrifice everything comforting, holy, healing, all hope, all faith in hidden harmonies, in future blessedness and justice? Was it not necessary to sacrifice God himself, and out of cruelty to themselves to worship stone, stupidity, gravity, fate, nothingness? To sacrifice God for nothingness—this paradoxical mystery of the ultimate cruelty has been reserved for the rising generation; we all know something thereof already.

56

Whoever, like myself, prompted by some enigmatical desire, has long endeavoured to go to the bottom of the question of pessimism and free it from the half-Christian, half-German narrowness and stupidity in which it has finally presented itself to this century, namely, in the form of Schopenhauer's philosophy; whoever, with an Asiatic and super-Asiatic eye, has actually looked inside, and into the most world-renouncing of all possible modes of thought—beyond good and evil, and no longer like Buddha and Schopenhauer, under the dominion and delusion of morality,—whoever has done this, has perhaps just thereby, without really desiring it, opened his eyes to behold the opposite ideal: the ideal of the most world-approving, exuberant and vivacious man, who has not only learnt to compromise and arrange with that which was and is, but wishes to have it again *as it was and is,* for all eternity, insatiably calling out *de capo,* not only to himself, but to the whole piece and play; and not only the play, but actually to him who requires the play—and makes it necessary; because he always requires himself anew—and makes himself necessary.——What? And this would not be—*circulus vitiosus deus?*

57

The distance, and as it were the space around man, grows with the strength of his intellectual vision and insight: his world becomes profounder; new stars, new enigmas, and notions are ever coming into view. Perhaps everything on which the intellectual eye has exercised its acuteness and profundity has just been an occasion for its exercise, something of a game, something for children and childish minds. Perhaps the most solemn conceptions that have caused the most fighting and suffering, the conceptions "God" and "sin," will one day seem to us of no more importance than a child's plaything or a child's pain seems to an old man;—and perhaps another plaything and another pain will then be necessary once more for "the old man"—always childish enough, an eternal child!

58

Has it been observed to what extent outward idleness, or semi-idleness, is necessary to a real religious life (alike for its favourite microscopic labour of self-examination, and for its soft placidity called "prayer," the state of perpetual readiness for the "coming of God"), I mean the idleness with a good conscience, the idleness of olden times and of blood, to which the aristocratic sentiment that work is *dishonouring* —that it vulgarises body and soul—is not quite unfamiliar? And that consequently the modern, noisy, time-engrossing, conceited, foolishly proud laboriousness educates and prepares for "unbelief" more than anything else? Amongst these, for instance, who are at present living apart from religion in Germany, I find "free-thinkers" of diversified species and origin, but above all a majority of those in whom laboriousness from generation to generation has dissolved the religious instincts; so that they no longer know what purpose religions serve, and only note their existence in the world with a kind of dull astonishment. They feel themselves already fully occupied, these good people, be it by their business or by their pleasures, not to mention the "Fatherland," and the newspapers, and their "family duties"; it seems that they have no time whatever left for religion; and above all, it is not obvious to them whether it is a question of a new business or a new pleasure—for it is impossible, they say to themselves, that people should go to church merely to spoil their tempers. They are by no means enemies of religious customs; should certain circumstances, State affairs perhaps, require their participation in such customs, they do what is required, as so many things are done—with a patient and unassuming seriousness, and without much curiosity or discomfort;—they live too much apart and outside to feel even the necessity for a *for* or *against* in such matters. Among those indifferent persons may be reckoned nowadays the majority of German Protestants of the middle classes, especially in the great laborious centres of trade and commerce; also the majority of laborious scholars, and the entire University personnel (with the exception of the theologians, whose existence and possibility there always gives psychologists new and more subtle puzzles to solve). On the part of pious, or merely church-going people, there is seldom any idea of *how much* goodwill, one might say arbitrary will, is now necessary for a German scholar to take the problem of religion seriously; his whole profession (and as I have said, his whole workmanlike laboriousness, to which he is compelled by his modern conscience) inclines him to a lofty and almost charitable serenity as regards religion, with which is occasionally mingled a slight disdain for the "uncleanliness" of spirit which he takes for granted wherever any one still professes to belong to the Church. It is only with the help of history (*not* through his own personal experience, therefore) that the scholar succeeds in bringing himself to a respectful seriousness, and to a certain timid deference in presence of religions; but even when his sentiments have reached the stage of gratitude towards them, he has not personally advanced one step nearer to that which still maintains itself as Church or as piety; perhaps even the contrary. The practical indifference to religious matters in the midst of which he has been born and brought up, usually sublimates itself in his case into circumspection and cleanliness, which shuns contact with religious men and things; and it may be just the depth of his tolerance and humanity which prompts him to avoid the delicate trouble which tolerance itself brings with it.—Every age has its own divine type of naïveté, for the discovery of which other ages may envy it: and how much naïveté—adorable, childlike, and boundlessly foolish naïveté is involved in this belief of the scholar in his superiority, in the good conscience of his tolerance, in the unsuspecting, simple certainty with which his instinct treats the religious man as a lower and less valuable type, beyond, before, and *above* which he himself has developed—he, the little arrogant dwarf and mob-man, the sedulously alert, head-and-hand drudge of "ideas," of "modern ideas"!

59

Whoever has seen deeply into the world has doubtless divined what wisdom there is in the fact that men are superficial. It is their preservative instinct which teaches them to be flighty, lightsome, and false. Here and there one finds a passionate and exaggerated adoration of "pure forms" in philosophers as well as in artists: it is not to be doubted that whoever has *need* of the cult of the superficial to that extent, has at one time or another made an unlucky dive *beneath* it. Perhaps there is even an order of rank with respect to those burnt children, the born artists who find the enjoyment of life only in trying to *falsify* its image (as if taking wearisome revenge on it); one might guess to what degree life has disgusted them, by the extent to which they wish to see its image falsified, attenuated, ultrified, and deified;—one might reckon the *homines religiosi* amongst the artists, as their *highest* rank. It is the profound, suspicious fear of an incurable pessimism which compels whole centuries to fasten their teeth into a religious interpretation of existence: the fear of the instinct which divines that truth might be attained *too soon,* before man has become strong enough, hard enough, artist enough. . . . Piety, the "Life in God," regarded in this light, would appear as the most elaborate and ultimate product of the *fear* of truth, as artist-adoration and artist-intoxication in presence of the most logical of all falsifications, as the will to the inversion of truth, to untruth at any price. Perhaps there has hitherto been no more effective means of beautifying man than piety; by means of it man can become so artful, so superficial, so iridescent, and so good, that his appearance no longer offends.

60

To love mankind *for God's sake*—this has so far been the noblest and remotest sentiment to which mankind has attained. That love to mankind, without any redeeming intention in the background, is only an *additional* folly and brutishness, that the inclination to this love has first to get its proportion, its delicacy, its grain of salt and sprinkling of ambergris from a higher inclination:—whoever first perceived and "experienced" this, however his tongue may have stammered as it attempted to express such a delicate matter, let him for all time be holy and respected, as the man who has so far flown highest and gone astray in the finest fashion!

61

The philosopher, as *we* free spirits understand him—as the man of the greatest responsibility, who has the conscience for the general development of mankind,—will use religion for his disciplining and educating work, just as he will use the contemporary political and economic conditions. The selecting and disciplining influence—destructive, as well as creative and fashioning—which can be exercised by means of religion is manifold and varied, according to the sort of people placed under its spell and protection. For those who are strong and independent, destined and trained to command, in whom the judgment and skill of a ruling race is incorporated, religion is an additional means for overcoming resistance in the exercise of authority—as a bond which binds rulers and subjects in common, betraying and surrendering to the former the conscience of the latter, their inmost heart, which would fain escape obedience. And in the case of the unique natures of noble origin, if by virtue of superior spirituality they should incline to a more retired and contemplative life, reserving to themselves only the more refined forms of government (over chosen disciples or members of an order), religion itself may be used as a means for obtaining peace from the noise and trouble of managing *grosser* affairs, and for securing immunity from the *unavoid-*

able filth of all political agitation. The Brahmins, for instance, understood this fact. With the help of a religious organisation, they secured to themselves the power of nominating kings for the people, while their sentiments prompted them to keep apart and outside, as men with a higher and super-regal mission. At the same time religion gives inducement and opportunity to some of the subjects to qualify themselves for future ruling and commanding: the slowly ascending ranks and classes, in which, through fortunate marriage customs, volitional power and delight in self-control are on the increase. To them religion offers sufficient incentives and temptations to aspire to higher intellectuality, and to experience the sentiments of authoritative self-control, of silence, and of solitude. Asceticism and Puritanism are almost indispensable means of educating and ennobling a race which seeks to rise above its hereditary baseness and work itself upward to future supremacy. And finally, to ordinary men, to the majority of the people, who exist for service and general utility, and are only so far entitled to exist, religion gives invaluable contentedness with their lot and condition, peace of heart, ennoblement of obedience, additional social happiness and sympathy, with something of transfiguration and embellishment, something of justification of all the commonplaceness, all the meanness, all the semi-animal poverty of their souls. Religion, together with the religious significance of life, sheds sunshine over such perpetually harassed men, and makes even their own aspect endurable to them; it operates upon them as the Epicurean philosophy usually operates upon sufferers of a higher order, in a refreshing and refining manner, almost *turning* suffering *to account*, and in the end even hallowing and vindicating it. There is perhaps nothing so admirable in Christianity and Buddhism as their art of teaching even the lowest to elevate themselves by piety to a seemingly higher order of things, and thereby to retain their satisfaction with the actual world in which they find it difficult enough to live—this very difficulty being necessary.

62

To be sure—to make also the bad counter-reckoning against such religions, and to bring to light their secret dangers—the cost is always excessive and terrible when religions do *not* operate as an educational and disciplinary medium in the hands of the philosopher, but rule voluntarily and *paramountly,* when they wish to be the final end, and not a means along with other means. Among men, as among all other animals, there is a surplus of defective, diseased, degenerating, infirm, and necessarily suffering individuals; the successful cases, among men also, are always the exception; and in view of the fact that man is *the animal not yet properly adapted to his environment,* the rare exception. But worse still. The higher the type a man represents, the greater is the improbability that he will *succeed;* the accidental, the law of irrationality in the general constitution of mankind, manifests itself most terribly in its destructive effect on the higher orders of men, the conditions of whose lives are delicate, diverse, and difficult to determine. What, then, is the attitude of the two greatest religions above-mentioned to the *surplus* of failures in life? They endeavour to preserve and keep alive whatever can be preserved; in fact, as the religions *for sufferers,* they take the part of these upon principle; they are always in favour of those who suffer from life as from a disease, and they would fain treat every other experience of life as false and impossible. However highly we may esteem this indulgent and preservative care (inasmuch as in applying to others, it has applied, and applies also to the highest and usually the most suffering type of man), the hitherto *paramount* religions—to give a general appreciation of them—are among the principal causes which have kept the type of "man" upon a lower level—they have preserved too much *that which should have perished.* One has to thank them for invaluable services; and who is sufficiently rich in gratitude not to feel poor at the contemplation of all that the "spiritual men" of Christianity have done for Europe hitherto! But when they had given comfort to the sufferers, courage to the oppressed and despairing, a staff and support to the helpless, and when they had allured from society into convents and spiritual penitentiaries the broken-hearted and distracted: what else had they to do in order to work systematically in that fashion, and with a good conscience, for the preservation of all the sick and suffering, which means, in deed and in truth, to work for *the deterioration of the European race?* To *reverse* all estimates of value—*that* is what they had to do! And to shatter the strong, to spoil great hopes, to cast suspicion on the delight in beauty, to break down everything autonomous, manly, conquering, and imperious—all instincts which are natural to the highest and most successful type of "man"—into uncertainty, distress of conscience, and self-destruction; forsooth, to invert all love of the earthly and of supremacy over the earth, into hatred of the earth and earthly things—*that* is the task the Church imposed on itself, and was obliged to impose, until, according, to its standard of value, "unworldliness," "unsensuousness," and "higher man" fused into one sentiment. If one could observe the strangely painful, equally coarse and refined comedy of European Christianity with the derisive and impartial eye of an Epicurean god, I should think one would never cease marvelling and laughing;

does it not actually seem that some single will has ruled over Europe for eighteen centuries in order to make a *sublime abortion* of man? He, however, who, with opposite requirements (no longer Epicurean) and with some divine hammer in his hand, could approach this almost voluntary degeneration and stunting of mankind, as exemplified in the European Christian (Pascal, for instance), would he not have to cry aloud with rage, pity, and horror: "Oh, you bunglers, presumptuous pitiful bunglers, what have you done! Was that a work for your hands? How you have hacked and botched my finest stone! What have *you* presumed to do!" —I should say that Christianity has hitherto been the most portentous of presumptions. Men, not great enough, nor hard enough, to be entitled as artists to take part in fashioning *man;* men, not sufficiently strong and far-sighted to *allow,* with sublime self-constraint, the obvious law of the thousandfold failures and perishings to prevail; men, not sufficiently noble to see the radically different grades of rank and intervals of rank that separate man from man:—*such* men, with their "equality before God," have hitherto swayed the destiny of Europe; until at last a dwarfed, almost ludicrous species has been produced, a gregarious animal, something obliging, sickly, mediocre, the European of the present day.

CHAPTER IV

APOPHTHEGMS AND INTERLUDES

63

HE who is a thorough teacher takes things seriously—and even himself—only in relation to his pupils.

64

"Knowledge for its own sake"—that is the last snare laid by morality: we are thereby completely entangled in morals once more.

65

The charm of knowledge would be small, were it not so much shame has to be overcome on the way to it.

65A

We are most dishonourable towards our God: he is not *permitted* to sin.

66

The tendency of a person to allow himself to be degraded, robbed, deceived, and exploited might be the diffidence of a God amongst men.

67

Love to one only is a barbarity, for it is exercised at the expense of all others. Love to God also!

68

"I did that," says my memory. "I could not have done that," says my pride, and remains inexorable. Eventually—the memory yields.

69

One has regarded life carelessly, if one has failed to see the hand that—kills with leniency.

70

If a man has character, he has also his typical experience, which always recurs.

71

The Sage as Astronomer.—So long as thou feelest the stars as an "above thee," thou lackest the eye of the discerning one.

72

It is not the strength, but the duration of great sentiments that makes great men.

73

He who attains his ideal, precisely thereby surpasses it.

73A

Many a peacock hides his tail from every eye—and calls it his pride.

74

A man of genius is unbearable, unless he possess at least two things besides: gratitude and purity.

75

The degree and nature of a man's sensuality extends to the highest altitudes of his spirit.

76

Under peaceful conditions the militant man attacks himself.

77

With his principles a man seeks either to dominate, or justify, or honour, or reproach, or conceal his habits: two men with the same principles probably seek fundamentally different ends therewith.

78

He who despises himself, nevertheless esteems himself thereby, as a despiser.

79

A soul which knows that it is loved, but does not itself love, betrays its sediment: its dregs come up.

80

A thing that is explained ceases to concern us.—What did the God mean who gave the advice, "Know thyself!" Did it perhaps imply: "Cease to be concerned about thyself! become objective!"—And Socrates?—And the "scientific man"?

81

It is terrible to die of thirst at sea. Is it necessary that you should so salt your truth that it will no longer—quench thirst?

82

"Sympathy for all"—would be harshness and tyranny for *thee*, my good neighbour!

83

Instinct.—When the house is on fire one forgets even the dinner.—Yes, but one recovers it from amongst the ashes.

84

Woman learns how to hate in proportion as she—forgets now to charm.

85

The same emotions are in man and woman, but in different *tempo;* on that account man and woman never cease to misunderstand each other.

86

In the background of all their personal vanity, women themselves have still their impersonal scorn—for "woman."

87

Fettered Heart, Free Spirit.—When one firmly fetters one's heart and keeps it prisoner, one can allow one's spirit many liberties: I said this once before. But people do not believe it when I say so, unless they know it already.

88

One begins to distrust very clever persons when they become embarrassed.

89

Dreadful experiences raise the question whether he who experiences them is not something dreadful also.

90

Heavy, melancholy men turn lighter, and come temporarily to their surface, precisely by that which makes others heavy—by hatred and love.

91

So cold, so icy, that one burns one's finger at the touch of him! Every hand that lays hold of him shrinks back!—And for that very reason many think him red-hot.

92

Who has not, at one time or another—sacrificed himself for the sake of his good name?

93

In affability there is no hatred of men, but precisely on that account a great deal too much contempt of men.

94

The maturity of man—that means, to have reacquired the seriousness that one had as a child at play.

95

To be ashamed of one's immorality is a step on the ladder at the end of which one is ashamed also of one's morality.

96

One should part from life as Ulysses parted from Nausicaa —blessing it rather than in love with it.

97

What? A great man? I always see merely the play-actor of his own ideal.

98

When one trains one's conscience, it kisses one while it bites.

99

The Disappointed One Speaks.—"I listened for the echo and I heard only praise."

100

We all feign to ourselves that we are simpler than we are; we thus relax ourselves away from our fellows.

101

A discerning one might easily regard himself at present as the animalisation of God.

102

Discovering reciprocal love should really disenchant the lover with regard to the beloved. "What! *She* is modest enough to love even you? Or stupid enough? Or—or——"

103

The Danger in Happiness.—"Everything now turns out best for me, I now love every fate:—who would like to be my fate?"

104

Not their love of humanity, but the impotence of their love, prevents the Christians of to-day—burning us.

105

The *pia fraus* is still more repugnant to the taste (*the "piety"*) of the free spirit (the "pious man of knowledge") than the *impia fraus.* Hence the profound lack of judgment, in comparison with the church, characteristic of the type "free spirit"—as *its* non-freedom.

106

By means of music the very passions enjoy themselves.

107

A sign of strong character, when once the resolution has been taken, to shut the ear even to the best counter-arguments. Occasionally, therefore, a will to stupidity.

108

There is no such thing as moral phenomena, but only a moral interpretation of phenomena.

109

The criminal is often enough not equal to his deed: he extenuates and maligns it.

110

The advocates of a criminal are seldom artists enough to turn the beautiful terribleness of the deed to the advantage of the doer.

111

Our vanity is most difficult to wound just when our pride has been wounded.

112

To him who feels himself preordained to contemplation and not to belief, all believers are too noisy and obtrusive; he guards against them.

113

"You want to prepossess him in your favour? Then you must be embarrassed before him."

114

The immense expectation with regard to sexual love, and the coyness in this expectation, spoils all the perspectives of women at the outset.

115

Where there is neither love nor hatred in the game. woman's play is mediocre.

116

The great epochs of our life are at the points when we gain courage to rebaptize our badness as the best in us.

117

The will to overcome an emotion, is ultimately only the will of another, or of several other, emotions.

118

There is an innocence of admiration: it is possessed by him to whom it has not yet occurred that he himself may be admired some day.

119

Our loathing of dirt may be so great as to prevent our cleaning ourselves—"justifying" ourselves.

120

Sensuality often forces the growth of love too much, so that its root remains weak, and is easily torn up.

121

It is a curious thing that God learned Greek when he wished to turn author—and that he did not learn it better.

122

To rejoice on account of praise is in many cases merely politeness of heart—and the very opposite of vanity of spirit.

123

Even concubinage has been corrupted—by marriage.

124

He who exults at the stake, does not triumph over pain, but because of the fact that he does not feel pain where he expected it. A parable.

125

When we have to change an opinion about any one, we charge heavily to his account the inconvenience he thereby causes us.

126

A nation is a detour of nature to arrive at six or seven great men.—Yes, and then to get round them.

127

In the eyes of all true women science is hostile to the sense of shame. They feel as if one wished to peep under their skin with it—or worse still! under their dress and finery.

128

The more abstract the truth you wish to teach, the more must you allure the senses to it.

129

The devil has the most extensive perspectives for God;

on that account he keeps so far away from him:—the devil, in effect, as the oldest friend of knowledge.

130

What a person *is* begins to betray itself when his talent decreases,—when he ceases to show what he *can do*. Talent is also an adornment; an adornment is also a concealment.

131

The sexes deceive themselves about each other: the reason is that in reality they honour and love only themselves (or their own ideal, to express it more agreeably). Thus man wishes woman to be peaceable: but in fact woman is *essentially* unpeaceable, like the cat, however well she may have assumed the peaceable demeanour.

132

One is punished best for one's virtues.

133

He who cannot find the way to *his* ideal, lives more frivolously and shamelessly than the man without an ideal.

134

From the senses originate all trustworthiness, all good conscience, all evidence of truth.

135

Pharisaism is not a deterioration of the good man; a considerable part of it is rather an essential condition of being good.

136

The one seeks an accoucheur for his thoughts, the other seeks some one whom he can assist: a good conversation thus originates.

137

In intercourse with scholars and artists one readily makes mistakes of opposite kinds: in a remarkable scholar one not infrequently finds a mediocre man; and often even in a mediocre artist, one finds a very remarkable man.

138

We do the same when awake as when dreaming: we only invent and imagine him with whom we have intercourse—and forget it immediately.

139

In revenge and in love woman is more barbarous than man.

140

Advice as a Riddle.—"If the band is not to break, bite it first—secure to make!"

141

The belly is the reason why man does not so readily take himself for a God.

142

The chastest utterance I ever heard: *"Dans le véritable amour c'est l'âmi qui enveloppe le corps."*

143

Our vanity would like what we do best to pass precisely for what is most difficult to us.—Concerning the origin of many systems of morals.

144

When a woman has scholarly inclinations there is generally something wrong with her sexual nature. Barrenness itself conduces to a certain virility of taste; man, indeed, if I may say so, is "the barren animal."

145

Comparing man and woman generally, one may say that woman would not have the genius for adornment, if she had not the instinct for the *secondary* role.

146

He who fights with monsters should be careful lest he thereby become a monster. And if thou gaze long into an abyss, the abyss will also gaze into thee.

147

From old Florentine novels—moreover, from life: *Buona femmina e mala femmina vuol bastone.*—Sacchetti, Nov. 86.

148

To seduce their neighbour to a favourable opinion, and afterwards to believe implicitly in this opinion of their neighbour—who can do this conjuring trick so well as women?

149

That which an age considers evil is usually an unseasonable echo of what was formerly considered good—the atavism of an old ideal.

150

Around the hero everything becomes a tragedy; around the demigod everything becomes a satyr-play; and around God everything becomes—what? perhaps a "world"?

151

It is not enough to possess a talent: one must also have your permission to possess it;—eh, my friends?

152

"Where there is the tree of knowledge, there is always Paradise:" so say the most ancient and the most modern serpents.

153

What is done out of love always takes place beyond good and evil.

154

Objection, evasion, joyous distrust, and love of irony are signs of health; everything absolute belongs to pathology.

155

The sense of the tragic increases and declines with sensuousness.

156

Insanity in individuals is something rare—but in groups, parties, nations, and epochs it is the rule.

157

The thought of suicide is a great consolation: by means of it one gets successfully through many a bad night.

158

Not only our reason, but also our conscience, truckles to our strongest impulse—the tyrant in us.

159

One *must* repay good and ill; but why just to the person who did us good or ill?

160

One no longer loves one's knowledge sufficiently after one has communicated it.

161

Poets act shamelessly towards their experiences: they exploit them.

162

"Our fellow-creature is not our neighbour, but our neighbour's neighbour:"—so thinks every nation.

163

Love brings to light the noble and hidden qualities of a lover—his rare and exceptional traits: it is thus liable to be deceptive as to his normal character.

164

Jesus said to his Jews: "The law was for servants;—love

God as I love him, as his Son! What have we Sons of God to do with morals!"

165

In Sight of Every Party.—A shepherd has always need of a bell-wether—or he has himself to be a wether occasionally.

166

One may indeed lie with the mouth; but with the accompanying grimace one nevertheless tells the truth.

167

To vigourous men intimacy is a matter of shame—and something precious.

168

Christianity gave Eros poison to drink; he did not die of it, certainly, but degenerated to Vice.

169

To talk much about oneself may also be a means of concealing oneself.

170

In praise there is more obtrusiveness than in blame.

171

Pity has an almost ludicrous effect on a man of knowledge, like tender hands on a Cyclops.

172

One occasionally embraces some one or other, out of love to mankind (because one cannot embrace all); but this is what one must never confess to the individual.

173

One does not hate as long as one disesteems, but only when one esteems equal or superior.

174

Ye Utilitarians—ye, too, love the *utile* only as a *vehicle* for your inclinations,—ye, too, really find the noise of its wheels insupportable!

175

One loves ultimately one's desires, not the thing desired.

176

The vanity of others is only counter to our taste when it is counter to our vanity.

177

With regard to what "truthfulness" is, perhaps nobody has ever been sufficiently truthful.

178

One does not believe in the follies of clever men: what a forfeiture of the rights of man!

179

The consequences of our actions seize us by the forelock, very indifferent to the fact that we have meanwhile "reformed."

180

There is an innocence in lying which is the sign of good faith in a cause.

181

It is inhuman to bless when one is being cursed.

182

The familiarity of superiors embitters one, because it may not be returned.

183

"I am affected, not because you have deceived me, but because I can no longer believe in you."

184

There is a haughtiness of kindness which has the appearance of wickedness.

185

"I dislike him."—Why?—"I am not a match for him."—Did any one ever answer so?

CHAPTER V

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MORALS

186

THE moral sentiment in Europe at present is perhaps as subtle, belated, diverse, sensitive, and refined, as the "Science of Morals" belonging thereto is recent, initial, awkward, and coarse-fingered:—an interesting contrast, which sometimes becomes incarnate and obvious in the very person of a moralist. Indeed, the expression, "Science of Morals" is, in respect to what is designated thereby, far too presumptuous and counter to *good* taste,—which is always a foretaste of more modest expressions. One ought to avow with the utmost fairness *what* is still necessary here for a long time, *what* is alone proper for the present: namely, the collection of material, the comprehensive survey and classification of an immense domain of delicate sentiments of worth, and distinctions of worth, which live, grow, propagate, and perish—and perhaps attempts to give a clear idea of the recurring and more common forms of these living crystallisations—as preparation for a *theory of types* of morality. To be sure, people have not hitherto been so modest. All the philosophers, with a pedantic and ridiculous seriousness, demanded of themselves something very much higher, more pretentious, and ceremonious, when they concerned themselves with morality as a science: they wanted to *give a basis* to morality—and every philosopher hitherto has believed that he has given it a basis; morality itself, however, has been regarded as something "given." How far from their awkward pride was the seemingly insignificant problem—left in dust and decay—of a description of forms of morality, notwithstanding that the finest hands and senses could hardly be fine enough for it! It was precisely owing to moral philosophers knowing the moral facts imperfectly, in an arbitrary epitome, or an accidental abridgement—perhaps as the morality of their environment, their position, their church, their *Zeitgeist*, their climate and zone—it was precisely because they were badly instructed with regard to nations, eras, and past ages, and were by no means eager to know about these matters, that they did not even come in sight of the real problems of morals—problems which only disclose themselves by a comparison of *many* kinds of morality. In every "Science of Morals" hitherto, strange as it may sound, the problem of morality itself has been *omitted;* there has been no suspicion that there was anything problematic there! That which philosophers called "giving a basis to morality," and endeavoured to realise, has, when seen in a right light, proved merely a learned form of good *faith* in prevailing morality, a new means of its *expression*, consequently just a matter-of-fact within the sphere of a definite morality, yea, in its ultimate motive, a sort of denial that it is *lawful* for this morality to be called in question—and in any case the reverse of the testing, analysing, doubting, and vivisecting of this very faith. Hear, for instance, with what innocence—almost worthy of honour—Schopenhauer represents his own task, and draw your conclusions concerning the scientificness of a "Science" whose latest master still talks in the strain of children and old wives: "The principle," he says (page 136 of the *Grundprobleme der Ethik**), "the axiom about the purport of which all moralists are *practically* agreed: *neminem laede, immo omnes quantum potes juva*—is *really* the proposition which all moral teachers strive to establish, . . . the *real* basis of ethics which has been sought, like the philosopher's stone, for centuries."—The difficulty of establishing the proposition referred to may indeed be great—it is well known that Schopenhauer also was unsuccessful in his efforts; and whoever has thoroughly realised how absurdly false and sentimental this proposition is, in a world whose essence is Will to Power, may be reminded that Schopenhauer, although a pessimist, *actually*—played the flute . . . daily after dinner: one may read about the matter in his biography. A question by the way: a pessimist, a repudiator of God and of the world, who *makes a halt* at morality—who assents to morality, and plays the flute to *laede-neminem* morals, what? Is that really—a pessimist?

187

Apart from the value of such assertions as "there is a categorical imperative in us," one can always ask: What does such an assertion indicate about him who makes it? There are systems of morals which are meant to justify their author in the eyes of other people; other systems of morals are meant to tranquillise him, and make him self-satisfied; with other systems he wants to crucify and humble himself; with others he wishes to take revenge; with others to conceal himself; with others to glorify himself and gain superiority and distinction;—this system of morals helps its author to forget, that system makes him, or something of him, forgotten; many a moralist would like to exercise power and creative arbitrariness over mankind; many another, perhaps, Kant especially, gives us to understand by his morals that "what is estimable in me, is that I know how to obey—and with you it *shall* not be otherwise than with me!" In short, systems of morals are only a *sign-language of the emotions.*

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* Pages 54-55 of Schopenhauer's *Basis of Morality*, translated by Arthur B. Bullock, M.A. (1903).

188

In contrast to *laisser-aller,* every system of morals is a sort of tyranny against "nature" and also against "reason"; that is, however, no objection, unless one should again decree by some system of morals, that all kinds of tyranny and unreasonableness are unlawful. What is essential and invaluable in every system of morals, is that it is a long constraint. In order to understand Stoicism, or Port-Royal, or Puritanism, one should remember the constraint under which every language has attained to strength and freedom—the metrical constraint, the tyranny of rhyme and rhythm. How much trouble have the poets and orators of every nation given themselves!—not excepting some of the prose writers of to-day, in whose ear dwells an inexorable conscientiousness—"for the sake of a folly," as utilitarian bunglers say, and thereby deem themselves wise—"from submission to arbitrary laws," as the anarchists say, and thereby fancy themselves "free," even free-spirited. The singular fact remains, however, that everything of the nature of freedom, elegance, boldness, dance, and masterly certainty, which exists or has existed, whether it be in thought itself, or in administration, or in speaking and persuading, in art just as in conduct, has only developed by means of the tyranny of such arbitrary law; and in all seriousness, it is not at all improbable that precisely this is "nature" and "natural"—

and *not laisser-aller!* Every artist knows how different from the state of letting himself go, is his "most natural" condition, the free arranging, locating, disposing, and constructing in the moments of "inspiration"—and how strictly and delicately he then obeys a thousand laws, which, by their very rigidness and precision, defy all formulation by means of ideas (even the most stable idea has, in comparison therewith, something floating, manifold, and ambiguous in it). The essential thing "in heaven and in earth" is, apparently (to repeat it once more), that there should be long *obedience* in the same direction; there thereby results, and has always resulted in the long run, something which has made life worth living; for instance, virtue, art, music, dancing, reason, spirituality—anything whatever that is transfiguring, refined, foolish, or divine. The long bondage of the spirit, the distrustful constraint in the communicability of ideas, the discipline which the thinker imposed on himself to think in accordance with the rules of a church or a court, or conformable to Aristotelian premises, the persistent spiritual will to interpret everything that happened according to a Christian scheme, and in every occurrence to rediscover and justify the Christian God:—all this violence, arbitrariness, severity, dreadfulness, and unreasonableness, has proved itself the disciplinary means whereby the European spirit has attained its strength, its remorseless curiosity and subtle mobility; granted also that much irrecoverable strength and spirit had to be stifled, suffocated, and spoilt in the process (for here, as everywhere, "nature" shows herself as she is, in all her extravagant and *indifferent* magnificence, which is shocking, but nevertheless noble). That for centuries European thinkers only thought in order to prove something —nowadays, on the contrary, we are suspicious of every thinker who "wishes to prove something"—that it was always settled beforehand what *was to be* the result of their strictest thinking, as it was perhaps in the Asiatic astrology of former times, or as it is still at the present day in the innocent, Christian-moral explanation of immediate personal events "for the glory of God," or "for the good of the soul":—this tyranny, this arbitrariness, this severe and magnificent stupidity, has *educated* the spirit; slavery, both in the coarser and the finer sense, is apparently an indispensable means even of spiritual education and discipline. One may look at every system of morals in this light: it is "nature" therein which teaches to hate the *laisser-aller,* the too great freedom, and implants the need for limited horizons, for immediate duties—it teaches the *narrowing of perspectives,* and thus, in a certain sense, that stupidity is a condition of life and development. "Thou must obey some one, and for a long time; *otherwise* thou wilt come to grief, and lose all respect for thyself"—this seems to me to be the moral imperative of nature, which is certainly neither "categorical," as old Kant wished (consequently the "otherwise"), nor does it address itself to the individual (what does nature care for the individual!), but to nations, races, ages, and ranks, above all, however, to the animal "man" generally, to *mankind.*

189

Industrious races find it a great hardship to be idle: it was a master stroke of *English* instinct to hallow and begloom Sunday to such an extent that the Englishman unconsciously hankers for his week- and work-day again:—as a kind of cleverly devised, cleverly intercalated *fast,* such as is also frequently found in the ancient world (although, as is appropriate in southern nations, not precisely with respect to work). Many kinds of fasts are necessary; and wherever powerful influences and habits prevail, legislators have to see that intercalary days are appointed, on which such impulses are fettered, and learn to hunger anew. Viewed from a higher standpoint, whole generations and epochs, when they show themselves infected with any moral fanaticism, seem like those intercalated periods of restraint and fasting, during which an impulse learns to humble and submit itself—at the same time also to *purify* and *sharpen* itself; certain philosophical sects likewise admit of a similar interpretation (for instance, the Stoa, in the midst of Hellenic culture, with the atmosphere rank and overcharged with Aphrodisiacal odours).—Here also is a hint for the explanation of the paradox, why it was precisely in the most Christian period of European history, and in general only under the pressure of Christian sentiments, that the sexual impulse sublimated into love (*amour-passion*).

190

There is something in the morality of Plato which does not really belong to Plato, but which only appears in his philosophy, one might say, in spite of him: namely, Socratism, for which he himself was too noble. "No one desires to injure himself, hence all evil is done unwittingly. The evil man inflicts injury on himself; he would not do so, however, if he knew that evil is evil. The evil man, therefore, is only evil through error; if one free him from error one will necessarily make him—good."—This mode of reasoning savours of the *populace*, who perceive only the unpleasant consequences of evil-doing, and practically judge that "it is *stupid* to do wrong"; while they accept "good" as identical with "useful and pleasant," without further thought. As regards every system of utilitarianism, one may at once assume that it has the same origin, and follow the scent: one will seldom err.—Plato did all he could to interpret something refined and noble into the tenets of his teacher, and above all to interpret himself into them—he, the most daring of all interpreters, who lifted the entire Socrates out of the street, as a popular theme and song, to exhibit him in endless and impossible modifications—namely, in all his own disguises and multiplicities. In jest, and in Homeric language as well, what is the Platonic Socrates, if not—

πϱόσϑε Πλάτων ὄπισϑέν τε Πλάτων μέσση τε Χίμαιϱα.

191

The old theological problem of "Faith" and "Knowledge," or more plainly, of instinct and reason—the question whether, in respect to the valuation of things, instinct deserves more authority than rationality, which wants to appreciate and act according to motives, according to a "Why," that is to say, in conformity to purpose and utility—it is always the old moral problem that first appeared in the person of Socrates, and had divided men's minds long before Christianity. Socrates himself, following, of course, the taste of his talent—that of a surpassing dialectician—took first the side of reason; and, in fact, what did he do all his life but laugh at the awkward incapacity of the noble Athenians, who were men of instinct, like all noble men, and could never give satisfactory answers concerning the motives of their actions? In the end, however, though silently and secretly, he laughed also at himself: with his finer conscience and introspection, he found in himself the same difficulty and incapacity. "But why"—he said to himself—"should one on that account separate oneself from the instincts! One must set them right, and the reason *also*—one must follow the instincts, but at the same time persuade the reason to support them with good arguments." This was the real *falseness* of that great and mysterious ironist; he brought his conscience up to the point that he was satisfied with a kind of self-outwitting: in fact, he perceived the irrationality in the moral judgment. —Plato, more innocent in such matters, and without the craftiness of the plebeian, wished to prove to himself, at the expenditure of all his strength—the greatest strength a philosopher had ever expended—that reason and instinct lead spontaneously to one goal, to the good, to "God"; and since Plato, all theologians and philosophers have followed the same path—which means that in matters of morality, instinct (or as Christians call it, "Faith," or as I call it, "the herd") has hitherto triumphed. Unless one should make an exception in the case of Descartes, the father of rationalism (and consequently the grandfather of the Revolution), who recognised only the authority of reason: but reason is only a tool, and Descartes was superficial.

192

Whoever has followed the history of a single science, finds in its development a clue to the understanding of the oldest and commonest processes of all "knowledge and cognisance": there, as here, the premature hypotheses, the fictions, the good stupid will to "belief," and the lack of distrust and patience are first developed—our senses learn late, and never learn completely, to be subtle, reliable, and cautious organs of knowledge. Our eyes find it easier on a given occasion to produce a picture already often produced, than to seize upon the divergence and novelty of an impression: the latter requires more force, more "morality." It is difficult and painful for the ear to listen to anything new; we hear strange music badly. When we hear another language spoken, we involuntarily attempt to form the sounds into words with which we are more familiar and conversant—it was thus, for example, that the Germans modified the spoken word *arcubalista* into *armbrust* (cross-bow). Our senses are also hostile and averse to the new; and generally, even in the "simplest" processes of sensation, the emotions *dominate*—such as fear, love, hatred, and the passive emotion of indolence.—As little as a reader nowadays reads all the single words (not to speak of syllables) of a page—he rather takes about five out of every twenty words at random, and "guesses" the probably appropriate sense to them—just as little do we see a tree correctly and completely in respect to its leaves, branches, colour, and shape; we find it so much easier to fancy the chance of a tree. Even in the midst of the most remarkable experiences, we still do just the same; we fabricate the greater part of the experience, and can hardly be made to contemplate any event, *except* as "inventors" thereof. All this goes to prove that from our fundamental nature and from remote ages we have been—*accustomed to lying*. Or, to express it more politely and hypocritically, in short, more pleasantly—one is much more of an artist than one is aware of.—In an animated conversation, I often see the face of the person with whom I am speaking so clearly and sharply defined before me, according to the thought he expresses, or which I believe to be evoked in his mind, that the degree of distinctness far exceeds the *strength* of my visual faculty—the delicacy of the play of the muscles and of the expression of the eyes *must* therefore be imagined by me. Probably the person put on quite a different expression, or none at all.

193

Quidquid luce fuit, tenebris agit: but also contrariwise. What we experience in dreams, provided we experience it often, pertains at last just as much to the general belongings of our soul as anything "actually" experienced; by virtue thereof we are richer or poorer, we have a requirement more or less, and finally, in broad daylight, and even in the brightest moments of our waking life, we are ruled to some extent by the nature of our dreams. Supposing that some one has often flown in his dreams, and that at last, as soon as he dreams, he is conscious of the power and art of flying as his privilege and his peculiarly enviable happiness; such a person, who believes that on the slightest impulse, he can actualise all sorts of curves and angles, who knows the sensation of a certain divine levity, an "upwards" without effort or constraint, a "downwards" without descending or lowering—without *trouble!*—how could the man with such dream-experiences and dream-habits fail to find "happiness" differently coloured and defined, even in his waking hours! How could he fail—to long *differently* for happiness? "Flight," such as is described by poets, must, when compared with his own "flying," be far too earthly, muscular, violent, far too "troublesome" for him.

194

The difference among men does not manifest itself only in the difference of their lists of desirable things—in their regarding different good things as worth striving for, and being disagreed as to the greater or less value, the order of rank, of the commonly recognised desirable things:—it manifests itself much more in what they regard as actually *having* and *possessing* a desirable thing. As regards a woman, for instance, the control over her body and her sexual gratification serves as an amply sufficient sign of ownership and possession to the more modest man; another with a more suspicious and ambitious thirst for possession, sees the "questionableness," the mere apparentness of such ownership, and wishes to have finer tests in order to know especially whether the woman not only gives herself to him, but also gives up for his sake what she has or would like to have—only *then* does he look upon her as "possessed." A third, however, has not even here got to the limit of his distrust and his desire for possession: he asks himself whether the woman, when she gives up everything for him, does not perhaps do so for a phantom of him; he wishes first to be thoroughly, indeed, profoundly well known; in order to be loved at all he ventures to let himself be found out. Only then does he feel the beloved one fully in his possession, when she no longer deceives herself about him, when she loves him just as much for the sake of his devilry and concealed insatiability, as for his goodness, patience, and spirituality. One man would like to possess a nation, and he finds all the higher arts of Cagliostro and Catalina suitable for his purpose. Another, with a more refined thirst for possession, says to himself: "One may not deceive where one desires to possess"—he is irritated and impatient at the idea that a mask of him should rule in the hearts of the people: "I must, therefore, *make* myself known, and first of all learn to know myself!" Amongst helpful and charitable people, one almost always finds the awkward craftiness which first gets up suitably him who has to be helped, as though, for instance, he should "merit" help, seek just *their* help, and would show himself deeply grateful, attached, and subservient to them for all help. With these conceits, they take control of the needy as a property, just as in general they are charitable and helpful out of a desire for property. One finds them jealous when they are crossed or forestalled in their charity. Parents involuntarily make something like themselves out of their children—they call that "education"; no mother doubts at the bottom of her heart that the child she has born is thereby her property, no father hesitates about his right to *his own* ideas and notions of worth. Indeed, in former times fathers deemed it right to use their discretion concerning the life or death of the newly born (as amongst the ancient Germans). And like the father, so also do the teacher, the class, the priest, and the prince still see in every new individual an unobjectionable opportunity for a new possession. The consequence is. . . .

195

The Jews—a people "born for slavery," as Tacitus and the whole ancient world say of them; "the chosen people among the nations," as they themselves say and believe—the Jews performed the miracle of the inversion of valuations, by means of which life on earth obtained a new and dangerous charm for a couple of millenniums. Their prophets fused into one the expressions "rich," "godless," "wicked," "violent," "sensual," and for the first time coined the word "world" as a term of reproach. In this inversion of valuations (in which is also included the use of the word "poor" as synonymous with "saint" and "friend") the significance of the Jewish people is to be found; it is with *them* that the *slave-insurrection in morals* commences.

196

It is to be *inferred* that there are countless dark bodies near the sun—such as we shall never see. Amongst ourselves, this is an allegory; and the psychologist of morals reads the whole star-writing merely as an allegorical and symbolic language in which much may be unexpressed.

197

The beast of prey and the man of prey (for instance, Cæsar Borgia) are fundamentally misunderstood, "nature" is misunderstood, so long as one seeks a "morbidness" in the constitution of these healthiest of all tropical monsters and growths, or even an innate "hell" in them—as almost all moralists have done hitherto. Does it not seem that there is a hatred of the virgin forest and of the tropics among moralists? And that the "tropical man" must be discredited at all costs, whether as disease and deterioration of mankind, or as his own hell and self-torture? And why? In favour of the "temperate zones"? In favour of the temperate men? The "moral"? The mediocre?—This for the chapter: "Morals as Timidity."

198

All the systems of morals which address themselves with a view to their "happiness," as it is called—what else are they but suggestions for behaviour adapted to the degree of *danger* from themselves in which the individuals live; recipes for their passions, their good and bad propensities, in so far as such have the Will to Power and would like to play the master; small and great expediencies and elaborations, permeated with the musty odour of old family medicines and old-wife wisdom; all of them grotesque and absurd in their form—because they address themselves to "all," because they generalise where generalisation is not authorised; all of them speaking unconditionally, and taking themselves unconditionally; all of them flavoured not merely with one grain of salt, but rather endurable only, and sometimes even seductive, when they are over-spiced and begin to smell dangerously, especially of "the other world." That is all of little value when estimated intellectually, and is far from being "science," much less "wisdom"; but, repeated once more, and three times repeated, it is expediency, expediency, expediency, mixed with stupidity, stupidity, stupidity—whether it be the indifference and statuesque coldness towards the heated folly of the emotions, which the Stoics advised and fostered; or the no-more-laughing and no-more-weeping of Spinoza, the destruction of the emotions by their analysis and vivisection which he recommended so naïvely; or the lowering of the emotions to an innocent mean at which they may be satisfied, the Aristotelianism of morals; or even morality as the enjoyment of the emotions in a voluntary attenuation and spiritualisation by the symbolism of art, perhaps as music, or as love of God, and of mankind for God's sake—for in religion the passions are once more enfranchised, provided that . . . ; or, finally, even the complaisant and wanton surrender to the emotions, as has been taught by Hafis and Goethe, the bold letting-go of the reins, the spiritual and corporeal *licentia morum* in the exceptional cases of wise old codgers and drunkards, with whom it "no longer has much danger."—This also for the chapter: "Morals as Timidity."

199

Inasmuch as in all ages, as long as mankind has existed, there have also been human herds (family alliances, communities, tribes, peoples, states, churches), and always a great number who obey in proportion to the small number who command—in view, therefore, of the fact that obedience has been most practised and fostered among mankind hitherto, one may reasonably suppose that, generally speaking, the need thereof is now innate in every one, as a kind of *formal conscience* which gives the command: "Thou shalt unconditionally do something, unconditionally refrain from something"; in short, "Thou shalt." This need tries to satisfy itself and to fill its form with a content; according to its strength, impatience, and eagerness, it at once seizes as an omnivorous appetite with little selection, and accepts whatever is shouted into its ear by all sorts of commanders—parents, teachers, laws, class prejudices, or public opinion. The extraordinary limitation of human development, the hesitation, protractedness, frequent retrogression, and turning thereof, is attributable to the fact that the herd-instinct of obedience is transmitted best, and at the cost of the art of command. If one imagine this instinct increasing to its greatest extent, commanders and independent individuals will finally be lacking altogether; or they will suffer inwardly from a bad conscience, and will have to impose a deception on themselves in the first place in order to be able to command: just as if they also were only obeying. This condition of things actually exists in Europe at present—I call it the moral hypocrisy of the commanding class. They know no other way of protecting themselves from their bad conscience than by playing the role of executors of older and higher orders (of predecessors, of the constitution, of justice, of the law, or of God himself), or they even justify themselves by maxims from the current opinions of the herd, as "first servants of their people," or "instruments of the public weal." On the other hand, the gregarious European man nowadays assumes an air as if he were the only kind of man that is allowable; he glorifies his qualities, such as public spirit, kindness, deference, industry, temperance, modesty, indulgence, sympathy, by virtue of which he is gentle, endurable, and useful to the herd, as the peculiarly human virtues. In cases, however, where it is believed that the leader and bell-wether cannot be dispensed with, attempt after attempt is made nowadays to replace commanders by the summing together of clever gregarious men: all representative constitutions, for example, are of this origin. In spite of all, what a blessing, what a deliverance from a weight becoming unendurable, is the appearance of an absolute ruler for these gregarious Europeans—of this fact the effect of the appearance of Napoleon was the last great proof: the history of the influence of Napoleon is almost the history of the higher happiness to which the entire century has attained in its worthiest individuals and periods.

200

The man of an age of dissolution which mixes the races with one another, who has the inheritance of a diversified descent in his body—that is to say, contrary, and often not only contrary, instincts and standards of value, which struggle with one another and are seldom at peace—such a man of late culture and broken lights, will, on an average, be a weak man. His fundamental desire is that the war which is *in him* should come to an end; happiness appears to him in the character of a soothing medicine and mode of thought (for instance, Epicurean or Christian); it is above all things the happiness of repose, of undisturbedness, of repletion, of final unity—it is the "Sabbath of Sabbaths," to use the expression of the holy rhetorician, St. Augustine, who was himself such a man.—Should, however, the contrariety and conflict in such natures operate as an *additional* incentive and stimulus to life—and if, on the other hand, in addition to their powerful and irreconciliable instincts, they have also inherited and indoctrinated into them a proper mastery and subtlety for carrying on the conflict with themselves (that is to say, the faculty of self-control and self-deception), there then arise those marvellously incomprehensible, and inexplicable beings, those enigmatical men, predestined for conquering and circumventing others, the finest examples of which are Alcibiades and Cæsar (with whom I should like to associate the *first* of Europeans according to my taste, the Hohenstaufen, Frederick the Second), and amongst artists, perhaps Lionardo da Vinci. They appear precisely in the same periods when that weaker type, with its longing for repose, comes to the front; the two types are complementary to each other, and spring from the same causes.

201

As long as the utility which determines moral estimates is only gregarious utility, as long as the preservation of the community is only kept in view, and the immoral is sought precisely and exclusively in what seems dangerous to the maintenance of the community, there can be no "morality of love to one's neighbour." Granted even that there is already a little constant exercise of consideration, sympathy, fairness, gentleness, and mutual assistance, granted that even in this condition of society all those instincts are already active which are latterly distinguished by honourable names as "virtues," and eventually almost coincide with the conception "morality": in that period they do not as yet belong to the domain of moral valuations—they are still *ultra-moral.* A sympathetic action, for instance, is neither called good nor bad, moral nor immoral, in the best period of the Romans; and should it be praised, a sort of resentful disdain is compatible with this praise, even at the best, directly the sympathetic action is compared with one which contributes to the welfare of the whole, to the *res publica.* After all, "love to our neighbour" is always a secondary matter, partly conventional and arbitrarily manifested in relation to our *fear of our neighbour.* After the fabric of society seems on the whole established and secured against external dangers, it is this fear of our neighbour which again creates new perspectives of moral valuation. Certain strong and dangerous instincts, such as the love of enterprise, foolhardiness, revengefulness, astuteness, rapacity, and love of power, which up till then had not only to be honoured from the point of view of general utility—under other names, of course, than those here given—but had to be fostered and cultivated (because they were perpetually required in the common danger against the common enemies), are now felt in their dangerousness to be doubly strong—when the outlets for them are lacking—and are gradually branded as immoral and given over to calumny. The contrary instincts and inclinations now attain to moral honour; the gregarious instinct gradually draws its conclusions. How much or how little dangerousness to the community or to equality is contained in an opinion, a condition, an emotion, a disposition, or an endowment—that is now the moral perspective; here again fear is the mother of morals. It is by the loftiest and strongest instincts, when they break out passionately and carry the individual far above and beyond the average, and the low level of the gregarious conscience, that the self-reliance of the community is destroyed; its belief in itself, its backbone, as it were, breaks; consequently these very instincts will be most branded and defamed. The lofty independent spirituality, the will to stand alone, and even the cogent reason, are felt to be dangers; everything that elevates the individual above the herd, and is a source of fear to the neighbour, is henceforth called *evil;* the tolerant, unassuming, self-adapting, self-equalising disposition, the *mediocrity* of desires, attains to moral distinction and honour. Finally, under very peaceful circumstances, there is always less opportunity and necessity for training the feelings to severity and rigour; and now every form of severity, even in justice, begins to disturb the conscience; a lofty and rigourous nobleness and self-responsibility almost offends, and awakens distrust, "the lamb," and still more "the sheep," wins respect. There is a point of diseased mellowness and effeminacy in the history of society, at which society itself takes the part of him who injures it, the part of the *criminal,* and does so, in fact, seriously and honestly. To punish, appears to it to be somehow unfair—it is certain that the idea of "punishment" and "the obligation to punish" are then painful and alarming to people. "Is it not sufficient if the criminal be rendered *harmless?* Why should we still punish? Punishment itself is terrible!"—with these questions gregarious morality, the morality of fear, draws its ultimate conclusion. If one could at all do away with danger, the cause of fear, one would have done away with this morality at the same time, it would no longer be necessary, it *would not consider itself* any longer necessary!—Whoever examines the conscience of the present-day European, will always elicit the same imperative from its thousand moral folds and hidden recesses, the imperative of the timidity of the herd: "we wish that some time or other there may be *nothing more to fear!*" Some time or other—the will and the way *thereto* is nowadays called "progress" all over Europe.

202

Let us at once say again what we have already said a hundred times, for people's ears nowadays are unwilling to hear such truths—*our* truths. We know well enough how offensively it sounds when any one plainly, and without metaphor, counts man amongst the animals; but it will be accounted to us almost a *crime,* that it is precisely in respect to men of "modern ideas" that we have constantly applied the terms "herd," "herd-instincts," and such like expressions. What avail is it? We cannot do otherwise, for it is precisely here that our new insight is. We have found that in all the principal moral judgments Europe has become unanimous, including likewise the countries where European influence prevails: in Europe people evidently *know* what Socrates thought he did not know, and what the famous serpent of old once promised to teach—they "know" to-day what is good and evil. It must then sound hard and be distasteful to the ear, when we always insist that that which here thinks it knows, that which here glorifies itself with praise and blame, and calls itself good, is the instinct of the herding human animal: the instinct which has come and is ever coming more and more to the front, to preponderance and supremacy over other instincts, according to the increasing physiological approximation and resemblance of which it is the symptom. *Morality in Europe at present is herding-*

animal morality; and therefore, as we understand the matter, only one kind of human morality, beside which, before which, and after which many other moralities, and above all *higher* moralities, are or should be possible. Against such a "possibility," against such a "should be," however, this morality defends itself with all its strength; it says obstinately and inexorably: "I am morality itself and nothing else is morality!" Indeed, with the help of a religion which has humoured and flattered the sublimest desires of the herding-animal, things have reached such a point that we always find a more visible expression of this morality even in political and social arrangements: the *democratic* movement is the inheritance of the Christian movement. That its *tempo,* however, is much too slow and sleepy for the more impatient ones, for those who are sick and distracted by the herding-instinct, is indicated by the increasingly furious howling, and always less disguised teeth-gnashing of the anarchist dogs, who are now roving through the highways of European culture. Apparently in opposition to the peacefully industrious democrats and Revolution-ideologues, and still more so to the awkward philosophasters and fraternity-visionaries who call themselves Socialists and want a "free society," those are really at one with them all in their thorough and instinctive hostility to every form of society other than that of the *autonomous* herd (to the extent even of repudiating the notions "master" and "servant"—*ni dieu ni maître,* says a socialist formula); at one in their tenacious opposition to every special claim, every special right and privilege (this means ultimately opposition to *every* right, for when all are equal, no one needs "rights" any longer); at one in their distrust of punitive justice (as though it were a violation of the weak, unfair to the *necessary* consequences of all former society); but equally at one in their religion of sympathy, in their compassion for all that feels, lives, and suffers (down to the very animals, up even to "God"—the extravagance of "sympathy for God" belongs to a democratic age); altogether at one in the cry and impatience of their sympathy, in their deadly hatred of suffering generally, in their almost feminine incapacity for witnessing it or *allowing* it; at one in their involuntary beglooming and heart-softening, under the spell of which Europe seems to be threatened with a new Buddhism; at one in their belief in the morality of *mutual* sympathy, as though it were morality in itself, the climax, the *attained* climax of mankind, the sole hope of the future, the consolation of the present, the great discharge from all the obligations of the past; altogether at one in their belief in the community as the *deliverer*, in the herd, and therefore in "themselves."

203

We, who hold a different belief—we, who regard the democratic movement, not only as a degenerating form of political organisation, but as equivalent to a degenerating, a waning type of man, as involving his mediocrising and depreciation: where have *we* to fix our hopes? In *new philosophers*—there is no other alternative: in minds strong and original enough to initiate opposite estimates of value, to transvalue and invert "eternal valuations"; in forerunners, in men of the future, who in the present shall fix the constraints and fasten the knots which will compel millenniums to take *new* paths. To teach man the future of humanity as his *will*, as depending on human will, and to make preparation for vast hazardous enterprises and collective attempts in rearing and educating, in order thereby to put an end to the frightful rule of folly and chance which has hitherto gone by the name of "history" (the folly of the "greatest number" is only its last form)—for that purpose a new type of philosophers and commanders will some time or other be needed, at the very idea of which everything that has existed in the way of occult, terrible, and benevolent beings might look pale and dwarfed. The image of such leaders hovers before *our* eyes:—is it lawful for me to say it aloud, ye free spirits? The conditions which one would partly have to create and partly utilise for their genesis; the presumptive methods and tests by virtue of which a soul should grow up to such an elevation and power as to feel a *constraint* to these tasks; a transvaluation of values, under the new pressure and hammer of which a conscience should be steeled and a heart transformed into brass, so as to bear the weight of such responsibility; and on the other hand the necessity for such leaders, the dreadful danger that they might be lacking, or miscarry and degenerate:—these are *our* real anxieties and glooms, ye know it well, ye free spirits! these are the heavy distant thoughts and storms which sweep across the heaven of *our* life. There are few pains so grievous as to have seen, divined, or experienced how an exceptional man has missed his way and deteriorated; but he who has the rare eye for the universal danger of "man" himself *deteriorating*, he who like us has recognised the extraordinary fortuitousness which has hitherto played its game in respect to the future of mankind—a game in which neither the hand, nor even a "finger of God" has participated!—he who divines the fate that is hidden under the idiotic unwariness and blind confidence of "modern ideas," and still more under the whole of Christo-European morality—suffers from an anguish with which no other is to be compared. He sees at a glance all that could still *be made out of man* through a favourable accumulation and augmentation of human powers and arrangements; he knows with all the knowledge of his conviction how unexhausted man still is for the greatest possibilities, and how often in the past the type man has stood in presence of mysterious decisions and new paths:—he knows still better from his painfulest recollections on what wretched obstacles promising developments of the highest rank have hitherto usually gone to pieces, broken down, sunk, and become contemptible. The *universal degeneracy of mankind* to the level of the "man of the future"—as idealised by the socialistic fools and shallow-pates—this degeneracy and dwarfing of man to an absolutely gregarious animal (or as they call it, to a man of "free society"), this brutalising of man into a pigmy with equal rights and claims, is undoubtedly *possible!* He who has thought out this possibility to its ultimate conclusion knows *another* loathing unknown to the rest of mankind—and perhaps also a new *mission!*

CHAPTER VI

We Scholars

204

At the risk that moralising may also reveal itself here as that which it has always been—namely, resolutely *montrer ses plaies,* according to Balzac—I would venture to protest against an improper and injurious alteration of rank, which quite unnoticed, and as if with the best conscience, threatens nowadays to establish itself in the relations of science and philosophy. I mean to say that one must have the right out of one's own *experience*—experience, as it seems to me, always implies unfortunate experience?—to treat of such an important question of rank, so as not to speak of colour like the blind, or *against* science like women and artists ("Ah! this dreadful science!" sigh their instinct and their shame, "it always *finds things out!*") The declaration of independence of the scientific man, his emancipation from philosophy, is one of the subtler after-effects of democratic organisation and disorganisation: the self-glorification and self-conceitedness of the learned man is now everywhere in full bloom, and in its best springtime—which does not mean to imply that in this case self-praise smells sweetly. Here also the instinct of the populace cries, "Freedom from all masters!" and after science has, with the happiest results, resisted theology, whose "handmaid" it had been too long, it now proposes in its wantonness and indiscretion to lay down laws for philosophy, and in its turn to play the "master"—what am I saying! to play the *philosopher* on its own account. My memory—the memory of a scientific man, if you please!—teems with the naïvetés of insolence which I have heard about philosophy and philosophers from young naturalists and old physicians (not to mention the most cultured and most conceited of all learned men, the philologists and schoolmasters, who are both the one and the other by profession). On one occasion it was the specialist and the Jack Horner who instinctively stood on the defensive against all synthetic tasks and capabilities; at another time it was the industrious worker who had got a scent of *otium* and refined luxuriousness in the internal economy of the philosopher, and felt himself aggrieved and belittled thereby. On another occasion it was the colour-blindness of the utilitarian, who sees nothing in philosophy but a series of *refuted* systems, and an extravagant expenditure which "does nobody any good." At another time the fear of disguised mysticism and of the boundary-adjustment of knowledge became conspicuous, at another time the disregard of individual philosophers, which had involuntarily extended to disregard of philosophy generally. In fine, I found most frequently, behind the proud disdain of philosophy in young scholars, the evil after-effect of some particular philosopher, to whom on the whole obedience had been foresworn, without, however, the spell of his scornful estimates of other philosophers having been got rid of—the result being a general ill-will to all philosophy. (Such seems to me, for instance, the after-effect of Schopenhauer on the most modern Germany: by his unintelligent rage against Hegel, he has succeeded in severing the whole of the last generation of Germans from its connection with German culture, which culture, all things considered, has been an elevation and a divining refinement of the *historical sense;* but precisely at this point Schopenhauer himself was poor, irreceptive, and un-German to the extent of ingeniousness.) On the whole, speaking generally, it may just have been the humanness, all-too-humanness of the modern philosophers themselves, in short, their contemptibleness, which has injured most radically the reverence for philosophy and opened the doors to the instinct of the populace. Let it but be acknowledged to what an extent our modern world diverges from the whole style of the world of Heraclites, Plato, Empedocles, and whatever else all the royal and magnificent anchorites of the spirit were called; and with what justice an honest man of science *may* feel himself of a better family and origin, in view of such representatives of philosophy, who, owing to the fashion of the present day, are just as much aloft as they are down below—in Germany, for instance, the two lions of Berlin, the anarchist Eugen Dühring and the amalgamist Eduard von Hartmann. It is especially the sight of those hotch-potch philosophers, who call themselves "realists," or "positivists," which is calculated to implant a dangerous distrust in the soul of a young and ambitious scholar: those philosophers, at the best, are themselves but scholars and specialists, that is very evident! All of them are persons who have been vanquished and *brought back again* under the dominion of science, who at one time or another claimed more from themselves, without having a right to the "more" and its responsibility—and who now, creditably, rancorously and vindictively, represent in word and deed, *disbelief* in the master-task and supremacy of philosophy. After all, how could it be otherwise? Science flourishes nowadays and has the good conscience clearly visible on its countenance; while that to which the entire modern philosophy has gradually sunk, the remnant of philosophy of the present day, excites distrust and displeasure, if not scorn and pity. Philosophy reduced to a "theory of knowledge," no more in fact than a diffident science of epochs and doctrine of forbearance: a philosophy that never even gets beyond the threshold, and rigourously *denies* itself the right to enter—that is philosophy in its last throes, an end, an agony, something that awakens pity. How could such a philosophy—*rule!*

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The dangers that beset the evolution of the philosopher are, in fact, so manifold nowadays, that one might doubt whether this fruit could still come to maturity. The extent and towering structure of the sciences have increased enormously, and therewith also the probability that the philosopher will grow tired even as a learner, or will attach himself somewhere and "specialise": so that he will no longer attain to his elevation, that is to say, to his superspection, his circumspection, and his *despection*. Or he gets aloft too late, when the best of his maturity and strength is past; or when he is impaired, coarsened, and deteriorated, so that his view, his general estimate of things, is no longer of much importance. It is perhaps just the refinement of his intellectual conscience that makes him hesitate and linger on the way; he dreads the temptation to become a dilettante, a millepede, a milleantenna; he knows too well that as a discerner, one who has lost his self-respect no longer commands, no longer *leads;* unless he should aspire to become a great play-actor a philosophical Cagliostro and spiritual rat-catcher—in short, a misleader. This is in the last instance a question of taste, if it has not really been a question of conscience. To double once more the philosopher's difficulties, there is also the fact that he demands from himself a verdict, a Yea or Nay, not concerning science, but concerning life and the worth of life—he learns unwillingly to believe that it is his right and even his duty to obtain this verdict, and he has to seek his way to the right and the belief only through the most extensive (perhaps disturbing and destroying) experiences, often hesitating, doubting, and dumbfounded. In fact, the philosopher has long been mistaken and confused by the multitude, either with the scientific man and ideal scholar, or with the religiously elevated, desensualised, desecularised visionary and God-intoxicated man; and even yet when one hears anybody praised, because he lives "wisely," or "as a philosopher," it hardly means anything more than "prudently and apart." Wisdom: that seems to the populace to be a kind of flight, a means and artifice for withdrawing successfully from a bad game; but the *genuine* philosopher—does it not seem so to *us,* my friends?—lives "unphilosophically" and "unwisely," above all, *imprudently,* and feels the obligation and burden of a hundred attempts and temptations of life—he risks *himself* constantly, he plays *this* bad game.

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In relation to the genius, that is to say, a being who either *engenders* or *produces*—both words understood in their fullest sense—the man of learning, the scientific average man, has always something of the old maid about him; for, like her, he is not conversant with the two principal functions of man. To both, of course, to the scholar and to the old maid, one concedes respectability, as if by way of indemnification—in these cases one emphasises the respectability—and yet, in the compulsion of this concession, one has the same admixture of vexation. Let us examine more closely: what is the scientific man? Firstly, a commonplace type of man, with commonplace virtues: that is to say, a non-ruling, non-authoritative, and non-self-sufficient type of man; he possesses industry, patient adaptableness to rank and file, equability and moderation in capacity and requirement; he has the instinct for people like himself, and for that which they require—for instance: the portion of independence and green meadow without which there is no rest from labour, the claim to honour and consideration (which first and foremost presupposes recognition and recognisability), the sunshine of a good name, the perpetual ratification of his value and usefulness, with which the inward *distrust* which lies at the bottom of the heart of all dependent men and gregarious animals, has again and again to be overcome. The learned man, as is appropriate, has also maladies and faults of an ignoble kind: he is full of petty envy, and has a lynx-eye for the weak points in those natures to whose elevations he cannot attain. He is confiding, yet only as one who lets himself go, but does not *flow;* and precisely before the man of the great current he stands all the colder and more reserved—his eye is then like a smooth and irresponsive lake, which is no longer moved by rapture or sympathy. The worst and most dangerous thing of which a scholar is capable results from the instinct of mediocrity of his type, from the Jesuitism of mediocrity, which labours instinctively for the destruction of the exceptional man, and endeavours to break—or still better, to relax—every bent bow. To relax, of course, with consideration, and naturally with an indulgent hand—to *relax* with confiding sympathy: that is the real art of Jesuitism, which has always understood how to introduce itself as the religion of sympathy.

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However gratefully one may welcome the *objective* spirit —and who has not been sick to death of all subjectivity and its confounded *ipsisimosity!*—in the end, however, one must learn caution even with regard to one's gratitude, and put a stop to the exaggeration with which the unselfing and depersonalising of the spirit has recently been celebrated, as if it were the goal in itself, as if it were salvation and glorification—as is especially accustomed to happen in the pessimist school, which has also in its turn good reasons for paying the highest honours to "disinterested knowledge." The objective man, who no longer curses and scolds like the pessimist, the *ideal* man of learning in whom the scientific instinct blossoms forth fully after a thousand complete and partial failures, is assuredly one of the most costly instruments that exist, but his place is in the hand of one who is more powerful. He is only an instrument; we may say, he is a *mirror*—he is no "purpose in himself." The objective man is in truth a mirror: accustomed to prostration before everything that wants to be known, with such desires only as knowing or "reflecting" imply—he waits until something comes, and then expands himself sensitively, so that even the light footsteps and gliding past of spiritual beings may not be lost on his surface and film. Whatever "personality" he still possesses seems to him accidental, arbitrary, or still oftener, disturbing; so much has he come to regard himself as the passage and reflection of outside forms and events. He calls up the recollection of "himself" with an effort, and not infrequently wrongly; he readily confounds himself with other persons, he makes mistakes with regard to his own needs, and here only is he unrefined and negligent. Perhaps he is troubled about the health, or the pettiness and confined atmosphere of wife and friend, or the lack of companions and society—indeed, he sets himself to reflect on his suffering, but in vain! His thoughts already rove away to the *more general* case, and to-morrow he knows as little as he knew yesterday how to help himself. He does not now take himself seriously and devote time to himself: he is serene, *not* from lack of trouble, but from lack of capacity for grasping and dealing with *his* trouble. The habitual complaisance with respect to all objects and experiences, the radiant and impartial hospitality with which he receives everything that comes his way, his habit of inconsiderate good-nature, of dangerous indifference as to Yea and Nay: alas! there are enough of cases in which he has to atone for these virtues of his!—and as man generally, he becomes far too easily the *caput mortuum* of such virtues. Should one wish love or hatred from him—I mean love and hatred as God, woman, and animal understand them—he will do what he can, and furnish what he can. But one must not be surprised if it should not be much—if he should show himself just at this point to be false, fragile, questionable, and deteriorated. His love is constrained, his hatred is artificial, and rather *un tour de force,* a slight ostentation and exaggeration. He is only genuine so far as he can be objective; only in his serene totality is he still "nature" and "natural." His mirroring and eternally self-polishing soul no longer knows how to affirm, no longer how to deny; he does not command; neither does he destroy. *"Je ne méprise presque rien"*—he says, with Leibnitz: let us not overlook nor undervalue the *presque!* Neither is he a model man; he does not go in advance of any one, nor after either; he places himself generally too far off to have any reason for espousing the cause of either good or evil. If he has been so long confounded with the *philosopher*, with the Cæsarian trainer and dictator of civilisation, he has had far too much honour, and what is more essential in him has been overlooked—he is an instrument, something of a slave, though certainly the sublimest sort of slave, but nothing in himself—*presque rien!* The objective man is an instrument, a costly, easily injured, easily tarnished, measuring instrument and mirroring apparatus, which is to be taken care of and respected; but he is no goal, no outgoing nor upgoing, no complementary man in whom the *rest* of existence justifies itself, no termination—and still less a commencement, an engendering, or primary cause, nothing hardy, powerful, self-centred, that wants to be master; but rather only a soft, inflated, delicate, movable potter's-form, that must wait for some kind of content and frame to "shape" itself thereto—for the most part a man without frame and content, a "selfless" man. Consequently, also, nothing for women, *in parenthesi.*

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When a philosopher nowadays makes known that he is not a sceptic—I hope that has been gathered from the foregoing description of the objective spirit?—people all hear it impatiently; they regard him on that account with some apprehension, they would like to ask so many, many questions . . . indeed among timid hearers, of whom there are now so many, he is henceforth said to be dangerous. With his repudiation of scepticism, it seems to them as if they heard some evil-threatening sound in the distance, as if a new kind of explosive were being tried somewhere, a dynamite of the spirit, perhaps a newly discovered Russian *nihiline,* a pessimism *bonae voluntatis,* that not only denies, means denial, but—dreadful thought! *practises* denial.

Against this kind of "good will"—a will to the veritable, actual negation of life—there is, as is generally acknowledged nowadays, no better soporific and sedative than scepticism, the mild, pleasing, lulling poppy of scepticism; and Hamlet himself is now prescribed by the doctors of the day as an antidote to the "spirit," and its underground noises. "Are not our ears already full of bad sounds?" say the sceptics, as lovers of repose, and almost as a kind of safety police, "this subterranean Nay is terrible! Be still, ye pessimistic moles!" The sceptic, in effect, that delicate creature, is far too easily frightened; his conscience is schooled so as to start at every Nay, and even at that sharp, decided Yea, and feels something like a bite thereby. Yea! and Nay!—they seem to him opposed to morality; he loves, on the contrary, to make a festival to his virtue by a noble aloofness, while perhaps he says with Montaigne: "What do I know?" Or with Socrates: "I know that I know nothing." Or: "Here I do not trust myself, no door is open to me." Or: "Even if the door were open, why should I enter immediately?" Or: "What is the use of any hasty hypotheses? It might quite well be in good taste to make no hypotheses at all. Are you absolutely obliged to straighten at once what is crooked? to stuff every hole with some kind of oakum? Is there not time enough for that? Has not the time leisure? Oh, ye demons, can ye not at all *wait?* The uncertain also has its charms, the Sphinx, too, is a Circe, and Circe, too, was a philosopher."—Thus does a sceptic console himself; and in truth he needs some consolation. For scepticism is the most spiritual expression of a certain many-sided physiological temperament, which in ordinary language is called nervous debility and sickliness; it arises whenever races or classes which have been long separated, decisively and suddenly blend with one another. In the new generation, which has inherited as it were different standards and valuations in its blood, everything is disquiet, derangement, doubt, and tentative; the best powers operate restrictively, the very virtues prevent each other growing and becoming strong, equilibrium, ballast, and perpendicular stability are lacking in body and soul. That, however, which is most diseased and degenerated in such nondescripts is the *will;* they are no longer familiar with independence of decision, or the courageous feeling of pleasure in willing—they are doubtful of the "freedom of the will" even in their dreams. Our present-day Europe, the scene of a senseless, precipitate attempt at a radical blending of classes, and *consequently* of races, is therefore sceptical in all its heights and depths, sometimes exhibiting the mobile scepticism which springs impatiently and wantonly from branch to branch, sometimes with gloomy aspect, like a cloud overcharged with interrogative signs—and often sick unto death of its will! Paralysis of will; where do we not find this cripple sitting nowadays! And yet how bedecked oftentimes! How seductively ornamented! There are the finest gala dresses and disguises for this disease; and that, for instance, most of what places itself nowadays in the show-cases as "objectiveness," "the scientific spirit," "*l'art pour l'art,*" and "pure voluntary knowledge," is only decked-out scepticism and paralysis of will—I am ready to answer for this diagnosis of the European disease.—The disease of the will is diffused unequally over Europe; it is worst and most varied where civilisation has longest prevailed; it decreases according as "the barbarian" still—or again—asserts his claims under the loose drapery of Western culture. It is therefore in the France of to-day, as can be readily disclosed and comprehended, that the will is most infirm; and France, which has always had a masterly aptitude for converting even the portentous crises of its spirit into something charming and seductive, now manifests emphatically its intellectual ascendency over Europe, by being the school and exhibition of all the charms of scepticism. The power to will and to persist, moreover, in a resolution, is already somewhat stronger in Germany, and again in the North of Germany it is stronger than in Central Germany; it is considerably stronger in England, Spain, and Corsica, associated with phlegm in the former and with hard skulls in the latter—not to mention Italy, which is too young yet to know what it wants, and must first show whether it can exercise will; but it is strongest and most surprising of all in that immense middle empire where Europe as it were flows back to Asia—namely, in Russia. There the power to will has been long stored up and accumulated, there the will—uncertain whether to be negative or affirmative—waits threateningly to be discharged (to borrow their pet phrase from our physicists). Perhaps not only Indian wars and complications in Asia would be necessary to free Europe from its greatest danger, but also internal subversion, the shattering of the empire into small states, and above all the introduction of parliamentary imbecility, together with the obligation of every one to read his newspaper at breakfast. I do not say this as one who desires it; in my heart I should rather prefer the contrary—I mean such an increase in the threatening attitude of Russia, that Europe would have to make up its mind to become equally threatening—namely, *to acquire one will*, by means of a new caste to rule over the Continent, a persistent, dreadful will of its own, that can set its aims thousands of years ahead; so that the long spun-out comedy of its petty-stateism, and its dynastic as well as its democratic many-willed-ness, might finally be brought to a close. The time for petty politics is past; the next century will bring the struggle for the dominion of the world—the *compulsion* to great politics.

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As to how far the new warlike age on which we Europeans have evidently entered may perhaps favour the growth of another and stronger kind of scepticism, I should like to express myself preliminarily merely by a parable, which the lovers of German history will already understand. That unscrupulous enthusiast for big, handsome grenadiers (who, as King of Prussia, brought into being a military and sceptical genius—and therewith, in reality, the new and now triumphantly emerged type of German), the problematic, crazy father of Frederick the Great, had on one point the very knack and lucky grasp of the genius: he knew what was then lacking in Germany, the want of which was a hundred times more alarming and serious than any lack of culture and social form—his ill-will to the young Frederick resulted from the anxiety of a profound instinct. *Men were lacking;* and he suspected, to his bitterest regret, that his own son was not man enough. There, however, he deceived himself; but who would not have deceived himself in his place? He saw his son lapsed to atheism, to the *esprit,* to the pleasant frivolity of clever Frenchmen—he saw in the background the great bloodsucker, the spider scepticism; he suspected the incurable wretchedness of a heart no longer hard enough either for evil or good, and of a broken will that no longer commands, is no longer *able* to command. Meanwhile, however, there grew up in his son that new kind of harder and more dangerous scepticism—who knows *to what extent* it was encouraged just by his father's hatred and the icy melancholy of a will condemned to solitude?—the scepticism of daring manliness, which is closely related to the genius for war and conquest, and made its first entrance into Germany in the person of the great Frederick. This scepticism despises and nevertheless grasps; it undermines and takes possession; it does not believe, but it does not thereby lose itself; it gives the spirit a dangerous liberty, but it keeps strict guard over the heart. It is the *German* form of scepticism, which, as a continued Fredericianism, risen to the highest spirituality, has kept Europe for a considerable time under the dominion of the German spirit and its critical and historical distrust. Owing to the insuperably strong and tough masculine character of the great German philologists and historical critics (who, rightly estimated, were also all of them artists of destruction and dissolution), a *new* conception of the German spirit gradually established itself—in spite of all Romanticism in music and philosophy—in which the leaning towards masculine scepticism was decidedly prominent: whether, for instance, as fearlessness of gaze, as courage and sternness of the dissecting hand, or as resolute will to dangerous voyages of discovery, to spiritualised North Pole expeditions under barren and dangerous skies. There may be good grounds for it when warm-blooded and superficial humanitarians cross themselves before this spirit, *cet esprit fataliste, ironique, méphistophélique,* as Michelet calls it, not without a shudder. But if one would realise how characteristic is this fear of the "man" in the German spirit which awakened Europe out of its "dogmatic slumber," let us call to mind the former conception which had to be overcome by this new one—and that it is not so very long ago that a masculinised woman could dare, with unbridled presumption, to recommend the Germans to the interest of Europe as gentle, good-hearted, weak-willed, and poetical fools. Finally, let us only understand profoundly enough Napoleon's astonishment when he saw Goethe: it reveals what had been regarded for centuries as the "German spirit."

"Voilà un homme!"—that was as much as to say: "But this is a *man!* And I only expected to see a German!"

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Supposing, then, that in the picture of the philosophers of the future, some trait suggests the question whether they must not perhaps be sceptics in the last-mentioned sense, something in them would only be designated thereby—and *not* they themselves. With equal right they might call themselves critics; and assuredly they will be men of experiments. By the name with which I ventured to baptize them, I have already expressly emphasised their attempting and their love of attempting: is this because, as critics in body and soul, they will love to make use of experiments in a new, and perhaps wider and more dangerous sense? In their passion for knowledge, will they have to go further in daring and painful attempts than the sensitive and pampered taste of a democratic century can approve of?—There is no doubt: these coming ones will be least able to dispense with the serious and not unscrupulous qualities which distinguish the critic from the sceptic: I mean the certainty as to standards of worth, the conscious employment of a unity of method, the wary courage, the standing-alone, and the capacity for self-responsibility; indeed, they will avow among themselves a *delight* in denial and dissection, and a certain considerate cruelty, which knows how to handle the knife surely and deftly, even when the heart bleeds. They will be *sterner* (and perhaps not always towards themselves only) than humane people may desire, they will not deal with the "truth" in order that it may "please" them, or "elevate" and "inspire" them—they will rather have little faith in *"truth"* bringing with it such revels for the feelings. They will smile, those rigourous spirits, when any one says in their presence: "that thought elevates me, why should it not be true?" or: "that work enchants me, why should it not be beautiful?" or: "that artist enlarges me, why should he not be great?" Perhaps they will not only have a smile, but a genuine disgust for all that is thus rapturous, idealistic, feminine, and hermaphroditic; and if any one could look into their inmost hearts, he would not easily find therein the intention to reconcile "Christian sentiments" with "antique taste," or even with "modern parliamentarism" (the kind of reconciliation necessarily found even amongst philosophers in our very uncertain and consequently very conciliatory century). Critical discipline, and every habit that conduces to purity and rigour in intellectual matters, will not only be demanded from themselves by these philosophers of the future; they may even make a display thereof as their special adornment—nevertheless they will not want to be called critics on that account. It will seem to them no small indignity to philosophy to have it decreed, as is so welcome nowadays, that "philosophy itself is criticism and critical science—and nothing else whatever!" Though this estimate of philosophy may enjoy the approval of all the Positivists of France and Germany (and possibly it even flattered the heart and taste of *Kant:* let us call to mind the titles of his principal works), our new philosophers will say, notwithstanding, that critics are instruments of the philosopher, and just on that account, as instruments, they are far from being philosophers themselves! Even the great Chinaman of Königsberg was only a great critic.

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I insist upon it that people finally cease confounding philosophical workers, and in general scientific men, with philosophers—that precisely here one should strictly give "each his own," and not give those far too much, these far too little. It may be necessary for the education of the real philosopher that he himself should have once stood upon all those steps upon which his servants, the scientific workers of philosophy, remain standing, and *must* remain standing: he himself must perhaps have been critic, and dogmatist, and historian, and besides, poet, and collector, and traveller, and riddle-reader, and moralist, and seer, and "free spirit," and almost everything, in order to traverse the whole range of human values and estimations, and that he may *be able* with a variety of eyes and consciences to look from a height to any distance, from a depth up to any height, from a nook into any expanse. But all these are only preliminary conditions for his task; this task itself demands something else—it requires him *to create values*. The philosophical workers, after the excellent pattern of Kant and Hegel, have to fix and formalise some great existing body of valuations—that is to say, former *determinations of value*, creations of value, which have become prevalent, and are for a time called "truths"—whether in the domain of the *logical*, the *political* (moral), or the *artistic*. It is for these investigators to make whatever has happened and been esteemed hitherto, conspicuous, conceivable, intelligible, and manageable, to shorten everything long, even "time" itself, and to *subjugate* the entire past: an immense and wonderful task, in the carrying out of which all refined pride, all tenacious will, can surely find satisfaction. *The real philosophers, however, are com-*

manders and law-givers; they say: "Thus *shall* it be!" They determine first the Whither and the Why of mankind, and thereby set aside the previous labour of all philosophical workers, and all subjugators of the past—they grasp at the future with a creative hand, and whatever is and was, becomes for them thereby a means, an instrument, and a hammer. Their "knowing" is *creating,* their creating is a law-giving, their will to truth is—*Will to Power.*—Are there at present such philosophers? Have there ever been such philosophers? *Must* there not be such philosophers some day? . . .

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It is always more obvious to me that the philosopher, as a man *indispensable* for the morrow and the day after the morrow, has ever found himself, and *has been obliged* to find himself, in contradiction to the day in which he lives; his enemy has always been the ideal of his day. Hitherto all those extraordinary furtherers of humanity whom one calls philosophers—who rarely regarded themselves as lovers of wisdom, but rather as disagreeable fools and dangerous interrogators—have found their mission, their hard, involuntary, imperative mission (in the end however the greatness of their mission), in being the bad conscience of their age. In putting the vivisector's knife to the breast of the very *virtues of their age,* they have betrayed their own secret; it has been for the sake of a *new* greatness of man, a new untrodden path to his aggrandisement. They have always disclosed how much hypocrisy, indolence, self-indulgence, and self-neglect, how much falsehood was concealed under the most venerated types of contemporary morality, how much virtue was *outlived;* they have always said: "We must remove hence to where *you* are least at home." In face of a world of "modern ideas," which would like to confine every one in a corner, in a "specialty," a philosopher, if there could be philosophers nowadays, would be compelled to place the greatness of man, the conception of "greatness," precisely in his comprehensiveness and multifariousness, in his all-roundness; he would even determine worth and rank according to the amount and variety of that which a man could bear and take upon himself, according to the *extent* to which a man could stretch his responsibility. Nowadays the taste and virtue of the age weaken and attenuate the will; nothing is so adapted to the spirit of the age as weakness of will: consequently, in the ideal of the philosopher, strength of will, sternness and capacity for prolonged resolution, must specially be included in the conception of "greatness"; with as good a right as the opposite doctrine, with its ideal of a silly, renouncing, humble, selfless humanity, was suited to an opposite age—such as the sixteenth century, which suffered from its accumulated energy of will, and from the wildest torrents and floods of selfishness. In the time of Socrates, among men only of worn-out instincts, old conservative Athenians who let themselves go—"for the sake of happiness," as they said; for the sake of pleasure, as their conduct indicated—and who had continually on their lips the old pompous words to which they had long forfeited the right by the life they led, *irony* was perhaps necessary for greatness of soul, the wicked Socratic assurance of the old physician and plebeian, who cut ruthlessly into his own flesh, as into the flesh and heart of the "noble," with a look that said plainly enough: "Do not dissemble before me! here—we are equal!" At present, on the contrary, when throughout Europe the herding animal alone attains to honours, and dispenses honours, when "equality of right" can too readily be transformed into equality in wrong: I mean to say into general war against everything rare, strange, and privileged, against the higher man, the higher soul, the higher duty, the higher responsibility, the creative plenipotence and lordliness—at present it belongs to the conception of "greatness" to be noble, to wish to be apart, to be capable of being different, to stand alone, to have to live by personal initiative; and the philosopher will betray something of his own ideal when he asserts: "He shall be the greatest who can be the most solitary, the most concealed, the most divergent, the man beyond good and evil, the master of his virtues, and of superabundance of will; precisely this shall be called *greatness:* as diversified as can be entire, as ample as can be full." And to ask once more the question: Is greatness *possible*—nowadays?

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It is difficult to learn what a philosopher is, because it cannot be taught: one must "know" it by experience—or one should have the pride *not* to know it. The fact that at present people all talk of things of which they *cannot* have any experience, is true more especially and unfortunately as concerns the philosopher and philosophical matters:—the very few know them, are permitted to know them, and all popular ideas about them are false. Thus, for instance, the truly philosophical combination of a bold, exuberant spirituality which runs at *presto* pace, and a dialectic rigour and necessity which makes no false step, is unknown to most thinkers and scholars from their own experience, and therefore, should any one speak of it in their presence, it is incredible to them. They conceive of every necessity as troublesome, as a painful compulsory obedience and state of constraint; thinking itself is regarded by them as something slow and hesitating, almost as a trouble, and often enough as "worthy of the *sweat* of the noble"—but not at all as something easy and divine, closely related to dancing and exuberance! "To think" and to take a matter "seriously," "arduously"—that is one and the same thing to them; such only has been their "experience."—Artists have here perhaps a finer intuition; they who know only too well that precisely when they no longer do anything "arbitrarily," and everything of necessity, their feeling of freedom, of subtlety, of power, of creatively fixing, disposing and shaping, reaches its climax—in short, that necessity and "freedom of will" are then the same thing with them. There is, in fine, a gradation of rank in psychical states, to which the gradation of rank in the problems corresponds; and the highest problems repel ruthlessly every one who ventures too near them, without being predestined for their solution by the loftiness and power of his spirituality. Of what use is it for nimble, everyday intellects, or clumsy, honest mechanics and empiricists to press, in their plebeian ambition, close to such problems, and as it were into this "holy of holies"—as so often happens nowadays! But coarse feet must never tread upon such carpets: this is provided for in the primary law of things; the doors remain closed to those intruders, though they may dash and break their heads thereon! People have always to be born to a high station, or, more definitely, they have to be *bred* for it: a person has only a right to philosophy—taking the word in its higher significance—in virtue of his descent; the ancestors, the "blood," decide here also. Many generations must have prepared the way for the coming of the philosopher; each of his virtues must have been separately acquired, nurtured, transmitted, and embodied; not only the bold, easy, delicate course and current of his thoughts, but above all the readiness for great responsibilities, the majesty of ruling glance and contemning look, the feeling of separation from the multitude with their duties and virtues, the kindly patronage and defence of whatever is misunderstood and calumniated, be it God or devil, the delight and practice of supreme justice, the art of commanding, the amplitude of will, the lingering eye which rarely admires, rarely looks up, rarely loves. . . .

CHAPTER VII

OUR VIRTUES

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OUR Virtues?—It is probable that we, too, have still our virtues, although naturally they are not those sincere and massive virtues on account of which we hold our grandfathers in esteem and also at a little distance from us. We Europeans of the day after to-morrow, we firstlings of the twentieth century—with all our dangerous curiosity, our multifariousness and art of disguising, our mellow and seemingly sweetened cruelty in sense and spirit—we shall presumably, *if* we must have virtues, have those only which have come to agreement with our most secret and heartfelt inclinations, with our most ardent requirements: well, then, let us look for them in our labyrinths!—where, as we know, so many things lose themselves, so many things get quite lost! And is there anything finer than to *search* for one's own virtues? Is it not almost to *believe* in one's own virtues? But this "believing in one's own virtues"—is it not practically the same as what was formerly called one's "good conscience," that long, respectable pigtail of an idea, which our grandfathers used to hang behind their heads, and often enough also behind their understandings? It seems, therefore, that however little we may imagine ourselves to be old-fashioned and grandfatherly respectable in other respects, in one thing we are nevertheless the worthy grandchildren of our grandfathers, we last Europeans with good consciences: we also still wear their pigtail.—Ah! if you only knew how soon, so very soon—it will be different!

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As in the stellar firmament there are sometimes two suns which determine the path of one planet, and in certain cases suns of different colours shine around a single planet, now with red light, now with green, and then simultaneously illumine and flood it with motley colours: so we modern men, owing to the complicated mechanism of our "firmament," are determined by *different* moralities; our actions shine alternately in different colours, and are seldom unequivocal—and there are often cases, also, in which our actions are *motley-coloured.*

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To love one's enemies? I think that has been well learnt: it takes place thousands of times at present on a large and small scale; indeed, at times the higher and sublimer thing takes place:—we learn to *despise* when we love, and precisely when we love best; all of it, however, unconsciously, without noise, without ostentation, with the shame and secrecy of goodness, which forbids the utterance of the pompous word and the formula of virtue. Morality as attitude—is opposed to our taste nowadays. This is *also* an advance, as it was an advance in our fathers that religion as an attitude finally became opposed to their taste, including the enmity and Voltairean bitterness against religion (and all that formerly belonged to freethinker-pantomime). It is the music in our conscience, the dance in our spirit, to which Puritan litanies, moral sermons, and goody-goodness won't chime.

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Let us be careful in dealing with those who attach great importance to being credited with moral tact and subtlety in moral discernment! They never forgive us if they have once made a mistake *before* us (or even *with regard to* us)—they inevitably become our instinctive calumniators and detractors, even when they still remain our "friends."—Blessed are the forgetful: for they "get the better" even of their blunders.

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The psychologists of France—and where else are there still psychologists nowadays?—have never yet exhausted their bitter and manifold enjoyment of the *betise bourgeoise,* just as though . . . in short, they betray something thereby. Flaubert, for instance, the honest citizen of Rouen, neither saw, heard, nor tasted anything else in the end; it was his mode of self-torment and refined cruelty. As this is growing wearisome, I would now recommend for a change something else for a pleasure—namely, the unconscious astuteness with which good, fat, honest mediocrity always behaves towards loftier spirits and the tasks they have to perform, the subtle, barbed, Jesuitical astuteness, which is a thousand times subtler than the taste and understanding of the middle-class in its best moments—subtler even than the understanding of its victims:—a repeated proof that "instinct" is the most intelligent of all kinds of intelligence which have hitherto been discovered. In short, you psychologists, study the philosophy of the "rule" in its struggle with the "exception": there you have a spectacle fit for Gods and godlike malignity! Or, in plainer words, practise vivisection on "good people," on the "*homo bonae voluntatis,*" . . . on *yourselves!*

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The practice of judging and condemning morally, is the favourite revenge of the intellectually shallow on those who are less so; it is also a kind of indemnity for their being badly endowed by nature; and finally, it is an opportunity for acquiring spirit and *becoming* subtle:—malice spiritualises. They are glad in their inmost heart that there is a standard according to which those who are over-endowed with intellectual goods and privileges, are equal to them; they contend for the "equality of all before God," and almost *need* the belief in God for this purpose It is among them that the most powerful antagonists of atheism are found. If any one were to say to them: "a lofty spirituality is beyond all comparison with the honesty and respectability of a merely moral man"—it would make them furious; I shall take care not to say so. I would rather flatter them with my theory that lofty spirituality itself exists only as the ultimate product of moral qualities; that it is a synthesis of all qualities attributed to the "merely moral" man, after they have been acquired singly through long training and practice, perhaps during a whole series of generations; that lofty spirituality is precisely the spiritualising of justice, and the beneficent severity which knows that it is authorised to maintain *gradations of rank* in the world, even among things—and not only among men.

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Now that the praise of the "disinterested person" is so popular one must—probably not without some danger—get an idea of *what* people actually take an interest in, and what are the things generally which fundamentally and profoundly concern ordinary men—including the cultured, even the learned, and perhaps philosophers also, if appearances do not deceive. The fact thereby becomes obvious that the greater part of what interests and charms higher natures, and more refined and fastidious tastes, seems absolutely "uninteresting" to the average man:—if, notwithstanding, he perceive devotion to these interests, he calls it *désintéressé*, and wonders how it is possible to act "disinterestedly." There have been philosophers who could give this popular astonishment a seductive and mystical, other-world expression (perhaps because they did not know the higher nature by experience?), instead of stating the naked and candidly reasonable truth that "disinterested" action is very interesting and "interested" action, provided that . . . "And love?"—What! Even an action for love's sake shall be "unegoistic"? But you fools—! "And the praise of the self-sacrificer?"—But whoever has really offered sacrifice knows that he wanted and obtained something for it—perhaps something from himself for something from himself; that he relinquished here in order to have more there, perhaps in general to be more, or even feel himself "more." But this is a realm of questions and answers in which a more fastidious spirit does not like to stay: for here truth has to stifle her yawns so much when she is obliged to answer. And after all, truth is a woman; one must not use force with her.

221

"It sometimes happens," said a moralistic pedant and trifle-retailer, "that I honour and respect an unselfish man: not, however, because he is unselfish, but because I think he has a right to be useful to another man at his own expense. In short, the question is always who *he* is, and who *the other* is. For instance, in a person created and destined for command, self-denial and modest retirement, instead of being virtues would be the waste of virtues: so it seems to me. Every system of unegoistic morality which takes itself unconditionally and appeals to every one, not only sins against good taste, but is also an incentive to sins of omission, an *additional* seduction under the mask of philanthropy—and precisely a seduction and injury to the higher, rarer, and more privileged types of men. Moral systems must be compelled first of all to bow before the *gradations of rank;* their presumption must be driven home to their conscience—until they thoroughly understand at last that it is *immoral* to say that "what is right for one is proper for another."—So said my moralistic pedant and *bonhomme*. Did he perhaps deserve to be laughed at when he thus exhorted systems of morals to practise morality? But one should not be too much in the right if one wishes to have the laughers on *one's own* side; a grain of wrong pertains even to good taste.

222

Wherever sympathy (fellow-suffering) is preached nowadays—and, if I gather rightly, no other religion is any longer preached—let the psychologist have his ears open:

through all the vanity, through all the noise which is natural to these preachers (as to all preachers), he will hear a hoarse, groaning, genuine note of *self-contempt*. It belongs to the overshadowing and uglifying of Europe, which has been on the increase for a century (the first symptoms of which are already specified documentarily in a thoughtful letter of Galiani to Madame d'Epinay)—*if it is not really the cause thereof!* The man of "modern ideas," the conceited ape, is excessively dissatisfied with himself—this is perfectly certain. He suffers, and his vanity wants him only "to suffer with his fellows."

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The hybrid European—a tolerably ugly plebeian, taken all in all—absolutely requires a costume: he needs history as a storeroom of costumes. To be sure, he notices that none of the costumes fit him properly—he changes and changes. Let us look at the nineteenth century with respect to these hasty preferences and changes in its masquerades of style, and also with respect to its moments of desperation on account of "nothing suiting" us. It is in vain to get ourselves up as romantic, or classical, or Christian, or Florentine, or *barocco*, or "national," *in moribus et artibus:* it does not "clothe us"! But the "spirit," especially the "historical spirit," profits even by this desperation: once and again a new sample of the past or of the foreign is tested, put on, taken off, packed up, and above all *studied*—we are the first studious age *in puncto* of "costumes," I mean as concerns morals, articles of belief, artistic tastes, and religions; we are prepared as no other age has ever been for a carnival in the grand style, for the most spiritual festival-laughter and arrogance, for the transcendental height of supreme folly and Aristophanic ridicule of the world. Perhaps we are still discovering the domain of our *invention* just here, the domain where even we can still be original, probably as parodists of the world's history and as God's Merry-Andrews,—perhaps, though nothing else of the present have a future, our *laughter* itself may have a future!

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The *historical sense* (or the capacity for divining quickly the order of rank of the valuations according to which a people, a community, or an individual has lived, the "divining instinct" for the relationships of these valuations, for the relation of the authority of the valuations to the authority of the operating forces),—this historical sense, which we Europeans claim as our specialty, has come to us in the train of the enchanting and mad *semi-barbarity* into which Europe has been plunged by the democratic mingling of classes and races—it is only the nineteenth century that has recognised this faculty as its sixth sense. Owing to this mingling, the past of every form and mode of life, and of cultures which were formerly closely contiguous and superimposed on one another, flows forth into us "modern souls"; our instincts now run back in all directions, we ourselves are a kind of chaos: in the end, as we have said, the spirit perceives its advantage therein. By means of our semi-barbarity in body and in desire, we have secret access everywhere, such as a noble age never had; we have access above all to the labyrinth of imperfect civilisations, and to every form of semi-barbarity that has at any time existed on earth; and in so far as the most considerable part of human civilisation hitherto has just been semi-barbarity, the "historical sense" implies almost the sense and instinct for everything, the taste and tongue for everything: whereby it immediately proves itself to be an *ignoble* sense. For instance, we enjoy Homer once more: it is perhaps our happiest acquisition that we know how to appreciate Homer, whom men of distinguished culture (as the French of the seventeenth century, like Saint-Evremond, who reproached him for his *esprit vaste*, and even Voltaire, the last echo of the century) cannot and could not so easily appropriate—whom they scarcely permitted themselves to enjoy. The very decided Yea and Nay of their palate, their promptly ready disgust, their hesitating reluctance with regard to everything strange, their horror of the bad taste even of lively curiosity, and in general the averseness of every distinguished and self-sufficing culture to avow a new desire, a dissatisfaction with its own condition, or an admiration of what is strange: all this determines and disposes them unfavourably even towards the best things of the world which are not their property or *could not* become their prey—and no faculty is more unintelligible to such men than just this historical sense, with its truckling, plebeian curiosity. The case is not different with Shakespeare, that marvellous Spanish-Moorish-Saxon synthesis of taste, over whom an ancient Athenian of the circle of Æschylus would have half-killed himself with laughter or irritation: but we—accept precisely this wild motleyness, this medley of the most delicate, the most coarse, and the most artificial, with a secret confidence and cordiality; we enjoy it as a refinement of art reserved expressly for us, and allow ourselves to be as little disturbed by the repulsive fumes and the proximity of the English populace in which Shakespeare's art and taste lives, as perhaps on the Chiaja of Naples, where, with all our senses awake, we go our way, enchanted and voluntarily, in spite of the drain-odour of the lower quarters of the town. That as men of the "historical sense" we have our virtues, is not to be disputed:—we are unpretentious, unselfish, modest, brave, habituated to self-control and self-renunication, very grateful, very patient, very complaisant—but with all this we are perhaps not very "tasteful." Let us finally confess it, that what is most difficult for us men of the "historical sense" to grasp, feel, taste, and love, what finds us fundamentally prejudiced and almost hostile, is precisely the perfection and ultimate maturity in every culture and art, the essentially noble in works and men, their moment of smooth sea and halcyon self-sufficiency, the goldenness and coldness which all things show that have perfected themselves. Perhaps our great virtue of the historical sense is in necessary contrast to *good* taste, at least to the very bad taste; and we can only evoke in ourselves imperfectly, hesitatingly, and with compulsion the small, short, and happy godsends and glorifications of human life as they shine here and there: those moments and marvellous experiences when a great power has voluntarily come to a halt before the boundless and infinite, —when a superabundance of refined delight has been enjoyed by a sudden checking and petrifying, by standing firmly and planting oneself fixedly on still trembling ground. *Proportionateness* is strange to us, let us confess it to ourselves; our itching is really the itching for the infinite, the immeasurable. Like the rider on his forward panting horse, we let the reins fall before the infinite, we modern men, we semi-barbarians—and are only in *our* highest bliss when we —*are in most danger.*

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Whether it be hedonism, pessimism, utilitarianism, or eudæmonism, all those modes of thinking which measure the worth of things according to *pleasure* and *pain,* that is, according to accompanying circumstances and secondary considerations, are plausible modes of thought and naïvetés, which every one conscious of *creative* powers and an artist's conscience will look down upon with scorn, though not without sympathy. Sympathy for *you!*—to be sure, that is not sympathy as you understand it: it is not sympathy for social "distress," for "society" with its sick and misfortuned, for the hereditarily vicious and defective who lie on the ground around us; still less is it sympathy for the grumbling, vexed, revolutionary slave-classes who strive after power—they call it "freedom." *Our* sympathy is a loftier and further-sighted sympathy:—we see how *man* dwarfs himself, how *you* dwarf him! and there are moments when we view *your* sympathy with an indescribable anguish, when we resist it,—when we regard your seriousness as more dangerous than any kind of levity. You want, if possible—and there is not a more foolish "if possible"—*to do away with suffering;* and we?—it really seems that *we* would rather have it increased and made worse than it has ever been! Well-being, as you understand it—is certainly not a goal; it seems to us an *end;* a condition which at once renders man ludicrous and contemptible—and makes his destruction *desirable!* The discipline of suffering, of *great* suffering—know ye not that it is only *this* discipline that has produced all the elevations of humanity hitherto? The tension of soul in misfortune which communicates to it its energy, its shuddering in view of rack and ruin, its inventiveness and bravery in undergoing, enduring, interpreting, and exploiting misfortune, and whatever depth, mystery, disguise, spirit, artifice, or greatness has been bestowed upon the soul—has it not been bestowed through suffering, through the discipline of great suffering? In man *creature* and *creator* are united: in man there is not only matter, shred, excess, clay, mire, folly, chaos; but there is also the creator, the sculptor, the hardness of the hammer, the divinity of the spectator, and the seventh day—do ye understand this contrast? And that *your* sympathy for the "creature in man" applies to that which has to be fashioned, bruised, forged, stretched, roasted, annealed, refined—to that which must necessarily *suffer*, and *is meant* to suffer? And *our* sympathy—do ye not understand what our *reverse* sympathy applies to, when it resists your sympathy as the worst of all pampering and enervation?—So it is sympathy *against* sympathy!—But to repeat it once more, there are higher problems than the problems of pleasure and pain and sympathy; and all systems of philosophy which deal only with these are naïvetés.

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We Immoralists.—This world with which *we* are concerned, in which *we* have to fear and love, this almost invisible, inaudible world of delicate command and delicate obedience, a world of "almost" in every respect, captious, insidious, sharp, and tender—yes, it is well protected from clumsy spectators and familiar curiosity! We are woven into a strong net and garment of duties, and *cannot* disengage ourselves—precisely here, we are "men of duty," even we! Occasionally it is true we dance in our "chains" and betwixt our "swords"; it is none the less true that more often we gnash our teeth under the circumstances, and are impatient at the secret hardship of our lot. But do what we will, fools and appearances say of us: "these are men *without* duty,"—we have always fools and appearances against us!

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Honesty, granting that it is the virtue from which we cannot rid ourselves, we free spirits—well, we will labour at it with all our perversity and love, and not tire of "perfecting" ourselves in *our* virtue, which alone remains: may its glance some day overspread like a gilded, blue, mocking twilight this aging civilisation with its dull gloomy seriousness! And if, nevertheless, our honesty should one day grow weary, and sigh, and stretch its limbs, and find us too hard, and would fain have it pleasanter, easier, and gentler, like an agreeable vice, let us remain *hard,* we latest Stoics, and let us send to its help whatever devilry we have in us:—our disgust at the clumsy and undefined, our *"nitimur in vetitum,"* our love of adventure, our sharpened and fastidious curiosity, our most subtle, disguised, intellectual Will to Power and universal conquest, which rambles and roves avidiously around all the realms of the future—let us go with all our "devils" to the help of our "God"! It is probable that people will misunderstand and mistake us on that account: what does it matter! They will say: "Their 'honesty'—that is their devilry, and nothing else!" What does it matter! And even if they were right—have not all Gods hitherto been such sanctified, re-baptized devils? And after all, what do we know of ourselves? And what the spirit that leads us wants *to be called?* (It is a question of names.) And how many spirits we harbour? Our honesty, we free spirits—let us be careful lest it become our vanity, our ornament and ostentation, our limitation, our stupidity! Every virtue inclines to stupidity, every stupidity to virtue; "stupid to the point of sanctity," they say in Russia,—let us be careful lest out of pure honesty we do not eventually become saints and bores! Is not life a hundred times too short for us—to bore ourselves? One would have to believe in eternal life in order to. . . .

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I hope to be forgiven for discovering that all moral philosophy hitherto has been tedious and has belonged to the soporific appliances—and that "virtue," in my opinion, has been *more* injured by the *tediousness* of its advocates than by anything else; at the same time, however, I would not wish to overlook their general usefulness. It is desirable that as few people as possible should reflect upon morals, and consequently it is *very* desirable that morals should not some day become interesting! But let us not be afraid! Things still remain to-day as they have always been: I see no one in Europe who has (or *discloses*) an idea of the fact that philosophising concerning morals might be conducted in a dangerous, captious, and ensnaring manner—that *calamity* might be involved therein. Observe, for example, the indefatigable, inevitable English utilitarians: how ponderously and respectably they stalk on, stalk along (a Homeric metaphor expresses it better) in the footsteps of Bentham, just as he had already stalked in the footsteps of the respectable Helvétius! (no, he was not a dangerous man, Helvétius, *ce sénateur Pococurante,* to use an expression of Galiani). No new thought, nothing of the nature of a finer turning or better expression of an old thought, not even a proper history of what has been previously thought on the subject: an *impossible* literature, taking it all in all, unless one knows how to leaven it with some mischief. In effect, the old English vice called *cant,* which is *moral Tartuffism,* has insinuated itself also into these moralists (whom one must certainly read with an eye to their motives if one *must* read them), concealed this time under the new form of the scientific spirit; moreover, there is not absent from them a secret struggle with the pangs of conscience, from which a race of former Puritans must naturally suffer, in all their scientific tinkering with morals. (Is not a moralist the opposite of a Puritan? That is to say, as a thinker who regards morality as questionable, as worthy of interrogation, in short, as a problem? Is moralising not—immoral?) In the end, they all want *English* morality to be recognised as authoritative, inasmuch as mankind, or the "general utility," or "the happiness of the greatest number,"—no! the happiness of *England,* will be best served thereby. They would like, by all means, to convince themselves that the striving after *English* happiness, I mean after *comfort* and *fashion* (and in the highest instance, a seat in Parliament), is at the same time the true path of virtue; in fact, that in so far as there has been virtue in the world hitherto, it has just consisted in such striving. Not one of those ponderous, conscience-stricken herding-animals (who undertake to advocate the cause of egoism as conducive to the general welfare) wants to have any knowledge or inkling of the facts that the "general welfare" is no ideal, no goal, no notion that can be at all grasped, but is only a nostrum,—that what is fair to one *may not* at all be fair to another, that the requirement of one morality for all is really a detriment to higher men, in short, that there is a *distinction of rank* between man and man, and consequently between morality and morality. They are an unassuming and fundamentally mediocre species of men, these utilitarian Englishmen, and, as already remarked, in so far as they are tedious, one cannot think highly enough of their utility. One ought even to *encourage* them, as has been partially attempted in the following rhymes:—

Hail, ye worthies, barrow-wheeling,
"Longer—better," aye revealing,
  Stiffer aye in head and knee;
Unenraptured, never jesting,
Mediocre everlasting,
  Sans genie et sans esprit!

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In these later ages, which may be proud of their humanity, there still remains so much fear, so much *superstition* of the fear, of the "cruel wild beast," the mastering of which constitutes the very pride of these humaner ages—that even obvious truths, as if by the agreement of centuries, have long remained unuttered, because they have the appearance of helping the finally slain wild beast back to life again. I perhaps risk something when I allow such a truth to escape; let others capture it again and give it so much "milk of pious sentiment" * to drink, that it will lie down quiet and forgotten, in its old corner.—One ought to learn anew about cruelty, and open one's eyes; one ought at last to learn impatience, in order that such immodest gross errors—as, for instance, have been fostered by ancient and modern philosophers with regard to tragedy—may no longer wander about virtuously and boldly. Almost everything that we call "higher culture" is based upon the spiritualising and intensifying of *cruelty*—this is my thesis; the "wild beast" has not been slain at all, it lives, it flourishes, it has only been—transfigured. That which constitutes the painful delight of tragedy is cruelty; that which operates agreeably in so-called tragic sympathy, and at the basis even of everything sublime, up to the highest and most delicate thrills of metaphysics, obtains its sweetness solely from the intermingled ingredient of cruelty. What the Roman enjoys in the arena, the Christian in the ecstasies of the cross, the Spaniard at the sight of the faggot and stake, or of the bull-fight, the present-day Japanese who presses his way to the tragedy, the workman of the Parisian suburbs who has a homesickness for bloody revolutions, the Wagnerienne who, with unhinged will, "undergoes" the performance of "Tristan and Isolde"—what all these enjoy, and strive with mysterious ardour to drink in, is the philtre of the great Circe "cruelty." Here, to be sure, we must put aside entirely the blundering psychology of former times, which could only teach with regard to cruelty that it originated at the sight of the suffering of *others:* there is an abundant, superabundant enjoyment even in one's own suffering, in causing one's own suffering—and wherever man has allowed himself to be persuaded to self-denial in the *religious* sense, or to self-mutilation, as among the Phœnicians and ascetics, or in general, to desensualisation, decarnalisation, and contrition, to Puritanical repentance-spasms, to vivisection of conscience and to Pascal-like *sacrifizia dell' intelleto,* he is secretly allured and impelled forwards by his cruelty, by the dangerous thrill of cruelty *towards himself.* —Finally, let us consider that even the seeker of knowledge operates as an artist and glorifier of cruelty, in that he compels his spirit to perceive *against* its own inclination, and often enough against the wishes of his heart:—he forces it to say Nay, where he would like to affirm, love, and adore; indeed, every instance of taking a thing profoundly and fundamentally, is a violation, an intentional injuring of the fundamental will of the spirit, which instinctively aims at appearance and superficiality,—even in every desire for knowledge there is a drop of cruelty.

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* An expression from Schiller's *William Tell,* Act IV, Scene 3.

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Perhaps what I have said here about a "fundamental will of the spirit" may not be understood without further details; I may be allowed a word of explanation.—That imperious something which is popularly called "the spirit," wishes to be master internally and externally, and to feel itself master; it has the will of a multiplicity for a simplicity, a binding, taming, imperious, and essentially ruling will. Its requirements and capacities here, are the same as those assigned by physiologists to everything that lives, grows, and multiplies. The power of the spirit to appropriate foreign elements reveals itself in a strong tendency to assimilate the new to the old, to simplify the manifold, to overlook or repudiate the absolutely contradictory; just as it arbitrarily re-underlines, makes prominent, and falsifies for itself certain traits and lines in the foreign elements, in every portion of the "outside world." Its object thereby is the incorporation of new "experiences," the assortment of new things in the old arrangements—in short, growth; or more properly, the *feeling* of growth, the feeling of increased power—is its object. This same will has at its service an apparently opposed impulse of the spirit, a suddenly adopted preference of ignorance, of arbitrary shutting out, a closing of windows, an inner denial of this or that, a prohibition to approach, a sort of defensive attitude against much that is knowable, a contentment with obscurity, with the shutting-in horizon, an acceptance and approval of ignorance: as that which is all necessary according to the degree of its appropriating power, its "digestive power," to speak figuratively (and in fact "the spirit" resembles a stomach more than anything else). Here also belong an occasional propensity of the spirit to let itself be deceived (perhaps with a waggish suspicion that it is *not* so and so, but is only allowed to pass as such), a delight in uncertainty and ambiguity, an exulting enjoyment of arbitrary, out-of-the-way narrowness and mystery, of the too-near, of the foreground, of the magnified, the diminished, the misshapen, the beautified—an enjoyment of the arbitrariness of all these manifestations of power. Finally, in this connection, there is the not unscrupulous readiness of the spirit to deceive other spirits and dissemble before them—the constant pressing and straining of a creating, shaping, changeable power: the spirit enjoys therein its craftiness and its variety of disguises, it enjoys also its feeling of security therein—it is precisely by its Protean arts that it is best protected and concealed!—*Counter to* this propensity for appearance, for simplification, for a disguise, for a cloak, in short, for an outside—for every outside is a cloak—there operates the sublime tendency of the man of knowledge, which takes, and *insists* on taking things profoundly, variously, and thoroughly; as a kind of cruelty of the intellectual conscience and taste, which every courageous thinker will acknowledge in himself, provided, as it ought to be, that he has sharpened and hardened his eye sufficiently long for introspection, and is accustomed to severe discipline and even severe words. He will say: "There is something cruel in the tendency of my spirit": let the virtuous and amiable try to convince him that it is not so! In fact, it would sound nicer, if, instead of our cruelty, perhaps our "extravagant honesty" were talked about, whispered about and glorified—we free, *very* free spirits—and some day perhaps *such* will actually be our—posthumous glory! Meanwhile—for there is plenty of time until then—we should be least inclined to deck ourselves out in such florid and fringed moral verbiage; our whole former work has just made us sick of this taste and its sprightly exuberance. They are beautiful, glistening, jingling, festive words: honesty, love of truth, love of wisdom, sacrifice for knowledge, heroism of the truthful—there is something in them that makes one's heart swell with pride. But we anchorites and marmots have long ago persuaded ourselves in all the secrecy of an anchorite's conscience, that this worthy parade of verbiage also belongs to the old false adornment, frippery, and gold-dust of unconscious human vanity, and that even under such flattering colour and repainting, the terrible original text *homo natura* must again be recognised. In effect, to translate man back again into nature; to master the many vain and visionary interpretations and subordinate meanings which have hitherto been scratched and daubed over the eternal original text, *homo natura;* to bring it about that man shall henceforth stand before man as he now, hardened by the discipline of science, stands before the *other* forms of nature, with fearless Œdipus-eyes, and stopped Ulysses-ears, deaf to the enticements of old metaphysical bird-catchers, who have piped to him far too long: "Thou art more! thou art higher! thou hast a different origin!"—this may be a strange and foolish task, but that it is a *task,* who can deny! Why did we choose it, this foolish task? Or, to put the question differently: "Why knowledge at all?" Every one will ask us about this. And thus pressed, we, who have asked ourselves the question a hundred times, have not found, and cannot find any better answer. . . .

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Learning alters us, it does what all nourishment does that does not merely "conserve"—as the physiologist knows. But at the bottom of our souls, quite "down below," there is certainly something unteachable, a granite of spiritual fate, of predetermined decision and answer to predetermined, chosen questions. In each cardinal problem there speaks an unchangeable "I am this"; a thinker cannot learn anew about man and woman, for instance, but can only learn fully—he can only follow to the end what is "fixed" about them in himself. Occasionally we find certain solutions of problems which make strong beliefs for *us;* perhaps they are henceforth called "convictions." Later on—one sees in them only footsteps to self-knowledge, guide-posts to the problem which we ourselves *are*—or more correctly to the great stupidity which we embody, our spiritual fate, the *unteachable* in us, quite "down below."—In view of this liberal compliment which I have just paid myself, permission will perhaps be more readily allowed me to utter some truths about "woman as she is," provided that it is known at the outset how literally they are merely—*my* truths.

232

Woman wishes to be independent, and therefore she begins to enlighten men about "woman as she is"—*this* is one of the worst developments of the general *uglifying* of Europe. For what must these clumsy attempts of feminine scientificality and self-exposure bring to light! Woman has so much cause for shame; in woman there is so much pedantry, superficiality, schoolmasterliness, petty presumption, unbridledness, and indiscretion concealed—study only woman's behaviour towards children!—which has really been best restrained and dominated hitherto by the *fear* of man. Alas, if ever the "eternally tedious in woman"—she has plenty of it!—is allowed to venture forth! if she begins radically and on principle to unlearn her wisdom and art—of charming, of playing, of frightening away sorrow, of alleviating and taking easily; if she forgets her delicate aptitude for agreeable desires! Female voices are already raised, which, by Saint Aristophanes! make one afraid:—with medical explicitness it is stated in a threatening manner what woman first and last *requires* from man. Is it not in the very worst taste that woman thus sets herself up to be scientific? Enlightenment hitherto has fortunately been men's affair, men's gift—we remained therewith "among ourselves"; and in the end, in view of all that women write about "woman," we may well have considerable doubt as to whether woman really *desires* enlightenment about herself—and *can* desire it. If woman does not thereby seek a new *ornament* for herself—I believe ornamentation belongs to the eternally feminine?—why, then, she wishes to make herself feared: perhaps she thereby wishes to get the mastery. But she does not *want* truth—what does woman care for truth? From the very first nothing is more foreign, more repugnant, or more hostile to woman than truth—her great art is falsehood, her chief concern is appearance and beauty. Let us confess it, we men: we honour and love *this* very art and *this* very instinct in woman: we who have the hard task, and for our recreation gladly seek the company of beings under whose hands, glances, and delicate follies, our seriousness, our gravity, and profundity appear almost like follies to us. Finally, I ask the question: Did a woman herself ever acknowledge profundity in a woman's mind, or justice in a woman's heart? And is it not true that on the whole "woman" has hitherto been most despised by woman herself, and not at all by us?—We men desire that woman should not continue to compromise herself by enlightening us; just as it was man's care and the consideration for woman, when the church decreed: *mulier taceat in ecclesia.* It was to the benefit of woman when Napoleon gave the too eloquent Madame de Staël to understand: *mulier taceat in politicis!*—and in my opinion, he is a true friend of woman who calls out to women to-day: *mulier taceat de muliere!*

233

It betrays corruption of the instincts—apart from the fact that it betrays bad taste—when a woman refers to Madame Roland, or Madame de Staël, or Monsieur George Sand, as though something were proved thereby in *favour* of "woman as she is." Among men, these are the three *comical* women as they are—nothing more!—and just the best involuntary *counter-arguments* against feminine emancipation and autonomy.

234

Stupidity in the kitchen; woman as cook; the terrible thoughtlessness with which the feeding of the family and the master of the house is managed! Woman does not understand what food *means,* and she insists on being cook! If woman had been a thinking creature, she should certainly, as cook for thousands of years, have discovered the most important physiological facts, and should likewise have got possession of the healing art! Through bad female cooks —through the entire lack of reason in the kitchen—the development of mankind has been longest retarded and most interfered with: even to-day matters are very little better.—A word to High School girls.

235

There are turns and casts of fancy, there are sentences, little handfuls of words, in which a whole culture, a whole society suddenly crystallises itself. Among these is the incidental remark of Madame de Lambert to her son: *"Mon ami, ne vous permettez jamais que des folies, qui vous feront grand plaisir"*—the motherliest and wisest remark, by the way, that was ever addressed to a son.

236

I have no doubt that every noble woman will oppose what Dante and Goethe believed about woman—the former when he sang, *"ella guardava suso, ed io in lei,"* and the latter when he interpreted it, "the eternally feminine draws us *aloft"*; for *this* is just what she believes of the eternally masculine.

237

Seven Apophthegms for Women

How the longest ennui flees,
When a man comes to our knees!

Age, alas! and science staid,
Furnish even weak virtue aid.

Sombre garb and silence meet:
Dress for every dame—discreet.

Whom I thank when in my bliss?
God!—and my good tailoress!

Young, a flower-decked cavern home;
Old, a dragon thence doth roam.

Noble title, leg that's fine,
Man as well: Oh, were *he* mine!

Speech in brief and sense in mass—
Slippery for the jenny-ass!

237A

Woman has hitherto been treated by men like birds, which, losing their way, have come down among them from an elevation: as something delicate, fragile, wild, strange, sweet, and animating—but as something also which must be cooped up to prevent it flying away.

238

To be mistaken in the fundamental problem of "man and woman," to deny here the profoundest antagonism and the necessity for an eternally hostile tension, to dream here perhaps of equal rights, equal training, equal claims and obligations: that is a *typical* sign of shallow-mindedness; and a thinker who has proved himself shallow at this dangerous spot—shallow in instinct!—may generally be regarded as suspicious, nay more, as betrayed, as discovered; he will probably prove too "short" for all fundamental questions of life, future as well as present, and will be unable to descend into *any* of the depths. On the other hand, a man who has depth of spirit as well as of desires, and has also the depth of benevolence which is capable of severity and harshness, and easily confounded with them, can only think of woman as *Orientals* do: he must conceive of her as a possession, as confinable property, as a being predestined for service and accomplishing her mission therein—he must take his stand in this matter upon the immense rationality of Asia, upon the superiority of the instinct of Asia, as the Greeks did formerly; those best heirs and scholars of Asia—who, as is well known, with their *increasing* culture and amplitude of power, from Homer to the time of Pericles, became gradually *stricter* towards woman, in short, more oriental. *How* necessary, *how* logical, even *how* humanely desirable this was, let us consider for ourselves!

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The weaker sex has in no previous age been treated with so much respect by men as at present—this belongs to the tendency and fundamental taste of democracy, in the same way as disrespectfulness to old age—what wonder is it that abuse should be immediately made of this respect? They want more, they learn to make claims, the tribute of respect is at last felt to be well-nigh galling; rivalry for rights, indeed actual strife itself, would be preferred: in a word, woman is losing modesty. And let us immediately add that she is also losing taste. She is unlearning to *fear* man: but the woman who "unlearns to fear" sacrifices her most womanly instincts. That woman should venture forward when the fear-inspiring quality in man—or more definitely, the *man* in man—is no longer either desired or fully developed, is reasonable enough and also intelligible enough; what is more difficult to understand is that precisely thereby—woman deteriorates. This is what is happening nowadays: let us not deceive ourselves about it! Wherever the industrial spirit has triumphed over the military and aristocratic spirit, woman strives for the economic and legal independence of a clerk: "woman as clerkess" is inscribed on the portal of the modern society which is in course of formation. While she thus appropriates new rights, aspires to be "master," and inscribes "progress" of woman on her flags and banners, the very opposite realises itself with terrible obviousness: *woman retrogrades.* Since the French Revolution the influence of woman in Europe has *declined* in proportion as she has increased her rights and claims; and the "emancipation of woman," in so far as it is desired and demanded by women themselves (and not only by masculine shallowpates), thus proves to be a remarkable symptom of the increased weakening and deadening of the most womanly instincts. There is *stupidity* in this movement, an almost masculine stupidity, of which a well-reared woman—who is always a sensible woman—might be heartily ashamed. To lose the intuition as to the ground upon which she can most surely achieve victory; to neglect exercise in the use of her proper weapons; to let-herself-go before man, perhaps even "to the book," where formerly she kept herself in control and in refined, artful humility; to neutralise with her virtuous audacity man's faith in a *veiled,* fundamentally different ideal in woman, something eternally, necessarily feminine; to emphatically and loquaciously dissuade man from the idea that woman must be preserved, cared for, protected, and indulged, like some delicate, strangely wild, and often pleasant domestic animal; the clumsy and indignant collection of everything of the nature of servitude and bondage which the position of woman in the hitherto existing order of society has entailed and still entails (as though slavery were a counter-argument, and not rather a condition of every higher culture, of every elevation of culture):—what does all this betoken, if not a disintegration of womanly instincts, a de-feminising? Certainly, there are enough of idiotic friends and corrupters of woman amongst the learned asses of the masculine sex, who advise woman to de-feminise herself in this manner, and to imitate all the stupidities from which "man" in Europe, European "manliness," suffers,—who would like to lower woman to "general culture," indeed even to newspaper reading and meddling with politics. Here and there they wish even to make women into free spirits and literary workers: as though a woman without piety would not be something perfectly obnoxious or ludicrous to a profound and godless man;—almost everywhere her nerves are being ruined by the most morbid and dangerous kind of music (our latest German music), and she is daily being made more hysterical and more incapable of fulfilling her first and last function, that of bearing robust children. They wish to "cultivate" her in general still more, and intend, as they say, to make the "weaker sex" *strong* by culture: as if history did not teach in the most emphatic manner that the "cultivating" of mankind and his weakening—that is to say, the weakening, dissipating, and languishing of his *force of will*—have always kept pace with one another, and that the most powerful and influential women in the world (and lastly, the mother of Napoleon) had just to thank their force of will—and not their schoolmasters!—for their power and ascendency over men. That which inspires respect in woman, and often enough fear also, is her *nature,* which is more "natural" than that of man, her genuine, carnivoralike, cunning flexibility, her tiger-claws beneath the glove, her *naïveté* in egoism, her untrainableness and innate wildness, the incomprehensibleness, extent and deviation of her desires and virtues. . . . That which, in spite of fear, excites one's sympathy for the dangerous and beautiful cat, "woman," is that she seems more afflicted, more vulnerable, more necessitous of love and more condemned to disillusionment than any other creature. Fear and sympathy: it is with these feelings that man has hitherto stood in the presence of woman, always with one foot already in tragedy, which rends while it delights.—What? And all that is now to be at an end? And the *disenchantment* of woman is in progress? The tediousness of woman is slowly evolving? Oh Europe! Europe! We know the horned animal which was always most attractive to thee, from which danger is ever again threatening thee! Thy old fable might once more become "history"—an immense stupidity might once again overmaster thee and carry thee away! And no God concealed beneath it—no! only an "idea," a "modern idea"! . . .

CHAPTER VIII

PEOPLES AND COUNTRIES

240

I HEARD, once again for the first time, Richard Wagner's overture to the *Mastersingers:* it is a piece of magnificent, gorgeous, heavy, latter-day art, which has the pride to presuppose two centuries of music as still living, in order that it may be understood:—it is an honour to Germans that such a pride did not miscalculate! What flavours and forces, what seasons and climes do we not find mingled in it! It impresses us at one time as ancient, at another time as foreign, bitter, and too modern, it is as abitrary as it is pompously traditional, it is not infrequently roguish, still oftener rough and coarse—it has fire and courage, and at the same time the loose, dun-coloured skin of fruits which ripen too late. It flows broad and full: and suddenly there is a moment of inexplicable hesitation, like a gap that opens between cause and effect, an oppression that makes us dream, almost a nightmare; but already it broadens and widens anew, the old stream of delight—the most manifold delight,—of old and new happiness; including *especially* the joy of the artist in himself, which he refuses to conceal, his astonished, happy cognisance of his mastery of the expedients here employed, the new, newly acquired, imperfectly tested expedients of art which he apparently betrays to us. All in all, however, no beauty, no South, nothing of the delicate southern clearness of the sky, nothing of grace, no dance, hardly a will to logic; a certain clumsiness even, which is also emphasised, as though the artist wished to say to us: "It is part of my intention"; a cumbersome drapery, something arbitrarily barbaric and ceremonious, a flirring of learned and venerable conceits and witticisms; something German in the best and worst sense of the word, something in the German style, manifold, formless, and inexhaustible; a certain German potency and super-plenitude of soul, which is not afraid to hide itself under the *raffinements* of decadence—which, perhaps, feels itself most at ease there; a real, genuine token of the German soul, which is at the same time young and aged, too ripe and yet still too rich in futurity. This kind of music expresses best what I think of the Germans: they belong to the day before yesterday and the day after to-morrow—*they have as yet no to-day.*

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We "good Europeans," we also have hours when we allow ourselves a warm-hearted patriotism, a plunge and relapse into old loves and narrow views—I have just given an example of it—hours of national excitement, of patriotic anguish, and all other sorts of old-fashioned floods of sentiment. Duller spirits may perhaps only get done with what confines its operations in us to hours and plays itself out in hours—in a considerable time: some in half a year, others in half a lifetime, according to the speed and strength with which they digest and "change their material." Indeed, I could think of sluggish, hesitating races, which even in our rapidly moving Europe, would require half a century ere they could surmount such atavistic attacks of patriotism and soil-attachment, and return once more to reason, that is to say, to "good Europeanism." And while digressing on this possibility, I happen to become an ear-witness of a conversation between two old patriots—they were evidently both hard of hearing and consequently spoke all the louder. "*He* has as much, and knows as much, philosophy as a peasant or a corps-student," said the one—"he is still innocent. But what does that matter nowadays! It is the age of the masses: they lie on their belly before everything that is massive. And so also *in politicis*. A statesman who rears up for them a new Tower of Babel, some monstrosity of empire and power, they call 'great'—what does it matter that we more prudent and conservative ones do not meanwhile give up the old belief that it is only the great thought that gives greatness to an action or affair. Supposing a statesman were to bring his people into the position of being obliged henceforth to practise 'high politics,' for which they were by nature badly endowed and prepared, so that they would have to sacrifice their old and reliable virtues, out of love to a new and doubtful mediocrity;—supposing a statesman were to condemn his people generally to 'practise politics,' when they have hitherto had something better to do and think about, and when in the depths of their souls they have been unable to free themselves from a prudent loathing of the restlessness, emptiness, and noisy wranglings of the essentially politics-practising nations;—supposing such a statesman were to stimulate the slumbering passions and avidities of his people, were to make a stigma out of their former diffidence and delight in aloofness, an offence out of their exoticism and hidden permanency, were to depreciate their most radical proclivities, subvert their consciences, make their minds narrow, and their tastes 'national'—what! a statesman who should do all this, which his people would have to do penance for throughout their whole future, if they had a future, such a statesman would be *great,* would he?"—"Undoubtedly!" replied the other old patriot vehemently; "otherwise he *could not* have done it! It was mad perhaps to wish such a thing! But perhaps everything great has been just as mad at its commencement!"—"Misuse of words!" cried his interlocutor, contradictorily—"strong! strong! Strong and mad! *Not* great!"—The old men had obviously become heated as they thus shouted their "truths" in each other's faces; but I, in my happiness and apartness, considered how soon a stronger one may become master of the strong; and also that there is a compensation for the intellectual superficialising of a nation—namely, in the deepening of another.

242

Whether we call it "civilisation," or "humanising," or "progress," which now distinguishes the European; whether we call it simply, without praise or blame, by the political formula: the *democratic* movement in Europe—behind all the moral and political foregrounds pointed to by such formulas, an immense *physiological process* goes on, which is ever extending: the process of the assimilation of Europeans; their increasing detachment from the conditions under which, climatically and hereditarily, united races originate; their increasing independence of every definite *milieu,* that for centuries would fain inscribe itself with equal demands on soul and body;—that is to say, the slow emergence of an essentially *super-national* and nomadic species of man, who possesses, physiologically speaking, a maximum of the art and power of adaptation as his typical distinction. This process of the *evolving European*, which can be retarded in its *tempo* by great relapses, but will perhaps just gain and grow thereby in vehemence and depth—the still raging storm and stress of "national sentiment" pertains to it, and also the anarchism which is appearing at present—this process will probably arrive at results on which its naïve propagators and panegyrists, the apostles of "modern ideas," would least care to reckon. The same new conditions under which on an average a levelling and mediocrising of man will take place—a useful, industrious, variously serviceable and clever gregarious man—are in the highest degree suitable to give rise to exceptional men of the most dangerous and attractive qualities. For, while the capacity for adaptation, which is every day trying changing conditions, and begins a new work with every generation, almost with every decade, makes the *powerfulness* of the type impossible; while the collective impression of such future Europeans will probably be that of numerous, talkative, weak-willed, and very handy workmen who *require* a master, a commander, as they require their daily bread; while, therefore, the democratising of Europe will tend to the production of a type prepared for *slavery* in the most subtle sense of the term: the *strong* man will necessarily in individual and exceptional cases, become stronger and richer than he has perhaps ever been before—owing to the unprejudicedness of his schooling, owing to the immense variety of practice, art, and disguise. I meant to say that the democratising of Europe is at the same time an involuntary arrangement for the rearing of *tyrants*—taking the word in all its meanings, even in its most spiritual sense.

243

I hear with pleasure that our sun is moving rapidly towards the constellation *Hercules:* and I hope that the men on this earth will do like the sun. And we foremost, we good Europeans!

244

There was a time when it was customary to call Germans "deep" by way of distinction; but now that the most successful type of new Germanism is covetous of quite other honours, and perhaps misses "smartness" in all that has depth, it is almost opportune and patriotic to doubt whether we did not formerly deceive ourselves with that commendation: in short, whether German depth is not at bottom something different and worse—and something from which, thank God, we are on the point of successfully ridding ourselves. Let us try, then, to relearn with regard to German depth; the only thing necessary for the purpose is a little vivisection of the German soul.—The German soul is above all manifold, varied in its source, aggregated and superimposed, rather than actually built: this is owing to its origin. A German who would embolden himself to assert: "Two souls, alas, dwell in my breast," would make a bad guess at the truth, or, more correctly, he would come far short of the truth about the number of souls. As a people made up of the most extraordinary mixing and mingling of races, perhaps even with a preponderance of the pre-Aryan element, as the "people of the centre" in every sense of the term, the Germans are more intangible, more ample, more contradictory, more unknown, more incalculable, more surprising, and even more terrifying than other peoples are to themselves:—they escape *definition,* and are thereby alone the despair of the French. It is characteristic of the Germans that the question: "What is German?" never dies out among them. Kotzebue certainly knew his Germans well enough: "we are known," they cried jubilantly to him—but Sand also thought he knew them. Jean Paul knew what he was doing when he declared himself incensed at Fichte's lying but patriotic flatteries and exaggerations,—but it is probable that Goethe thought differently about Germans from Jean Paul, even though he acknowledged him to be right with regard to Fichte. It is a question what Goethe really thought about the Germans?—But about many things around him he never spoke explicitly, and all his life he knew how to keep an astute silence—probably he had good reason for it. It is certain that it was not the "Wars of Independence" that made him look up more joyfully, any more than it was the French Revolution,—the event on account of which he *reconstructed* his "Faust," and indeed the whole problem of "man," was the appearance of Napoleon. There are words of Goethe in which he condemns with impatient severity, as from a foreign land, that which Germans take a pride in: he once defined the famous German turn of mind as "Indulgence towards its own and others' weaknesses." Was he wrong? it is characteristic of Germans that one is seldom entirely wrong about them. The German soul has passages and galleries in it, there are caves, hiding-places, and dungeons therein; its disorder has much of the charm of the mysterious; the German is well acquainted with the by-paths to chaos. And as everything loves its symbol, so the German loves the clouds and all that is obscure, evolving, crepuscular, damp, and shrouded: it seems to him that everything uncertain, undeveloped, self-displacing, and growing is "deep." The German himself does not *exist:* he is *becoming*, he is "developing himself." "Development" is therefore the essentially German discovery and hit in the great domain of philosophical formulas,—a ruling idea, which, together with German beer and German music, is labouring to Germanise all Europe. Foreigners are astonished and attracted by the riddles which the conflicting nature at the basis of the German soul propounds to them (riddles which Hegel systematised and Richard Wagner has in the end set to music). "Good-natured and spiteful"—such a juxtaposition, preposterous in the case of every other people, is unfortunately only too often justified in Germany: one has only to live for a while among Swabians to know this! The clumsiness of the German scholar and his social distastefulness agree alarmingly well with his physical rope-dancing and nimble boldness, of which all the Gods have learnt to be afraid. If any one wishes to see the "German soul" demonstrated *ad oculos*, let him only look at German taste, at German arts and manners: what boorish indifference to "taste"! How the noblest and the commonest stand there in juxtaposition! How disorderly and how rich is the whole constitution of this soul! The German *drags* at his soul, he drags at everything he experiences. He digests his events badly; he never gets "done" with them; and German depth is often only a difficult, hesitating "digestion." And just as all chronic invalids, all dyspeptics, like what is convenient, so the German loves "frankness" and "honesty"; it is so *convenient* to be frank and honest!—This confidingness, this complaisance, this showing-the-cards of German *honesty*, is probably the most dangerous and most successful disguise which the German is up to nowadays: it is his proper Mephistophelean art; with this he can "still achieve much"! The German lets himself go, and thereby gazes with faithful, blue, empty German eyes—and other countries immediately confound him with his dressing-gown!—I meant to say that, let "German depth" be what it will—among ourselves alone we perhaps take the liberty to laugh at it—we shall do well to continue henceforth to honour its appearance and good name, and not barter away too cheaply our old reputation as a people of depth for Prussian "smartness," and Berlin wit and sand. It is wise for a people to pose, and *let* itself be regarded, as profound, clumsy, good-natured, honest, and foolish: it might even be—profound to do so! Finally, we should do honour to our name—we are not called the *"tiusche Volk"* (deceptive people) for nothing. . . .

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The "good old" time is past, it sang itself out in Mozart—how happy are *we* that his *rococo* still speaks to us, that his "good company," his tender enthusiasm, his childish delight in the Chinese and its flourishes, his courtesy of heart, his longing for the elegant, the amorous, the tripping, the tearful, and his belief in the South, can still appeal to *something left* in us! Ah, some time or other it will be over with it!—but who can doubt that it will be over still sooner with the intelligence and taste for Beethoven! For he was only the last echo of a break and transition in style, and *not,* like Mozart, the last echo of a great European taste which had existed for centuries. Beethoven is the intermediate event between an old mellow soul that is constantly breaking down, and a future over-young soul that is always *coming;* there is spread over his music the twilight of eternal loss and eternal extravagant hope,—the same light in which Europe was bathed when it dreamed with Rousseau, when it danced round the Tree of Liberty of the Revolution, and finally almost fell down in adoration before Napoleon. But how rapidly does *this* very sentiment now pale, how difficult nowadays is even the *apprehension* of this sentiment, how strangely does the language of Rousseau, Schiller, Shelley, and Byron sound to our ear, in whom *collectively* the same fate of Europe was able to *speak,* which knew how to *sing* in Beethoven!—Whatever German music came afterwards, belongs to Romanticism, that is to say, to a movement which, historically considered, was still shorter, more fleeting, and more superficial than that great interlude, the transition of Europe from Rousseau to Napoleon, and to the rise of democracy. Weber—but what do *we* care nowadays for "Freischutz" and "Oberon"! Or Marschner's "Hans Heiling" and "Vampyre"! Or even Wagner's "Tannhäuser"! That is extinct, although not yet forgotten music. This whole music of Romanticism, besides, was not noble enough, was not musical enough, to maintain its position anywhere but in the theatre and before the masses; from the beginning it was second-rate music, which was little thought of by genuine musicians. It was different with Felix Mendelssohn, that halcyon master, who, on account of his lighter, purer, happier soul, quickly acquired admiration, and was equally quickly forgotten: as the beautiful *episode* of German music. But with regard to Robert Schumann, who took things seriously, and has been taken seriously from the first—he was the last that founded a school,—do we not now regard it as a satisfaction, a relief, a deliverance, that this very Romanticism of Schumann's has been surmounted? Schumann, fleeing into the "Saxon Switzerland" of his soul, with a half Werther-like, half Jean-Paul-like nature (assuredly not like Beethoven! assuredly not like Byron!)—his *Manfred* music is a mistake and a misunderstanding to the extent of injustice; Schumann, with his taste, which was fundamentally a *petty* taste (that is to say, a dangerous propensity—doubly dangerous among Germans—for quiet lyricism and intoxication of the feelings), going constantly apart, timidly withdrawing and retiring, a noble weakling who revelled in nothing but anonymous joy and sorrow, from the beginning a sort of girl and *noli me tangere*—this Schumann was already merely a *German* event in music, and no longer a European event, as Beethoven had been, as in a still greater degree Mozart had been; with Schumann German music was threatened with its greatest danger, that of *losing the voice for the soul of Europe* and sinking into a merely national affair.

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What a torture are books written in German to a reader who has a *third* ear! How indignantly he stands beside the slowly turning swamp of sounds without tune and rhythms without dance, which Germans call a "book"! And even the German who *reads* books! How lazily, how reluctantly, how badly he reads! How many Germans know, and consider it obligatory to know, that there is *art* in every good sentence—art which must be divined, if the sentence is to be understood! If there is a misunderstanding about its *tempo,* for instance, the sentence itself is misunderstood! That one must not be doubtful about the rhythm-determining syllables, that one should feel the breaking of the too-rigid symmetry as intentional and as a charm, that one should lend a fine and patient ear to every *staccato* and every *rubato,* that one should divine the sense in the sequence of the vowels and diphthongs, and how delicately and richly they can be tinted and retinted in the order of their arrangement—who among book-reading Germans is complaisant enough to recognise such duties and requirements, and to listen to so much art and intention in language? After all, one just "has no ear for it"; and so the most marked contrasts of style are not heard, and the most delicate artistry is as it were *squandered* on the deaf.—These were my thoughts when I noticed how clumsily and unintuitively two masters in the art of prose-writing have been confounded: one, whose words drop down hesitatingly and coldly, as from the roof of a damp cave—he counts on their dull sound and echo; and another who manipulates his language like a flexible sword, and from his arm down into his toes feels the dangerous bliss of the quivering, over-sharp blade, which wishes to bite, hiss, and cut.

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How little the German style has to do with harmony and with the ear, is shown by the fact that precisely our good musicians themselves write badly. The German does not read aloud, he does not read for the ear, but only with his eyes; he has put his ears away in the drawer for the time. In antiquity when a man read—which was seldom enough—he read something to himself, and in a loud voice; they were surprised when any one read silently, and sought secretly the reason of it. In a loud voice: that is to say, with all the swellings, inflections, and variations of key and changes of *tempo*, in which the ancient *public* world took delight. The laws of the written style were then the same as those of the spoken style; and these laws depended partly on the surprising development and refined requirements of the ear and larynx; partly on the strength, endurance, and power of the ancient lungs. In the ancient sense, a period is above all a physiological whole, inasmuch as it is comprised in one breath. Such periods as occur in Demosthenes and Cicero, swelling twice and sinking twice, and all in one breath, were pleasures to the men of *antiquity,* who knew by their own schooling how to appreciate the virtue therein, the rareness and the difficulty in the deliverance of such a period;—*we* have really no right to the *big* period, we modern men, who are short of breath in every sense! Those ancients, indeed, were all of them dilettanti in speaking, consequently connoisseurs, consequently critics—they thus brought their orators to the highest pitch; in the same manner as in the last century, when all Italian ladies and gentlemen knew how to sing, the virtuosoship of song (and with it also the art of melody) reached its elevation. In Germany, however (until quite recently when a kind of platform eloquence began shyly and awkwardly enough to flutter its young wings), there was properly speaking only one kind of public and *approximately* artistical discourse—that delivered from the pulpit. The preacher was the only one in Germany who knew the weight of a syllable or a word, in what manner a sentence strikes, springs, rushes, flows, and comes to a close; he alone had a conscience in his ears, often enough a bad conscience: for reasons are not lacking why proficiency in oratory should be especially seldom attained by a German, or almost always too late. The masterpiece of German prose is therefore with good reason the masterpiece of its greatest preacher: the *Bible* has hitherto been the best German book. Compared with Luther's Bible, almost everything else is merely "literature"—something which has not grown in Germany, and therefore has not taken and does not take root in German hearts, as the Bible has done.

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There are two kinds of geniuses: one which above all engenders and seeks to engender, and another which willingly lets itself be fructified and brings forth. And similarly, among the gifted nations, there are those on whom the woman's problem of pregnancy has devolved, and the secret task of forming, maturing, and perfecting—the Greeks, for instance, were a nation of this kind, and so are the French; and others which have to fructify and become the cause of new modes of life—like the Jews, the Romans, and, in all modesty be it asked: like the Germans?—nations tortured and enraptured by unknown fevers and irresistibly forced out of themselves, amorous and longing for foreign races (for such as "let themselves be fructified"), and withal imperious, like everything conscious of being full of generative force, and consequently empowered "by the grace of God." These two kinds of geniuses seek each other like man and woman; but they also misunderstand each other—like man and woman.

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Every nation has its own "Tartuffery," and calls that its virtue.—One does not know—cannot know, the best that is in one.

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What Europe owes to the Jews?—Many things, good and bad, and above all one thing of the nature both of the best and the worst: the grand style in morality, the fearfulness and majesty of infinite demands, of infinite significations, the whole Romanticism and sublimity of moral questionableness —and consequently just the most attractive, ensnaring, and exquisite element in those iridescences and allurements to life, in the aftersheen of which the sky of our European culture, its evening sky, now glows—perhaps glows out. For this, we artists among the spectators and philosophers, are—grateful to the Jews.

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It must be taken into the bargain, if various clouds and disturbances—in short, slight attacks of stupidity—pass over the spirit of a people that suffers and *wants* to suffer from national nervous fever and political ambition: for instance, among present-day Germans there is alternately the anti-French folly, the anti-Semitic folly, the anti-Polish folly, the Christian-romantic folly, the Wagnerian folly, the Teutonic folly, the Prussian folly (just look at those poor historians, the Sybels and Treitschkes, and their closely bandaged heads), and whatever else these little obscurations of the German spirit and conscience may be called. May it be forgiven me that I, too, when on a short daring sojourn on very infected ground, did not remain wholly exempt from the disease, but like every one else, began to entertain thoughts about matters which did not concern me—the first symptom of political infection. About the Jews, for instance, listen to the following:—I have never yet met a German who was favourably inclined to the Jews; and however decided the repudiation of actual anti-Semitism may be on the part of all prudent and political men, this prudence and policy is not perhaps directed against the nature of the sentiment itself, but only against its dangerous excess, and especially against the distasteful and infamous expression of this excess of sentiment;—on this point we must not deceive ourselves. That Germany has amply *sufficient* Jews, that the German stomach, the German blood, has difficulty (and will long have difficulty) in disposing only of this quantity of "Jew"—as the Italian, the Frenchman, and the Englishman have done by means of a stronger digestion:—that is the unmistakable declaration and language of a general instinct, to which one must listen and according to which one must act. "Let no more Jews come in! And shut the doors, especially towards the East (also towards Austria)!"—thus commands the instinct of a people whose nature is still feeble and uncertain, so that it could be easily wiped out, easily extinguished, by a stronger race. The Jews, however, are beyond all doubt the strongest, toughest, and purest race at present living in Europe; they know how to succeed even under the worst conditions (in fact better than under favourable ones), by means of virtues of some sort, which one would like nowadays to label as vices—owing above all to a resolute faith which does not need to be ashamed before "modern ideas"; they alter only, *when* they do alter, in the same way that the Russian Empire makes its conquest—as an empire that has plenty of time and is not of yesterday—namely, according to the principle, "as slowly as possible"! A thinker who has the future of Europe at heart, will, in all his perspectives concerning the future, calculate upon the Jews, as he will calculate upon the Russians, as above all the surest and likeliest factors in the great play and battle of forces. That which is at present called a "nation" in Europe, and is really rather a *res facta* than *nata* (indeed, sometimes confusingly similar to a *res ficta et picta*), is in every case something evolving, young, easily displaced, and not yet a race, much less such a race *aere perennius,* as the

Jews are: such "nations" should most carefully avoid all hot-headed rivalry and hostility! It is certain that the Jews, if they desired—or if they were driven to it, as the anti-Semites seem to wish—*could* now have the ascendency, nay, literally the supremacy, over Europe; that they are *not* working and planning for that end is equally certain. Meanwhile, they rather wish and desire, even somewhat importunely, to be insorbed and absorbed by Europe; they long to be finally settled, authorised, and respected somewhere, and wish to put an end to the nomadic life, to the "wandering Jew";—and one should certainly take account of this impulse and tendency, and *make advances* to it (it possibly betokens a mitigation of the Jewish instincts): for which purpose it would perhaps be useful and fair to banish the anti-Semitic bawlers out of the country. One should make advances with all prudence, and with selection; pretty much as the English nobility do. It stands to reason that the more powerful and strongly marked types of new Germanism could enter into relation with the Jews with the least hesitation, for instance, the nobleman officer from the Prussian border: it would be interesting in many ways to see whether the genius for money and patience (and especially some intellect and intellectuality—sadly lacking in the place referred to) could not in addition be annexed and trained to the hereditary art of commanding and obeying—for both of which the country in question has now a classic reputation. But here it is expedient to break off my festal discourse and my sprightly Teutonomania: for I have already reached my *serious topic,* the "European problem," as I understand it, the rearing of a new ruling caste for Europe.

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They are not a philosophical race—the English: Bacon represents an *attack* on the philosophical spirit generally, Hobbes, Hume, and Locke, an abasement, and a depreciation of the idea of a "philosopher" for more than a century. It was *against* Hume that Kant uprose and raised himself; it was Locke of whom Schelling *rightly* said, *"Je méprise Locke";* in the struggle against the English mechanical stultification of the world, Hegel and Schopenhauer (along with Goethe) were of one accord; the two hostile brother-geniuses in philosophy, who pushed in different directions towards the opposite poles of German thought, and thereby wronged each other as only brothers will do.—What is lacking in England, and has always been lacking, that half-actor and rhetorician knew well enough, the absurd muddle-head, Carlyle, who sought to conceal under passionate grimaces what he knew about himself: namely, what was *lacking* in Carlyle—real *power* of intellect, real *depth* of intellectual perception, in short, philosophy. It is characteristic of such an unphilosophical race to hold on firmly to Christianity—they *need* its discipline for "moralising" and humanising. The Englishman, more gloomy, sensual, headstrong, and brutal than the German—is for that very reason, as the baser of the two, also the most pious: he has all the *more need* of Christianity. To finer nostrils, this English Christianity itself has still a characteristic English taint of spleen and alcoholic excess, for which, owing to good reasons, it is used as an antidote—the finer poison to neutralise the coarser: a finer form of poisoning is in fact a step in advance with coarse-mannered people, a step towards spiritualisation. The English coarseness and rustic demureness is still most satisfactorily disguised by Christian pantomime, and by praying and psalm-singing (or, more correctly, it is thereby explained and differently expressed); and for the herd of drunkards and rakes who formerly learned moral grunting under the influence of Methodism (and more recently as the "Salvation Army"), a penitential fit may really be the relatively highest manifestation of "humanity" to which they can be elevated: so much may reasonably be admitted. That, however, which offends even in the humanest Englishman is his lack of music, to speak figuratively (and also literally): he has neither rhythm nor dance in the movements of his soul and body; indeed, not even the desire for rhythm and dance, for "music." Listen to him speaking; look at the most beautiful Englishwoman *walking*—in no country on earth are there more beautiful doves and swans; finally, listen to them singing! But I ask too much. . . .

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There are truths which are best recognised by mediocre minds, because they are best adapted for them, there are truths which only possess charms and seductive power for mediocre spirits:—one is pushed to this probably unpleasant conclusion, now that the influence of respectable but mediocre Englishmen—I may mention Darwin, John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer—begins to gain the ascendency in the middle-class region of European taste. Indeed, who could doubt that it is a useful thing for *such* minds to have the ascendency for a time? It would be an error to consider the highly developed and independently soaring minds as specially qualified for determining and collecting many little common facts, and deducing conclusions from them; as exceptions, they are rather from the first in no very favourable position towards those who are "the rules." After all, they have more to do than merely to perceive:—in effect, they have to *be* something new, they have to *signify* something new, they have to *represent* new values! The gulf between knowledge and capacity is perhaps greater, and also more mysterious, than one thinks: the capable man in the grand style, the creator, will possibly have to be an ignorant person;—while on the other hand, for scientific discoveries like those of Darwin, a certain narrowness, aridity, and industrious carefulness (in short something English) may not be unfavourable for arriving at them.—Finally, let it not be forgotten that the English, with their profound mediocrity, brought about once before a general depression of European intelligence. What is called "modern ideas," or "the ideas of the eighteenth century," or "French ideas"—that, consequently, against which the *German* mind rose up with profound disgust—is of English origin, there is no doubt about it. The French were only the apes and actors of these ideas, their best soldiers, and likewise, alas! their first and profoundest *victims;* for owing to the diabolical Anglomania of "modern ideas," the *âme français* has in the end become so thin and emaciated, that at present one recalls its sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, its profound, passionate strength, its inventive excellency, almost with disbelief. One must, however, maintain this verdict of historical justice in a determined manner, and defend it against present prejudices and appearances: the European *noblesse*—of sentiment, taste, and manners, taking the word in every high sense—is the work and invention of *France;* the European ignobleness, the plebeianism of modern ideas—is *England's* work and invention.

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Even at present France is still the seat of the most intellectual and refined culture of Europe, it is still the high school of taste; but one must know how to find this "France of taste." He who belongs to it keeps himself well concealed:—they may be a small number in whom it lives and is embodied, besides perhaps being men who do not stand upon the strongest legs, in part fatalists, hypochondriacs, invalids, in part persons over-indulged, over-refined, such as have the *ambition* to conceal themselves. They have all something in common: they keep their ears closed in presence of the delirious folly and noisy spouting of the democratic *bourgeois*. In fact, a besotted and brutalised France at present sprawls in the foreground—it recently celebrated a veritable orgy of bad taste, and at the same time of self-admiration, at the funeral of Victor Hugo. There is also something else common to them: a predilection to resist intellectual Germanising—and a still greater inability to do so! In this France of intellect, which is also a France of pessimism, Schopenhauer has perhaps become more at home, and more indigenous than he has ever been in Germany; not to speak of Heinrich Heine, who has long ago been re-incarnated in the more refined and fastidious lyrists of Paris; or of Hegel, who at present, in the form of Taine—the *first* of living historians—exercises an almost tyrannical influence. As regards Richard Wagner, however, the more French music learns to adapt itself to the actual needs of the *âme moderne,* the more will it "Wagnerise"; one can safely predict that beforehand,—it is already taking place sufficiently! There are, however, three things which the French can still boast of with pride as their heritage and possession, and as indelible tokens of their ancient intellectual superiority in Europe, in spite of all voluntary or involuntary Germanising and vulgarising of taste. *Firstly,* the capacity for artistic emotion, for devotion to "form," for which the expression, *l'art pour l'art,* along with numerous others, has been invented:—such capacity has not been lacking in France for three centuries; and owing to its reverence for the "small number," it has again and again made a sort of chamber music of literature possible, which is sought for in vain elsewhere in Europe.—The *second* thing whereby the French can lay claim to a superiority over Europe is their ancient, many-sided, *moralistic* culture, owing to which one finds on an average, even in the petty *romanciers* of the newspapers and chance *boulevardiers de Paris,* a psychological sensitiveness and curiosity, of which, for example, one has no conception (to say nothing of the thing itself!) in Germany. The Germans lack a couple of centuries of the moralistic work requisite thereto, which, as we have said, France has not grudged: those who call the Germans "naïve" on that account give them commendation for a defect. (As the opposite of the German inexperience and innocence *in voluptate psychologica,* which is not too remotely associated with the tediousness of German intercourse,—and as the most successful expression of genuine French curiosity and inventive talent in this domain of delicate thrills, Henri Beyle may be noted; that remarkable anticipatory and forerunning man, who, with a Napoleonic *tempo,* traversed *his* Europe, in fact, several centuries of the European soul, as a surveyor and discoverer thereof:—it has required two generations to *overtake* him one way or other, to divine long afterwards some of the riddles that perplexed and enraptured him—this strange Epicurean and man of interrogation, the last great psychologist of France).—There is yet a *third* claim to superiority:

in the French character there is a successful half-way synthesis of the North and South, which makes them comprehend many things, and enjoins upon them other things, which an Englishman can never comprehend. Their temperament, turned alternately to and from the South, in which from time to time the Provençal and Ligurian blood froths over, preserves them from the dreadful, northern gray-in-gray, from sunless conceptual-spectrism and from poverty of blood—our *German* infirmity of taste, for the excessive prevalence of which at the present moment, blood and iron, that is to say "high politics," has with great resolution been prescribed (according to a dangerous healing art, which bids me wait and wait, but not yet hope).—There is also still in France a pre-understanding and ready welcome for those rarer and rarely gratified men, who are too comprehensive to find satisfaction in any kind of fatherlandism, and know how to love the South when in the North and the North when in the South—the born Midlanders, the "good Europeans." For them *Bizet* has made music, this latest genius, who has seen a new beauty and seduction,—who has discovered a piece of the *South in music.*

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I hold that many precautions should be taken against German music. Suppose a person loves the South as I love it—as a great school of recovery for the most spiritual and the most sensuous ills, as a boundless solar profusion and effulgence which o'erspreads a sovereign existence believing in itself—well, such a person will learn to be somewhat on his guard against German music, because, in injuring his taste anew, it will also injure his health anew. Such a Southerner, a Southerner not by origin but by *belief,* if he should dream of the future of music, must also dream of it being freed from the influence of the North; and must have in his ears the prelude to a deeper, mightier, and perhaps more perverse and mysterious music, a super-German music, which does not fade, pale, and die away, as all German music does, at the sight of the blue, wanton sea and the Mediterranean clearness of sky—a super-European music, which holds its own even in presence of the brown sunsets of the desert, whose soul is akin to the palm-tree, and can be at home and can roam with big, beautiful, lonely beasts of prey. . . . I could imagine a music of which the rarest charm would be that it knew nothing more of good and evil: only that here and there perhaps some sailor's home-sickness, some golden shadows and tender weaknesses might sweep lightly over it; an art which, from the far distance, would see the colours of a sinking and almost incomprehensible *moral* world fleeing towards it, and would be hospitable enough and profound enough to receive such belated fugitives.

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Owing to the morbid estrangement which the nationality-craze has induced and still induces among the nations of Europe, owing also to the short-sighted and hasty-handed politicians, who with the help of this craze, are at present in power, and do not suspect to what extent the disintegrating policy they pursue must necessarily be only an interlude policy—owing to all this, and much else that is altogether unmentionable at present, the most unmistakable signs that *Europe wishes to be one,* are now overlooked, or arbitrarily and falsely misinterpreted. With all the more profound and large-minded men of this century, the real general tendency of the mysterious labour of their souls was to prepare the way for that new *synthesis,* and tentatively to anticipate the European of the future; only in their simulations, or in their weaker moments, in old age perhaps, did they belong to the "fatherlands"—they only rested from themselves when they became "patriots." I think of such men as Napoleon, Goethe, Beethoven, Stendhal, Heinrich Heine, Schopenhauer: it must not be taken amiss if I also count Richard Wagner among them, about whom one must not let oneself be deceived by his own misunderstandings (geniuses like him have seldom the right to understand themselves), still less, of course, by the unseemly noise with which he is now resisted and opposed in France: the fact remains, nevertheless, that Richard Wagner and the *later French Romanticism* of the forties, are most closely and intimately related to one another. They are akin, fundamentally akin, in all the heights and depths of their requirements; it is Europe, the *one* Europe, whose soul presses urgently and longingly, outwards and upwards, in their multifarious and boisterous art—whither? into a new light? towards a new sun? But who would attempt to express accurately what all these masters of new modes of speech could not express distinctly? It is certain that the same storm and stress tormented them, that they *sought* in the same manner, these last great seekers! All of them steeped in literature to their eyes and ears—the first artists of universal literary culture—for the most part even themselves writers, poets, intermediaries and blenders of the arts and the senses (Wagner, as musician is reckoned among painters, as poet among musicians, as artist generally among actors); all of them fanatics for *expression* "at any cost"—I specially mention Delacroix, the nearest related to Wagner; all of them great discoverers in the realm of the sublime, also of the loathsome and dreadful, still greater discoverers in effect, in display, in the art of the show-shop; all of them talented far beyond their genius, out and out *virtuosi,* with mysterious accesses to all that seduces, allures, constrains, and upsets; born enemies of logic and of the straight line, hankering after the strange, the exotic, the monstrous, the crooked, and the self-contradictory; as men, Tantaluses of the will, plebeian parvenus, who knew themselves to be incapable of a noble *tempo* or of a *lento* in life and action—think of Balzac, for instance,—unrestrained workers, almost destroying themselves by work; antinomians and rebels in manners, ambitious and insatiable, without equilibrium and enjoyment; all of them finally shattering and sinking down at the Christian cross (and with right and reason, for who of them would have been sufficiently profound and sufficiently original for an *Antichristian* philosophy?);—on the whole, a boldly daring, splendidly overbearing, high-flying, and aloft-up-dragging class of higher men, who had first to teach their century—and it is the century of the *masses*—the conception "higher man." . . . Let the German friends of Richard Wagner advise together as to whether there is anything purely German in the Wagnerian art, or whether its distinction does not consist precisely in coming from *super-German* sources and impulses: in which connection it may not be underrated how indispensable Paris was to the development of his type, which the strength of his instincts made him long to visit at the most decisive time—and how the whole style of his proceedings, of his self-apostolate, could only perfect itself in sight of the French socialistic original. On a more subtle comparison it will perhaps be found, to the honour of Richard Wagner's German nature, that he has acted in everything with more strength, daring, severity, and elevation than a nineteenth-century Frenchman could have done—owing to the circumstance that we Germans are as yet nearer to barbarism than the French;—perhaps even the most remarkable creation of Richard Wagner is not only at present, but for ever inaccessible, incomprehensible, and inimitable to the whole latter-day Latin race: the figure of Siegfried, that *very free* man, who is probably far too free, too hard, to cheerful, too healthy, too *anti-Catholic* for the taste of old and mellow civilised nations. He may even have been a sin against Romanticism, this anti-Latin Siegfried: well, Wagner atoned amply for this sin in his old sad days, when—anticipating a taste which has meanwhile passed into politics—he began, with the religious vehemence peculiar to him, to preach, at least, *the way to Rome,* if not to walk therein.—That these last words may not be misunderstood, I will call to my aid a few powerful rhymes, which will even betray to less delicate ears what I mean—what I mean *counter to* the "last Wagner" and his Parsifal music:—

—Is this our mode?—
From German heart came this vexed ululating?
From German body, this self-lacerating?
Is ours this priestly hand-dilation,
This incense-fuming exaltation?
Is ours this faltering, falling, shambling,
This quite uncertain ding-dong-dangling?
This sly nun-ogling, Ave-hour-bell ringing,
This wholly false enraptured heaven-o'erspringing?
—Is this our mode?—
Think well!—ye still wait for admission—
For what ye hear is *Rome—Rome's faith by intuition!*

CHAPTER IX

WHAT IS NOBLE?

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EVERY elevation of the type "man," has hitherto been the work of an aristocratic society and so it will always be—a society believing in a long scale of gradations of rank and differences of worth among human beings, and requiring slavery in some form or other. Without the *pathos of distance*, such as grows out of the incarnated difference of classes, out of the constant outlooking and downlooking of the ruling caste on subordinates and instruments, and out of their equally constant practice of obeying and commanding, of keeping down and keeping at a distance—that other more mysterious pathos could never have arisen, the longing for an ever new widening of distance within the soul itself, the formation of ever higher, rarer, further, more extended, more comprehensive states, in short, just the elevation of the type "man," the continued "self-surmounting of man," to use a moral formula in a supermoral sense. To be sure, one must not resign oneself to any humanitarian illusions about the history of the origin of an aristocratic society (that is to say, of the preliminary condition for the elevation of the type "man"): the truth is hard. Let us acknowledge unprejudicedly how every higher civilisation hitherto has *originated!* Men with a still natural nature, barbarians in every terrible sense of the word, men of prey, still in possession of unbroken strength of will and desire for power, threw themselves upon weaker, more moral, more peaceful races (perhaps trading or cattle-rearing communities), or upon old mellow civilisations in which the final vital force was flickering out in brilliant fireworks of wit and depravity. At the commencement, the noble caste was always the barbarian caste: their superiority did not consist first of all in their physical, but in their psychical power—they were more *complete* men (which at every point also implies the same as "more complete beasts").

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Corruption—as the indication that anarchy threatens to break out among the instincts, and that the foundation of the emotions, called "life," is convulsed—is something radically different according to the organisation in which it manifests itself. When, for instance, an aristocracy like that of France at the beginning of the Revolution, flung away its privileges with sublime disgust and sacrificed itself to an excess of its moral sentiments, it was corruption:—it was really only the closing act of the corruption which had existed for centuries, by virtue of which that aristocracy had abdicated step by step its lordly prerogatives and lowered itself to a *function* of royalty (in the end even to its decoration and parade-dress). The essential thing, however, in a good and healthy aristocracy is that it should *not* regard itself as a function either of the kingship or the commonwealth, but as the *significance* and highest justification thereof—that it should therefore accept with a good conscience the sacrifice of a legion of individuals, who, *for its sake,* must be suppressed and reduced to imperfect men, to slaves and instruments. Its fundamental belief must be precisely that society is *not* allowed to exist for its own sake, but only as a foundation and scaffolding, by means of which a select class of beings may be able to elevate themselves to their higher duties, and in general to a higher *existence:* like those sun-seeking climbing plants in Java—they are called *Sipo Matador,*—which encircle an oak so long and so often with their arms, until at last, high above it, but supported by it, they can unfold their tops in the open light, and exhibit their happiness.

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To refrain mutually from injury, from violence, from exploitation, and put one's will on a par with that of others: this may result in a certain rough sense in good conduct among individuals when the necessary conditions are given (namely, the actual similarity of the individuals in amount of force and degree of worth, and their co-relation within one organisation). As soon, however, as one wished to take this principle more generally, and if possible even as *the fundamental principle of society,* it would immediately disclose what it really is—namely, a Will to the *denial* of life, a principle of dissolution and decay. Here one must think profoundly to the very basis and resist all sentimental weakness: life itself is *essentially* appropriation, injury, conquest of the strange and weak, suppression, severity, obtrusion of peculiar forms, incorporation, and at the least, putting it mildest, exploitation;—but why should one for ever use precisely these words on which for ages a disparaging purpose has been stamped? Even the organisation within which, as was previously supposed, the individuals treat each other as equal—it takes place in every healthy aristocracy—must itself, if it be a living and not a dying organisation, do all that towards other bodies, which the individuals within it refrain from doing to each other: it will have to be the incarnated Will to Power, it will endeavour to grow, to gain ground, attract to itself and acquire ascendency—not owing to any morality or immorality, but because it *lives*, and because life *is* precisely Will to Power. On no point, however, is the ordinary consciousness of Europeans more unwilling to be corrected than on this matter; people now rave everywhere, even under the guise of science, about coming conditions of society in which "the exploiting character" is to be absent:—that sounds to my ears as if they promised to invent a mode of life which should refrain from all organic functions. "Exploitation" does not belong to a depraved, or imperfect and primitive society: it belongs to the *nature* of the living being as a primary organic function; it is a consequence of the intrinsic Will to Power, which is precisely the Will to Life.—Granting that as a theory this is a novelty—as a reality it is the *fundamental fact* of all history: let us be so far honest towards ourselves!

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In a tour through the many finer and coarser moralities which have hitherto prevailed or still prevail on the earth, I found certain traits recurring regularly together, and connected with one another, until finally two primary types revealed themselves to me, and a radical distinction was brought to light. There is *master-morality* and *slave-morality;*—I would at once add, however, that in all higher and mixed civilisations, there are also attempts at the reconciliation of the two moralities; but one finds still oftener the confusion and mutual misunderstanding of them, indeed, sometimes their close juxtaposition—even in the same man, within one soul. The distinctions of moral values have either originated in a ruling caste, pleasantly conscious of being different from the ruled—or among the ruled class, the slaves and dependents of all sorts. In the first case, when it is the rulers who determine the conception "good," it is the exalted, proud disposition which is regarded as the distinguishing feature, and that which determines the order of rank. The noble type of man separates from himself the beings in whom the opposite of this exalted, proud disposition displays itself: he despises them. Let it at once be noted that in this first kind of morality the antithesis "good" and "bad" means practically the same as "noble" and "despicable";—the antithesis "good" and "*evil*" is of a different origin. The cowardly, the timid, the insignificant, and those thinking merely of narrow utility are despised; moreover, also, the distrustful, with their constrained glances, the self-abasing, the dog-like kind of men who let themselves be abused, the mendicant flatterers, and above all the liars:—it is a fundamental belief of all aristocrats that the common people are untruthful. "We truthful ones"—the nobility in ancient Greece called themselves. It is obvious that everywhere the designations of moral value were at first applied to *men,* and were only derivatively and at a later period applied to *actions;* it is a gross mistake, therefore, when historians of morals start with questions like, "Why have sympathetic actions been praised?" The noble type of man regards *himself* as a determiner of values; he does not require to be approved of; he passes the judgment: "What is injurious to me is injurious in itself"; he knows that it is he himself only who confers honour on things; he is a *creator of values.* He honours whatever he recognises in himself: such morality is self-glorification. In the foreground there is the feeling of plenitude, of power, which seeks to overflow, the happiness of high tension, the consciousness of a wealth which would fain give and bestow:—the noble man also helps the unfortunate, but not—or scarcely—out of pity, but rather from an impulse generated by the super-abundance of power. The noble man honours in himself the powerful one, him also who has power over himself, who knows how to speak and how to keep silence, who takes pleasure in subjecting himself to severity and hardness, and has reverence for all that is severe and hard. "Wotan placed a hard heart in my breast," says an old Scandinavian Saga: it is thus rightly expressed from the soul of a proud Viking. Such a type of man is even proud of *not* being made for sympathy; the hero of the Saga therefore adds warningly: "He who has not a hard heart when young, will never have one." The noble and brave who think thus are the furthest removed from the morality which sees precisely in sympathy, or in acting for the good of others, or in *désintéressement*, the characteristic of the moral; faith in oneself, pride in oneself, a radical enmity and irony towards "selflessness," belong as definitely to noble morality, as do a careless scorn and precaution in presence of sympathy and the "warm heart."—It is the powerful who *know* how to honour, it is their art, their domain for invention. The profound reverence for age and for tradition—all law rests on this double reverence,—the belief and prejudice in favour of ancestors and unfavourable to newcomers, is typical in the morality of the powerful; and if, reversely, men of "modern ideas" believe almost instinctively in "progress" and the "future," and are more and more lacking in respect for old age, the ignoble origin of these "ideas" has complacently betrayed itself thereby. A morality of the ruling class, however, is more especially foreign and irritating to present-day taste in the sternness of its principle that one has duties only to one's equals; that one may act towards beings of a lower rank, towards all that is foreign, just as seems good to one, or "as the heart desires," and in any case "beyond good and evil": it is here that sympathy and similar sentiments can have a place. The ability and obligation to exercise prolonged gratitude and prolonged revenge—both only within the circle of equals,—artfulness in retaliation, *raffinement* of the idea in friendship, a certain necessity to have enemies (as outlets for the emotions of envy, quarrelsomeness, arrogance—in fact, in order to be a good *friend*): all these are typical characteristics of the noble morality, which, as has been pointed out, is not the morality of "modern ideas," and is therefore at present difficult to realise. and also to unearth and disclose.—It is otherwise with the second type of morality, *slave-morality*. Supposing that the abused, the oppressed, the suffering, the unemancipated, the weary, and those uncertain of themselves, should moralise, what will be the common element in their moral estimates? Probably a pessimistic suspicion with regard to the entire situation of man will find expression, perhaps a condemnation of man, together with his situation. The slave has an unfavourable eye for the virtues of the powerful; he has a scepticism and distrust, a *refinement* of distrust of everything "good" that is there honoured—he would fain persuade himself that the very happiness there is not genuine. On the other hand, *those* qualities which serve to alleviate the existence of sufferers are brought into prominence and flooded with light; it is here that sympathy, the kind, helping hand, the warm heart, patience, diligence, humility, and friendliness attain to honour; for here these are the most useful qualities, and almost the only means of supporting the burden of existence. Slave-morality is essentially the morality of utility.

Here is the seat of the origin of the famous antithesis "good" and "evil":—power and dangerousness are assumed to reside in the evil, a certain dreadfulness, subtlety, and strength, which do not admit of being despised. According to slave-morality, therefore, the "evil" man arouses fear; according to master-morality, it is precisely the "good" man who arouses fear and seeks to arouse it, while the bad man is regarded as the despicable being. The contrast attains its maximum when, in accordance with the logical consequences of slave-morality, a shade of depreciation—it may be slight and well-intentioned—at last attaches itself to the "good" man of this morality; because, according to the servile mode of thought, the good man must in any case be the *safe* man: he is good-natured, easily deceived, perhaps a little stupid, *un bonhomme*. Everywhere that slave-morality gains the ascendency, language shows a tendency to approximate the significations of the words "good" and "stupid."—A last fundamental difference: the desire for *freedom*, the instinct for happiness and the refinements of the feeling of liberty belong as necessarily to slave-morals and morality, as artifice and enthusiasm in reverence and devotion are the regular symptoms of an aristocratic mode of thinking and estimating. —Hence we can understand without further detail why love *as a passion*—it is our European specialty—must absolutely be of noble origin; as is well known, its invention is due to the Provençal poet-cavaliers, those brilliant, ingenious men of the *"gai saber,"* to whom Europe owes so much, and almost owes itself.

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Vanity is one of the things which are perhaps most difficult for a noble man to understand: he will be tempted to deny it, where another kind of man thinks he sees it self-evidently. The problem for him is to represent to his mind beings who seek to arouse a good opinion of themselves which they themselves do not possess—and consequently also do not "deserve,"—and who yet *believe* in this good opinion afterwards. This seems to him on the one hand such bad taste and so self-disrespectful, and on the other hand so grotesquely unreasonable, that he would like to consider vanity an exception, and is doubtful about it in most cases when it is spoken of. He will say, for instance: "I may be mistaken about my value, and on the other hand may nevertheless demand that my value should be acknowledged by others precisely as I rate it:—that, however, is not vanity (but self-conceit, or, in most cases, that which is called 'humility,' and also 'modesty')." Or he will even say: "For many reasons I can delight in the good opinion of others, perhaps because I love and honour them, and rejoice in all their joys, perhaps also because their good opinion endorses and strengthens my belief in my own good opinion, perhaps because the good opinion of others, even in cases where I do not share it, is useful to me, or gives promise of usefulness:—all this, however, is not vanity." The man of noble character must first bring it home forcibly to his mind, especially with the aid of history, that, from time immemorial, in all social strata in any way dependent, the ordinary man *was* only that which he *passed for:*—not being at all accustomed to fix values, he did not assign even to himself any other value than that which his master assigned to him (it is the peculiar *right of masters* to create values). It may be looked upon as the result of an extraordinary atavism, that the ordinary man, even at present, is still always *waiting* for an opinion about himself, and then instinctively submitting himself to it; yet by no means only to a "good" opinion, but also to a bad and unjust one (think, for instance, of the greater part of the self-appreciations and self-depreciations which believing women learn from their confessors, and which in general the believing Christian learns from his Church). In fact, conformably to the slow rise of the democratic social order (and its cause, the blending of the blood of masters and slaves), the originally noble and rare impulse of the masters to assign a value to themselves and to "think well" of themselves, will now be more and more encouraged and extended; but it has at all times an older, ampler, and more radically ingrained propensity opposed to it—and in the phenomenon of "vanity" this older propensity overmasters the younger. The vain person rejoices over *every* good opinion which he hears about himself (quite apart from the point of view of its usefulness, and equally regardless of its truth or falsehood), just as he suffers from every bad opinion: for he subjects himself to both, he *feels* himself subjected to both, by that oldest instinct of subjection which breaks forth in him.—It is "the slave" in the vain man's blood, the remains of the slave's craftiness—and how much of the "slave" is still left in woman, for instance!—which seeks to *seduce* to good opinions of itself; it is the slave, too, who immediately afterwards falls prostrate himself before these opinions, as though he had not called them forth.—And to repeat it again: vanity is an atavism.

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A *species* originates, and a type becomes established and strong in the long struggle with essentially constant *unfavourable* conditions. On the other hand, it is known by the experience of breeders that species which receive superabundant nourishment, and in general a surplus of protection and care, immediately tend in the most marked way to develop variations, and are fertile in prodigies and monstrosities (also in monstrous vices). Now look at an aristocratic commonwealth, say an ancient Greek *polis,* or Venice, as a voluntary or involuntary contrivance for the purpose of *rearing* human beings; there are there men beside one another, thrown upon their own resources, who want to make their species prevail, chiefly because they *must* prevail, or else run the terrible danger of being exterminated. The favour, the superabundance, the protection are there lacking under which variations are fostered; the species needs itself as species, as something which, precisely by virtue of its hardness, its uniformity, and simplicity of structure, can in general prevail and make itself permanent in constant struggle with its neighbours, or with rebellious or rebellion-threatening vassals. The most varied experience teaches it what are the qualities to which it principally owes the fact that it still exists, in spite of all Gods and men, and has hitherto been victorious: these qualities it calls virtues, and these virtues alone it develops to maturity. It does so with severity, indeed it desires severity; every aristocratic morality is intolerant in the education of youth, in the control of women, in the marriage customs, in the relations of old and young, in the penal laws (which have an eye only for the degenerating): it counts intolerance itself among the virtues, under the name of "justice." A type with few, but very marked features, a species of severe, warlike, wisely silent, reserved and reticent men (and as such, with the most delicate sensibility for the charm and *nuances* of society) is thus established, unaffected by the vicissitudes of generations; the constant struggle with uniform *unfavourable* conditions is, as already remarked, the cause of a type becoming stable and hard. Finally, however, a happy state of things results, the enormous tension is relaxed; there are perhaps no more enemies among the neighbouring peoples, and the means of life, even of the enjoyment of life, are present in superabundance. With one stroke the bond and constraint of the old discipline severs: it is no longer regarded as necessary, as a condition of existence—if it would continue, it can only do so as a form of *luxury*, as an archaïsing *taste*. Variations, whether they be deviations (into the higher, finer, and rarer), or deteriorations and monstrosities, appear suddenly on the scene in the greatest exuberance and splendour; the individual dares to be individual and detach himself. At this turning-point of history there manifest themselves, side by side, and often mixed and entangled together, a magnificent, manifold, virgin-forest-like up-growth and up-striving, a kind of *tropical tempo* in the rivalry of growth, and an extraordinary decay and self-destruction, owing to the savagely opposing and seemingly exploding egoisms, which strive with one another "for sun and light," and can no longer assign any limit, restraint, or forbearance for themselves by means of the hitherto existing morality. It was this morality itself which piled up the strength so enormously, which bent the bow in so threatening a manner:—it is now "out of date," it is getting "out of date." The dangerous and disquieting point has been reached when the greater, more manifold, more comprehensive life *is lived beyond* the old morality; the "individual" stands out, and is obliged to have recourse to his own law-giving, his own arts and artifices for self-preservation, self-elevation, and self-deliverance. Nothing but new "Whys," nothing but new "Hows," no common formulas any longer, misunderstanding and disregard in league with each other, decay, deterioration, and the loftiest desires frightfully entangled, the genius of the race overflowing from all the cornucopias of good and bad, a portentous simultaneousness of Spring and Autumn, full of new charms and mysteries peculiar to the fresh, still inexhausted, still unwearied corruption. Danger is again present, the mother of morality, great danger; this time shifted into the individual, into the neighbour and friend, into the street, into their own child, into their own heart, into all the most personal and secret recesses of their desires and volitions. What will the moral philosophers who appear at this time have to preach? They discover, these sharp onlookers and loafers, that the end is quickly approaching, that everything around them decays and produces decay, that nothing will endure until the day after to-morrow, except one species of man, the incurably *mediocre*. The mediocre alone have a prospect of continuing and propagating themselves—they will be the men of the future, the sole survivors; "be like them! become mediocre!" is now the only morality which has still a significance, which still obtains a hearing.—But it is difficult to preach this morality of mediocrity! it can never avow what it is and what it desires! it has to talk of moderation and dignity and duty and brotherly love—it will have difficulty *in concealing its irony!*

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There is an *instinct for rank,* which more than anything else is already the sign of a *high* rank; there is a *delight* in the *nuances* of reverence which leads one to infer noble origin and habits. The refinement, goodness, and loftiness of a soul are put to a perilous test when something passes by that is of the highest rank, but is not yet protected by the awe of authority from obtrusive touches and incivilities: something that goes its way like a living touchstone, undistinguished, undiscovered, and tentative, perhaps voluntarily veiled and disguised. He whose task and practice it is to investigate souls, will avail himself of many varieties of this very art to determine the ultimate value of a soul, the unalterable, innate order of rank to which it belongs: he will test it by its *instinct for reverence. Différence engendre haine:* the vulgarity of many a nature spurts up suddenly like dirty water, when any holy vessel, any jewel from closed shrines, any book bearing the marks of great destiny, is brought before it; while on the other hand, there is an involuntary silence, a hesitation of the eye, a cessation of all gestures, by which it is indicated that a soul *feels* the nearness of what is worthiest of respect. The way in which, on the whole, the reverence for the *Bible* has hitherto been maintained in Europe, is perhaps the best example of discipline and refinement of manners which Europe owes to Christianity: books of such profoundness and supreme significance require for their protection an external tyranny of authority, in order to acquire the *period* of thousands of years which is necessary to exhaust and unriddle them. Much has been achieved when the sentiment has been at last instilled into the masses (the shallow-pates and the boobies of every kind) that they are not allowed to touch everything, that there are holy experiences before which they must take off their shoes and keep away the unclean hand—it is almost their highest advance towards humanity. On the contrary, in the so-called cultured classes, the believers in "modern ideas," nothing is perhaps so repulsive as their lack of shame, the easy insolence of eye and hand with which they touch, taste, and finger everything; and it is possible that even yet there is more *relative* nobility of taste, and more tact for reverence among the people, among the lower classes of the people, especially among peasants, than among the newspaper-reading *demimonde* of intellect, the cultured class.

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It cannot be effaced from a man's soul what his ancestors have preferably and most constantly done: whether they were perhaps diligent economisers attached to a desk and a cash-box, modest and citizen-like in their desires, modest also in their virtues; or whether they were accustomed to commanding from morning till night, fond of rude pleasures and probably of still ruder duties and responsibilities; or whether, finally, at one time or another, they have sacrificed old privileges of birth and possession, in order to live wholly for their faith—for their "God,"—as men of an inexorable and sensitive conscience, which blushes at every compromise. It is quite impossible for a man *not* to have the qualities and predilections of his parents and ancestors in his constitution, whatever appearances may suggest to the contrary. This is the problem of race. Granted that one knows something of the parents, it is admissible to draw a conclusion about the child: any kind of offensive incontinence, any kind of sordid envy, or of clumsy self-vaunting—the three things which together have constituted the genuine plebeian type in all times—such must pass over to the child, as surely as bad blood; and with the help of the best education and culture one will only succeed in *deceiving* with regard to such heredity.—And what else does education and culture try to do nowadays! In our very democratic, or rather, very plebeian age, "education" and "culture" *must* be essentially the art of deceiving—deceiving with regard to origin, with regard to the inherited plebeianism in body and soul. An educator who nowadays preached truthfulness above everything else, and called out constantly to his pupils: "Be true! Be natural! Show yourselves as you are!"—even such a virtuous and sincere ass would learn in a short time to have recourse to the *furca* of Horace, ***naturam expellere:*** with what results? "Plebeianism" ***usque recurret.***[*]

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At the risk of displeasing innocent ears, I submit that egoism belongs to the essence of a noble soul, I mean the unalterable belief that to a being such as "we," other beings must naturally be in subjection, and have to sacrifice themselves. The noble soul accepts the fact of his egoism without question, and also without consciousness of harshness, constraint, or arbitrariness therein, but rather as something that may have its basis in the primary law of things:—if he sought a designation for it he would say: "It is justice itself." He acknowledges under certain circumstances, which made him hesitate at first, that there are other equally privileged ones; as soon as he has settled this question of rank, he moves among those equals and equally privileged ones with the same assurance, as regards modesty and delicate respect, which he enjoys in intercourse with himself—in accordance with an innate heavenly mechanism which all the stars understand. It is an *additional* instance of his egoism, this artfulness and self-limitation in intercourse with his equals—every star is a similar egoist; he honours *himself* in them, and in the rights which he concedes to them, he has no doubt that the exchange of honours and rights, as the *essence* of all intercourse, belongs also to the natural condition of things. The noble soul gives as he takes, prompted by the passionate and sensitive instinct of requital, which is at the root of his nature. The notion of "favour" has, *inter pares,* neither significance nor good repute; there may be a sublime way of letting gifts as it were light upon one from above, and of drinking them thirstily like dew-drops; but for those arts and displays the noble soul has no aptitude. His egoism hinders him here: in general, he looks "aloft" unwillingly—he looks either *forward,* horizontally and deliberately, or downwards—*he knows that he is on a height.*

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[*] **Horace's** "Epistles," I. x. 24.

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"One can only truly esteem him who does not *look out for* himself."—Goethe to Rath Schlosser.

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The Chinese have a proverb which mothers even teach their children: "*Siao-sin*" ("*make thy heart small*"). This is the essentially fundamental tendency in latter-day civilisations. I have no doubt that an ancient Greek, also, would first of all remark the self-dwarfing in us Europeans of to-day—in this respect alone we should immediately be "distasteful" to him.

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What, after all, is ignobleness?—Words are vocal symbols for ideas; ideas, however, are more or less definite mental symbols for frequently returning and concurring sensations, for groups of sensations. It is not sufficient to use the same words in order to understand one another: we must also employ the same words for the same kind of internal experiences, we must in the end have experiences *in common.* On this account the people of one nation understand one another better than those belonging to different nations, even when they use the same language; or rather, when people have lived long together under similar conditions (of climate, soil, danger, requirement, toil) there *originates* therefrom an entity that "understands itself"—namely, a nation. In all souls a like number of frequently recurring experiences have gained the upper hand over those occurring more rarely: about these matters people understand one another rapidly and always more rapidly—the history of language is the history of a process of abbreviation; on the basis of this quick comprehension people always unite closer and closer. The greater the danger, the greater is the need of agreeing quickly and readily about what is necessary; not to misunderstand one another in danger—that is what cannot at all be dispensed with in intercourse. Also in all loves and friendships one has the experience that nothing of the kind continues when the discovery has been made that in using the same words, one of the two parties has feelings, thoughts, intuitions, wishes, or fears different from those of the other. (The fear of the "eternal misunderstanding": that is the good genius which so often keeps persons of different sexes from too hasty attachments, to which sense and heart prompt them—and *not* some Schopenhauerian "genius of the species"!) Whichever groups of sensations within a soul awaken most readily, begin to speak, and give the word of command—these decide as to the general order of rank of its values, and determine ultimately its list of desirable things. A man's estimates of value betray something of the *structure* of his soul, and wherein it sees its conditions of life, its intrinsic needs. Supposing now that necessity has from all time drawn together only such men as could express similar requirements and similar experiences by similar symbols, it results on the whole that the easy *communicability* of need, which implies ultimately the undergoing only of average and *common* experiences, must have been the most potent of all the forces which have hitherto operated upon mankind. The more similar, the more ordinary people, have always had and are still having the advantage; the more select, more refined, more unique, and difficultly comprehensible, are liable to stand alone; they succumb to accidents in their isolation, and seldom propagate themselves. One must appeal to immense opposing forces, in order to thwart this natural, all-too-natural *progressus in simile,* the evolution of man to the similar, the ordinary, the average, the gregarious—to the *ignoble!*—

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The more a psychologist—a born, an unavoidable psychologist and soul-diviner—turns his attention to the more select cases and individuals, the greater is his danger of being suffocated by sympathy: he *needs* sternness and cheerfulness more than any other man. For the corruption, the ruination of higher men, of the more unusually constituted souls, is in fact, the rule: it is dreadful to have such a rule always before one's eyes. The manifold torment of the psychologist who has discovered this ruination, who discovers once, and then discovers *almost* repeatedly throughout all history, this universal inner "desperateness" of higher men, this eternal "too late!" in every sense—may perhaps one day be the cause of his turning with bitterness against his own lot, and of his making an attempt at self-destruction—of his "going to ruin" himself. One may perceive in almost every psychologist a tell-tale inclination for delightful intercourse with commonplace and well-ordered men:

the fact is thereby disclosed that he always requires healing, that he needs a sort of flight and forgetfulness, away from what his insight and incisiveness—from what his "business" —has laid upon his conscience. The fear of his memory is peculiar to him. He is easily silenced by the judgment of others; he hears with unmoved countenance how people honour, admire, love, and glorify, where he has *perceived*—or he even conceals his silence by expressly assenting to some plausible opinion. Perhaps the paradox of his situation becomes so dreadful that, precisely where he has learnt *great sympathy*, together with *great contempt*, the multitude, the educated, and the visionaries, have on their part learnt great reverence—reverence for "great men" and marvellous animals, for the sake of whom one blesses and honours the fatherland, the earth, the dignity of mankind, and one's own self, to whom one points the young, and in view of whom one educates them. And who knows but in all great instances hitherto just the same happened: that the multitude worshipped a God, and that the "God" was only a poor sacrificial animal! *Success* has always been the greatest liar—and the "work" itself is a success; the great statesman, the conqueror, the discoverer, are disguised in their creations until they are unrecognisable; the "work" of the artist, of the philosopher, only invents him who has created it, is *reputed* to have created it; the "great men," as they are reverenced, are poor little fictions composed afterwards; in the world of historical values spurious coinage *prevails*. Those great poets, for example, such as Byron, Musset, Poe, Leopardi, Kleist, Gogol (I do not venture to mention much greater names, but I have them in my mind), as they now appear, and were perhaps obliged to be: men of the moment, enthusiastic, sensuous, and childish, light-minded and impulsive in their trust and distrust; with souls in which usually some flaw has to be concealed; often taking revenge with their works for an internal defilement, often seeking forgetfulness in their soaring from a too true memory, often lost in the mud and almost in love with it, until they become like the Will-o'-the-Wisps around the swamps, and *pretend to be* stars—the people then call them idealists,—often struggling with protracted disgust, with an ever-reappearing phantom of disbelief, which makes them cold, and obliges them to languish for *gloria* and devour "faith as it is" out of the hands of intoxicated adulators:—what a *torment* these great artists are and the so-called higher men in general, to him who has once found them out! It is thus conceivable that it is just from woman—who is clairvoyant in the world of suffering, and also unfortunately eager to help and save to an extent far beyond her powers—that *they* have learnt so readily those outbreaks of boundless devoted *sympathy*, which the multitude, above all the reverent multitude, do not understand, and overwhelm with prying and self-gratifying interpretations. This sympathising invariably deceives itself as to its power; woman would like to believe that love can do *everything*—it is the *superstition* peculiar to her. Alas, he who knows the heart finds out how poor, helpless, pretentious, and blundering even the best and deepest love is—he finds that it rather *destroys* than saves!—It is possible that under the holy fable and travesty of the life of Jesus there is hidden one of the most painful cases of the martyrdom of *knowledge about love:* the martyrdom of the most innocent and most craving heart, that never had enough of any human love, that *demanded* love, that demanded inexorably and frantically to be loved and nothing else, with terrible outbursts against those who refused him their love; the story of a poor soul insatiated and insatiable in love, that had to invent hell to send thither those who *would not* love him—and that at last, enlightened about human love, had to invent a God who is entire love, entire *capacity* for love—who takes pity on human love, because it is so paltry, so ignorant! He who has such sentiments, he who has such *knowledge* about love—*seeks* for death!—But why should one deal with such painful matters? Provided, of course, that one is not obliged to do so.

270

The intellectual haughtiness and loathing of every man who has suffered deeply—it almost determines the order of rank *how* deeply men can suffer—the chilling certainty, with which he is thoroughly imbued and coloured, that by virtue of his suffering he *knows more* than the shrewedest and wisest can ever know, that he has been fmiliar with, and "at home" in, many distant, dreadful worlds of which "*you* know nothing"!—this silent intellectual haughtiness of the sufferer, this pride of the elect of knowledge, of the "initiated," of the almost sacrificed, finds all forms of disguise necessary to protect itself from contact with officious and sympathising hands, and in general from all that is not its equal in suffering. Profound suffering makes noble: it separates.—One of the most refined forms of disguise is Epicurism, along with a certain ostentatious boldness of taste, which takes suffering lightly, and puts itself on the defensive against all that is sorrowful and profound. They are "gay men" who make use of gaiety, because they are misunderstood on account of it—they *wish* to be misunderstood. There are "scientific minds" who make use of science, because it gives a gay appearance, and because scientificness leads to the conclusion that a person is superficial—they *wish* to mislead to a false conclusion. There are free insolent minds which would fain conceal and deny that they are broken, proud, incurable hearts (the cynicism of Hamlet—the case of Galiani); and occasionally folly itself is the mask of an unfortunate *over-assured* knowledge.—From which it follows that it is the part of a more refined humanity to have reverence "for the mask," and not to make use of psychology and curiosity in the wrong place.

271

That which separates two men most profoundly is a different sense and grade of purity. What does it matter about all their honesty and reciprocal usefulness, what does it matter about all their mutual good-will: the fact still remains—they "cannot smell each other!" The highest instinct for purity places him who is affected with it in the most extraordinary and dangerous isolation, as a saint: for it is just holiness—the highest spiritualisation of the instinct in question. Any kind of cognisance of an indescribable excess in the joy of the bath, any kind of ardour or thirst which perpetually impels the soul out of night into the morning, and out of gloom, out of "affliction" into clearness, brightness, depth, and refinement:—just as much as such a tendency *distinguishes*—it is a noble tendency—it also *separates*.—The pity of the saint is pity for the *filth* of the human, all-too-human. And there are grades and heights were pity itself is regarded by him as impurity, as filth.

272

Signs of nobility: never to think of lowering our duties to the rank of duties for everybody; to be unwilling to renounce or to share our responsibilities; to count our prerogatives, and the exercise of them, among our *duties*.

273

A man who strives after great things, looks upon every one whom he encounters on his way either as a means of advance, or a delay and hindrance—or as a temporary resting-place. His peculiar lofty *bounty* to his fellow-men is only possible when he attains his elevation and dominates. Impatience, and the consciousness of being always condemned to comedy up to that time—for even strife is a comedy, and conceals the end, as every means does—spoil all intercourse for him; this kind of man is acquainted with solitude, and what is most poisonous in it.

274

The Problem of those who Wait.—Happy chances are necessary, and many incalculable elements, in order that a higher man in whom the solution of a problem is dormant, may yet take action, or "break forth," as one might say—at the right moment. On an average it *does not* happen; and in all corners of the earth there are waiting ones sitting who hardly know to what extent they are waiting, and still less that they wait in vain. Occasionally, too, the waking call comes too late—the chance which gives "permission" to take action—when their best youth, and strength for action have been used up in sitting still; and how many a one, just as he "sprang up," has found with horror that his limbs are benumbed and his spirits are now too heavy! "It is too late," he has said to himself—and has become self-distrustful and henceforth for ever useless.—In the domain of genius, may not the "Raphael without hands" (taking the expression in its widest sense) perhaps not be the exception, but the rule?—Perhaps genius is by no means so rare: but rather the five hundred *hands* which it requires in order to tyrannise over the καιρὸς "the right time"—in order to take chance by the forelock!

275

He who does not *wish* to see the height of a man, looks all the more sharply at what is low in him, and in the foreground—and thereby betrays himself.

276

In all kinds of injury and loss the lower and coarser soul is better off than the nobler soul: the dangers of the latter must be greater, the probability that it will come to grief and perish is in fact immense, considering the multiplicity of the conditions of its existence.—In a lizard a finger grows again which has been lost; not so in man.—

277

It is too bad! Always the old story! When a man has finished building his house, he finds that he has learnt unawares something which he *ought* absolutely to have known before he—began to build. The eternal, fatal "Too late!" The melancholia of everything *completed!*—

278

—Wanderer, who art thou? I see thee follow thy path without scorn, without love, with unfathomable eyes, wet and sad as a plummet which has returned to the light insatiated out of every depth—what did it seek down there?—with a bosom that never sighs, with lips that conceal their loathing, with a hand which only slowly grasps: who art thou? what hast thou done? Rest thee here: this place has hospitality for every one—refresh thyself! And whoever thou art, what is it that now pleases thee? What will serve to refresh thee? Only name it, whatever I have I offer thee! "To refresh me? To refresh me? Oh, thou prying one, what sayest thou! But give me, I pray thee——" What? what? Speak out! "Another mask! A second mask!"

279

Men of profound sadness betray themselves when they are happy: they have a mode of seizing upon happiness as though they would choke and strangle it, out of jealousy—ah, they know only too well that it will flee from them!

280

"Bad! Bad! What? Does he not—go back?" Yes! But you misunderstand him when you complain about it. He goes back like every one who is about to make a great spring.

281

—"Will people believe it of me? But I insist that they believe it of me: I have always thought very unsatisfactorily of myself and about myself, only in very rare cases, only compulsorily, always without delight in 'the subject,' ready to digress from 'myself,' and always without faith in the result, owing to an unconquerable distrust of the *possibility* of self-knowledge, which has led me so far as to feel a *contradictio in adjecto* even in the idea of 'direct knowledge' which theorists allow themselves:—this matter of fact is almost the most certain thing I know about myself. There must be a sort of repugnance in me to *believe* anything definite about myself.—Is there perhaps some enigma therein? Probably; but fortunately nothing for my own teeth.—Perhaps it betrays the species to which I belong?—but not to myself, as is sufficiently agreeable to me."

282

—"But what has happened to you?"—"I do not know," he said, hesitatingly; "perhaps the Harpies have flown over my table."—It sometimes happens nowadays that a gentle, sober, retiring man becomes suddenly mad, breaks the plates, upsets the table, shrieks, raves, and shocks everybody—and finally withdraws, ashamed, and raging at himself—whither? for what purpose? To famish apart? To suffocate with his memories?——To him who has the desires of a lofty and dainty soul, and only seldom finds his table laid and his food prepared, the danger will always be great—nowadays, however, it is extraordinarily so. Thrown into the midst of a noisy and plebeian age, with which he does not like to eat out of the same dish, he may readily perish of hunger and thirst—or, should he nevertheless finally "fall to," of sudden nausea.—We have probably all sat at tables to which we did not belong; and precisely the most spiritual of us, who are most difficult to nourish, know the dangerous *dyspepsia* which originates from a sudden insight and disillusionment about our food and our messmates—the *after-dinner nausea.*

283

If one wishes to praise at all, it is a delicate and at the same time a noble self-control, to praise only where one *does not* agree—otherwise in fact one would praise oneself, which is contrary to good taste:—a self-control, to be sure, which offers excellent opportunity and provocation to constant *misunderstanding*. To be able to allow oneself this veritable luxury of taste and morality, one must not live among intellectual imbeciles, but rather among men whose misunderstandings and mistakes amuse by their refinement—or one will have to pay dearly for it!—"He praises me, *therefore* he acknowledges me to be right"—this asinine method of inference spoils half of the life of us recluses, for it brings the asses into our neighbourhood and friendship.

284

To live in a vast and proud tranquillity; always beyond . . . To have, or not to have, one's emotions, one's For and Against, according to choice; to lower oneself to them for hours; to *seat* oneself on them as upon horses, and often as upon asses:—for one must know how to make use of their stupidity as well as of their fire. To conserve one's three hundred foregrounds; also one's black spectacles: for there are circumstances when nobody must look into our eyes, still less into our "motives." And to choose for company that roguish and cheerful vice, politeness. And to remain master of one's four virtues, courage, insight, sympathy, and solitude. For solitude is a virtue with us, as a sublime bent and bias to purity, which divines that in the contact of man and man—"in society"—it must be unavoidably impure. All society makes one somehow, somewhere, or sometime—"commonplace."

285

The greatest events and thoughts—the greatest thoughts, however, are the greatest events—are longest in being comprehended: the generations which are contemporary with them do not *experience* such events—they live past them. Something happens there as in the realm of stars. The light of the furthest stars is longest in reaching man; and before it has arrived man *denies*—that there are stars there. "How many centuries does a mind require to be understood?—that is also a standard, one also makes a gradation of rank and an etiquette therewith, such as is necessary for mind and for star.

286

"Here is the prospect free, the mind exalted." *—But there is a reverse kind of man, who is also upon a height, and has also a free prospect—but looks *downwards.*

287

—What is noble? What does the word "noble" still mean for us nowadays? How does the noble man betray himself, how is he recognised under this heavy overcast sky of the commencing plebeianism, by which everything is rendered opaque and leaden?—It is not his actions which establish his claim—actions are always ambiguous, always inscrutable; neither is it his "works." One finds nowadays among artists and scholars plenty of those who betray by their works that a profound longing for nobleness impels them; but this very *need of* nobleness is radically different from the needs of the noble soul itself, and is in fact the eloquent and dangerous sign of the lack thereof. It is not the works, but the *belief* which is here decisive and determines the order of rank—to employ once more an old religious formula with a new and deeper meaning,—it is some fundamental certainty which a noble soul has about itself, something which is not to be sought, is not to be found, and perhaps, also, is not to be lost.—*The noble soul has reverence for itself.*—

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* Goethe's "Faust," Part II., Act V. The words of Dr. Marianus.

288

There are men who are unavoidably intellectual, let them turn and twist themselves as they will, and hold their hands before their treacherous eyes—as though the hand were not a betrayer; it always comes out at last that they have something which they hide—namely, intellect. One of the subtlest means of deceiving, at least as long as possible, and of successfully representing oneself to be stupider than one really is—which in everyday life is often as desirable as an umbrella,—is called *enthusiasm,* including what belongs to it, for instance, virtue. For as Galiani said, who was obliged to know it: *vertu est enthousiasme.*

289

In the writings of a recluse one always hears something of the echo of the wilderness, something of the murmuring tones and timid vigilance of solitude; in his strongest words, even in his cry itself, there sounds a new and more dangerous kind of silence, of concealment. He who has sat day and night, from year's end to year's end, alone with his soul in familiar discord and discourse, he who has become a cave-bear, or a treasure-seeker, or a treasure-guardian and dragon in his cave—it may be a labyrinth, but can also be a gold-mine—his ideas themselves eventually acquire a twilight-colour of their own, and an odour, as much of the depth as of the mould, something uncommunicative and repulsive, which blows chilly upon every passerby. The recluse does not believe that a philosopher—supposing that a philosopher has always in the first place been a recluse—ever expressed his actual and ultimate opinions in books: are not books written precisely to hide what is in us?—indeed, he will doubt whether a philosopher *can* have "ultimate and actual" opinions at all; whether behind every cave in him there is not, and must necessarily be, a still deeper cave: an ampler, stranger, richer world beyond the surface, an abyss behind every bottom, beneath every "foundation." Every philosophy is a foreground philosophy—this is a recluse's verdict: "There is something arbitrary in the fact that the *philosopher* came to a stand here, took a retrospect and looked around; that he *here* laid his spade aside and did not dig any deeper—there is also something suspicious in it." Every philosophy also *conceals* a philosophy; every opinion is also a *lurking-place,* every word is also a ***mask.***

290

Every deep thinker is more afraid of being understood than of being misunderstood. The latter perhaps wounds his vanity; but the former wounds his heart, his sympathy, which always says: "Ah, why would *you* also have as hard a time of it as I have?"

291

Man, a *complex,* mendacious, artful, and inscrutable animal, uncanny to the other animals by his artifice and sagacity, rather than by his strength, has invented the good conscience in order finally to enjoy his soul as something *simple;* and the whole of morality is a long, audacious falsification, by virtue of which generally enjoyment at the sight of the soul becomes possible. From this point of view there is perhaps much more in the conception of "art" than is generally believed.

292

A philosopher: that is a man who constantly experiences, sees, hears, suspects, hopes, and dreams extraordinary things; who is struck by his own thoughts as if they came from the outside, from above and below, as a species of events and lightning-flashes *peculiar to him;* who is perhaps himself a storm pregnant with new lightnings; a portentous man, around whom there is always rumbling and mumbling and gaping and something uncanny going on. A philosopher: alas, a being who often runs away from himself, is often afraid of himself—but whose curiosity always makes him "come to himself" again.

293

A man who says: "I like that, I take it for my own, and mean to guard and protect it from every one"; a man who can conduct a case, carry out a resolution, remain true to an opinion, keep hold of a woman, punish and overthrow insolence; a man who has his indignation and his sword, and to whom the weak, the suffering, the oppressed, and even the animals willingly submit and naturally belong; in short, a man who is a *master* by nature—when such a man has sympathy, well! *that* sympathy has value! But of what account is the sympathy of those who suffer! Or of those even who preach sympathy! There is nowadays, throughout almost the whole of Europe, a sickly irritability and sensitiveness towards pain, and also a repulsive irrestrainableness in complaining, an effeminising, which, with the aid of religion and philosophical nonsense, seeks to deck itself out as something superior—there is a regular cult of suffering. The *unmanliness* of that which is called "sympathy" by such groups of visionaries, is always, I believe, the first thing that strikes the eye.—One must resolutely and radically taboo this latest form of bad taste; and finally I wish people to put the good amulet, *"gai saber"* ("gay science," in ordinary language), on heart and neck, as a protection against it.

294

The Olympian Vice.—Despite the philosopher who, as a genuine Englishman, tried to bring laughter into bad repute in all thinking minds—"Laughing is a bad infirmity of human nature, which every thinking mind will strive to overcome" (Hobbes),—I would even allow myself to rank philosophers according to the quality of their laughing—up to those who are capable of *golden* laughter. And supposing that Gods also philosophise, which I am strongly inclined to believe, owing to many reasons—I have no doubt that they also know how to laugh thereby in an overmanlike and new fashion—and at the expense of all serious things! Gods are fond of ridicule: it seems that they cannot refrain from laughter even in holy matters.

295

The genius of the heart, as that great mysterious one possesses it, the tempter-god and born rat-catcher of consciences, whose voice can descend into the nether-world of every soul, who neither speaks a word nor casts a glance in which there may not be some motive or touch of allurement, to whose perfection it pertains that he knows how to appear,—not as he is, but in a guise which acts as an *additional* constraint on his followers to press ever closer to him, to follow him more cordially and thoroughly;—the genius of the heart, which imposes silence and attention on everything loud and self-conceited, which smooths rough souls and makes them taste a new longing—to lie placid as a mirror, that the deep heavens may be reflected in them;—the genius of the heart, which teaches the clumsy and too hasty hand to hesitate, and to grasp more delicately; which scents the hidden and forgotten treasure, the drop of goodness and sweet spirituality under thick dark ice, and is a divining-rod for every grain of gold, long buried and imprisoned in mud and sand; the genius of the heart, from contact with which every one goes away richer; not favoured or surprised, not as though gratified and oppressed by the good things of others; but richer in himself, newer than before, broken up, blown upon, and sounded by a thawing wind; more uncertain, perhaps, more delicate, more fragile, more bruised, but full of hopes which as yet lack names, full of a new will and current, full of a new ill-will and countercurrent . . . but what am I doing, my friends? Of whom am I talking to you? Have I forgotten myself so far that

I have not even told you his name? Unless it be that you have already divined of your own accord who this questionable God and spirit is, that wishes to be *praised* in such a manner? For, as it happens to every one who from childhood onward has always been on his legs, and in foreign lands, I have also encountered on my path many strange and dangerous spirits; above all, however, and again and again, the one of whom I have just spoken: in fact, no less a personage than the God *Dionysus,* the great equivocator and tempter, to whom, as you know, I once offered in all secrecy and reverence my first-fruits—the last, as it seems to me, who has offered a *sacrifice* to him, for I have found no one who could understand what I was then doing. In the meantime, however, I have learned much, far too much, about the philosophy of this God, and, as I said, from mouth to mouth—I, the last disciple and initiate of the God Dionysus: and perhaps I might at last begin to give you, my friends, as far as I am allowed, a little taste of this philosophy? In a hushed voice, as is but seemly: for it has to do with much that is secret, new, strange, wonderful, and uncanny. The very fact that Dionysus is a philosopher, and that therefore Gods also philosophise, seems to me a novelty which is not unensnaring, and might perhaps arouse suspicion precisely amongst philosophers;—amongst you, my friends, there is less to be said against it, except that it comes too late and not at the right time; for, as it has been disclosed to me, you are loth nowadays to believe in God and gods. It may happen, too, that in the frankness of my story I must go further than is agreeable to the strict usages of your ears? Certainly the God in question went further, very much further, in such dialogues, and was always many paces ahead of me. . . . Indeed, if it were allowed, I should have to give him, according to human usage, fine ceremonious titles of lustre and merit, I should have to extol his courage as investigator and discoverer, his fearless honesty, truthfulness, and love of wisdom. But such a God does not know what to do with all that respectable trumpery and pomp. "Keep that," he would say, "for thyself and those like thee, and whoever else require it! I—have no reason to cover my nakedness!" One suspects that this kind of divinity and philosopher perhaps lacks shame?—He once said: "Under certain circumstances I love mankind"—and referred thereby to Ariadne, who was present; "in my opinion man is an agreeable, brave, inventive animal, that has not his equal upon earth, he makes his way even through all labyrinths. I like man, and often think how I can still further advance him, and make him stronger, more evil, and more profound."—"Stronger, more evil, and more profound?" I asked in horror. "Yes," he said again, "stronger, more evil, and more profound; also more beautiful"—and thereby the tempter-god smiled with his halcyon smile, as though he had just paid some charming compliment. One here sees at once that it is not only shame that this divinity lacks;—and in general there are good grounds for supposing that in some things the Gods could all of them come to us men for instruction. We men are—more human.—

296

Alas! what are you, after all, my written and painted thoughts! Not long ago you were so variegated, young and malicious, so full of thorns and secret spices, that you made me sneeze and laugh—and now? You have already doffed your novelty, and some of you, I fear, are ready to become truths, so immortal do they look, so pathetically honest, so tedious! And was it ever otherwise? What then do we write and paint, we mandarins with Chinese brush, we immortalisers of things which *lend* themselves to writing, what are we alone capable of painting? Alas, only that which is just about to fade and begins to lose its odour! Alas, only exhausted and departing storms and belated yellow sentiments! Alas, only birds strayed and fatigued by flight, which now let themselves be captured with the hand—with *our* hand! We immortalise what cannot live and fly much longer, things only which are exhausted and mellow! And it is only for your *afternoon,* you, my written and painted thoughts, for which alone I have colours, many colours, perhaps, many variegated softenings, and fifty yellows and browns and greens and reds;—but nobody will divine thereby how ye looked in your morning, you sudden sparks and marvels of my solitude, you, my old, beloved—*evil* thoughts!

FROM THE HEIGHTS

By F. W. Nietzsche

Translated by L. A. Magnus

I

Midday of Life! Oh, season of delight!
My summer's park!
Uneaseful joy to look, to lurk, to hark:—
I peer for friends, am ready day and night,—
Where linger ye, my friends? The time is right!

2

Is not the glacier's grey to-day for you
Rose-garlanded?
The brooklet seeks you; wind, cloud, with longing thread
And thrust themselves yet higher to the blue,
To spy for you from farthest eagle's view.

3

My table was spread out for you on high:—
Who dwelleth so
Star-near, so near the grisly pit below?—
My realm—what realm hath wider boundary?
My honey—who hath sipped its fragrancy?

4

Friends, ye are there! Woe me,—yet I am not
He whom ye seek?
Ye stare and stop—better your wrath could speak!
I am not I? Hand, gait, face, changed? And what
I am, to you my friends, now am I not?

5

Am I an other? Strange am I to Me?
Yet from Me sprung?
A wrestler, by himself too oft self-wrung?
Hindering too oft my own self's potency,
Wounded and hampered by self-victory?

6

I sought where-so the wind blow keenest. There I learned
to dwell
Where no man dwells, on lonesome ice-lorn fell,
And unlearned Man and God and curse and prayer?
Became a ghost haunting the glaciers bare?

7

Ye, my old friends! Look! Ye turn pale, filled o'er
With love and fear!
Go! Yet not in wrath. Ye could ne'er live here.
Here in the farthest realm of ice and scaur,
A huntsman must one be, like chamois soar.

8

An evil huntsman was I? See how taut
My bow was bent!
Strongest was he by whom such bolt were sent—
Woe now! That arrow is with peril fraught,
Perilous as none.—Have yon safe home ye sought!

9

Ye go! Thou didst endure enough, oh, heart;—
Strong was thy hope;
Unto new friends thy portals widely ope,
Let old ones be. Bid memory depart!
Wast thou young then, now—better young thou art!

10

What linked us once together, one hope's tie—
(Who now doth con
Those lines, now fading, Love once wrote thereon?)—
Is like a parchment, which the hand is shy
To touch—like crackling leaves, all seared, all dry.

11

Oh! Friends no more! They are—what name for those?—
Friends' phantom-flight
Knocking at my heart's window-pane at night,
Gazing on me, that speaks "We were" and goes,—
Oh, withered words, once fragrant as the rose!

12

Pinings of youth that might not understand!
For which I pined,
Which I deemed changed with me, kin of my kind:
But they grew old, and thus were doomed and banned:
None but new kith are native of my land!

13

Midday of life! My second youth's delight!
My summer's park!
Unrestful joy to long, to lurk, to hark!
I peer for friends!—am ready day and night,
For my new friends. Come! Come! The time is right!

* * * * * * *

14

This song is done,—the sweet sad cry of rue
Sang out its end;
A wizard wrought it, he the timely friend,
The midday friend,—no, do not ask me who;
At midday 'twas, when one became as two.

15

We keep our Feast of Feasts, sure of our bourne,
Our aims self-same:
The Guest of Guests, friend Zarathustra, came!
The world now laughs, the grisly veil was torn,
And Light and Dark were one that wedding-morn.

THE END